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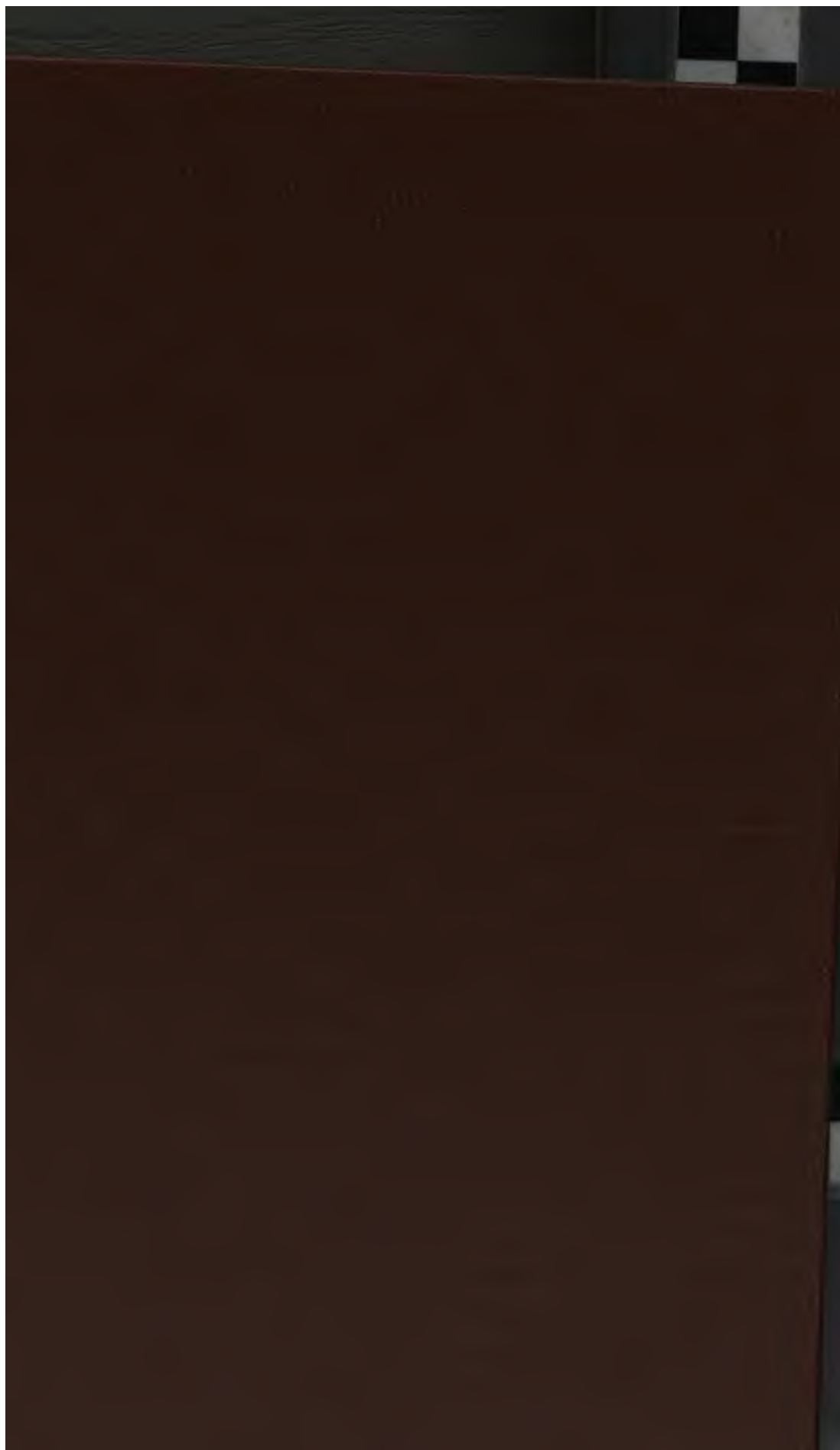
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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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CONTEMPORARY
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SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

*Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of
Divine Revelation. Two vols. Second Edition. London
Longmans. & Co.*

IF the author of "Supernatural Religion" designed, by withholding his name, to stimulate public curiosity and thus to extend the circulation of his work, he has certainly not been disappointed in his hope. When the rumour once got abroad, that it proceeded from the pen of a learned and venerable prelate, the success of the book was secured. For this rumour indeed there was no foundation in fact. It was promptly and emphatically denied, when accidentally it reached the ears of the supposed author. But meanwhile the report had been efficacious. The reviewers had taken the work in hand and (with one exception) lavished their praises on the critical portions of it. The first edition was exhausted in a few months.

No words can be too strong to condemn the heartless cruelty of this imputation. The venerable prelate, on whom the authorship of this anonymous work was thrust, deserved least of all men to be exposed to such an insult. As an academic teacher and as an ecclesiastical ruler alike, he had distinguished himself by a courageous avowal of his opinions at all costs. For more than a quarter of a century he had lived in the full blaze of publicity, and on his fearless integrity no breath of suspicion had ever rested. Yet now, when increasing

infirmities obliged him to lay down his office, he was told that his life for years past had been one gigantic lie. The insinuation involved nothing less than this. Throughout those many years, during which the anonymous author, as he himself tells us, had been preparing for the publication of an elaborate and systematic attack upon Christianity, the bishop was preaching Christian doctrine, confirming Christian children, ordaining Christian ministers, without breathing a hint to the world that he felt any misgiving of the truths which he thus avowed and taught. Yet men talked as if, somehow or other, the cause of "freethinking" had gained great moral support from the conversion of a bishop, though, if the rumour had been true, their new convert had for years past been guilty of the basest fraud of which a man is capable.

And all the while there was absolutely nothing to recommend this identification of the unknown author. The intellectual characteristics of the work present a trenchant contrast to the refined scholarship and cautious logic of this accomplished prelate. Only one point of resemblance could be named. The author shows an acquaintance with the theological critics of the modern Dutch school; and a knowledge of Dutch writers was known, or believed, to have a place among the acquisitions of this omniscient scholar. Truly no reputation is safe, when such a reputation is traduced on these grounds.

I have been assuming however that the work entitled "Supernatural Religion," which lies before me, is the same work which the reviewers have applauded under this name. But, when I remember that the St. Mark of Papias cannot possibly be our St. Mark, I feel bound to throw upon this assumption the full light of modern critical principles; and, so tested, it proves to be not only hasty and unwarrantable, but altogether absurd. It is only necessary to compare the statements of highly intellectual reviewers with the work itself; and every unprejudiced mind must be convinced that "the evidence is fatal to the claims" involved in this identification. Out of five reviews or notices of the work which I have read, only one seems to refer to our "Supernatural Religion." The other four are plainly dealing with some apocryphal work, bearing the same name and often using the same language, but in its main characteristics quite different from and much more authentic than the volumes before me.

1. It must be observed in the first place, that the reviewers agree in attributing to the work scholarship and criticism of the highest order. "The author," writes one, "is a scientifically trained critic. He has learned to argue and to weigh evidence." "The book," adds a second, "proceeds from a man of ability, a scholar and a reasoner." "His scholarship," says this same reviewer again, "is apparent throughout." "Along with a wide and minute scholarship," he

writes in yet another place, "the unknown writer shows great acuteness." Again a third reviewer, of whose general tone, as well as of his criticisms on the first part of the work, I should wish to speak with the highest respect, praises the writer's "searching and scholarly criticism." Lastly a fourth reviewer attributes to the author "careful and acute scholarship." This testimony is explicit, and it comes from four different quarters. It is moreover confirmed by the rumour already mentioned, which assigned the work to a bishop who has few rivals among his contemporaries as a scholar and a critic.

Now, since the documents which our author has undertaken to discuss, are written almost wholly in the Greek and Latin languages, it may safely be assumed that under the term "scholarship" the reviewers included an adequate knowledge of these languages. Starting from this as an axiom which will not be disputed, I proceed to enquire what we find in the work itself, which will throw any light on this point.

The example, which I shall take first, relates to a highly important passage of Irenæus,* containing a reference in some earlier authority, whom this father quotes, to a saying of our Lord recorded only in St. John's Gospel. The passage begins thus:—

"As the elders say, then also shall those deemed worthy of the abode in heaven depart thither; and others shall enjoy the delights of paradise; and others shall possess the splendour of the city; for everywhere the Saviour shall be seen according as they that see Him shall be worthy."

Then follows the important paragraph which is translated differently by our author† and by Dr. Westcott.‡ For reasons which will appear immediately, I place the two renderings side by side:—

WESTCOTT.

"This distinction of dwelling, they taught, exists between those who brought forth a hundred-fold, and those who brought forth sixty-fold, and those who brought forth twenty-fold (Matt. xiii. 8). . . .

And it was for this reason the Lord said that in His Father's house (*ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρὸς*) are many mansions (John xiv. 2)." §

SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.

"But there is to be this distinction of dwelling (*εἶναι δὲ τὴν διαστολὴν ταύτην τῆς οἰκῆσεως*) of those bearing fruit the hundred-fold, and of the (bearers of) the sixty-fold, and of the (bearers of) the thirty-fold: of whom some indeed shall be taken up into the heavens, some shall live in Paradise, and some shall inhabit the city, and for that reason (*διὰ τοῦτο—propter hoc*) the Lord declared many mansions to be in the (heavens) of my Father (*ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρὸς μου μοναῖς εἶναι πολλὰς*)," &c.

* Iren. v. 36. 1, 2.

† S. R. II. p. 328 sq.

‡ Canon, p. 63, note 2.

§ The Greek is *εἶναι δὲ τὴν διαστολὴν ταύτην τῆς οἰκῆσεως . . . καὶ διὰ τοῦτο εἰρηκεῖναι τὰν ἐύριον ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρὸς μου μοναῖς εἶναι πολλὰς κ.τ.λ.*

On this extract our author remarks that "it is impossible for any one who attentively considers the whole of this passage and who makes himself acquainted with the manner in which Irenæus conducts his argument, and interweaves it with texts of Scripture, to doubt that the phrase we are considering is introduced by Irenæus himself, and is in no case a quotation from the work of Papias." As regards the relation of this quotation from the Fourth Gospel to Papias any remarks, which I have to make, must be deferred for the present; but on the other point I venture to say that any fairly trained school-boy will feel himself constrained by the rules of Greek grammar to deny what our author considers it "impossible" even "to doubt." He himself is quite unconscious of the difference between the infinitive and the indicative, or in other words between the oblique and the direct narrative; and so he boldly translates εἶναι τὴν διαστολήν as though it were ἔσεται (or μέλλει εἶναι) ἡ διαστολή, and εἰρήκεναι τὸν κύριον as though it were εἰρηκεν ὁ κύριος. This is just as if a translator from a German original were to persist in ignoring the difference between "es sey" and "es ist" and between "der Herr sage" and "der Herr sagt." Yet so unconscious is our author of the real point at issue, that he proceeds to support his view by several other passages in which Irenæus "interweaves" his own remarks, because they happen to contain the words διὰ τοῦτο, though in every instance the indicative and *not the infinitive* is used. To complete this feat of scholarship he proceeds to charge Dr. Westcott with what "amounts to a falsification of the text," because this scholarly writer has inserted the words "they taught" to show that in the original the sentence containing the reference to St. John is in the oblique narrative and therefore reports the words of others.* I shall not retort this charge of "falsification," because I do not think that the cause of truth is served by imputing immoral motives to those from whom we differ; and indeed the context shows that our author is altogether blind to the grammatical necessity. But I would venture to ask whether it would not have been more prudent, as well as more seemly, if he had paused before venturing, under the shelter of an anonymous publication, to throw out this imputation of dishonesty against a writer of

* Our author has already (p. 326) accused Tischendorf of 'deliberately falsifying the text by inserting, "say they."' Tischendorf's words are, 'Und deshalb sagen sie habe der Herr den Ausspruch gethan.' He might have spared the 'sagen sie,' because the German idiom 'habe' enables him to express the main fact that the words are not Irenæus' own, without this addition. But he has not altered any idea which the original contains; whereas our author himself has *suppressed* this all-important fact in his own translation.

The reader may compare S. R. II. p. 100, 'The lightness and inaccuracy with which the "Great African" proceeds, is all the better illustrated by the fact, that not only does he accuse Marcion falsely, but he actually defines the motives for which he expunged the passage which never existed, &c. . . he actually repeats the same charge on two other occasions.'

singular candour and moderation, who has at least given to the world the hostage and the credential of an honoured name. It is necessary to add that our author persists in riveting this grammatical error on himself. He returns to the charge again in two later footnotes * and declares himself to have *shown* "that it [the reference to the Fourth Gospel] must be referred to Irenæus himself, and that there is no ground for attributing it to the Presbyters at all." "Most critics," he continues, "admit the uncertainty." As it will be my misfortune hereafter to dispute not a few propositions which "most critics" are agreed in maintaining, it is somewhat reassuring to find that they are quite indifferent to the most elementary demands of grammar.

The passage just discussed has a vital bearing on the main question at issue, the date of the Fourth Gospel. The second example which I shall take, though less important, is not without its value. As in the former instance our author showed his indifference to moods, so here he is equally regardless of tenses. He is discussing the heathen Celsus, who shows an acquaintance with the Evangelical narratives, and whose date therefore it is not a matter of indifference to ascertain. Origen, in the preface to his refutation of Celsus, distinctly states that this person had been long dead (*ἤδη καὶ πάλαι νεκρὸν*). In his first book again he confesses his ignorance who this Celsus was, but is disposed to identify him with a person of the name known to have flourished about a century before his own time.† But at the close of the last book,‡ addressing his friend Ambrosius who had sent him the work, and at whose instance he had undertaken the refutation, he writes (or rather, he is represented by our author as writing) as follows:—

"Know, however, that Celsus has promised to write another treatise after this one. . . . If, therefore, he has not fulfilled his promise to write a second book, we may well be satisfied with the eight books in reply to his 'Discourse.' If, however, he has commenced and finished this work also, seek it, and send it in order that we may answer it also, and confute the false teaching in it, &c."§

On the strength of the passage so translated, our author supposes that Origen's impression concerning the date of Celsus had meanwhile been "considerably modified," and remarks that he now "treats him as a contemporary." Unfortunately however, the tenses, on which everything depends, are freely handled in this translation. Origen does not say, "Celsus *has* promised," but "Celsus *promises*" (*ἐπαγγέλλομενον*), i.e. in the treatise before him, for Origen's knowledge was plainly derived from the book itself. And again, he does not say "If he *has* not fulfilled his promise to write," but "If he *did* not

* S. R. II. p. 334.

† C. Cels., viii. 76.

‡ C. Cels., i. 8.

§ S. R. II. p. 231, sq.

write as he undertook to do" (*ἔγραψεν ὑποσχόμενος*); nor "if he has commenced and finished," but "if he commenced and finished" (*ἀρξάμενος συνετέλεσε*).^{*} Thus Origen's language itself here points to a past epoch, and is in strict accordance with the earlier passages in his work.

These two examples have been chosen, not because they are by any means the worst specimens of our author's Greek, but because in both cases an elaborate argument is wrecked on this rock of grammar. If any reader is curious to see how he can drive his ploughshare through a Greek sentence, he may refer for instance to the translations of Basilides (II. p. 46), or of Valentinus (p. 63), or of Philo (p. 265 sq.) Or he may draw his inferences from such renderings as *ὁ λόγος ἐδήλου*, "Scripture declares," † or *κατὰ κόβρης προπηλακίζειν*, ‡ "to inflict a blow on one side;" or from such perversions of meaning as "did no wrong," twice repeated § as a translation of *οὐδὲν ἡμαρτε* in an important passage of Papias relating to St. Mark, where this Father really means that the Evangelist, though his narrative was not complete, yet "made no mistake" in what he did record.

Nor does our author's Latin fare any better than his Greek, as may be inferred from the fact that he can translate "*nihil tamen differt credentium fidei*," "nothing nevertheless differs in the faith of believers," || instead of "it makes no difference to the faith of believers," thus sacrificing sense and grammar alike. Or it is still better illustrated by the following example:—

"Nam ex iis commentatoribus quos habemus, Lucam videtur Marcion elegisse quem caderet." Tertull. *adv. Marc.* iv. 2.

"For of the Commentators whom we possess, Marcion seems (*videtur*) to have selected Luke, which he mutilates." *S. R.* II. p. 99.

Here again tenses and moods are quite indifferent, an imperfective subjunctive being treated as a present indicative; while at the same time our author fails to perceive that the "Commentatores" are the Evangelists themselves. His mind seems to be running on the Commentaries of De Wette and Alford, and he has forgotten the Commentaries of Cæsar.

Having shown that the author does not possess the elementary knowledge which is indispensable in a critical scholar, I shall not stop to inquire how far he exhibits those higher qualifications of a critic, which are far more rare—whether for instance he has the discriminating tact and nice balance of judgment necessary for such a work, or whether again he realizes how men in actual life do speak and write now, and might be expected to speak and write sixteen or seventeen centuries ago—without which qualifications the most painful study

* There is also another aorist in the part of the sentence, which our author has not quoted, *ἄλλο σύνταγμα . . . ἐν ᾧ διδάξεν ἐπηγγέλματο*.

† II. p. 296 sq.

§ I. p. 448, comp. p. 455.

‡ II. p. 193.

|| II. p. 384.

and reproduction of German and Dutch criticism is valueless. These qualifications cannot be weighed or measured, and I must trust to my subsequent investigations to put the reader in possession of data for forming a judgment on these points. At present it will be sufficient to remark that a scholarly writer might at least be expected not to contradict himself on a highly important question of Biblical criticism. Yet this is what our author does. Speaking of the descent of the angel at the pool of Bethesda (John v. 3, 4) in his first part, he writes: "The passage is not found in the older MSS. of the Fourth Gospel, and it was probably a later interpolation."* But, having occasion towards the end of his work to refer again to this same passage, he entirely forgets his previously expressed opinion, and is very positive on the other side. "We must believe," he writes, "that this passage did originally belong to the text, and has from an early period been omitted from the MSS. on account of the difficulty it presents."† And, to make the contradiction more flagrant, he proceeds to give a reason why the disputed words must have formed part of the original text.

It must be evident by this time to any "impartial mind," that the "Supernatural Religion" of the reviewers cannot be our "Supernatural Religion." The higher criticism has taught me that poor foolish Papias, an extreme specimen of "the most deplorable carelessness and want of critical judgment" displayed by the Fathers on all occasions, cannot possibly have had our St. Mark's Gospel before him, because he says that his St. Mark recorded only "some" of our Lord's sayings and doings, and did not record them in order (though by the way no one maintains that everything said and done by Christ is recorded in our Second Gospel, or that the events follow in strict chronological sequence); and how then is it possible to resist the conclusion, which is forced upon the mind by the concurrent testimony of so many able reviewers, the leaders of intellectual thought in this critical nineteenth century, to the consummate scholarship of the writer, that they must be referring to a different recension, probably more authentic and certainly far more satisfactory than the book which lies before me?

2. And the difficulty of the popular identification will be found to increase as the investigation proceeds. There is a second point, also, on which our critics are unanimous. Our first reviewer describes the author as "scrupulously exact in stating the arguments of adversaries." Our fourth reviewer uses still stronger language: "The author with excellent candour places before us the materials on which a judgment must rest, with great fulness and perfect impartiality." The testimony

* I. p. 113. The last words ran 'certainly a late interpolation' in the first edition (I. p. 103). Thus the passage has undergone revision, and yet the author has not discovered the contradiction.

† II. p. 421.

of the other two, though not quite so explicit, tends in the same direction. "An earnest seeker after truth," says the second reviewer, "looking around at all particulars pertaining to his inquiries," "The account given in the volume we are noticing," writes the third, "is a perfect mine of information on this subject, alloyed indeed with no small prejudice, yet so wonderfully faithful and comprehensive that an error may be detected by the light of the writer's own searching and scholarly criticism."

Now this is not the characteristic of the book before me. The author does indeed single out from time to time the weaker arguments of "apologetic" writers, and on these he dwells at great length; but their weightier facts and lines of reasoning are altogether ignored by him, though they often occur in the same books and even in the same contexts which he quotes. This charge will, I believe, be abundantly substantiated as I proceed. At present I shall do no more than give a few samples.

Our author charges the Epistle ascribed to Polycarp with an anachronism,* because, though in an earlier passage St. Ignatius is assumed to be dead, "in chap. xiii. he is spoken of as living, and information is requested regarding him 'and those who are with him.'" Why then does he not notice the answer which he might have found in any common source of information, that when the Latin version (the Greek is wanting here) "*de his qui cum eo sunt*" is retranslated into the original language, *τοῖς σὺν αὐτῷ*, the "anachronism" altogether disappears? Again, when he devotes more than forty pages to the discussion of Papias,† why does he not even mention the view maintained by Dr. Westcott and others (and certainly suggested by a strict interpretation of Papias' own words), that this father's object in his "Exposition" was not to construct a new evangelical narrative, but to interpret and illustrate by oral tradition one already lying before him in written documents? This view, if correct, entirely alters the relation of Papias to the written Gospels; and its discussion was a matter of essential importance to the main question at issue. Again, when he reproduces the Tübingen fallacy respecting "the strong prejudice" of Hegesippus against St. Paul,‡ and quotes the often-quoted passage from Stephanus Gobarus, in which this writer refers to the language of Hegesippus condemning the use of the words, "Eye hath not seen, etc.," why does he not state that these words were employed by heretical teachers to justify their rites of initiation, and consequently "apologetic" writers contend that Hegesippus refers to the words, not as used by St. Paul, but as misapplied by these heretics? Since, according to the Tübingen interpretation, this single notice contradicts everything else which we know of the opinions of Hegesippus, the view

* S. R. I. p. 276.

† I. p. 444-485.

‡ I. p. 441.

of "apologists" might perhaps have been worth a moment's consideration. And again, in the elaborate examination of Justin Martyr's evangelical quotations, in which he had Credner's careful analysis to guide him, and which therefore is quite the most favourable specimen of his critical work, our author frequently refers to Dr. Westcott's book to censure it, and many comparatively insignificant points are discussed at great length. Why then does he not once mention Dr. Westcott's argument founded on the looseness of Justin Martyr's quotations from the Old Testament, as throwing some light on the degree of accuracy which he might be expected to show in quoting the Gospels? * The former Justin supposed to be (as one of the reviewers expresses it) "almost automatically inspired," whereas he took a much larger view of the inspiration of the evangelical narratives. A reader fresh from the perusal of "Supernatural Religion" will have his eyes opened as to the character of Justin's mind, when he turns to Dr. Westcott's book, and finds how Justin interweaves, mis-names, and mis-quotes passages from the Old Testament. It cannot be said that these are unimportant points. In every instance which I have selected, these omitted considerations vitally affect the main question at issue.

Our fourth reviewer however uses the words which I have already quoted, "excellent candour," "great fulness," "perfect impartiality," with special reference to the part of the work relating to the authorship and character of the Fourth Gospel, which he describes as "a piece of keen and solid reasoning." This is quite decisive. Our author might have had his own grounds for ignoring the arguments of "apologetic" writers, or he may have been ignorant of them. For reasons which will appear presently, the latter alternative ought probably to be adopted as explaining some omissions. But however this may be, the language of the reviewer is quite inapplicable to the work lying before me. It may be candid in the sense of being honestly meant, but it is not candid in any other sense; and it is the very reverse of full and impartial. The arguments of "apologetic" writers are systematically ignored in this part of the work. Once or twice indeed he fastens on passages from such writers, that he may make capital of them; but their main arguments remain wholly unnoticed. Why, for instance, when he says of the Fourth Gospel "that instead of the fierce and intolerant temper of the Son of Thunder, we find a spirit breathing forth nothing but gentleness and

* In I. p. 260, there is a foot-note, 'For the arguments of apologetic criticism the reader may be referred to Canon Westcott's work "On the Canon," p. 112-139. Dr. Westcott does not attempt to deny the fact that Justin's quotations are different from the text of our Gospels; but he accounts for his variations on grounds which are purely imaginary.' I can hardly suppose that our author had read the passage to which he refers. Otherwise the last sentence would doubtless have run thus, 'but he accounts for his variations by arguments which it would give me some trouble to answer.'

love,"* does he forget to add that "apologists" have pointed to such passages as "Ye are of your father the devil," as a refutation of this statement—passages far more "intolerant" than anything recorded in the Synoptic Gospels?† Why again, when he asserts that "allusion is undoubtedly made to" St. Paul in the words of the Apocalypse, "them that hold the teaching of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols,"‡ does he forget to mention that St. Paul himself uses this same chapter in Jewish history as a warning to those free-thinkers and free-livers, who eat things sacrificed to idols, regardless of the scandal which their conduct might create, and thus, so far from a direct antagonism, there is a substantial agreement between the two Apostles on this point?§ Why, when he is endeavouring to minimize, if not to deny, the Hebraic character of the Fourth Gospel, does he wholly ignore the investigations of Luthardt and others, which (as "apologists" venture to think) show that the whole texture of the language in the Fourth Gospel is Hebraic? Why again, when he alludes to "the minuteness of details"|| in this Gospel as alleged in defence of its authenticity, is he satisfied with this mere caricature of the "apologetic" argument? Having set up a man of straw, he has no difficulty in knocking him down. He has only to declare that "the identification of an eye-witness by details is absurd." It would have been more to the purpose if he had boldly grappled with such arguments as he might have found in Mr. Sanday's book for instance; arguments founded not on the minuteness of details, but on the thorough naturalness with which the incidents develop themselves,

* II. p. 411.

† Our author himself refers to this saying for a wholly different purpose later on (p. 416).

‡ II. p. 408. Our author says, 'It is clear that Paul is referred to in the address to the Church of Ephesus: "And thou didst try them which say that they are Apostles and are not, and didst find them false."' He seems to forget what he himself has said (p. 395), 'No result of criticism rests upon a more secure basis . . . than the fact that the Apocalypse was written in A.D. 68, 69, i.e., after St. Paul's death. This theory moreover is directly at variance with the one definite fact which we know respecting the personal relations between the two Apostles; namely, that they gave to each other the right hands of fellowship (Gal. ii. 9). It is surprising therefore that this extravagant paradox should have been recently reproduced in an English review of high character.

§ 1 Cor. x. 7, 8, 14, 21. When the season of persecution arrived, and the constancy of Christians was tested in this very way, St. Paul's own principles would require a correspondingly rigid abstinence from even apparent complicity in idolatrous rites. There is every reason therefore to believe that, if St. Paul had been living when the Apocalypse was written, he would have expressed himself not less strongly on the same side. On the other hand these early Gnostics who are denounced in the Apocalypse seem, like their successors in the next generation, to have held that a Christian might conform to Gentile practices in these matters to escape persecution. St. Paul combats this spirit of license, then in its infancy, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

|| II. p. 445.

on the subtle and inobtrusive traits of character which appear in the speakers, on the local colouring which is inseparably interwoven with the narrative, on the presence of strictly Jewish (as distinguished from Christian) ideas, more especially Messianic ideas, which saturate the speeches, and the like. And, if he could have brought forward any parallel to all this in the literature of the time, or could even have shown a reasonable probability that such a fiction might have been produced in an age which (as we are constantly reminded) was singularly inappreciative and uncritical in such matters, and which certainly has not left any evidence of a genius for realism, for its highest conception of romance-writing does not rise above the stiffness of the Clementines or the extravagance of the Protevangelium—if he could have done this, he would at least have advanced his argument a step.* Why again, when he is emphasizing the differences between the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel, does he content himself with stating “that some apologetic writers” are “satisfied by the analogies which could scarcely fail to exist between two works dealing with a similar (!) theme,”† without mentioning for the benefit of the reader some of these analogies, as for instance, that our Lord is styled the Word of God in these two writings, and these alone, of the New Testament? He recurs more than once to the doctrine of the Logos, as exhibited in the Gospel, but again he is silent about the presence of this nomenclature in the Apocalypse. Why, when he contrasts the Christology of the Synoptic Gospels with the Christology of St. John,‡ does he not mention that “apologists” quote in reply our Lord’s words in Matt. xi. 27, sq., “All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whom soever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest”? This one passage, they assert, covers the characteristic teaching of the Fourth Gospel, and hitherto they have not been answered. Again, our author says very positively that “the Synoptics clearly represent the ministry of Jesus as having been limited to a single year, and his preaching is confined to Galilee and Jerusalem, where his career culminates at the fatal Passover;” thus contrasting with the Fourth Gospel, which “distributes the teaching of Jesus between Galilee, Samaria, and Jerusalem, makes it extend at least over three years, and refers to three Passovers spent by Jesus at Jerusalem.”§ Why then does he not add that “apologetic” writers refer to such passages as Matt. xiii. 37 (comp. Luke xiii. 34),

* Our author (p. 444) speaks of ‘the works of imagination of which the world is full, and the singular realism of many of which is recognized by all.’ Is this a true description of the world in the early Christian ages? If not, it is nothing to the purpose.

† II. p. 389. “Apologists” lay stress on the *difference* of theme.

‡ II. p. 468, and elsewhere.

§ II. p. 451

"O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together"? Here the expression "how often," it is contended, obliges us to postulate other visits, probably several visits, to Jerusalem, which are not recorded in the Synoptic Gospels themselves. And it may be suggested also that the twice-repeated notice of time in the context of St. Luke, "I do cures *to-day and to-morrow, and the third day* I shall be perfected," "I must walk *to-day and to-morrow and the day following*," points to the very duration of our Lord's ministry, as indicated by the Fourth Gospel. If so, the coincidence is the more remarkable, because it does not appear that St. Luke himself, while recording these prophetic words, was aware of their full historical import. But whatever may be thought of this last point, the contention of "apologetic" writers is that here, as elsewhere, the Fourth Gospel supplies the key to historical difficulties in the Synoptic narratives, which are not unlocked in the course of those narratives themselves, and this fact increases their confidence in its value as an authentic record.

Again: he refers several times to the Paschal controversy of the second century as bearing on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. On one occasion he devotes two whole pages to it.* Why then does he not mention that "apologetic" writers altogether deny what he states to be absolutely certain; maintaining on the contrary that the Christian Passover, celebrated by the Asiatic Churches on the 14th Nisan, commemorated not the Institution of the Lord's Supper, but, as it naturally would, the Sacrifice on the Cross, and asserting that the main dispute between the Asiatic and Roman Churches had reference to the question whether the commemoration should take place always on the 14th Nisan (irrespective of the day of the week) or always on a Friday? Thus, they claim the Paschal controversy as a witness on their own side. This view may be right or wrong; but inasmuch as any person might read the unusually full account of the controversy in Eusebius from beginning to end, without a suspicion that the alternative of the 14th or 15th Nisan, as the day of the Crucifixion, entered into the dispute at all, the *onus probandi* rests with our author, and his stout assertions were certainly needed to supply the place of arguments.

The same reticence or ignorance respecting the arguments of "apologetic" writers is noticeable also when he deals with the historical and geographical allusions in the Fourth Gospel. If by any chance he condescends to discuss a question, he takes care to fasten on the least likely solution of "apologists" (*e.g.* the identification of Sychar and Shechem),† omitting altogether to notice others. But as a rule,

* II. p. 472 sq.; comp. pp. 186 sq., 271.

† II. p. 421. Travellers and 'apologists' alike now more commonly identify Sychar with the village bearing the Arabic name Askar. This fact is not mentioned by our author. He says moreover 'It is admitted that there was no such

he betrays no knowledge whatever of his adversaries' arguments. One instance will suffice to illustrate his mode of procedure. Referring to the interpretation of Siloam as "sent," in John ix. 7, he stigmatizes this as "a distinct error," because the word signifies "a spring, a fountain, a flow of water;" and he adds that "a foreigner with a slight knowledge of the language is misled by the superficial analogy of sound." * Does he not know (his Gesenius will teach him this) that Siloam signifies a fountain, or rather, an aqueduct, a conduit, like the Latin *emissarium*, because it is derived from the Hebrew *shalach* "to send"? and if he does know it, why has he left his readers entirely in the dark on this subject? As the word is much disguised in its Greek dress (*Siloam* for *Shiloach*), the knowledge of its derivation is not unimportant, and "apologists" claim to have this item of evidence transferred to their side of the account. Any one disposed to retaliate upon our author for his habitual reticence would find in these volumes, ready made for his purpose, a large assortment of convenient phrases ranging from "discreet reserve" to "wilful and deliberate evasion." I do not intend to yield to this temptation. But the reader will have drawn his own conclusions from this recklessness of assault in one whose own armour is gaping at every joint.

But indeed, when he does stoop to notice the arguments of "apologetic" writers, he is not always successful in apprehending their meaning.

Thus he writes of the unnamed disciple, the assumed author of the Fourth Gospel:—

"The assumption that the disciple thus indicated is John, rests principally on the fact that whilst the author mentions the other apostles, he seems studiously to avoid directly naming John, and also that he only once distinguishes John the Baptist by the appellation *ὁ βαπτιστής*, whilst he carefully distinguishes the two disciples of the name of Judas, and always speaks of the Apostle Peter as 'Simon Peter,' or 'Peter,' or but rarely as 'Simon' only. Without pausing to consider the slightness of this evidence, &c."†

Now the fact is, that the Fourth Evangelist *never once* distinguishes this John as "the Baptist," though such is his common designation in the other Gospels; and the only person, in whom the omission would be natural, is his namesake John the son of Zebedee. Hence "apologists" lay great stress on this fact, as an evidence all the more valuable, because it lies below the surface, and they urge with force, that this subtle indication of authorship is inconceivable

place [as Sychar, *Συχάρ*], and apologetic ingenuity is severely taxed to explain the difficulty. This is altogether untrue. Others besides 'apologists' point to passages in the Talmud which speak of 'the well of Suchar (or Sochar, or Sichar)'; see Neubauer, "La Géographie du Talmud," p. 169, sq. Our author refers in his note to an article by Delitzsch, "Zeitschr. f. Luth. Theol." 1856, p. 240, sq. He cannot have read the article, for these Talmudic references are its main purport.

* II. p. 419.

† II. p. 423, sq.

as the literary device of a forger in the second century. We cannot wonder, however, if our author considers this evidence so slight that he will not even pause upon it, when he has altogether distorted it by a mis-statement of fact. But it is instructive to trace his error to its source. Turning to Credner, to whom the author gives a reference in a footnote, I find this writer stating that the Fourth Evangelist

"Has not found it necessary to distinguish John the Baptist from the Apostle John his namesake *even so much as once* (auch nur ein einziges Mal) by the addition of βαπτιστής."*

So then our author has stumbled over that little word "nur," and his German has gone the way of his Greek and his Latin. But the error is instructive from another point of view. This argument happens to be a *commonplace* of "apologists." How comes it then, that he was not set right by one or other of these many writers, even if he could not construe Credner's German? Clearly this cannot be the work which the reviewers credit with an "exhaustive" knowledge of the literature of the subject. I may be asked indeed to explain how, on this theory of mistaken identity which I here put forward, the work reviewed by the critics came to be displaced by the work before me, so that no traces of the original remain. But this I altogether decline to do, and I plead authority for refusing. "The mere negative evidence that our actual [Supernatural Religion] is not the work described by [the Reviewers] is sufficient for our purpose." †

3. But the argument is strengthened when we come to consider a third point. "The author's discussions," writes our first reviewer, "are conducted in a judicial method." "He has the critical faculty in union with a calm spirit." "Calm and judicial in tone," is the verdict of our second reviewer. The opinion of our third and fourth reviewers on this part may be gathered not so much from what they say as from what they leave unsaid. A fifth reviewer however, who seems certainly to have had our "Supernatural Religion" before him, holds different language. He rebukes the author—with wonderful gentleness, considering the gravity of the offence—for "now and then losing patience."

Now whether calmness of tone can be said to distinguish a work which bristles with such epithets as "monstrous," "impossible," "audacious," "preposterous," "absurd;" whether the habit of reiterating as axiomatic truths what at the very best are highly precarious hypotheses—as, for instance, that Papias did not refer to our St. Mark's

* Credner, Einl. I. p. 210 ' . . hat er es nicht für nöthig gefunden, den Täufer Johannes von dem gleichnamigen Apostel auch nur ein einziges Mal durch den Zusatz δ βαπτιστής zu unterscheiden (i. 6, 15, 19, 26, 28, 29, 32, 35, 41; iii. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27; iv. 1; v. 33, 36; x. 40, 41).'

† S. R. I. p. 459.

Gospel—does not savour more of the vehemence of the advocate than of the impartiality of the judge, I must ask the reader to decide for himself. But of the highly discreditable practice of imputing corrupt motives to those who differ from us, there cannot be two opinions. We have already seen how a righteous nemesis has overtaken our author, and he has covered himself with confusion, while recklessly flinging a charge of “falsification” at another. Unfortunately however that passage does not stand alone. I will not take up the reader's time with illustrations of a practice, of which we have seen more than enough already. But there is one example which is sufficiently instructive to deserve quoting. Dr. Westcott writes of Basilides as follows:—

At the same time, he appealed to the authority of Glaucias, who, as well as St. Mark, was ‘an interpreter of St. Peter.’^{*}

The inverted commas are given here as they appear in Dr. Westcott's book. It need hardly be said that Dr. Westcott is simply illustrating the statement of Basilides that Glaucias was an interpreter of St. Peter by the similar statement of Papias and others that St. Mark was an interpreter of the same apostle—a very innocent piece of information, one would suppose. On this passage however our author remarks:—

“Now we have here again an illustration of the same misleading system which we have already condemned, and shall further refer to, in the introduction after ‘Glaucias’ of the words ‘who as well as St. Mark was an interpreter of St. Peter.’ The words in italics are the gratuitous addition of Canon Westcott himself, and can only have been inserted for one of two purposes: I. to assert the fact that Glaucias was actually an interpreter of Peter, as tradition represented Mark to be; or II. to insinuate to unlearned readers that Basilides himself acknowledged Mark as well as Glaucias as the interpreter of Peter. We can hardly suppose the first to have been the intention, and we regret to be forced back upon the second, and infer that the temptation to weaken the inferences from the appeal of Basilides to the uncanonical Glaucias, by coupling with it the allusion to Mark, was [unconsciously, no doubt] too strong for the apologist.”†

Dr. Westcott's honour may safely be left to take care of itself. It stands far too high to be touched by insinuations like these. I only call attention to the fact that our author has removed Dr. Westcott's inverted commas, and then founded on the passage so manipulated a charge of unfair dealing, which could only be sustained in their absence, and which even then no one but himself would have thought of. I will not retort upon our author the charge of “deliberate

* Canon, p. 264. The words of Clement (Strom. vii. 17) to which Dr. Westcott refers, are: Καθάπερ ὁ Βασίλειδης, καὶ Γλαυκίαν ἐπιγράφεται διδάσκαλον, ὡς αὐχοῦσιν αὐτοί, τὸν Πέτρον ἑρμηνεῖα.

† S. R. II. p. 44, sq. The words which I have enclosed in brackets were inserted in the 2nd edition. A frank withdrawal would have been worth something; but this insertion only aggravates the offence.

falsification," which he so freely levels at others, for I do not believe that he had any such intention. The lesson suggested by this highly characteristic passage is of another kind. It exemplifies the elaborate looseness which pervades the critical portion of this book. It illustrates the author's inability to look at things in a straightforward way. It emphasizes more especially the suspicious temper of the work, which makes it, as even a favourable reviewer has said, "painfully sceptical"—a temper which must necessarily vitiate all the processes of criticism, and which, if freely humoured elsewhere, would render life intolerable and history impossible.

It is difficult to see what end the author proposed to attain by all this literary browbeating. In the course of my examination I shall be constrained to adopt many a view which has been denounced beforehand as impossible and absurd; and I shall give my reasons for doing so. If by an "apologist" is meant one who knows that he owes everything which is best and truest in himself to the teaching of Christianity—not the Christless Christianity which alone our author would spare, the works with the mainspring broken, but the Christianity of the Apostles and Evangelists—who believes that its doctrines, its sanctions, and its hopes, are truths of the highest moment to the wellbeing of mankind, and who, knowing and believing all this, is ready to use in its defence such abilities as he has, then a man may be proud to take even the lowest place among the ranks of "apologists," and to brave any insinuations of dishonesty which an anonymous critic may fling at him.

There is however another more subtle mode of intimidation which plays an important part in these volumes. Long lists of references are given in the notes, to modern critics who (as the reader would infer from the mode of reference) support the views mentioned or adopted by the author in the text. I have verified these references in one or two cases, and have found that several writers, at all events, do not hold the opinions to which their names are attached. But, under any circumstances, these lists will not fetter the judgment of any thoughtful mind. It is strange indeed, that a writer who denounces so strongly the influence of authority as represented by tradition, should be anxious to impose on his readers another less honourable yoke. There is at least a presumption (though in individual cases it may prove false on examination) that the historical sense of seventeen or eighteen centuries is larger and truer than the critical insight of a section of men in one late half century. The idols of our cave never present themselves in a more alluring form than when they appear as the "spirit of the age." It is comparatively easy to resist the fallacies of past times, but it is most difficult to escape the infection of the intellectual atmosphere in which we live. I ask myself, for instance, whether one who lived in the age of the rabbis would have been altogether right in resigning himself to the immediate current

of intellectual thought, because he saw, or seemed to see, that it was setting strongly in one direction.

This comparison is not without its use. Here were men eminently learned, painstaking, minute; eminently ingenious also, and in a certain sense, eminently critical. In accumulating and assorting facts—such facts as lay within their reach—and in the general thoroughness of their work, the rabbis of Jewish exegesis might well bear comparison with the rabbis of neologian criticism. They reigned supreme in their own circles for a time; their work has not been without its fruits; many useful suggestions have gone to swell the intellectual and moral inheritance of later ages; but their characteristic teaching, which they themselves would have regarded as their chief claim to immortality, has long since been consigned to oblivion. It might be minute and searching, but it was conceived in a false vein; it was essentially unhistorical, and therefore it could not live. The modern negative school of criticism seems to me to be equally perverse and unreal, though in a different way; and therefore I anticipate for it the same fate.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, alluding to an eccentric work of rationalizing tendencies written by an English scholar, and using M. Renan as his mouthpiece, expresses the opinion that "an extravagance of this sort could never have come from Germany where there is a great force of critical opinion controlling a learned man's vagaries, and keeping him straight."* I confess that my experiences of the critical literature of Germany have not been so fortunate. It would be difficult, I think, to find among English scholars any parallel to the mass of absurdities, which several intelligent and very learned German critics have conspired to heap upon two simple names in the Philippian Epistle, Euodia and Syntyche; first, Baur suggesting that the pivot of the Epistle, which has a conciliatory tendency, is the mention of Clement, a mythical or almost mythical person, who represents the union of the Petrine and Pauline parties in the Church;† then Schweigler, carrying the theory a step further, and declaring that the two names, Euodia and Syntyche, actually represent these two parties, while the true yoke-fellow is St. Peter himself;‡ then Volkmar, improving the occasion, and showing that this fact is indicated in their very names, Euodia or "Rightway," and Syntyche or "Consort," denoting respectively the orthodoxy of the one party and the incorporation of the other;§ lastly, Hitzig lamenting that interpreters of the New Testament are not more thoroughly imbued with the language and spirit of the Old, and maintaining that these two names are reproductions of the patriarchs Asher and Gad—their sex having been changed in the transition from one language to another—and represent

* "Essays in Criticism," p. 57.

† "Paulus," p. 469, sq. (1st ed.).

‡ "Nachapost. Zeitalter," II. p. 135.

§ "Theolog. Jahrb." XV. p. 311, sq., XVI. p. 147, sq.

the Greek and Roman elements in the Church, while the Epistle to the Philippians itself is a plagiarism from the Agricola of Tacitus.* When therefore I find our author supporting some of his more important judgments by the authority of "Hitzig, Volkmar and others," or of "Volkmar and others,"† I have my own opinion of the weight which such names should carry with them.

It is not however against the eccentricities of individuals, except so far as these can be charged to a vicious atmosphere and training, that I would rest the chief stress of my complaint. The whole tone and spirit of the school in its excess of scepticism must, I venture to think, be fatal to the ends of true criticism. A reviewer of "Supernatural Religion" compares the author's handling of the reconstructive efforts of certain conservative critics regarding the Fourth Gospel to Sir G. C. Lewis's objections to Niebuhr's "equally arbitrary reconstruction of early Roman history." From one point of view this comparison is instructive. We have no means of testing the value of that eminent writer's negative criticisms of early Roman history. But where additional knowledge has enabled us to apply a test to his opinions, as, for instance, respecting the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphic language, we find that his scepticism led him signally astray. It seems to be assumed that, because the sceptical spirit has its proper function in scientific inquiry (though even here its excesses will often impede progress), therefore its exercise is equally useful and equally free from danger in the domain of criticism. A moment's reflection however will show that the cases are wholly different. In whatever relates to morals and history—in short, to human life in all its developments—where mathematical or scientific demonstration is impossible, and where consequently everything depends on the even balance of the judicial faculties, scepticism must be at least as fatal to the truth as credulity.

The author of "Supernatural Religion" proposes to himself the task of demonstrating that the miraculous element in Christianity is a delusion. The work is divided into three parts. The first part undertakes to prove that miracles are not only highly improbable, but antecedently incredible, so that no amount of testimony can

* "Zur Kritik Paulinischer Briefe." Leipzig. 1870. The author's conclusions are supported by an appeal to the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and Armenian languages. The learning of this curious pamphlet keeps pace with its absurdity. If the reader is disposed to think that this writer must be laughing in his sleeve at the methods of the modern school to which he belongs, he is checked by the obviously serious tone of the whole discussion. Indeed it is altogether in keeping with Hitzig's critical discoveries elsewhere. To this same critic we owe the suggestion, that the name of the fabulist Æsop is derived from Solomon's "*hyssop* that springeth out of the wall," Kings iv. 33 : "Die Sprüche Salomo's," p. xvi., sq.

† E.g. respecting the date of the book of Judith, on which depends the authenticity of Clement's Epistle (I. p. 222), the date of Celsus (II. p. 228), etc.

overcome the objections to them. As a subsidiary aim, he endeavours to show that the sort of evidence, which, under the most favourable circumstances we should be likely to obtain in the early Christian ages, ought not to inspire confidence. The second and third parts are occupied in examining the actual witnesses themselves, that is, the four Gospels; the second being devoted to the Synoptists, and the third to St. John. The main contention is that the four Gospels are entirely devoid of evidence sufficient to satisfy us of their date and authorship, considering the momentous import of their contents. These portions of the work therefore are chiefly occupied in examining the external testimonies to the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospels. In the case of St. John the internal character of the document is likewise subjected to examination.

Obviously, if the author has established his conclusions in the first part, the second and third are altogether superfluous. It is somewhat strange therefore, that more than three-fourths of the whole work should be devoted to this needless task. Impressed, as it would seem, by the elaboration of these portions, reviewers have singled them out for special praise, even when they have condemned the first as unsatisfactory. With this estimate of their value I find myself altogether unable to agree; and in the articles which will follow I hope to give my reasons for dissenting. Regarded as a handbook of the critical fallacies of the modern destructive school, "Supernatural Religion" well deserves examination.

For this reason I shall hereafter occupy myself solely with the two latter portions of the work, and more especially with the external evidences of the Gospels; but there is one point, affecting the main question at issue, which it is impossible to pass over in silence. Any one who, with the arguments of the first part fresh in his memory, will turn to the final chapter, in which the author gives a confession of faith, must be struck with the startling dislocation between the principles from which the work starts and the manifesto with which it concludes. Our author has eliminated, as he believes, the miraculous or supernatural element from the Gospel. He will have nothing to say to "Ecclesiastical Christianity," by which strange phrase is meant the Christianity of the Apostles and Evangelists. He will not even hear of a future life with its hopes and fears.* He will purge the Gospel of all "dogmas," and will present it as an ethical system alone. The extreme beauty, I might almost say the absolute perfection, of Christ's moral teaching,† he not only allows, but insists upon. "Morality," he adds, "was the essence of his system; theology was an after-thought."‡ And yet almost in the same breath he adopts as his "two fundamental principles, Love to God and love to man." He commends a "morality based upon the earnest and intelligent acceptance of Divine Law, and perfect recog-

* II. p. 484.

† P. 487, sq.

‡ P. 486.

nition of the brotherhood of man," as "the highest conceivable by humanity."* He speaks of the "purity of heart which alone 'sees God.'"† He enforces the necessity of "rising to higher conceptions of an infinitely wise and beneficent Being . . . whose laws of wondrous comprehensiveness and perfection we ever perceive in operation around us."‡ All this is well said, but is it consistent? This universal "brotherhood of man," what is it but a "dogma" of the most comprehensive application? This "Love to God" springing from the apprehension of a "wondrous perfection," and the recognition of an "infinitely wise and beneficent Being,"—in short, this belief in a Heavenly Father, which on any showing was the fundamental axiom of our Lord's teaching, and which our author thus accepts as a cardinal article in his own creed,—what is it but a theological proposition of the most overwhelming import, before which all other "dogmas" sink into insignificance?

And what room, we are forced to ask, has he left for such a dogma? In the first portion of the work our author has been careful not to define his position. He has studiously avoided committing himself to a belief in a universal Father or a moral Governor, or even in a Personal God. If he had done so, he would have tied his hands at once. Very much of the reasoning which he brings forward against the miraculous element in Christianity in answer to Dr. Mozley and Dean Mansel, falls to the ground when this proposition is assumed. His arguments prove nothing, because they prove too much: for they are equally efficacious, or equally inefficacious, against the doctrine of a Divine providence or of human responsibility, as they are against the resurrection of Christ. The truth is, that when our author closes his work, he cannot face the conclusions to which his premisses would inevitably lead him. They are too startling for himself, as well as for his readers, in their naked deformity; and with a noble inconsistency he clutches at these "dogmas" to save himself from sinking into the abyss of moral scepticism.

Mr. J. S. Mill's inexorable logic may not be without its use, as holding up the mirror to such inconsistency. On his own narrow premisses this eminent logician builds up his own narrow conclusions with remorseless rigour. Our author in his first part adopts this same narrow basis, and truly enough finds no resting-place for Christianity upon it, as indeed there is none for any theory of a providential government. But at the conclusion he tacitly and (as it would seem) quite unconsciously assumes a much wider standing-ground. If he had not done so, he himself would have been edged off his footing, and hurled down the precipice. A whole pack of "pursuing wolves"§ is upon him, far more ravenous than any which

* P. 487, sq.

† P. 489.

‡ P. 490.

§ S. R. I. p. xiv.

beset the path of the believers in revelation ; and he has left himself no shelter. If he had commenced by defining what he meant by "Nature" and "Supernatural," he might have avoided this inconsistency, though he must have sacrificed much of his argument to save his creed. As it is, he has unconsciously juggled with two senses of Nature. Nature in the first part, where he is arguing against miracles, is the aggregate of external phenomena—the same Nature against which Mr. Mill prefers his terrible indictment for its cruelty and injustice. But Nature in the concluding chapter involves the idea of a moral Governor and a beneficent Father ; and this idea can only be introduced by opening flood-gates of thought which refuse to be closed just at the moment when it is necessary to bar the admission of the miraculous. Our author has ranged himself unconsciously with the "intuitive philosophers," of whom Mr. Mill speaks so scornfully. He has appealed, though he does not seem to be aware of it, to the inner consciousness of man, to the instincts and cravings of humanity, to interpret and supplement the teachings of external Nature ; and he is altogether unaware how large a concession he has made to believers in revelation by so doing.

Even though we should close our eyes to all other considerations, it is vain to ignore the inevitable moral consequences which flow from this mode of reasoning ; for they are becoming every day more apparent. The demand is made that we should abandon our Christianity on grounds which logically involve the abandonment of any belief in the providential government of the world and in the moral responsibility of man. Young men are apt to be far more logical than their elders. Older persons are taught by long experience to distrust the adequacy of their premisses : consciously or unconsciously, they supplement the narrow conclusions of their logic by larger lessons learnt from human life or from their own heart. But generally speaking, the young man has no such distrust. His teacher has appealed to Nature, and to Nature he shall go. The teacher becomes frightened, struggles to retrace his steps, and speaks of "an infinitely wise and beneficent Being ;" but the pupil insolently points out how

Nature, red in tooth and claw,
With ravin, shrieks against his creed.

The teacher urges, "All that is consistent with wise and omnipotent Law is prospered and brought to perfection : " * and the pupil replies : "You have limited my horizon to this life, and in this life the facts do not verify your statement." The teacher says, Believe that you—you personally—"are eternally cared for and governed by an omnipresent immutable power for which nothing is too great, nothing too insignificant." † The pupil says : "My Christianity did show me how this was possible ; but with my Christianity I have cast it away as a delusion. I could not stop short at this point consistently with

* II. p. 492.

† *Id.*

the principles you have laid down for my guidance. I have done as you told me to do; I have 'ratified the fiat which maintains the order of Nature,'* and I find Nature wholly

Careless of the single life.

I will therefore please myself henceforth." The teacher speaks of "the purity which alone sees God"; and to him the expression has a real meaning, for his mind is unconsciously saturated with ideas which he has certainly not learnt from his adopted philosophy: but to the pupil it has lost its articulate utterance, and is no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Hence the pupil, having thrown off his Christianity, too often follows out the principles of his teacher to their logical conclusions, and divests himself also of moral restraints, except so far as it may be convenient or necessary for him to submit to them. Happily this has not been the case hitherto in the large majority of instances. The permanence of habits formed in a nobler school of teaching, the abiding presence of a loftier ideal not derived from this new philosophy, and (we may add also) the voice of an inward witness whose authority is denied, but whose warnings nevertheless compel a hearing, all tend to raise the level of men's conduct above their principles. The full moral consequences of the teaching would only then be seen, if ever a generation should grow up, moulded altogether under its influences.

* II. p. 492.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.



SAXON STUDIES.

II.—OF GAMBRINUS.

LIFE is a tissue of mysteries. One is, that if the feelings be touched the palate never complains. An egg, hard-boiled over the fire of the affections, outdoes an omelette by Savarin. A half-pint of schnapps poured into an earthen mug by the hand of the affections, has a finer aroma than old wine in crystal goblets, less finely presented. Or what rude bench, cushioned by the emotions, is not softer than satin and eider-down? The spiritual not only commands the sensual—it may be said to create it. The banquets of the gods are divine only in so far as they harmonize the two. This is the whole secret of nectar and ambrosia.

The theme so expands beneath the pen, that we were best bring it to a head at once. Suffice it introduces us to the modest establishment of Frau Schmidt, just beyond the outer droschky limits; a favourite resort of mine, though better beer, easier chairs, and more accessible sites be discoverable elsewhere. I cannot baffle the reader's insight—the outweighing attraction is Frau Schmidt herself. Yet she is not a widow,—nay, she is fonder of her husband than is the case with most Saxon women; and he is really quite a fine fellow. Moreover, her personal charms are not bewildering. She appears before us a grey-clad little woman, with plain, pleasant, patient visage and low, respectful voice: she puts down our schoppen

of beer on our accustomed table near the window, smiles a neutral-tinted little smile of welcome; and we pass the compliments of the day. Twice or thrice during our stay she returns to chat with us; and her big, grave, reticent husband stands beside her, and puts in a rumbling word or two. Anon they are off to serve their other customers—mostly common workmen out of the street, thirsty, rough fellows, with marvellous garments and manners. Evidently, the spell that draws us hither is one which works beneath the surface. Well, we are not going to draw aside the veil just yet. Let us first discuss our meditative beer: in the dregs of the last glass, perhaps, we shall find the secret revealed.

From our window is a view of the river and the town. A tree rustles in the little front-yard: beyond curves a dusty stretch of road. It is about four in the afternoon, and we have the room almost to ourselves. Till sunset we will sip, and muse, and moralize, and hold converse with the spirit of the great Gambrinus. Mighty, indeed, is he! Kings and emperors may talk, but to Gambrinus belongs the true fealty of Germans. We have only eulogy for him—his is a spell to disarm ill-nature's self. He is author of the most genial liquor in the world; his wholesome soul bubbles in every foaming glass of it. We could have forgiven Esau, had he yielded his birthright for a glass of German beer; nor would himself have regretted the exchange.

Try we a mouthful or two; how fresh, how wholesomely bitter—the texture how fine and frothy: mark the delicate film it leaves upon the glass. Lighter than English ale, of a less pronounced but more lastingly agreeable flavour: we tire of it no more than of bread. We may drink it by the gallon; and yet a little will go a long way. It seems not a foreign substance, but makes itself immediately at home. In colour it ranges from brightest amber to deepest Vandyke brown, and in strength from potent Nuremberg to airy Bohemian. It is both food and drink to many a poor devil, whose stomach it can flatter into hypothecating a meal. To be sure, an unwelcome flabbiness and flatulence will, in the long run, reveal the deception. Rightly used, however, it makes thirst a luxury.

This liquor can be neither brewed nor exported beyond the Fatherland; nay, a journey of but a few miles from its birthplace impairs its integrity. Why—is a romantic and poetical enigma. In America the brewing is more elaborate and careful, but the result is nervous and heady. The broad Gambrinian smile becomes a wiry grin, or even a sour dyspeptic grimace. If exported, no matter with what care of cork and tinfoil, ere it can reach its destination some subtle magic has conjured away the better part of it. *Et cælum et animam mutat.* Gambrinus has laid a charm upon it; it is the life-blood of the country, and shall not flow or rise in alien veins.

A profound political truth is symbolized here, if we would but see

it; it elucidates the subject of emigration and the effect of locality on temperament. The varieties of German beer are innumerable; each tastes best on the spot where it was brewed; and each has its supporters as against all others. Now, the Berlin Government seems desirous of proving (what we Americans have already proved to the world's satisfaction, if not to our own), that people living, no matter how far apart and under what different circumstances, may be united in mind, sentiment, and disposition as one man. To this end, what method more effective than to ordain a universal beer, and forbid the brewing or drinking of any other? Condense into one the many inconsiderable principalities of Gambrinus. True, though men can apparently be induced by the proper arguments to accommodate themselves to whatever political or moral exigencies, beer is of a more intractable temper, and persists in being different in different places. But surely Prince Bismarck, who can do so much, will not be beaten by a beverage: the difficulty will be ultimately overcome, if military discipline and legislation be worth anything. Two alternatives suggest themselves at once. The first, to create a uniform climate, soil, and water throughout the Fatherland—not an impossibility to German science, I should suppose:—the second, to brew the beer nowhere save in Berlin, to be drunk on the premises. Berlin would thus be secure of becoming the centre of attraction of the empire; and if, as is believed, Germans are Germans by virtue of the beer they drink, if all drank the same beer, of course they all would become the same Germans.

Moreover, if this may be done with the nation, why not apply the principle to the individual? A nation is but a larger, completer man; and if a nation may be concentrated at a single point, as Berlin; why not concentrate the persons composing it into a single individual, as Bismarck? Having swallowed his countrymen, the Prince could thereafter legislate to please himself: and might ultimately proceed to swallow himself into a universal atom.

Pending these improvements, we are consoled with the reflection that there are advantages connected with the undigested form impressed upon men and states by their original creator; for example, there is much entertainment in the discussions between various beer-cliques as to the merit of their respective beverages. Saxons, like other people, most enjoy disputes the least important and adjustable. A perverse instinct, no doubt, but universal, is that of asserting the worth of our own opinion and individuality against all comers. It remains to hope, that Saxony, and Germany with her—leading the world in other departments of civilization—may before long, resolve themselves into a homogeneous mass—according to modern lights, the only true form of union.

II.

Another pull at our schoppen : we must avoid over-heating ourselves with transcendental controversy. The genius of beer is peaceful ; and there is a mild unobtrusive efficacy about it which is a marvel in its way. The flavour, although highly agreeable, does not take the palate captive, but introduces itself like a friend of old-standing ; the liquor glides softly through the portals of the gullet, and grows ever more good-humoured on the way down. We swallow a mouthful or two, and then put down the glass to pause and meditate. The effect upon thoughts is peculiar and grateful. It gently anoints them, so that they move more noiselessly and sleekly, getting over much ground with little jar. It draws a transparent screen between us and our mental processes—as a window shuts out the noise of the street without obstructing our view of what is going on. Upon this screen are projected luxurious fancies, coming and going we know not whence or whither, and we become lost in following them. Slight matters acquire large interest ; with what profound speculation do we mark the course of yonder leaf earthwards floating from its twig, overweighted by the consideration we have bestowed on it. The striking of a church clock, a mile away, echoes through vast halls of arched phantasy. The babble of those good people at a neighbouring table foregoes distinctive utterance, and is resolved into a dreamy refrain. Our own voices seem to come from far away ; our prosaic thoughts take on the hues of poetry and romance. We seem to chant rather than speak our sentences, and perceive a subtle melody in them. We feel comfortable, peaceful, yet heroic and strong ; surely there is somewhat superb and grand about us, which, till now, has been but half appreciated. We sit full-orbed and complete, and regard our fellow-men with a sweet-tempered contempt of superiority.

That peculiar kind of friendliness and sociability which distinguishes Saxons would soon languish if deprived of its inspiring beer. As sun to earth is their beer to them—the source of their vitality. Colourless and bloodless enough were they without it. If Gambrinus may not be said (such an assertion would indeed be treasonable) to be Germany's immediate sovereign, he at least renders her worth being sovereign over. It is well to make slaves and puppets of men, but he also deserves credit who gives the puppet a soul to be enslaved with.

Happy Saxons ! have they themselves an adequate conception of the part beer plays in their economy—of the degree to which their ideas and acts are steeped in it ? Only Germans can properly be said to possess a national drink ; beer takes with them the place of all other beverages ; an American bar, with its myriad eye-openers and stone-walls, would be absurdly out of place here. The Saxon's

palate is not tickled with variety; one thing suffices him, which he loves as he loves himself—because it has become a part of him. It fascinates him, not as aught new and strange, which might be potent for a time, but eventually palls. But it is as dear to him as are the ruddy drops which visit his sad heart—a steady, perennial, exclusive affection, constant as his very selfishness. Who calls the Saxon cold? is there any devotion, he asks, warmer than mine to me?

I like to hear him call for his beer—as though he had been wrongfully separated from it, and claimed it as his Saxon birthright. There is a certain half-concealed complacency in his tone, too; arising partly from pleasurable anticipation, partly from pride that there is so good a thing to call for. Having got it, he never shows to such advantage as with it in his hand—never so like an apple of gold in a picture of silver. It seems a pity, then, that he should ever strive to be aught sublimer than a beer-drinker. For nothing else is he so fit; nothing else, perhaps, renders him so genial and happy; and surely there are many things which do him more harm. Gambrinus, the mightiest of Germans, not only did nothing else—he owes his greatness to that fact. Methinks there is deep significance in the story how, when Satan called to claim his bargain, the German Bacchus trusted to no other weapon than this single beer-drinking faculty of his, and therewith got the better of his enemy. He played a manly part: a smaller man would have fallen to evasion, forsaking his true stronghold for another with which he was unacquainted. Gambrinus succeeded, as do all men who know their power and rely upon it. Doubtless, he might have wasted his time in making himself a fair philosopher, politician, soldier, or what not; but all would not have saved him from the devil. Saxons—here is food for reflection.

I am bound to admit, however, that this luxury, like all others, may be indulged in to imprudent lengths, and thereby lead to consequences anything but peaceful or meditative. A legend is current of a certain evil demon, Katzenjammer by name, who is as hateful as Gambrinus is genial; and it is whispered that between the two there is a mysterious and awful connection. When the jovial monarch's symposium is at its maddest height, when the guests are merriest and the liquor most delicious—then is it that this hideous presence lurks most nigh. The lights may blaze upon the festive board; but out of the shadow below, and in gloomy alcoves here and there, the boon companions shudder at the glimpse of his ghastly features. Those who have met him face to face (and such men live) describe him as sallow, cadaverous, blear-eyed, and unwholesome: his countenance overspread with a grey despair, as of a creature born from joy to misery, and retaining, in his wretchedness, the memory of all that makes life sweet, and the yearning for it. Moreover—and this is perhaps the grisliest feature of the legend—

he is said to bear a villainous and most unaccountable resemblance to Gambrinus himself; insomuch, that when encountered the morning after a carousal, the beholder can scarce free himself from the delusion that it is Gambrinus's self he sees—fearfully changed, indeed, yet essentially the same. I fear there is some disagreeable secret at the bottom of all this, and that poor old Gambrinus did not quite escape the devil's claws, after all. However, if we can be resolute not to commit ourselves too far with the god, we may be tolerably secured against falling into the clutches of the hobgoblin. Meanwhile, excellent Frau Schmidt, another pint of beer!

III.

What may be the subtle principle according to which liquors depend for their flavour upon the form and fashion of the vessel from which they are quaffed, I know not; but certainly German beer should be drunk only from the schoppen. For a long time I put my faith in an Oxford mug of pewter with a plate-glass bottom; but, in the end, I reverted to the national tankard, with its massive base, its scalloped glass sides, and its lid enamelled with pictures and mottoes. The rest of the world might produce port glasses, hock glasses, sherry glasses, absinthe glasses; it was reserved for Germany to evolve the schoppen. Whether Gambrinus was the first to invent it, I am not precisely informed, but am inclined to consider it a supreme product of our modern civilization.

I once visited the Antiken Sammlung in the Museum of the Zwinger; and judging by the wild experiments in the way of drinking-vessels on exhibition there, I should have thought the ancients must half the time have been in doubt what they were swallowing. There were elephants, fishes, Chinese pagodas, legless human figures which, unlike their living prototypes, would never stand upright unless they were empty; huge silver-mounted horns; ingenious arrangements to rap the drinker's pate if he spared to drink all at a draught, or to prick his tongue if he drank not fast enough. Some goblets there were of the capacity of seven quarts—so the guide assured me; and he added, in a quiet tone, that the mighty ones of yore thought nothing of emptying one without drawing breath. He was a tall, thin, courteous, amenable fellow—that guide—yellow-eyed, curly-bearded, with hands gloveless, unclean, and very cold. Near at hand stood a marble bust of Washington, placid, respectable, and rather dirty. How often had he heard that lie reiterated, without once being able to knit his marble brow at the liar, or wink a pupil-less eye at the visitor, not to be taken in. But I doubt not that the fact of the bust's being there deepened the guide's crime.

Of a less barbarous age are the ivory tankards, elaborately carved, to be found in the windows of curiosity shops throughout

Dresden. There, moreover, stand tall green glasses of Bohemian manufacture, jewelled and painted with arabesques and figures. But all are but approximations to the excellence of the clear glass schoppen of to-day, which, if it hold but a pint, may be replenished a hundred times a-day, and is vastly more manageable than the seven-quart affair. They are usually some seven or eight inches high, and twice as much in girth—just the proportion of a respectable toper; but this model is varied within certain limits: and some of gothic design, with peaked lids, are as beautiful as heart could wish; and a pewter mannikin an inch and a half high, staggering under the weight of a barrel of liquor, is perched above the handle. The lids are a distinguishing feature, necessary to retard the too rapid evaporation of the foam. They must be kept down, like a maiden's; should we neglect this precaution, not only is our beer liable to stale, but any impertinent fellow sitting near may, by beer-law, snatch a draught of it without saying, *By your leave!*

We may, of course, hurl the mug at him; there are few better missiles than a good schoppen, and every Saxon knows how to use it in this way also. The schoppen-throwing spirit is latent in the most seeming-inoffensive of the race, and will crop out on occasion. We do not know our friend until we have seen him at such a moment. He has no tendency to individual action; he loves a majority, though not ignorant of how to turn the contrary position into a virtue. With a crowd to back him, he will sling his mug at anybody; and it is instructive to observe, when once his victory is secure, how voluble, excited, and indignant he becomes—how implacable and over-bearing towards his foe; the same Saxon in his beer-saloon as at Sedan!

In reflecting upon the amount of beer consumed by the average Saxon during the day, I am inclined to believe with Rabelais that drinking preceded thirst in the order of creation, since the want postulates the habit: and that he drinks, not because his throat is parched, but in order that it may not be. It is no paradox that the thirstiest men are the smallest drinkers: therefore Saxons can never be thirsty, but drink either out of mere bravado, or else from a belief that to drink steadily the first half of their lives, will secure them from thirst during the second. If this creed be not a popular fallacy, it is a most important truth. Nevertheless, it would perhaps be safer to continue the remedy throughout the decline of existence, and so float comfortably into the other life.

IV.

From our present point of view, Dresden might be described as a beer-lake, of which the breweries are the head-waters. The liquid, however, is divided up into reservoirs of all sizes, from thousand-

gallon tuns to pint bottles. The fishes are the Dresdeners themselves, who, instead of swimming in the lake, allow it to swim in them—a more pleasant and economic arrangement. This lake resembles the ocean in having hours of flood and ebb; but the tide never runs out so far as to leave the fishes high and dry. The periods of high beer, or full fishes, are, roughly speaking, from twelve to two at noon and from six to ten in the evening.

It is really not easy to exaggerate the importance of beer-saloons to the city economy. Beer, like other valuable things, has a tendency to lodge humbly: is fond of antique, not to say plebeian, surroundings; and is so thorough a demagogue that it not only flatters the multitude, but harbours in their midst! Now, so uninviting are some Dresden neighbourhoods, we must believe that, except for the beer-saloons in them, they would speedily be left without inhabitants. Thus beer equalizes the distribution of population. What is of more moment, it provides employment either directly or indirectly for a vast proportion of the people. Not to speak of the architects, coopers, glass-workers, and numberless others to whose support it largely contributes, it actually creates the landlords, waiters, and waitresses. We may go further, and point out that it is the vital principle, if not the cause, of the popular concerts, as well as of summer excursions into rural suburbs, whose healthful beauties would else remain unexplored. The student "*Kneipes*" owe what life they have more to their beer than to either their traditions or the *Schläger*. In short, society, among the mass of the people, is clustered round the beer-glass: and the liquor of *Gambrinus* is not more the national beverage than it is the builder-up of the nation.

The beer-saloon is the Saxon's club, parlour, and drawing-room, and is free alike to rich and poor, noble and simple. The family-man as well as the bachelor, the old with the young man, is regular and uniform in his attendance. For Saxons have no homes, nor the refinement which leads most creatures, human or other, to reserve for themselves a retreat apart from the world's common path and gaze. It must not be inferred that the husband objects to taking his wife and children along with him: the broad Saxon tolerance never dreams of ostracising woman from the scene of her lord's conviviality. Though seldom present in large numbers, there is generally a sprinkling of them in every room-full of drinkers. I have not observed that they exercise any restraint upon the tone of conversation: considering the light in which woman is regarded, it is not to be expected that they should; and as for children, they are not regarded at all. The wives watch the conversation of their masters much as a dog might do, seldom thinking of contributing to it; or if they do, it is not in womanly fashion, but so far as possible in imitation of the men's manner. They drink their fair share of

beer, often from the men's glass; but I cannot say that the geniality thus induced improves them. Until pretty far up in the social scale, there is little essential difference between the lower orders of women and those above them, especially after Gambrinus has laid his wand upon them. In the German language are no equivalents for the best sense of our Lady and Gentleman; and perhaps the reason is not entirely a linguistic one.

Female Saxony is very industrious; carries its sewing or embroidery about with it everywhere, and knits to admiration. When in its own company, it chatters like magpies, and we watch it with an appropriately amused interest. But our interest is of another sort when, as sometimes happens, a man enters with his newly-married wife, or sweetheart. The untutored stranger observes with curiosity the indifference of the couple to the public eye. Towards the close of the second glass, her head droops upon his shoulder, their hands and eyes meet, they murmur in each other's ear, and fatuously smile. It is nothing to them that the table and the room are crowded with strange faces. The untutored stranger, if he imagine these persons to be other than of perfect social respectability, commits a profound mistake. They are Saxons of the better class, and are utterly unconscious of anything coarse or ungainly in thus giving publicity to their mutual endearments. The untutored stranger had perhaps believed that publicity of love, to be sublime, must be manifested under very exceptional circumstances. He had read with pleasure how the beautiful woman threw herself upon her lover's bosom, so to intercept the fatal bullet: or his heart had throbbed at the passionate last embrace of wife and husband upon the scaffold steps. But he is extravagant and prejudiced: not instant death, but a quart or so of beer, is pretext all-sufficient. Nay, may it not be that our Saxon sweethearts would find death put their affection out of joint, and therefore do wisely to be satisfied with the easy godfatherhood of Gambrinus? At all events, our criticisms are as gratuitous as untutored. The mixed assembly in which the exhibition takes place considers it so little extraordinary, as scarcely to be at the trouble of looking at it or away from it. Nevertheless there seems to be a spiritual nudity about it, which, if not divine, indicates a phase of civilization elsewhere unknown.

I have introduced this scene because it typifies a universal trait. Saxons cannot be happy except in public and under one another's noses. The edge of pain is dulled for them if only they may undergo their torture in the market-place; and no piece of good luck is worth having which has not been dragged through the common gutter. Each man's family is too small for him,—he must take his neighbour's likewise into his bosom. Is this the result of a lofty spirit of human brotherhood? or is it diseased vanity, which

finds its only comfort in stripping the wretched fig-leaves alike from its virtue and its vice? Nevertheless, most Saxons, if charged to their faces with being the first of nations, admit the impeachment: which proves how little true greatness has in common with the minor proprieties.

It would be pleasant to study this trait in its effect upon gossip and scandal. If a man denudes himself in presence of my crony and me, does he not deprive our epigrams of their sting, and make our innuendoes ridiculous? Backbiters, thus rudely treated, must miss that delicate flavour which renders a dish of French scandal the delight of the world. But the guild dies hard, and even in the face of a persecution which should go the length not only of confessing discredibilities, but of taking a pride in them, will still find some husks to fatten upon.

V.

It is high time for us to make some pleasant acquaintances; and if we will let our imagination wander citywards, I know a spot where we may meet some. Turning aside from the venerable Schloss Strasse, we traverse a narrower side-thoroughfare, and soon arrive at a low and dark-mouthed archway. We vanish beneath it, and, feeling our way along the wall, come presently to a door which, opening almost of itself, admits us into an apartment remarkable alike for its smokiness, its narrowness, and its length. The opposite wall seems to press against us, and we instinctively adopt a sideways motion in walking down the room. Full five out of the seven or eight feet of narrowness are taken up with the square brown chairs and tables, of which there must be enough in Saxony to cover a third of the country's area. The walls are panelled breast high; the ends of the room are indistinct in the smoky haze. All the world is sitting down except ourselves and buxom Ida, who comes tripping along behind us, with both her plump hands full of beer. Let us too hasten to be seated.

The Saxon habit of sitting down to everything is, by the way, one which Americans would do well to imitate, especially when they eat or drink. Man is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair—it is as much his prerogative as laughing or cooking. The moral effect of sitting down is to induce deliberation, and we Republicans should have too much self-respect as well as prudence to stand up to a luncheon or liquor-bar like so many sparrows: while our Saxon brother finds his knees giving way at no more than the sight of a toothpick. That foolish relic of barbarism, the practice of rising to toasts, does, it is true, obtain in Saxony no less than elsewhere; but internal evidence justifies the prediction that Saxons will lead the world in refining it away.

Having got us comfortably seated, buxom little Ida caresses the

back of our chair while she lends her ear and ear-ring to our order. Ida is always on the best of terms with her company, while maintaining a feminine ascendancy over them. She responds cordially if we summon her by name, but is deaf to the unceremonious rattling of the schoppen-lid, which is the usual way of calling for attendance. She sustains the many personal compliments wherewith she is plied with a rare, complacent equanimity, repaying them with a softened cadence of tone and an approving smile. She has her favourites of course, but so manages matters as not to obtrude the fact unpleasantly upon the less fortunate. When, at parting, we take occasion to slip into her palm an eleemosynary coin, she allows her short fingers to close for a moment over ours in mute friendly acknowledgment. She is a brisk, round, smooth, little body, with no feature or expression worth mentioning, and a figure consisting mainly of rounded protuberances. She knows her duties well, and deftly remembers the idiosyncrasies of her guest, after the first few visits have made him familiar. I have never seen in her face any record or passage of thought: she even adds up her accounts without thinking, and this is possibly one reason why so many small perquisites make their way to her plump pockets. When she finds herself at leisure—usually for an hour or so during the morning and afternoon—she has a well-conditioned little nap in a corner, never bothering her small brain-pan with life-problems past or to come. It is a mystery how a body and soul combined in such very unequal proportions, should produce so pleasant and cheerful an effect. Is Ida ever naughty? I should as soon think of applying moral standards to a jelly-fish as to her; meanwhile, the worst wickedness I have detected in her is a funny fat slyness in that matter of perquisites. Her conscience—which probably is less fat and more gristle than any other part of her body—is, I am sure, untroubled.

Ida can scarcely be taken as a representative of her class—a fact which is probably less to their credit than to hers. German beer-girls are harder worked than English bar-maids, since, in addition to late hours, they are obliged to walk from ten to fifteen miles a day, carrying to and fro heavy loads of beer-glasses. Though they may equal their English sisters in education, they are far behind them in intelligence and the appearance of refinement. They are often pretty, however, and withal healthy and substantial-looking: and I dare say their labours, arduous as they appear, are luxury compared to those of the peasantry, from which class most of them spring. More deleterious than the physical work is doubtless the moral wear and tear consequent upon receiving day by day the jokes, caresses, compliments, or insults of a rabble of men of all ranks and tempers. They generally acquit themselves with some tact and more good humour; and they are subjected to a freedom of speech and beha-

viour from the sterner sex which, in any other country, would be met by a thoroughly deserved box on the ear. It appears to be understood that the right of embracing the beer-girl is included in the price of the beer. In one respect these young women compare pleasantly with the men-waiters;—that whereas we may bind the latter body and soul to our service by a judicious administration of fees, in the minds of the former we can at best only create a conflict between their interest and their affections. We may fee a Kellnerin to the limit of her desires, yet, if that be our best charm, all will not prevent her enjoying her whisper in the corner with her poor soldier, who never gave her anything more valuable than a kiss; while our beer-glass stands empty. This is more agreeable than anything in the male character. Women were never so necessary to the world's welfare as now, if only they will be women. Let them steep their brains in their hearts, or else dispense with the former altogether. What becomes of these waitresses later in life, I know not. Let us hope they are happy with their soldiers.

The little clique which makes Ida's beer-saloon its nightly resort is of a character complementary to Ida's own. They are elderly men, and represent the most thoughtful and enlightened class in Dresden. They are patriots of '48, who, having been banished by their government, owe their recall to the progress of those opinions for which they suffered exile. Most of them are now members of the Council, and amuse themselves by occasionally voting against an increase of the king's income. They are among the few Saxons whose patriotism does not consist in being selfish, conceited, and intolerant of criticism. They desire not to defend their country for what she is, but to help her to what she might be: if they do not sympathize with their unenlightened countrymen, they would like to render them worthy of sympathy. In the face of so stiff a job, I cannot but admire their uniformly jovial and well-conditioned aspect. There is nothing of the melancholy, wild-eyed, long-haired, collarless enthusiast about them. Probably they have the wisdom to use those qualities in their opponents which can be made to serve their own ends, and thus have become prosperous.

We may hold agreeable converse with these men, for their draught of the outer world has permanently improved their mental digestions, and allows us to talk discursively without fear of giving offence. When the beer has loosened in them the reins of those faculties which their experience has developed, they become very good company. Yet, when all has been said, there remains a secret sense of dissatisfaction. We have coincided upon many points, but on what one have we melted together? The objection may seem fantastic, but it is true and of significance. Many a hard head and intractable judgment do we meet, who yet in the dispute lets fall a word or tone which makes the eyes fill, we know not why; revealing

a deeper agreement between us than any of opinions. We fight such men more lovingly than we ally ourselves with others, whose creeds perhaps fit ours like the lines of a dissecting map.

VI.

Besides the politicians, there is a sprinkling of the learned class, who are often shabbier in external aspect than men of far less consideration. In addition to their undeniable beer-drinking powers, they quaffed deep of the Pierian spring, and are no less interesting than the books which they compile. There is little human glow in them, however, and their erudite talk reminds of conversations printed on a page: it lacks the unexpectedness and piquancy of original or spontaneous thought. They are wood of a straight, close grain,—displaying none of the knots and eccentric veins which make a polished surface attractive: nor do they possess the rich, pervading colour which might compensate for plainness of structure. Their faculties are useful to the world in the same way that printing-types are,—they may be arranged to form valuable combinations, but are not therefore intrinsically captivating: have none of that fascination which attaches to a black-letter MS. Geniuses not only never repeat themselves, but never use the same material twice. Each fresh work is done in a new way, with new tools; and retains an unhackneyed aroma, be it ever so irregular or imperfect.

But the talents of these Saxon sages are limited in number and overworked: and the very fact of their limitation and want of idiosyncrasy seems to be the cause of their application to all sorts and amounts of labour. But a man who can get anything out of himself, all on the same rule and scale, should perhaps be especially careful to confine himself to only one thing. Original men change colour, tone, and key with every new idea; and as no two ideas can ever be quite alike, so is their manner of entertaining them never twice identical. Otherwise they are machines; and we think the Saxon sages often have a tendency to be mechanical.

Nevertheless there are some originals among them. One gentleman I remember, who was by profession a lawyer, but had dabbled in literature, was the author of some poetry, I believe, and ranked himself among the Klopstocks and Heines. He had fine features and a high, bald forehead, which he seemed always trying to heighten by passing his hand up it, and tossing back the thin locks of grey hair which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed with small care, and less cleanliness; his shirt, in particular, was enough to make the heart ache. Reverses, perhaps, or disappointed ambition, had enrolled this personage among the sworn disciples of Gambrinus, and it was his daily custom to pledge that monarch so deeply that by evening his heart was full and ready to overflow on small encouragement. One night he entered late, and proceeded without

warning to be ardently enamoured of an unobtrusive young man who happened to be of our party, and whom he had never seen before. "Sir, you are dear to me! I love you, sir! my heart is yours!" In proof of his regard, he presently began to declaim a great deal of poetry; and never have I heard those pieces more finely and eloquently interpreted. The scene perhaps took its rise in the whim of a half-tipsy brain, but, as the actor wrought upon himself, it assumed a hue of grotesque pathos. The man himself became stirred to his depths; now tears ran down his cheeks, now his eyes flashed, and he manned himself heroically;—and now again he paused to empty his beer-glass and sign to Ida for more. But the liquor he drank, instead of disguising him, dissolved the mask of his inner nature. Heaven knows what confused memories of joy and grief were at work within him; but it was evident that, through the miserable absurdity of circumstance, he gave us distorted glimpses of what had been best and highest in his character—that he was laying bare to us the deepest heart he had. And it is on this account—not for purposes of ridicule—that I have brought forward the episode. His sincerity no one could have doubted, least of all himself: yet it revealed nothing genuine; the man's very soul was artificial, and in the heat of his self-abandonment, he could not be natural. His sentiment and passion could only have moved unconscious hypocrites like himself. He had been very eminent in his profession, and all he did was marked by exceptional talent: he must once have been an exceeding handsome man; and, above all, he was a thorough German, in accord with the genius of his countrymen. But for those who are not Germans, the heart is the gunpowder whose explosion gives the bullet of thought its effect, and they cannot be pierced with the subtlest intellectual missile which lacks this projecting power.

After Ida's, my favourite resort was a mediæval-looking apartment in the Neustadt, near the head of the venerable, historic bridge which connects the main thoroughfares of the old and new towns. Werthmann, the proprietor, is a man of taste and feeling, and has adorned his saloon with intent to realize, so far as he may, the ideal of a Gambrinian temple. We enter a square room of moderate size, wainscoted to a height of five feet from the floor with dark carved wood. Above the wainscot the wall is divided lengthwise into two compartments, the upper one exhibiting designs of highly-coloured groups of figures in fourteenth-century costumes, relieved against a dark-blue background; while the other is devoted to scraps of convivial poetry, appropriate to the paintings, and executed in the black-letter character; which poetry, if not always unexceptionable, either from a moral or poetical point of view, matches well enough the tone of the surroundings. Over the doorway is inscribed the legend "*Kommt Herein, Hier ist gut sein!*" which is certainly an

improvement upon some of those religious perpetrations which I have noticed further back. In other places we spell out such agreeable truisms as "Gerste mit Hopfen giebt gute Tropfen;" and here, again, is Doctor Martin Luther's famous couplet. The windows are sunk nearly three feet into the walls, with black oak sills and panels, and command a view of the ugly old market-place, with its rough cobble pavement and its tanned market women, presided over by the ungainly equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong, his gelding sadly tarnished by the weather. There is an inner room, much in the fashion of the first, save that the background of the frescoes is golden instead of blue; and still beyond is the billiard-room, whence issues a buzz of voices and click of balls. At certain hours of the day Werthmann comes in,—a portly, imposing, but thoroughly amiable figure, bowing with serious courtesy to each of his assembled guests. This done, he seats himself at a table with his favourite gossips and a glass of his particular beer. Among the frescoes on the walls there is more than one portrait figure of Herr Werthmann in the character of Gambrinus himself—and he supports the rôle well. But he is not for show only. One morning I caught him on a chair, amidst half-a-dozen workmen, clad in an enormous pinafore, and bespattered with the whitewash which he was vigorously applying to the ceiling. He is a good type of Saxon landlords, who, as a rule, are among the pleasantest and most conversable men in town. Much of the success of their business depends on their geniality, and practice makes it their second nature.

The attendants here are both male and female, though the former perhaps predominate, in their regulation black swallow-tails. I have often noticed a singular effect which uniforms have upon the analysis of character; it is nearly impossible to form an unbiassed judgment of a man whose coat and hat mark his profession. Inevitably we regard him, not as a simple human being, but through the coloured medium of his official insignia. Thus, if the Kellners wore ordinary clothes, it would be much easier to pronounce upon their peculiarities of disposition and behaviour. As it is, their sable dress-coats,—which seem to have been born with them and to have grown like their skins—their staccato manner, their fallacious briskness, their elaborate way of not accomplishing anything, and their fundamental rascality, appear to be the chief impressions of them left upon my mind. They do not contrast well with the English waiters; there is seldom any approach to neatness in their condition, and they never attain the cultured, high-bred repose which we see on the other side of the Channel. In their swindling operations they manifest neither art nor delicacy; moral suasion is unknown to them, nor do they ever attempt to undermine us on the side of abstract justice and respectability. They simply and brutally retain the change, and meet any remonstrance on our part, first with denial, secondly with abuse, and finally with an appeal to the police.

Some few of these men have grown old in the service, but the majority are between eighteen and thirty. Often they are the sons of hotel-keepers, serving an apprenticeship at their trade. Their wages are very moderate, but I fancy few of them retire from the profession without having accumulated a tolerable fortune. Unless treated with a politic mixture of sternness and liberality, they are apt to be either brusque or pre-occupied, if not altogether oblivious. Possibly their darker traits may be the effect of continually wearing black tailed-coats, and when they put them off, they may also lay aside their tendency to theft and falsehood. But my researches have not gone so deep as to warrant me in more than offering the suggestion.

VII.

In summer, however, we have no business to sit between four walls; Dresden is full of beer-gardens, where, if the beer is sometimes inferior, its flavour is compensated by the soft pure air and the music. Our difficulty will be, not to find a pleasant spot, but to fix upon the pleasantest. Sauntering beneath a mile-long avenue of chestnut-trees, we might climb to the Waldschloesschen Brewery, resting on the hillside like a great yellow giant, whose hundred eyes look out over a lovely picture of curving river and hazy-towered town. Here, sitting on the broad stone terrace, beneath trees so dense of foliage that rain cannot penetrate them, we are on a level with the tops of trees below, which have the appearance of a green bank suspended in mid-air. Far off on the river the white steam-boats crawl and palpitate, and the huge canal-boats spread their brown wings to help along as best they may their unwieldy bulk. Here, too, the beer is of the best, and we may drink it to the tune of Mozart and Strauss.

Somewhat similar are the attractions of the Bruelsche Terrasse, which is also more accessible and more exclusive. It is fine in the evening, when it sparkles thick with coloured lamps and throbs with music; and the river, above whose brink it stands, is a black, mysterious abyss, revealed only by the reflected lights which wander here and there across its surface, or range themselves along the length of the distant bridge, and cast long wheeling shadows of unseen people passing to and fro across it. But even here we find imperfections; the beer glasses are scandalously small, and the waiters, who wear not only dress-coats but silver buttons, are more rapacious and remorseless than harpies.

After all, however, the best place is the Grosser Wirthschaft, in the Royal Park. There we are in the midst of a small forest; but a vista, opening through the trees and broadening over a wide green meadow, yields us a glimpse, at a mile's distance, of a grey dome and two or three tapering spires. The square open court, some

sixty yards in width and closely planted with trees and street-lamps is partly closed in on two sides by low buildings; the orchestra occupies a third, while on the fourth stands sentinel a gigantic tree. During the pauses of the music, a few steps will bring us to sweet secluded walks, where we might almost forget that such things as houses and Saxons existed in the world. During the heat of the season concerts are given here at five in the morning, and are attended by crowds of tradespeople, who thus secure their half-holiday before the day has fairly begun. If we can manage to get up early enough to go to one, the effect of the spectacle upon the imagination is very peculiar. Reason tells us that it is long before breakfast time; but the broad sunshine, the crowd of people drinking their beer, the music and the wide-awakeness of everything, proclaim four o'clock in the afternoon. The fact that the sun is in the wrong quarter of the heavens only increases our bewilderment, and we are almost persuaded either that the whole scene is a wonderful mirage, or that we are phantoms, accidentally strayed into the material world.

Surely, only hypercriticism could find anything to complain of in all this. We do not, I suppose, expect Saxon beer-gardens to be like the land of the lotus-eaters, where dreamy souls recline on flowery couches, and know not whether the music in their enchanted ears comes from without or within. Moreover, cane-bottomed chairs are in many ways better than flowery couches, and to sit at a table with three or four other people, even if we do not happen to know them, is preferable to having no table at all. Lovers of music should not object to receiving in exchange for five groschen, a piece of paper with the musical programme on one side, and a bill of fare on the other; nor should they allow themselves to be disturbed by the continual repassing, during the performance, of unsympathetic waiters, who never allow a beer-glass to become empty through any lack of solicitation on their part to have it refilled. If the ground beneath their feet is reddish-brown gravel instead of turf, it is all the safer for delicate constitutions; and if trees, tables, and lamp-posts are rigidly aligned, it is all the better for order and convenience. As for the music, it surely could not be finer; and the fact that every individual of the orchestra may be seen sawing or puffing himself red in the face over his horn or violin, ought only to make the pleasure more real and tangible.

Who can deny all this? Nevertheless, all the world knows that to possess good things is only to foster the notion that they might be improved. Any strictures against Saxon beer-gardens would certainly apply with equal force anywhere else, and perhaps it is chiefly because they are good enough to suggest dreams of something better, that such dreams venture to assert themselves. Were I inclined to pick flaws, the first would be that the gardens disappoint from being

half gardens and half something with which the spirit of gardens is quite irreconcilable. Music, whispering leaves, summer skies,—what combination could be more charming? but if we descend—as we must—beneath the leaves, the disenchantment is all the harsher. Nature is put in a strait-jacket, her tresses are shorn, and she is preposterously decked out with artificial ornament. These gardens are aptly symbolised by the Sirens, who made fascinating music and had lovely hair, and who, seen from a proper distance, seemed all delightful. But they turned out to be less attractive below. Thus if we walk in the secluded paths near the *Grosser Wirthschaft*, catching snatches of the melody, and glimpses of the gay crowd shadowed by the cool foliage, the effect is captivating; but the stern utilitarian features which a nearer view discovers, are the Siren's claws.

But my quarrel strikes a deeper root than this, and will not, I fear, gain me much sympathy. I question whether music can be heard as well in company as in solitude, save when the company is in very exceptional accord. Certainly, any strange or unwelcome presence jars like a false note continually repeated. Lovers, I should imagine, might listen to sweet music with a multiplied pleasure and appreciation: or a great assembly, ablaze with some all-inspiring sentiment, doubtless take additional fire from the sound of an appropriate strain. But to lavish the mighty symphonies of great musicians upon an ill-assorted crowd, brought together, ticketed and arranged of malice aforethought, is to pawn pearls at less than their value: isolation—harmonious seclusion—are the only terms upon which a perception of subtle musical jewels can be obtained, and even these are often insufficient.

The Bible tells us that the Divine Presence can be better invoked by two or three than by one; but music, like nature, not being an infinite divinity, seldom reveals her more exquisite charms save to the solitary worshipper. Human beings are terribly potent things: we admire the shrewd scent of wild animals, but what is it compared with the keenness of man's spiritual scent for his fellow?

Furthermore, musicians, unlike little boys, should be heard but not seen. Perhaps a beautiful singer may be an exception, because, in her, facial expression may aid the interpretation and give it richer colouring; and possibly the cultured grace of a master-violinist may give form and vividness to his rendering. But the grace and beauty, not to be offensive, must, at least, equal that of the theme. A visible orchestra is like a dissected Venus: to lay bare the springs and methods of the sweet mystery of harmonious life, is to sin alike against art and nature.

VIII.

I should not have been tempted to go so far, had it not been my purpose to go one step further, and announce the remarkable dis-

covery that the Saxons have a less correct ear for music than any people with which I am acquainted. I am sure they think quite differently, and no doubt, after the first surprise is over, they will be grateful for having had their error pointed out. Undeniably, the greatest musical composers have been of German blood: just as in ancient times, by a sort of revenge of nature, giants and pygmies were made to live together. Moreover, there is nowhere more good music than in Saxony: nor anywhere better soldiers: the reason being, not that Saxons have any especial aptitude for war or music, but that they are exhaustively and indefatigably trained. Bismarck and Wagner are at the bottom of it.

The average Saxon orchestra learns its music by rote, and its perception of harmony is not intuitive but mechanical. They regard a false note as a mistake—never as a sin; and it is only rigid drilling which enables them to do so much as that. Listen to a party of young students singing together, as is the custom of young students all over the world: they sing loudly and in perfect good faith, conscious that they are Saxons, and therefore fancying that they are infallible. But there will be more discords to a stave, than an equal number of young men of any other country could produce. There may be something pathetic about this, but there is certainly much that is disagreeable. Again, the audiences of the garden concerts are affected by tunes and slight airs, and are invariably enthusiastic in their applause of a solo, however imperfectly rendered; because, having actually beheld a man stand up before them and produce, with more or less physical exertion, a variety of musical sounds, they are convinced that they have heard what is, or ought to be, music. But they pass by the great, sublime compositions with significant silence. Now, animals are moved by tunes, and parrots and magpies can be taught to whistle them. When the tunes are what is called national—enhanced, that is, by some glorious or inspiring tradition, the consideration of whatever musical worth they may have is as nothing: such tunes influence mobs, and Saxon mobs no less than others. A tune is to music what an automaton, with its little round of recurring movements, is to a living man with his infinite variety of manifestation, which yet observes a distinctive form and purpose.

Music in Saxony, like the army, is a forced product, having no root in the nature of the people, and destined to wither away when the artificial inspiration is removed. There is surely something sacred about music: those who are born to it will seek it out through all obstacles; but to obtrude it upon persons who have no vital understanding of it, is to do injury both to the music and to them. The commonness of concerts in Saxony, and elsewhere in Germany, is everywhere admired: they are too common, perhaps, and may be lowered by low appreciation. Nothing beautiful can be driven into

a man from without: the only result will be to disfigure him and desecrate the thing of beauty.—But we are getting heated again. Another glass of beer?—No, we must bid Gambrinus farewell, for it is late. We have found more than we bargained for in our schoppen.

IX.

Good little Frau Schmidt comes up, with her pleasant but not quite cheerful smile, to see us to the door, and bid us not forget to return. We had made a little mystery about her, at the beginning of our session, with the understanding that it should be cleared up before we went away. The mystery does not amount to much, after all, but its elucidation may serve also to explain why Frau Schmidt is more a favourite of ours than any Saxon woman we have known.

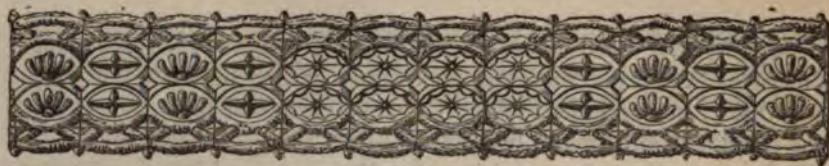
The fact is (for we have not skill further to prolong the suspense, even were there any longer reason for doing so), Frau Schmidt is an Englishwoman, born, she tells us, within hearing of Bow bells. She met in London the big, silent Saxon, with the fine massive head and serious bearing, who was destined to win her love and marry her. He, perhaps, was at that time a political refugee. Certainly he was more a man than the average: there was a force and largeness in him rare among Saxons; and individual excellence is an uncomfortable possession in a land governed as is this.

But when a good many years had passed, and an altered administration could pardon Herr Schmidt's political virtues, the memory of his birthplace continually haunted him: his health began to fail, and he fancied that only a breath of his native air could restore him. His wife doubtless shrank at first from the thought of leaving England, and settling among strange faces and barbarous tongues, in an unknown land. Yet her heart would not let her hold him back, and without her he could not go. They came, therefore, and Herr Schmidt, having purchased a small beer-saloon on the banks of the river he had known in boyhood, looked forward to health and quiet happiness.

But all was somehow not right—not as he had expected. Was Dresden changed, or had his memory played him false? There stood Dresden, with her domes and steeples; there flowed the well-known Elbe beneath the old historic bridge. Around him were Saxon tongues and faces; yet the city—the people of his remembrance were not there. Perchance, save in memory, they had never been at all. Ah, Herr Schmidt, in leaving England, I fear you were not wise. Had you remained, two good countries would have been yours: England; good enough in all conscience for those who have never known a better,—and the Saxony of your remembrance, without doubt superior to England, to Saxony itself, or to any other place whatever. But you were not wise, Herr Schmidt, and therefore both countries are lost to you.

And how of Frau Schmidt, the little grey-clad Englishwoman? She loves her Saxon husband, and would rather be with him than anywhere; yet perhaps, amidst her many cares and few amusements, she finds now and then a moment wherein to be decently wretched. When, on my first chance visit to her little saloon, I happened to let fall an English word, I shall not soon forget with what a thirsty eagerness she caught up the old familiar tongue; with what an almost tremulous pleasure she stood and talked—talked for the mere pleasure of once more talking English; delighting in it as does a child over a long-lost toy; yet saddened by that very delight, because it made her recognize how rare the luxury was and must ever be. Well, she does her best to be a good wife, to make her guests welcome, and worthily to serve King Gambrinus, hoping secretly that in time he will reward her from his treasury, and enable her at least to die in England. That time will never come, patient little Frau Schmidt; but meanwhile may evil befall me if ever I neglect to send you that occasional English newspaper for which you once with hesitating earnestness besought me.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



NECESSARY TRUTH.

THE following article requires a few words of introduction. Dr. Ward and I are members of a private society for the discussion of philosophical questions. In this society I read a paper entitled "Some Thoughts on Necessary Truth," forming a criticism upon a theory maintained in a series of papers, contributed by Dr. Ward to the "Dublin Review," several of which he had been good enough to distribute amongst the members of the society. Dr. Ward read a paper in reply, and there I supposed the matter ended. Dr. Ward, however, published, in the "Dublin Review," his reply to my paper. This, of course, he had a perfect right to do, but by doing so he challenged the publication of the paper referred to. It accordingly forms the first part of the present article. I follow Dr. Ward's example in publishing the paper just as it was written, subject only to a few alterations and omissions, most of which are rendered natural by the change in the manner of publication, though some are meant to remove obscurities or other defects in expression of my views, which Dr. Ward's criticisms have suggested to me.

I have appended to the article some remarks which Dr. Ward's reply has suggested. The reply convinces me that we look at the subject from such different points of view, that I have failed to make him understand the point of my argument. My additional observations may accordingly appear to be to some extent to a re-statement, in a more explicit form, of the contents of the original

paper. Those who interest themselves in these subjects will perhaps forgive this defect in the form of the article if it contributes anything to the clear apprehension of an obscure matter. The paper then was substantially as follows.

In a paper lately published in the "Dublin Review," Dr. Ward states one of his principal doctrines as follows:—

"Whatever the existent cognitive faculties of mankind testify is instinctively known by mankind as certainly true.

"But the existent cognitive faculties of mankind testify that any given mathematical axiom is self-evidently necessary.

"*Ergo*, it is instinctively known by mankind as certainly true that any given mathematical axiom is self-evidently necessary."

To say that I deny the major and the minor and the conclusion of this syllogism is an imperfect way of expressing my dissent from it. I feel that its author speaks a language different from mine, and lives, so to speak, in a different intellectual world. The words "know," "true," "necessary," and many others, must, I suppose, mean to him something which they do not mean to me. Apart, however, from this, the syllogism appears to me to exemplify in a striking manner the defect which Mr. Mill attributed, as I think justly, to all syllogistic reasoning. The major and minor premisses could never be affirmed unless the truth of the conclusion was independently known. Indeed, they are simply the conclusion stated in terms of increasing generality. Dr. Ward gets a conclusion to start with, by supposing that there is something special in mathematical knowledge. He gets a minor by supposing that the special characteristic of mathematical knowledge is, that it is obtained by a direct act of some special faculty of the mind, and the major is obtained by generalising the minor.

This appears more clearly upon examining the terms of the syllogism. The major proposition appears to me simply to repeat six times over (without explaining them) the words "We know." Each of the six expressions "existent cognitive faculties," "testify," "instinctively," "known," "certainly," "true," asserts or implies the same thing, and the whole syllogism amounts to this:—"We know something. We know Euclid. Therefore, we know Euclid." This appears to me a cumbrous way of saying "We know Euclid."

Again, I dissent from a theory about faculties implied in the use of this language. A man, according to this syllogism, has existent cognitive faculties, and he has also other faculties by which he instinctively knows. Besides these two sets of faculties, he is acquainted, I suppose, otherwise, with the meaning of the word 'certainly true.' The first set of faculties "testify." Thereupon the second set of faculties inform the common owner of the two sets

that what the first set of faculties say is "certainly true." It occurs to me that the faculties which "instinctively know" require a voucher, as well as the "cognitive faculties" which "testify." After all, what are a man's faculties except the man himself when engaged in a certain act? and what meaning is there in the assertion that one set of his faculties corroborates another through a third? When all is said, what does it mean, except that people have certain ways of gaining knowledge which, from the nature of the case, they are obliged to trust. And did any one ever deny it? The whole apparatus of cognitive faculties, instinctive knowledge, and certain truth is only, as it seems to me, an expansion of the words "we know," and carries us no further.

The substance and purport of the syllogism, however, appears to be this:—There are two kinds of knowledge, or perhaps I should say we know two kinds of truths, contingent truths and necessary truths. The first class, namely, the class of contingent truths, includes all common facts, such as that so many persons, dressed in such a way, are sitting round a table at a given time and place. The other class, namely, the class of necessary truths, consists of general propositions. Those which relate to time, space, and number are specimens of them. We can distinguish between contingent and necessary truths by an unfailing test. A contingent truth might be imagined to be, and might be, other than it is, but a necessary truth cannot; or to put the same thing in a different way, Omnipotence could alter the one, and cannot alter the other. Dr. Ward, I have no doubt, would accept the following illustration, though I do not give it as an exact quotation. Omnipotence could make white gold or cold fire, but could not make a quadrangular figure contained by three straight sides. I deny the existence of this distinction, and if I am right, Dr. Ward's syllogism is either wrong or unmeaning. If no truths are necessary, the minor is disproved. If all truths are necessary, the conclusion is unmeaning.

The expression "necessary truth" may have one of two different meanings. It may mean a fact which could not have been otherwise than it is, or it may mean a truth affirmed by the very use of certain words. The expression "could not have been otherwise," is not in itself clear, as I shall show further on. If, as many people suppose, it is merely a way of describing facts, which might have been predicted by any one who had sufficient knowledge to make such a prediction, I am by no means sure that all truths whatever are not necessary, and I am much disposed to think they are. It is a truth that these lines were written on blue paper with a quill pen, in such a room, on such an hour, of such a day. I can easily imagine any one of these circumstances having been different, but the assertion of their existence is as true as that two and two make four, and I was when they occurred equally unable

to doubt of any one of them. Being past, they are unalterable (I suppose) even by Omnipotence, and in order that they might have happened otherwise, it might, for aught I can tell, have been necessary for the whole constitution of the universe to have been slightly altered from all eternity. What, then, is the meaning of the assertion that any fact whatever is contingent? Not surely that I can prevent it from existing. If this were so, no fact would be contingent. Every fact whatever is. It would not be a fact, if it did not exist; and if it exists, and comes under my "existent cognitive faculties," it is not contingent to me. How can any power of imagining its absence, and the substitution for it of a similar but slightly different state of things, afford any sort of evidence as to the possibility of its not having happened? When a man says, "This ink might just as well have been blue as black," all that he really means is, that he can easily imagine the absence of the black ink and the presence of the blue ink in its place; but for aught I know to the contrary, the presence of the black ink was determined by causes reaching far beyond Adam.

If, on the other hand, you mean by necessary truths, truths which are implied by the very use of certain words, then I say that facts come first, and that words ought to be made to fit them; and that when you describe the properties of space, time, and number as necessary truths, all that you ought to mean, all that you can prove, is that certain propositions about them (*e.g.*, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space,) describe in perfectly clear and adequate language facts which we learn by experience. I could understand the meaning of calling these facts necessary, though I see no good in doing so; but the so-called truths are merely descriptions of the facts, and carry us no further than our perceptions of them.

An illustration will show how very much the difference between contingent and necessary truth (using the word "necessary" in the second sense) is a difference as to the use of words. It is, we are told, a contingent truth that gold is yellow, and the reason is because God could make white gold. It seems to me that the truth of the assertion that God could make white gold entirely depends on the meaning which men choose to attach to the word "gold." If by the word "gold" we mean a metal of a certain specific gravity, malleable, not liable to rust, and of a yellow colour, then God can no more make white gold than he can make a square triangle. If by the word "gold" we mean a metal of a certain specific gravity, malleable, and not liable to rust, whatever may be its colour, then God can (we may suppose) make gold of any colour, but why should we not annex the meaning "yellow" to the word "gold," as well as the meaning "metal?" Dr. Ward somewhere observes that it would be easy for Omnipotence

tence to make cold fire.* All that I can say to that is, that if Omnipotence made something which sparkled, and crackled, and smoked, but did not burn, I should not call it fire.

The difference, and the only difference which I can perceive between the class of truths which relate to the properties of time, space, and number, and propositions as to common objects and occurrences, is this: The words which relate to time, space, and number are perfectly simple and adequate to that which they describe, whereas the words which relate to common objects are in nearly every case complex, often to the highest degree. The words "straight," "line," "plane," "surface," "angle," "circle," "triangle," have no complexity at all. A line means a line. Add the idea of breadth, or thickness, or specific colour, or weight, and the word becomes inappropriate; but the words "paper," "stick," "book," "man," "fire," "gold," and so on, mean a collection of many qualities which may be varied by imagination, without destroying the general resemblance between the image raised by the word used and the thing signified. If we hear of red gold, for instance, we understand a metal having all the other properties of gold as commonly known, except the quality of yellowness, for which redness is substituted. When we are told of a black swan, we understand a bird like a white swan, but of a different colour. But when we hear of straight lines two of which would enclose a space, or of a figure contained by three straight lines making four angles with each other, we know that if the words employed are employed in their usual senses, the propositions into which they are introduced cannot be true; because the propositions deny the only quality which the words employed denote, and are thus contradictions in terms or mere nonsense. To talk of two straight lines which enclose a space is as much nonsense as to talk of two straight lines of which either one or both are crooked.

I will consider immediately the manner in which we get our knowledge of the qualities of space, but before doing so I will make an observation on the character of the words in which we embody that knowledge, and of the thing to which they apply. Space has, as far as we know, no qualities or properties at all, except qualities and properties which the words used by us express with perfect clearness and adequacy; and this seems to be the reason why the propositions which we make about space do not admit of being varied, and cannot

* "Let us take as an instance of a geometrical axiom the proposition that two parallel straight lines will never meet, and let us take as an instance of an obvious physical fact the warmth-giving property of fire. No one who reflects will doubt that an English child's experience of the latter truth is (to say the least) every whit as constant and uniform as his experience of the former. Yet when he comes to the age of reason, he pronounces that the former is a necessary truth; whereas he would be simply amazed at the allegation that an Omnipotent Creator could not on any given occasion deprive fire of its warmth-giving property." *Dublin Review*, Jan., 1874.

even be imagined to be false. When we speak of a straight line, we mean an imaginary line resembling the thin parallelograms popularly called straight lines, but distinguished from them by having no breadth, no thickness, no specific colour, and no deviation whatever from the apparent general direction. We can imagine a substance like gold in all respects except its colour, or its specific gravity, or its malleability, or its exchangeable value; and we can think of gold with exclusive reference to any one or more of these qualities. We thus find no difficulty in applying the word "gold" to numerous imaginary substances, differing from each other in many respects, but resembling each other in the particular matters of which we think when we use the word. Moreover, all the words which describe the qualities of gold admit of degrees. There are numerous shades of colour, for instance, to which the word "yellow" applies. Space, on the other hand, has no qualities at all, except the qualities of figure, and these qualities are described in words which have one meaning, and no more. Hence we cannot vary either our mental image of space itself, or the meaning of the words in which we describe it. If we tried to do so, we should speak without a meaning, and reduce the subject of our speech to the condition to which that eminent logician, Crambe, reduced his abstract Lord Mayor. When Martinus Scriblerus said that he could not conceive of a Lord Mayor without his gold chain or his turtle, Crambe replied that he could conceive of a Lord Mayor without gold chain, turtle, fur gown, sword-bearer, chaplain, coach, office, body, soul, or spirit, which, he submitted, was the abstract idea of a Lord Mayor. Martinus, I am sorry to say, called Crambe an impudent liar, which, though rude, was not, I think, wholly unnatural; but seriously speaking, I think that to try to conceive of space as being other than it is, is like trying to conceive of red as being blue. You can substitute one colour for another, but the sole property of any given colour is to be itself. Alter it, and you destroy it. It is the same of space. We cannot modify it in imagination, because there is nothing in it to modify, and because we have no experience of anything else, not quite the same, but very like it, which we can substitute for it.

I now come to the question by what means is our knowledge of the characteristics of Space acquired, and to this I reply, it is acquired in precisely the same way as our knowledge of any common fact,—the fact, for instance, that a particular sheet of paper is blue and not white,—namely, by the use of our senses. Now if this is the case, either all truths are necessary, or mathematical truths depend upon experience, like others, and may thus be called contingent.

The question,—What is the nature of time, space, and number? is quite independent of the question,—How do we become aware of their properties? I am not myself able to attach any meaning to

the words "Space" and "Number" apart from distinct objects existing in space, and faculties capable of perceiving them as so existing, nor can I attach any meaning to the word "Time" apart from the faculty of memory. But whether space, time, and number are objective or subjective, whether they are the colour, so to speak, of the things we look at, or of glasses through which we are obliged to look, it is undeniable that our knowledge of them is entirely dependent upon our senses and our memory. A person who passed his life in dreamless sleep, so that he had no external perceptions at all, and whose mind was conscious of no succession of thoughts or impressions, would know nothing of space, number, or time. On the other hand, the instant a person begins to use his senses or his memory he becomes aware of space, time, and number, and he continues to be made aware of them at every instant at which he uses his faculties through the whole of his life. His early ideas on the subject are exceedingly confused, but by experience, especially if it is guided by instruction, they become perfectly clear and systematic; and when they have once reached a clear and systematic condition subsequent experience adds nothing to them. He knows them as well as they admit of being known, just as a lad of 14 knows his multiplication-table and his alphabet as well as he will ever know them, if he lives to be a hundred. The experience by which we learn to understand the words "before" and "after" is so early and simple that no one remembers its acquisition, but I should suppose most people remember learning the multiplication-table and the first elements of geometry. If I were to generalise from my own experience, I should say that we begin with exceedingly confused notions upon the matter, and that after a time, longer or shorter, as it may be, we see that the matter really is as we are told that it is,—that is to say, we see that our impressions of external objects really are summed up by the multiplication-table and geometrical axioms.

I distinctly remember the first day when I really understood the first proposition of the first book of Euclid, and how I demonstrated it to myself over and over again many times with great satisfaction. It was exactly the same sort of feeling as one which I have often experienced in later life,—the feeling of discovering one's way about a place. If a man takes up his abode in a new neighbourhood, and proceeds to explore it, he will find (at least I have often found) that at first he is very much astray, even if he has maps to help him. By degrees he begins to find his way, he mentally connects one road with another, and sees what are the relative positions of such and such woods, hills, houses, and other objects. The whole at last takes its place in his mind, sometimes by a kind of crisis which enables him, with striking distinctness and rapidity, to say, "Now I know where I am." When this happens he knows the country, and if he

lives in it fifty years his knowledge will not alter, though, of course, it may become more detailed and minute.

Our acquaintance with the relations of space in general is, if I am not mistaken, of precisely the same nature as our acquaintance with particular portions of space. We learn the general meaning of the words "line," "surface," "solid," "point," "round," "square," and the like, as we learn the meaning of other common words. A nurse or a mother tells a child that the marks which she makes on a piece of paper are lines, just as she tells it that the creature which lies on the rug is a dog. I suppose no one ever yet studied Euclid who did not know perfectly well before he read a word of it what a straight and a crooked line, a round thing and a square thing, look like, nor can any one have seen a board, or a table, or a sheet of paper, without having received the impression of parallel lines. I should further suppose that no one ever learnt to walk without learning what is meant by a short cut from place to place. Experience teaches every human being who is not an idiot, and indeed every animal, that it saves time to cut a corner, and the difference between this homely proposition and the proposition that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third is only a difference of expression.

If it is denied that matters of this sort are learnt by experience, it appears to me that it ought, in consistency, to be denied that anything whatever is learnt by experience. It appears to me just as clear that experience teaches us to compare together the length of lines in general, and, in particular, to compare the length of a straight and crooked line terminating at the same points, as that it teaches us to compare together the lengths of any two specific lines. I see no difference whatever between the process by which we learn that the word "straight" means a line of a peculiar kind, like that which is apparently formed by a string tightly stretched, and that such lines are the shortest way from point to point; and the process by which we learn that the Oxford Road is proximately straight, and that that road forms a shorter connection between Victoria Gate and the Marble Arch than the road which goes all round Hyde Park. The difference between the two propositions is simply that one of them refers to one particular corner of the contents of space, and the other to space, or, which is the same thing, to the contents of space in general.

It is sometimes asked how you are enabled by any number of observations on particular parts of space to make general observations on it? I think Dr. Ward asks in one place what right Mr. Mill had to suppose that the conditions of space in Sirius were the same as they are here. The answer appears to me to be, that by the word "space" we mean that enormous apparent blue vault which appears to our senses to contain the earth, the solar system, and innumerable other systems, *nebulae*, and fixed stars. All these things we see with

our eyes, and we picture space to ourselves as an enormous expanse or cavity in which they are all contained. No one, I suppose, will deny that experience enables us to draw an imaginary line between two trees or two book-cases, between which, if we pleased, we could draw a real line; or that it informs us that if we represent these lines on paper, we can reason about the relations of the objects to each other as well as we could if we confined our attention to the things themselves, and indeed, in many instances, much better. If the possibility of making and using maps is not a fact taught by experience, then experience teaches nothing at all.* If it is, then when we draw imaginary lines from star to star, and argue about their distances, upon data which we have gathered from our local experience of space, we are proceeding upon experience, the experience upon which we proceed being that of our own eyesight, which assures us that fixed stars do exist in space, and that that which we call space is a vast homogeneous vault for them to exist in. I do not see how this can be denied by any one who does not confine the word "experience" to experience by touch. At this moment, I see a sparrow sitting on a tree, perhaps ten yards off. Behind the sparrow and through the fog, I see the sun, and I have identically the same reason for believing that the sun and the sparrow both exist in space.

I maintain, on the whole, that we learn the characteristics of Space by looking at things in it and by moving about in it, just as we learn the shape of a room and the position of the articles of furniture in it by the very same process; and I say that both or neither of the matters thus learnt are learnt by experience.

I have already attempted to explain the reason why it is practically impossible for us to imagine or conceive (I think the only difference between the two operations is in the greater distinctness of imagination, and its application to matters of which we are informed by the eye or ear) any alteration in space, time, or number, their properties and relations, the reason being that our ideas of them are simple ideas, and therefore cannot be altered without being destroyed. But I will pursue the matter a little further, with the view of showing,—first, that no inference whatever can be drawn from the extent of our

* On this passage Dr. Ward observes that the only inferences which we can draw from maps more readily than from the things themselves, are "those which have for their premisses (in addition to the data of the map) mathematical truths." Surely this is not so. We can tell from a map much more readily than from actual observation, that Italy resembles a boot, or that the Alps and Apennines run in certain directions, or that Great Britain and Ireland are contiguous islands; but how are these mathematical truths? Is the resemblance of a portrait to a face a mathematical truth? and what is a map but a picture of a particular sort? I do not quite understand what the 'data of the map' are. The fundamental datum of every map is the fact that the apparent figure of an object can be represented to the eye by lines drawn on paper or similar materials. This is not a mathematical truth, but a fact shown to exist by experience. This fact is the basis of geometry.

power of imagining or conceiving; and secondly, that though we cannot imagine or conceive of an alteration of the qualities of space, time, or number, we can readily imagine facts which, if they existed, would prevent us from forming our present ideas of space, time, and number, and would show that those ideas, if formed, were incorrect.

The first point may, I think, be established very shortly. The processes of imagining and conceiving consist, as far as we know, in representing to our minds, things which we have perceived by the combined operation of our senses and our intelligence. Now time, space, and number enter into nearly every imagination of our minds. There may be some thoughts which have no relation to them, but these I need not at present consider. Now there is but one space, one series of numbers, and one course or stream of time, and our idea of each of the three is a perfectly simple idea, independent of everything else, and continually present to our minds. How, then, can we modify it in imagination? It is as impossible to do so as to imagine a new colour, or to think out the common expression, "If I were you." Thus our incapacity to imagine or conceive certain things proves simply that we have no experience which enables us to do so. It neither proves, nor to my mind does it tend to prove, that what we cannot imagine or conceive cannot be conceived or imagined by any other intelligent being, even if he is omnipotent. To me the expression "space of four dimensions" conveys no meaning whatever, but I am far from denying that it might convey a meaning to a being with faculties differently constituted, and I believe mathematicians would be able to give grounds for supposing that it would.

As to the second point, I say, that though we cannot picture to ourselves a state of things in which the conditions of time, space, and number differ from those with which we are acquainted, in the sense of forming a complete and coherent mental picture of it, we can easily imagine facts which would prevent us from forming our present ideas about time, space, and number, or would show that if formed, those ideas were false. If, then, such facts existed, our present ideas as to time, space, and number would not exist, or if they did, would be regarded as false. Hence their truth depends upon the continued non-existence of facts readily imaginable, and hence we must conclude either that they might be otherwise, or that no one fact which we observe could be otherwise, and in either case they have no such special character as is denoted by the expression "necessary truths."

Not to trouble you longer, I will conclude with a single illustration of this. Dr. Ward says: "Let there be sixteen rows of pebbles, each containing eighteen. It is a necessary truth that the whole number is two hundred and eighty-eight. Omnipotence could divide one pebble into two or create new pebbles, but it is beyond the sphere of

Omnipotence to effect that, so long as there remain sixteen rows of eighteen pebbles each, the whole number of pebbles should be either more or less than two hundreds, eight tens, and eight units." There is, I believe, a superstition in Wiltshire that no one can count the stones at Stonehenge, but that if you pass your life in counting you will always bring out a different result. Now suppose this were the fact, and suppose it were a fact commonly observed, that if you counted Dr. Ward's pebbles over and over again, arranging them each time in a different order, you always brought out a different result, would it not follow that the multiplication table was not true? That table assumes, and so implicitly asserts, that there are things which retain their identity for a certain time, and that they do not lose it by the alteration of their position. I do not see why this truth should not be otherwise, why there should not be a world in which the act of putting two pairs of things together should reduce the number to three, just as the juxtaposition of two drops of water produces one drop.* It is true that the one drop contains as much water as the two contained, but this is very far from being immediately obvious, or from being incapable of being disproved by experience. Every proposition in the multiplication table is indeed either merely arbitrary, or else it is a statement of the fact that by varying the arrangement of groups of objects you do not vary their number, which is a property of matter learnt by experience. When you say three times three are nine, you either give a name to three groups of threes which name might just as well be eleven or seven as nine, or else you affirm that the juxtaposition or rearrangement of three groups of three things does not affect their number, which is perfectly true, but is necessary only in the general sense already referred to.

Upon the whole, it appears to me that the one type of truth and knowledge is the proposition—"This sheet of paper which I hold in

* Dr. Ward observes: "On such a supposition, if the inhabitants possessed reason, they would know with absolute certainty that two and two make neither more nor less than four, and they would know that some power was constantly at work destroying material objects which had existed, or uniting material objects which had been distinct. As Mr. Stephen has not assigned any reasons for his opinions on this head, I need not assign any reasons for mine." I think I have assigned a reason. My argument is that the multiplication table assumes, that by changing the position of things, their number is unaffected. This is a fact which might be imagined to be otherwise. Suppose it were otherwise, where, I ask, would you get your multiplication table? How would it ever occur to the mind? Dr. Ward simply asserts that it would do so. I should be curious to see his reasons for this opinion. Till he gives them, the matter stands thus. We agree that the multiplication table represents and assumes a fact proved by continual experience. I affirm, and he denies, that its truth is dependent on the continuance of the experience. In reference to illustrations similar to this published by me years ago, Professor Clifford observed in a paper published in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for October, that in such a world the word "number" would have quite a different meaning from the one which it bears with us. No doubt it would. The very point which I wish to prove is that propositions about space and number, and the very meaning of those words, are as much dependent upon experience as any others, and in this Professor Clifford would (I suppose) agree.

my hand is blue, and that other is white," and that all other assertions are reducible to this type. Truth thus means the correspondence between the thoughts or images raised by words, and the thoughts or images raised by the joint action of the senses and the mind directed to the things to which the words refer. Whether such truth is called "necessary" or not is to me matter of indifference. The essential point is that when we say that statements are true, we mean only that they correspond either with present perception, or with a present recollection of past perception checked and corrected as far as possible. When we say that they are certain, we mean only that we do not, in fact, doubt them at the time when we make them. Truth and certainty are words of degree. They never can be freed from any errors which may be inherent in our faculties or our memory, and every assertion which we make is, or ought to be, made subject to a tacit reservation in respect of such errors. You cannot have anything truer than truth or more certain than certainty, in the senses of truth and certainty just stated.

This was the paper to which Dr. Ward replied by a paper published as an article in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1874. The article contains much matter which I am content to leave without further remark to the judgment of those who read the two papers, but it is summed up by Dr. Ward himself in two theses, each of which he supports by two arguments. Before I proceed to the explanations which these arguments show to be necessary, I will state, in Dr. Ward's own words, each of the theses and each of the arguments by which it is supported, together with my answer to each argument. Dr. Ward states his theses and the arguments in favour of them very shortly, and I will imitate his brevity in my answers. The italics in every case, indeed all the italics in this article without exception, are Dr. Ward's.

FIRST THESIS.

"The phenomenist admits that we can know with absolute certainty the triangularity of all trilaterals; but he adds, that our mode of obtaining that knowledge is experience and observation. My first thesis has been merely negative, viz., that these assuredly are *not* the ways in which such knowledge is *gained*."

FIRST ARGUMENT.—Not one man in a million has observed the fact that trilaterals are triangular.

ANSWER.—If so, not one man in a million knows that trilaterals are triangular. Every man who does know it has either observed it as a fact for himself, or has had the fact pointed out to him by others, and knows it for that reason.

SECOND ARGUMENT.—In the enormous majority of instances when the axiom [*i.e.*, that all trilaterals are triangular] is first known by us,

it is accepted as an entirely new proposition, and yet as being, notwithstanding its novelty, self-evidently true.

ANSWER.—The same may be said of every truth which is proved by experiment. The proposition that the words now under the reader's eye are printed on the page before him, is accepted by every reader who sees them for the first time as an entirely new proposition, and yet as being, notwithstanding its novelty, self-evidently true. Yet that proposition is proved by experience and observation only.

SECOND THESIS.

"This axiom [*i.e.*, the axiom that trilaterals are triangular] is known by us as necessarily true."

FIRST ARGUMENT.—I do not see how any one can deny—certainly Mr. Mill expressly admits—that the triangularity of all trilaterals can be known by purely mental experimentation, by the mere process of imagining a trilateral. The axiom, then, is self-evident, or, in other words, is known to be true by the mere process of being duly pondered [not pondered, but imagined, which is a different thing.]

ANSWER.—This also is true (subject to the qualification in brackets); but it is not inconsistent with the theory that belief in the doctrine in question is based upon experience. Having seen various lines and triangles we can imagine others, and argue about them as well as if they were represented by actual figures drawn on paper. Dr. Ward's argument requires some one who could imagine triangles without ever having learnt, by sight or touch, what a straight line is, without knowing by experience what is meant by space. Imagination is based on sensation, and sensation is one of the constituent elements of experience. Mr. Mill's point is, that in this particular case imagination is a kind of experience.

SECOND ARGUMENT.—"This second reason for my second thesis is based on that conviction of necessity which inevitably arises in our mind when we contemplate this or any other geometrical axiom. We pronounce at once, on the question being placed before us, that the triangularity of trilaterals is not simply a phenomenon which prevails within the region of our experience, but a truth which could not be otherwise, of which Omnipotence could not effect the contradictory. I allege this as a fact of which every one must be cognisant who carefully and fairly examines his own mind."

Dr. Ward proceeds to say, that this "conviction of necessity cannot possibly be due to the mere frequent experience and observation of" (any mathematical) "axiom." In proof of this, he returns to the illustration about fire. Every one experiences the heating power of fire as often at least as he perceives that a trilateral is triangular, and probably his attention is much more frequently directed to it, yet "we see no repugnance whatever in the notion that in some other planet a

substance may be found which in every other respect resembles fire, but yet which does *not* possess this particular property of imparting warmth."

ANSWERS.—(1.) It is not shown that a necessary truth (whatever that may be) cannot be known by observation and experience only; therefore, admitting, for the sake of argument, that what we are alleged to "pronounce at once" is pronounced at once, and is true, it does not follow that the truths so pronounced are not learnt by experience.

(2.) No such "conviction of necessity" as is alleged to rise in "our minds" arises in my mind on contemplating such axioms. The only convictions which do arise in my mind with respect to them are that they appear at present to sum up the facts of external nature which are continually under my observation; that I have no ground to expect such an alteration in those facts as would falsify the axioms in question; and that I cannot form any consistent inherent picture of such a state of facts, though I can readily imagine isolated results, which if they existed would throw doubt upon such axioms. Hence, whenever I have occasion to think of time, space, or number, I imagine them as being what to my present experience they seem to be, and, if my memory is correct, always have been.

(3.) I have never tried to account for the "conviction of necessity" which is said to attend our knowledge of mathematical axioms by the frequency with which we experience their truth. Our certainty of their truth (I avoid the phrase "conviction of necessity") arises from their simplicity and the directness with which we observe the facts which mathematical axioms describe. The experience by which we learn the meaning of the words "straight line" and "crooked line," is the experience by which we perceive the truth of the proposition two straight lines cannot inclose a space. The experience by which we learn the meaning of the words, "a blue sheet of paper," is the experience by which we perceive the truth of the proposition, "this sheet of paper is blue;" but the mere frequency with which we look at the sheet of paper, has nothing to do with our certainty of the truth of the proposition. One steady look is as good for the purpose of producing that certainty as ten thousand looks; but one is absolutely indispensable. So of the lines.

This shortly sums up what I have to say by way of rejoinder to Dr. Ward's reply. I now proceed to the further explanations which from his article appear to be required. I think that his theory is pervaded by two errors more or less connected together, which vitiate all his speculations. These errors are an obscure and imperfect conception of what is meant by experience, and a confusion of thought about necessity and possibility, which, as I shall try to show, leads him into strange inconsistencies. First, I will consider the subject of experience; and next, the subject of necessity and possibility.

Dr. Ward's reasoning seems to assume throughout that the acquisition of knowledge by experience must in all cases be a gradual process. He seems, for instance, to be under the impression that a man who speaks of learning from experience that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, means that the assertion is generalized from the observation of a vast number of individual triangles. If this is not Dr. Ward's impression, I do not understand such a passage as the following: "Imagine grave philosophers, telescope in hand, endeavouring to discern some trilateral in distant space in order that they may carefully count the number of its angles." This, of course, is meant to suggest that those who think as I do,* ought in consistency to perpetrate the absurdity in question. The best way of answering this will be to show, by an example, what I mean by learning from experience the proposition to which Dr. Ward continually recurs about triangles having three sides.

First. What is the proposition? Dr. Ward says:—"The axiom which throughout my articles I have chosen for the purpose of illustrating this question has been the axiom that "all trilateral figures are triangular." I certainly never heard that this proposition was "an axiom" at all, but this is of little importance. It is more important to remark that as stated the proposition is not even true. For instance, a capital Z or N is a trilateral figure, but it has two and not three angles. If the three sides were zigzags the figures might still be called trilateral, but they would have many more than three angles. To make the so-called axiom true, it must be worded in the following or in equivalent terms:—"If a portion of a plane superficies is enclosed by three straight lines they will form three angles with each other, and no more." Now I assert that this proposition is learnt from experience and nothing else; and I further assert that experience, and experience alone, enables us to assert that this proposition is true of every part of space,—that it is as true in Sirius as it is in London.

Any one who wished to teach a person the proposition just stated could do so by drawing a triangle and pointing out that it had three angles, and no more. He might then proceed to show in various obvious ways that if the three sides were arranged in any other way, they would not enclose space. One obvious mode of doing this would be to tell the student to imagine any one of the three sides turned round on either of its extremities as a centre. So long as it continued to enclose any portion of space it would cut the other two lines at two points, and as soon as it ceased to do so the three lines would cease to enclose space. This surely is experience in the strictest sense of the word, and the result is to show the student

* In Dr. Ward's language "phenomenists," Dr. Ward being a "necessist." I may in passing disclaim these nicknames. I dislike Dr. Ward's habit of coining words. Surely the common English of every day life is quite capable of expressing any proposition which has a distinct meaning.

that the only way in which those particular three lines could be made to enclose space is by cutting each other at three points. If further proof were wanting, he might be challenged to do it in any other way. I cannot conceive in what other manner the proposition could be established, and I think Dr. Ward himself would own that this was not merely experience, but experience in the form of a crucial experiment.

I suppose Dr. Ward would say that such a proof would apply to only one triangle, or set of triangles, and that the difficulty is to show how experience could establish it with reference to all possible triangles in every part of space.

The experiment in question might readily be so managed as to apply to all possible triangles. By making each of the three lines revolve on its extremity, each of them is made to point in every direction to which any straight line in the plane of the paper can point. By making the paper revolve on its axis, each triangle is made to occupy successively all the planes into which space can be divided. Thus, with a single triangle and a single sheet of paper, we can perform experiments which show that the proposition in question is not affected either by the direction of the lines or by the plane in which they are placed. Equally simple experiments would show that it is unaffected by the length of the lines.

If a man was so unimaginative as to require such illustrations, it would be easy to show him that the result was the same whether the sides of the triangle were an inch long, or were drawn by the imagination between three fixed stars situated in remote parts of the sky. It can hardly be said that this is not an appeal to experience, and it appears to me equally idle to deny that the proper inference from the experience in question is that the proposition applies to every part of space where there are or may be straight lines. We believe triangles in Sirius to be like triangles in London, because our eyes tell us that Sirius is included in the vast vault which we call space, and because the acquaintance with the three dimensions of space which we gain by looking at it and moving about in it assures us that a straight line is a straight line, whatever way it points, and whatever its length may be.

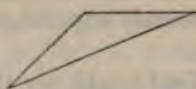
Indeed the very terms of the proposition, when correctly stated, are such as to show its truth when they are compared with the things which they denote. This may be easily shown. The proposition is as follows when correctly stated:—"If a portion of a plane superficies is enclosed by three straight lines they will form three angles with one another, and no more." What is a plane superficies? Anything flat—this sheet of paper, for instance. What do you mean by the words "enclose a portion of a plane superficies?" Drawing lines in different directions, but in the same plane, so arranged as to return to the point from which you begin. What is

an angle? The figure made by the meeting of two straight lines going in different directions, or a bent line each of the parts of which is straight. Draw three straight lines in different directions in such a manner that the third line ends where the first line began.

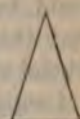
Here they are



or thus



or thus



In either of these cases the three lines enclose space, and meet each other in three points. Thus the proposition described as "a necessary truth" comes, when properly stated and explained, to this plain statement of two matters of fact—first: figures enclosing space can be drawn with three sides and three angles, and they are commonly called triangles. Secondly, no one ever yet has been able to imagine or to suggest a way in which three straight lines can be made to cut each other in more than three places. This is really all that the proposition that all trilaterals are triangular means. If any one thinks that it means more, I would recommend to his notice the article by Professor Clifford already referred to. At the conclusion of that article, the author states his conviction that we do not know that mathematical axioms are universally true. Whether he is right or wrong in this I do not pretend to say. It is enough for my argument that a man of the highest scientific attainments deliberately makes such an assertion. How Dr. Ward can reconcile the fact that Professor Clifford has expressed such an opinion with his own theory of necessary truth I cannot imagine. The article in question directly contradicts, by its very existence, Dr. Ward's assertion that a "conviction of necessity inevitably arises in our minds when we contemplate any geometrical axiom." Unless Professor Clifford deceives himself on a matter of which no one else can judge, no such conviction arises in the mind of at least one very eminent mathematician.*

I am almost ashamed to labour a point which to my mind is so clear that to enforce it is like burning daylight, but experience, the universal teacher, shows that it is not equally clear to every one. Perhaps this question may throw some light on the subject. Is there one single proposition about time, space, or number, of which we can affirm that its truth would be known to a being who had no sensations whatever? If not, sensation—and so experience—is essential to knowledge, and Dr. Ward's fundamental thesis, that

* The following is an extract from the article referred to:—"I am driven to conclude in regard to every apparently universal statement either that it is not really universal, but a particular statement about my nervous system, about my apparatus of thought, or that I do not know that it is true, and to this conclusion . . . I shall endeavour to lead you."

certain truths "are cognizable by us quite independently of experience," is disproved.

So much for the question of experience. I pass to the confusion of thought about necessity, to which I have already referred. It appears to me that Dr. Ward's views on this matter may be shown to expose him to the following dilemma. Either he must give up the whole doctrine of necessary truth, which, as he would himself admit, forms an essential point of the philosophical foundation upon which he wishes to place Roman Catholic theology, or he must accept it in a form which would reduce all mysteries to nonsense, and render all miracles impossible. He is aware of the danger, and makes an effort to avoid it, which I will examine in its place, but I must first show what his opinion is. In his last paper he gives the following explanation of the expression "necessary truth"—"a truth which could not be otherwise, of which Omnipotence could not effect the contradictory."

The second part of this definition is the really important member of it. If it were left out the first part would fall of itself. What is the meaning of "could not" or "cannot?" Power, so far as we know, can be exerted only by voluntary agents. The statement that a man cannot enclose a space with two straight lines is both intelligible and true. The statement that two straight lines "cannot" enclose a space taken strictly is as unmeaning as the statement that they cannot paint a picture. Three straight lines "cannot" in this sense enclose a space any more than two, though any man can do it with three straight lines. I think therefore that Dr. Ward was perfectly right in adding the second to the first branch of his definition, "A necessary truth is a truth which could not be otherwise," is a definition which tells us nothing unless the words "could not be" are connected with some voluntary agent. This is the reason why my paper assumes that a "truth which could not be otherwise" means a truth which we cannot imagine to be otherwise; and I have already given reasons which I need not repeat for thinking that the mere fact that men are unable to imagine the falsehood of geometrical axioms, proves nothing more than the fact that they are unable to alter any one fact which they perceive. Hence the really important part of Dr. Ward's definition of necessary truth is that they are truths of which Omnipotence cannot effect the contradictory. The result of it is, that in order to know whether or not a truth is necessary, we must know what God can and what he cannot do.

As I have already shown, there is a sense in which the power of God is limited by the language of man. Define gold as a metal of a yellow colour, and God cannot make red gold. Define a straight line as a line which is not bent, and God cannot make a straight line which is bent. This, however, is mere quibbling. The substantial question is whether we can learn anything from asking ourselves

whether God can or cannot bring about particular results capable of being more or less intelligibly described by human language. To me such an inquiry appears wholly absurd and monstrous. If a bookworm had somehow or other arrived at the conclusion that a Bible was probably produced by a being who possessed whatever the bookworm meant by intelligence, and if having arrived at that conclusion it were to go on to inquire what this being could and could not do, in order to get a measure of the comparative value of different propositions which its fellow bookworms had laid down about eating the leaves of books, it would act very like a man who affects to know what can and what cannot be done by a Being capable of doing everything which displays marks of design, of arranging the stars, making men and women, animals, and insects discoverable only by the microscope.

Dr. Ward can hardly take this view. It is essential to his whole system that he should measure the power of God, and when examined it will distinctly appear that he does, in fact, measure it by the powers of his own mind. He does, as a matter of fact, argue upon the supposition that God cannot do certain things because the human imagination stands in the way of it, and that God can do everything which the human imagination can conceive or depict.

Of course Dr. Ward does not, and could not, hold this theory consciously. Of course he repudiates it when it is ascribed to him. In his last paper upon the subject, he says:—"Imagine a *Catholic* of all men committing himself to such an argument! Imagine a Catholic implying that what is inconceivable is necessarily false! Did any one, *e.g.*, ever dream of imagining that human beings on earth can conceive in its integrity the dogma of the Blessed Trinity? Of course I heartily agree with my critic that things utterly inconceivable by the human intellect may to beings of a higher nature be the simplest of truths."

That a Catholic or any other man should be led by the necessities of his argument to contradict himself, and that he should be prevented from seeing this by his own verbal subtlety, is nothing at all surprising, and any one who has read Dr. Ward's articles must, I think, perceive that no man is more likely to be led into such a position; for no writer of our day is so fond of coining new words and devising verbal distinctions. I think that in the present case it can be shown that he has found himself compelled by the necessities of his argument to take the human faculties as being the measure of God's omnipotence in some cases, whilst in other cases which depend upon the same principle he arbitrarily refuses to do so.

The first part of this proposition is proved by passages already quoted for another purpose.

His first argument in support of the thesis that mathematical

axioms are necessarily true is this: "The triangularity of all trilaterals can be known by purely mental experimentation, by the mere process of *imagining* a trilateral. By this act of *imagination* we know infallibly that" [any] "trilateral is triangular, or, in other words, that it is outside the sphere of Omnipotence to make a trilateral which shall not be triangular." Thus by a mere act of imagination we learn what God cannot do. The second argument in support of the same thesis is very much to the same effect. It "is based on that conviction of necessity which inevitably arises in our mind when we contemplate this" (the triangularity of trilaterals) "or any other geometrical axiom. We pronounce at once that the triangularity of trilaterals is not simply a phenomenon which prevails within the region of our own experience, but a truth which could not be otherwise, of which Omnipotence could not effect the contradictory." In fewer words God cannot alter mathematical axioms, because we have a conviction that God cannot alter them. A feeling of ours, the "conviction of necessity arising in our minds," is the negative limit of God's power. He cannot do what we feel that he cannot do.

In other places, Dr. Ward uses the human imagination to show positively what God can do. For instance, he says that "an Omnipotent Creator could, on any given occasion, deprive fire of its warmth-giving property," "support stones in the water," "alter the taste of beetroot," "divide one pebble into two, or create new pebbles," and so forth. In a passage referred to above, he says in effect that there may be a substance like fire in all other respects in some other planet, because "we see no repugnance whatever" in the notion. That is, the existence of such a body is possible because we can imagine it as existing. Thus, the power of causing innumerable events is ascribed to God, simply, as far as I can see, because man can imagine their occurrence. We thus find that Dr. Ward believes God to be able to bring about any result which man can distinctly imagine, and that he also believes on the strength of acts of his imagination and feelings in his own mind that there are other things which God cannot do. It would be natural to conclude from this that Dr. Ward makes the powers of his own mind, his power of conceiving or imagining, the measure of God's Omnipotence; and I believe that this inference is just, though, as the paragraph above quoted shows, he repudiates it, and regards it with something approaching to horror.

I now proceed to consider the means by which he tries to avoid it. His opinions on the subject are to be found in an article published in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1871, called "The Rule and Motive of Certitude." The point of that article, as far as it affects the present question, may be stated very briefly in the following propositions, which are almost in Dr. Ward's own words.*

* The passage is so important that I give Dr. Ward's very words, though they are not very conveniently arranged, and are encumbered with matter immaterial to

1. A proposition is necessarily false which contradicts what is known by the very conception of its subject.

2. If the subject is apprehended as infinitely transcending the conception thereof, various propositions are not known by its very conception which otherwise would be [so known].

3. Therefore proposition (1) is consistent with the assertion that many propositions are indubitably true, though "they may most fitly be called inconceivable and unthinkable."

I do not understand what is meant by, "knowing by the very conception of a subject." A man knows that the leaf under his eyes is green, not by his conception of it, but by looking at it; nor do I understand how the fact, that a leaf or anything else has many other qualities besides those denoted by the word leaf, prevents us from understanding those which are so denoted, or entitles us to talk nonsense about them. A man may know that a leaf is green, that it has a particular shape, and occupies a particular portion of space. He may also know that it has an internal structure, a set of organs which "infinitely transcend" his knowledge of them; but he would not therefore believe the most learned botanist in the world if he were to assert things "inconceivable and unthinkable" about the leaf affecting its shape and colour: if, for instance, he were to say that it was both green and also bright scarlet, and that it was often in two places at once; the reply would be, "I can judge of that as well as you." Leaving these dark sayings as they stand, let us see how they apply to particular cases.

Dr. Ward repeats again and again in a variety of forms of words that God cannot make two straight lines enclose a space.

The catechism put forward by all the Roman Catholic bishops in England as a simple statement of their creed contains these questions and answers:—*Q.* What is the Holy Eucharist?—*A.* It is the true body and blood of Christ under the appearances of bread and wine. *Q.* How are the bread and wine changed into the body and blood of Christ?—*A.* By the power of God, to whom nothing is impossible or difficult. *Q.* When is the change made?—*A.* When the words of consecration ordained by Jesus Christ are pronounced by the priest in the Mass.

When Mass is performed a quantity of wafers are consecrated at once, each of which is declared to be the true body of Christ,

the present argument. They are these: P. 57, "But we think there *are* propositions which may most fitly be called inconceivable and unthinkable, yet which all theists regard as indubitably true. We refer to religious *mysteries*." P. 59, "We implied a few pages back that a proposition is necessarily false which contradicts what is known by the very conception of its 'subject.' We should here explain that this does not at all conflict with what we have just been saying about mysteries. The reason is this. When the archetype is apprehended by me as indefinitely transcending my conception thereof various propositions are *not* 'known by its very conception,' which otherwise *would* be,"

and Masses are being performed all over the world at the same moment.

Hence if the statement in the catechism is true, the true body of Christ is in many places at one and the same moment of time. Hence God can cause a body to be in two or more places at once. Yet says Dr. Ward he cannot cause two straight lines to enclose a space. The one operation is a mystery, "utterly inconceivable by the human intellect," no doubt, but indubitably true. The other contradicts that which is "cognized" as a "necessary truth," and God himself cannot do that. How can distinctions about "knowing by the very conception of a subject," and any other kind of knowing, meet a case like this? What intelligible distinction is it possible to draw between the state of our minds as to the proposition, "two straight lines cannot enclose a space," and the proposition, "a body cannot be in two places at once?" Dr. Ward says that by the mere act of imagining a trilateral, we know infallibly that every trilateral must be triangular, and that God himself could not make a four-cornered one. What answer can he give to a person who says that by the act of imagining a "true body" he is satisfied that God himself cannot put it in two places at once, because he "knows infallibly by this act of imagination" that every body fills at every time one determinate part of space, or, in other words, that "it is outside the sphere of Omnipotence to cause it to be in more portions of space than one" at any time?

The more this result is considered the more amazing it will appear to be. That all trilaterals are triangular is a necessary truth, which God himself cannot alter. It is known "by the very conception of the subject." That a body cannot be in two places at once, is not known by the very conception of the subject, probably because body is apprehended by us as infinitely transcending our conception of it, therefore God can cause a body to be in two places at once, or even in three or more. If so, surely he can make a four-cornered figure of three sides—for the true body may as well be straight as of any other figure—and if it can be in two places at once it can make a trilateral with four corners. Two ordinary straight lines would form one of the angles, and the transcendent body being in two places at once would form three others with them and with itself. We, therefore, thus get a three-sided figure with four angles, which contradicts the necessary truth cognized by Dr. Ward. Thus the necessary and contingent truth may be brought into collision; and what is to happen then?

Upon the whole, it would seem that we are not much aided in our search after necessary truth, by being told to ask ourselves what God cannot do, and the difficulty is, if possible, increased by the information given in a very cautious and elaborate way, that he can accomplish some apparent impossibilities but not others; and

that the test by which the two classes of apparent impossibilities may be distinguished, is that those which cannot be accomplished are and that the others are not known to be impossible "by the very conception of the subject."

Do we then learn more as to the nature of necessary truths by approaching the test proposed from the other side, that is to say, by considering the question, What God can do? Dr. Ward does not explicitly answer this question, but the illustrations already referred to show that he considers that God can bring about any result which man can distinctly imagine. It is almost as difficult to reconcile the doctrine of necessary truths with this assumption as to reconcile it with the belief in mysteries. I do not understand what is meant by knowing by the very conception of a subject, but be this as it may, we all know somehow or other that iron is hard and solid, and that it occupies space. Does Dr. Ward affirm, and if so on what grounds, that God can separate two links of an iron chain without breaking either of them? A being like a man, only much stronger and more dexterous, might probably be able to open one of the links, take out the other, and solder up the opening so quickly, that the human eye could not follow the operation; but this is another matter. My question is, whether God could make the one piece of iron pass through the other without dividing it? Whether, in other words, he could cause two pieces of metal to occupy the same space, at the same time, let the time be as short, and the space as small as you please? If the answer is yes, then God can "effect the contradictory" of a truth which to me at least appears (to use Dr. Ward's phrase) as necessary as any geometrical axiom whatever. To speak of two iron rods as occupying let us say the same cubic inch of space at the same moment of time, is to talk nonsense; just as much as to talk of two straight lines enclosing a space. I can attach no more meaning to the one statement than to the other. If the answer is no, then God's powers are only an exaggeration of human powers. God, like man, must command nature by obeying it. His operations, like ours, must be limited by the properties of matter. Such a conception is of course inconsistent with the whole of Dr. Ward's theology. In particular it would make creation impossible. To make something out of nothing is a feat which no imaginable extension of human skill and power would even tend to effect. Once admit the doctrine of necessary truth, and it will inevitably follow that unless it can be shown how a given result might be brought about by a man sufficiently strong and skilful, it can never be positively affirmed that God can bring it about, for a necessary truth may stand in the way.

Dr. Ward's utterances about fire are a good illustration of this. In the paper printed above I said that Dr. Ward would probably admit that God "could make cold fire." In his reply Dr. Ward says, "We are constantly experiencing and observing the warmth-givingness of fire."

Yet there is no kind of conviction existing in our mind as to the necessity of this fact; we see no repugnance whatever in the notion that in some other planet a substance may be found which in every other respect resembles fire . . . but yet which does not possess this particular property of imparting warmth." In the *Dublin Review* for January, 1874, he says in substance (in the passage quoted above) that it is clear that "an Omnipotent Creator could on any occasion deprive fire of its warmth-giving property." These passages throw a light on Dr. Ward's theories, of which it is impossible to overrate the importance. He will not go so far as to say in terms that God can make cold fire. He probably feels that to make such an assertion is very like saying that God can make a crooked straight line. He thinks, however, that God can go very near making cold fire. He can make something exactly like fire in every other respect except that of giving warmth. Moreover, he can deprive fire of its "warmth-givingness" on any particular occasion.

Each of these assertions is very strange, and more particularly the last. If God can deprive fire of its "warmth-givingness" on any particular occasion, why might he not go on doing so continually, and thus make cold fire? Apart from this, however, what right has Dr. Ward to say that the "warmth-givingness of fire" is not a necessary truth? which he must say before he can assert that God can "effect its contradictory." The only ground on which he can say so is that he can imagine the other qualities of fire combined in one substance, this one being left out. No doubt he can, but what does that prove? How can any man undertake to assert that everything which he can imagine may exist? Nothing is more easy than to imagine a man enjoying perpetual youth, and living for millions of ages, floating about in the air, crossing the sea on a cloak, or walking about with his head in his hand; but before we can undertake to say that these things are possible, we must show how they can be effected consistently with what we know of the properties of matter. It is one thing to admit, as I should, that we cannot deny that they might be done by a being of immeasurable power and skill, but it is quite another to affirm, as Dr. Ward impliedly does, that they certainly can be done.

If we could analyse all the facts which are referred to by the proposition "fire heats the human body" as distinctly as we can analyse the facts referred to by the proposition "the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the sides enclosing the right angle," we might probably discover that to speak of depriving fire on any given occasion of its "warmth-givingness," or to speak of constructing a substance resembling fire in every other particular than its capacity of giving warmth, is exactly like speaking of causing the squares of the

hypotenuses of a few right-angled triangles to be not quite so large as the sum of the squares of the sides for a few days, or of constructing a triangle similar to a right-angled triangle in every other property except this. The progress of physical science seems to me to make it probable in the highest degree that this actually is the case. Every fresh discovery seems to point to the general conclusion that the qualities of space which we can grasp with perfect distinctness, are only particular cases of a principle which extends to matter in all its forms, that nothing but our ignorance prevents us from exhibiting all the phenomena of animal life for instance, in the form of conclusions connected by demonstrations as strict as Euclid, with definitions, axioms, and postulates having as good a claim as his to the title of necessary truths. No one can positively affirm this, however probable it may appear; but until any one can affirm the contrary, until it can be shown that no assertion about the qualities of matter is a necessary truth, Dr. Ward cannot on his own principles justify his implied assertion that God can do whatever man can imagine. The utmost that he can properly assert is that God can probably do whatever man could do if he were much stronger and more skilful than he is.

For these reasons I say that the doctrine of necessary truth cannot be stated in any coherent or intelligible form except a form which turns all mysteries into nonsense, and reduces all miracles to the type of such a discovery as the electric telegraph.

Upon the whole, it appears to me that the word necessary as applied to truth is unmeaning. "Necessary truth," in short, is nothing but truth disfigured by an unnecessary adjective which obscures the real question at issue between Dr. Ward and his opponents. This question is, "What is truth?" When we affirm that a proposition is true, can we affirm more than that the words of which it consists raise in our minds, thoughts, images, conceptions, ideas, or whatever else you please to call them, corresponding more or less distinctly and completely to those which are now, or which, as we now think, formerly were or hereafter will be raised in our minds by the direction of our bodily senses to external objects, or by our own internal feelings? Can we, in short, leap off our own shadows? Can we make any affirmation at all which is not at bottom an affirmation about ourselves? Is not the whole of our knowledge subject to all the limitations, and liable to all the imperfections which beset language, sense, memory, anticipation, the process of drawing inferences, and, in a word, every human operation whatever? In one word, is not truth relative to man?

That this is so is an assertion hardly to be distinguished from the doctrine, that all our knowledge is founded upon experience, and that all our opinions on matters external to ourselves, which we can neither see, hear, touch, nor otherwise perceive by the exercise of our senses,

are of the nature of more or less probable inferences founded upon what we can see, hear, touch, or otherwise perceive.

It is not, and indeed it cannot be denied by any one, that this is so with respect to almost all departments of knowledge. But it is vehemently contended by a school of which Dr. Ward is perhaps the most prominent Roman Catholic representative in England, that the principal doctrines of religion and morals rest upon a different basis.

And it is almost conceded by them that this opinion cannot be maintained unless mathematical and especially geometrical truths can be shown to be based on the foundation on which, as they say, moral and religious truths are founded. They feel that it would be almost absurd to ask a man to "intue" (to use their strange dialect) the truth of the proposition "there is a God," unless they can make out that he is accustomed to "intue" the proposition, two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and others of the same sort. This is the reason why the doctrine of necessary truth is asserted under all sorts of different names with such persistency and such an expenditure of needless ingenuity.

For my own part, I can only regret, as a waste of power, the passionate efforts which are continually being made to get at some superior kind of truth, by poring over the operations of the mind. As Coleridge in the last generation made the distinction between reason and understanding the foundation of a great part of his philosophy, so Dr. Ward attempts to leap off his own shadow by all manner of strange phrases about necessary truth and contingent truth, "cognizing," "intuing," "ontologism," "phenomenism," "objectivism," the imaginable and the unimaginable, the conceivable and the inconceivable, the thinkable and the unthinkable, knowing pure and simple, and "knowing by the very conception of the subject." To me all such speculations are simply an attempt to coin ignorance into a superior sort of knowledge by shaking up hard words in a bag.

I am very far indeed from asserting that the human body, as we see and know it, is the whole of the human being; that we are nothing more than the aggregates of the various organs and powers which can be seen, touched, weighed and measured. I think it highly probable that a being with appropriate faculties for that purpose would perceive in us much that we cannot perceive in ourselves. A man who could not see his own eyes or those of other people, would learn very little about them from pondering on the sensation of winking; but he would be guilty of equal and opposite errors, if he either concluded that he had no organ by which he was able to see, or devised elaborate theories about its nature and properties from the very trifling indications of its character afforded to him by its use. This is an exact parallel to metaphysics, and seems to me to explain their barrenness. As regards the operations of our own minds, we resemble persons who, being precluded by

circumstances from the study of human and comparative anatomy, speculate on the internal organs of their own bodies. If persons so situated were to attempt to construct a system of anatomical knowledge out of the obscure feelings of their own hearts, brains, lungs, and stomachs, and if this system turned out, on examination, to be composed of slight metaphors derived from their observation of their hands, feet, eyes, ears, and mouths, they would, as it seems to me, occupy precisely the same position as Dr. Ward and many others, who follow methods dependent on the same principle. It is by no means improbable that they would, more or less unconsciously, struggle to conceal even from themselves the true character of their undertaking by inventing new and unfamiliar words at every turn, and by so disguising real ignorance under an appearance of unusual profundity.

If we consider the words by which the different operations of the mind are described we shall find that they supply proof that we know nothing about our minds; that our conjectures about them and their operations are, to the last degree, vague and unsatisfactory; and that our language on the subject is no more than a set of metaphors obviously incomplete, and in many respects incorrect.

Look, first of all, at the names which we give to the mind and its principal faculties, if they are to be regarded as something different from the mind. "I," "mind," "spirit," "soul," "reason," "understanding," &c. We cannot give the derivation of all these words. Some of them, like ancient coins, have passed from hand to hand so often, that the original stamp is worn out. This, however, is not the case with all. "Spirit" is breath. Whatever "soul" may mean, "âme" its equivalent, is "anima," and that again is breath. "Reason" and "understanding" are really no more than two metaphors which express the same thing in different ways. "That which counts or reckons," "that which stands under," as a table stands under the things laid upon it, and so if it were conscious would "understand" their relative position. "Verstand" is a similar metaphor, but rather less distinct. The French "entendement" is equally instructive, though the metaphor is different. The sense of hearing is given as a name to the faculty which understands when the ear hears. "Intelligo is 'intus,' or 'inter' 'lego.'" *How do you know?*

Look next at the names of the different mental operations. "Imagine," "conceive," "think," "attend," "intend," "apprehend," "comprehend." The last four are obvious metaphors—"stretch to," "stretch towards," "lay hold of," "grasp." If this were doubtful, it might be proved by reference to a passage in Cicero's "Academics," in which the author illustrates the stoical doctrine as to the different degrees of knowledge—"visum," which may perhaps be called perception; "assensus," which comes very near to apprehension, "comprehensio," and "scientia."

"Hoc quidem Zeno gestu conficiebat. Nam quum extensis digitis adversam manum ostenderat, 'Visum inquit hujusmodi est.' Deinde quum paulum digitos constrinxerat, 'Assensus hujusmodi.' Tum quum plane compresserat pugnumque fecerat comprehensionem illam esse dicebat. Qua ex similitudine etiam nomen ei rei quod ante non fuerat *καταληψιν* imposuit. Quum autem levam manum admoverat et illum pugnum arcte vehementerque compresserat, scientiam talem esse dicebat, cujus compotem nisi sapientem esse neminem."—Academ. I. ii. 47.

The other three words, "think," "imagine," "conceive," are equally metaphorical. Dr. Ward is very particular in drawing distinctions between imagination and conception, but surely they mean the same thing, though the meaning is denoted by different metaphors. If "think" (as Horne Tooke supposed) is connected with "thing," it is difficult to distinguish it from "imagine." The difference between imagination and conception is the difference between drawing a picture and taking,—or, as we should rather say—putting together, the parts of a whole. The one metaphor is clearer and more lively; the other more general and better suited to words which do not denote objects of sight. The words, "A white horse, sixteen hands high, with brown spots, a long tail, and no shoe on his off fore foot," raise a set of images. The words, "although I had known him for some years, I was not aware that he was married," might more properly be said to be conceived or understood.

The difference between the two sentences is simply that one relates wholly to objects which can be seen, the other to periods of time ("some years"), legal relations ("married"), mental operations ("know," "known"), persons indicated but not described ("he," "I"), and forms of speech like "although," which by a mental shorthand refers to a great number of other things. (This man was my acquaintance. I did not know he was married. I do know of most of my acquaintances whether they are married or not. It is singular that I did not know it in respect of him.) It is more natural, certainly, to speak of putting together such thoughts in one's mind than to speak of drawing a picture of them; but each separate thought might be the subject of mental images, and the act of putting or taking several things together is itself an image, and a very expressive one. An illustration of the fact that language about the mind and its operations is metaphorical, is given by Dr. Ward himself, and is all the more instructive and interesting on account of the unconsciousness with which it is given. He quotes with approbation the following passage from Mr. James Martineau:—

"You may deny the idea of the infinite as not clear; and clear it is not, if nothing but the mental picture of an outline deserve that word. But if a thought is clear when it sits apart without danger of being confounded with another, when it can exactly keep its own in speech and reasoning without forfeit and without encroachment—if, in short, logical clearness consists not in the idea of a limit but in

the limit of the idea—then no sharpest image of any finite quantity is clearer than the thought of the infinite."

Here a protest against taking imagination as a test of clearness is made by means of a series of images much more lively than appropriate. A thought is something which can sit, and it can sit either in company or alone; it can be in danger, it can forfeit its own territory, and encroach on the territory of other thoughts. It is "clear"—*i.e.*, bright; or "obscure," that is dark: and its brightness stands together in the line drawn round the image (consists in the limit of the idea). It would not be easy to crowd a greater number of metaphors into a given number of words. The passage also shows how easily able men are run away with by their metaphors. The "idea of a limit" is contrasted with "the limit of an idea," as if there was a difference in the sense because there is a difference in the sound of the two expressions. Retranslate the metaphors into pictures, and it is obvious that the two phrases mean the same thing. The "idea of a limit" is the picture of a boundary. "The limit of an idea" is the boundary of a picture. Now, as the boundary of the picture must be part of the picture, and must be itself depicted, it is obvious that these expressions mean one and the same thing.

Upon the whole it seems to me that the difference between imagination, conception, thinking, reasoning, understanding, and all other words by which mental operations are described is simply that some of the metaphors which these words embody are more appropriate to thoughts upon some subjects, and some to thoughts upon other subjects, but that it is idle to attempt to distinguish, with any approach to accuracy, either between the processes indicated by these words or between the subjects to which those processes are applied. To return to the illustration given above, imagine the hopeless nonsense into which a man would fall who attempted, simply by studying his own sensations, to investigate the subject of digestion, and to say precisely what his heart and stomach were like, and how their operations affected each other. A man may describe his own bodily feelings accurately enough without possessing any anatomical or physiological knowledge at all, but he ought not to think of founding anything further on such a description. Surely upon the same principle a wise man ought to be content to describe his own thoughts as they arise within him without attempting to get beyond them by means of them. To think about thinking is to try to escape from metaphor by changing your metaphor; to try to avoid the imperfections of language by translating English into French, French into German, German into Spanish, and Spanish back into English. Some friends once discussed a question into which was introduced the phrase of 'The Personality of the Absolute.' One of the party excused himself from joining in the discussion on the ground that he saw no use

in inquiring whether or not the Untied wears a Mask. Heap up upon the word "truth" such phrases as "absolute," "necessary," "eternal," "instinctively known," and the like for ever if you please. They do not affect in the slightest degree the following reflections:—

1. All our knowledge comes to us through faculties each and all of which are constantly liable to error which we cannot in all cases detect.

2. All our knowledge is expressed in language which, when closely examined, may be resolved into metaphors more or less inappropriate to the matter in hand, and capable of being misunderstood and perverted by any one who looks at it from a point of view a little different from our own.

3. All our knowledge includes an element of memory or anticipation, each of which is in the highest degree fallible.

4. All our anticipations involve an assumption utterly incapable of proof, that the future will resemble our present conception of the past.

5. Many of our anticipations involve an assumption which is probably false, that no new forces with which we are at present unacquainted will come into play and affect the results which we anticipate.

I cannot understand how any one of these assertions can be denied, or upon what grounds anyone who admits them can refuse to draw from them the conclusion that every assertion which we make should be coupled either expressly or tacitly with some such qualification as this:—"As at present advised, subject to further and better instructions, and upon the assumptions hereinbefore stated, I am of opinion——." The opinion should further be dated, both in time and place, so as to show that a variation on these matters might affect its truth.

If we suppose (and surely it is at least probable enough to influence the conduct of reasonable men), that this life is only a stage in existence, and that death is as much the gate into a new life as birth was—should this be true, it is surely possible that death may resemble waking from sleep, and that many things which now appear to all of us truths, and to some of us necessary truths, may turn out after all to have been necessary fictions, which fuller experience will enable us to lay aside. Dreams are often founded upon realities, but when we wake the reality is seen to be altogether unlike what in our dreams we were compelled to believe it to be.

J. F. STEPHEN.



2. All our knowledge is expressed in language which, when closely examined, may be resolved into metaphors more or less inappropriate to the matter in hand, and capable of being interpreted and corrected by any one who looks at it from a point of view a little different from our own.

3. All our knowledge includes an element of mystery or uncertainty, each of which is in the highest degree admissible.

4. All our knowledge involves an assumption which is inadmissible in the future, but reasonable and probable in the past.

5. **THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR EARTH.*** Probably later, that no new forces with which we are at present unacquainted will come into play and affect the results which we

I cannot understand how any man of these positions can be

"Ut his exordia primis

Omnia, et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis.

Tum durare solum, et dissolvere Nereæ onto

Caperit, et verum paulatim sumere formas."

VIRGIL.

and upon the assumptions previously stated, I am in a position to show that a variation on these matters might

THE subject with which I am about to deal is associated by many with questions of religion. Let me premise, however, that I do not thus view it myself. It seems to me impossible to obtain from science any clear ideas respecting the ways or nature of the Deity, or even respecting the reality of an Almighty personal God. Science deals with the finite though it may carry our thoughts to the infinite. Infinity of space and of matter occupying space, of time and of the processes with which time is occupied, and infinity of energy as necessarily implied by the infinities of matter and of the operations affecting matter,—these infinities science brings clearly before us. For science directs our thoughts to the finites to which these infinities correspond. It shows us that there can be no conceivable limits to space or time, and though finiteness of matter or of opera-

* This essay presents the substance of a lecture delivered in New York on April 3, of the present year, being the first of a subsidiary series in which, of set purpose (and in accordance with the request of several esteemed friends), I dealt less with the direct teachings of astronomy which had occupied me in a former series than with ideas suggested by astronomical facts and more particularly by the discoveries made during the last quarter of a century.—R. A. P.

tion may be conceivable, there is manifest incongruity in assuming an infinite disproportion between unoccupied and occupied space, or between void time and time occupied with the occurrence of events of what sort soever. So that the teachings of science bring us into the presence of the unquestionable infinities of time and of space, and the presumable infinities of matter and of operation,—hence, therefore, into the presence of infinity of energy. But science teaches us nothing about these infinities, as such. They remain none the less inconceivable, however clearly we may be taught to recognise their reality. Moreover, these infinities, including the infinity of energy, are material infinities. Science tells us nothing of the infinite attributes of an Almighty Being, it presents to us no personal infinities, whether of Power, Beneficence, or Wisdom. Science may suggest some ideas on these points; though we perceive daily more and more clearly that it is unsafe to accept as her teaching ideas which commonly derive their colouring from our own prepossessions. And assuredly, as respects actual facts, Science in so far as she presents personal infinity to us at all, presents it as an inconceivable, like those other inconceivable infinities, with the finites corresponding to which her operations are alone directly concerned. To speak in plain terms—so far as Science is concerned, the idea of a personal God is inconceivable,* as are all the attributes which religion recognizes in such a Being. On the other hand, it should be admitted as distinctly, that Science no more disproves the existence of infinite personal power or wisdom than she disproves the existence of infinite material energy (which on the contrary must be regarded as probable) or the existence of infinite space or time (which must be regarded as certain).

So much premised, we may proceed to inquire into the probable past and future of our earth, as calmly as we should inquire into the probable past and future of a pebble, a weed, or an insect, of a rock, a tree, or an animal, of a continent, or of a type—whether of vegetable or of animal life. The beginning of all things is not to be reached, not appreciably to be even approached, by a few steps backward in imagination, nor the end of all things by a few steps forward. Such a thought is as unfounded as was the fear of men in old times

* I mean these words to be understood literally. To the man of science, observing the operation of second causes in every process with which his researches deal, and finding no limit to the operation of such causes however far back he may trace the chain of causation, the idea of a first cause is as inconceivable in its relation to observed scientific facts as is the idea of infinite space in its relation to the finite space to which the observations of science extend. Yet infinite space must be admitted; nor do I see how even that man of science who would limit his thoughts most rigidly to facts, can admit that all things *are* of which he thinks, without having impressed upon him the feeling that in some way he cannot understand these things represent the operation of Infinite Purpose. Assuredly we do not avoid the inconceivable by assuming as at least possible that matter exists only as it affects our perceptions.

that by travelling too far in any direction they might pass over the earth's edge and be plunged into the abyss beyond, as unreasonable as was the hope that by increase of telescopic range astronomers could approach the imagined "heavens above the crystalline."

In considering the probable past history of the earth, we are necessarily led to inquire into the origin of the solar system. I have already sketched two theories of the system, and described the general facts on which both theories are based. The various planets circle in one direction around the sun, the sun rotating in the same direction, the satellite families (with one noteworthy but by no means inexplicable exception) travelling round their primaries in the same direction, and all the planets whose rotation has been determined still preserving the same direction of circulation (so to speak). These relations seem to point, in a manner there is no mistaking, to a process of evolution by which those various parts of the solar system which now form discrete masses were developed from a former condition characterized by a certain unity as respects the manner of its circulation. One theory of this process of evolution, Laplace's, implies the contraction of the solar system from a great rotating nebulous mass; according to the other theory, the solar system instead of contracting to its present condition, was formed by a process of accretion, due to the indrawing of great flights of meteoric and cometic matter.

I need not here enter at length, for I have already done so elsewhere, into the astronomical evidence in favour of either theory; but it will be well to present briefly some of the more striking facts.

Among the various forms of *nebulæ* (or star-cloudlets) revealed by the telescope, we find many which seem to accord with our ideas as to some of the stages through which our solar system must have passed in changing from the nebulous condition to its present form. The irregular *nebulæ*,—such, for instance, as that wonderful nebula in the Sword of Orion,—shew by their enormous extension the existence of sufficient quantities of gaseous matter to form systems as large and as massive as our own, or even far vaster. We know from the teachings of the spectroscope that these irregular *nebulæ* do really consist of glowing gas (as Sir W. Herschel long since surmised), hydrogen and nitrogen being presumably present, though the spectrum of neither gas appears in its complete form (one line only of each spectrum being shewn, instead of the sets of lines usually given by these gases). An American physicist has suggested that hydrogen and nitrogen exist in the gaseous *nebulæ* in an elementary condition, these gases really being compound, and he suggests further that all our so-called elements may have been derived from those elementary forms of hydrogen and nitrogen. In the absence of any evidence from observation or experiment, these ideas must be regarded as merely speculative; and I think that we arrive here at a

point where speculation helps us as little as it does in attempting to trace the evolution of living creatures across the gap which separates the earliest forms of life from the beginning itself of life upon the earth. Since we cannot hope to determine the real beginning of this earth's history, we need not at present attempt to pass back beyond the earliest stage of which we have any clear information.

Passing from the irregular nebulae, in which we see chaotic masses of gaseous matter occupying millions of millions of cubic miles and scattered as wildly through space as clouds are scattered in a storm-swept air, we come to various orders of nebulae in which we seem to find clear evidence of a process of evolution. We see first the traces of a central aggregation. This aggregation becomes more and more clearly defined, until there is no possibility of mistaking its nature as a centre having power (by virtue of the quantity of matter contained in it) to influence the motions of the matter belonging to the rest of the nebula. Then, still passing be it remembered from nebula to nebula, and only inferring, not actually witnessing, the changes described,—we see a subordinate aggregation, wherein, after a while, the greater portion of the mass of the nebula outside the central aggregation becomes gathered, even as Jupiter contains the greater portion of the mass of the solar system outside the central sun.* Next we see a second subordinate aggregation, inferior to the first, but comprising, if we judge from its appearance, by far the greater portion of what remained after the first aggregation had been formed, even as Saturn's mass far exceeds the combined mass of all the planets less than himself, and so comprises far the greater portion of the solar system after account has been taken of Jupiter and the sun.† And we may infer that the other parts of nebulae contain smaller aggregations not perceptible to us, out of which the smaller planets of the developing system are hereafter to be formed.

Side views of some of these nebulae indicate a flatness of figure agreeing well with the general tendency of the members of the solar system towards the medial plane of that system. For the solar system may be described as flat, and if the nebulae I have been dealing with (the spiral nebulae with aggregations) were globular we could not recognise in them the true analogues of our solar system in the earlier stages of its history. But the telescope reveals nebulae manifestly corresponding in appearance to the great whirlpool nebula of Lord Rosse, as it would appear if it is a somewhat flattened spiral and could be viewed nearly edgewise.

And here I may pause to note that although, in thus inferring progressive changes where in reality we have but various forms of

* The mass of Jupiter exceeds, in the proportion of five to two, the combined mass of all the remaining planets.

† The mass of Saturn exceeds, in the proportion of nearly three to one, the combined mass of all the planets smaller than himself.

nebulae, I have been adopting an assumption and one which no one can hope either to verify or to disprove, yet it must be remembered that these nebulae by their very figure indicate that they are not at rest. If they consist of matter possessing the attribute of gravitation,—and it would be infinitely more daring to assert that they do not than that they do,—then they must be undergoing processes of change. Nor can we conceive that discrete gaseous masses in whorls spirally arranged around a great central aggregation (taking one of the earlier stages) could otherwise change than by aggregating towards their centre, unless we admit motions of revolution (in orbits more or less eccentric) the continuance of which would necessarily lead, through collisions, to the rapid growth of the central aggregation, and to the formation and slower growth of subordinate gatherings.

I have shown elsewhere how the formation of our solar system, in the manner supposed, would explain what Laplace admitted that he could not explain by his theory,—the peculiar arrangement of the masses forming the solar system. The laws of dynamics tell us, that no matter what the original configuration or motion of the masses, probably gaseous, forming the nebula, the motions of these masses would have greater and greater velocity the nearer the masses were to the central aggregation, each distance indicating certain limits between which the velocities must inevitably lie. For example, in our solar system, supposing the central sun had already attained very nearly his full growth as respects quantity of matter, then the velocity of any mass whatever belonging to the system, would at Jupiter's distance be less than twelve miles per second, whereas at the distance of the earth, the largest planet travelling inside the orbit of Jupiter, the limit of the velocity would be more than twice as great. Hence we can see with what comparative difficulty an aggregation would form close to the central one, and how the first subordinate aggregation would lie at a distance where the quantity of matter was still great but the average velocity of motion not too great. Such an aggregation once formed, the next important aggregation would necessarily lie far outside, for within the first there would now be two disturbing influences preventing the rapid growth of these aggregations. The third and fourth would be outside the second. Between the first aggregation and the sun only small planets, like the Earth and Venus, Mars, Mercury, and the asteroids, could form; and we should expect to find that the largest of the four small planets would be in the middle of the space belonging to the family, as Venus and the Earth are actually placed, while the much smaller planets Mercury and Mars travel next on either side, one close to the Sun and the other next to Jupiter, the asteroids indicating the region where the combined disturbing influences of Jupiter and the Sun prevented any single planet from being developed.

But I should require much more time than is now at my command to present adequately the reasoning on which the theory of accretion is based. And we are not concerned here to inquire whether this theory, or Laplace's theory of contraction, or (which I hold to be altogether more probable than either) a theory involving combined processes of accretion and contraction, be the true hypothesis of the evolution of the solar system. Let it suffice that we recognise as one of the earliest stages of our earth's history, her condition as a rotating mass of glowing vapour, capturing then as now, but far more actively than now, masses of matter which approached near enough, and *growing* by these continual indraughts from without. From the very beginning, as it would seem, the earth grew in this way. This firm earth on which we live represents an aggregation of matter not from one portion of space, but from all space. All that is upon and within the earth, all vegetable forms and all animal forms, our bodies, our brains, are formed of materials which have been drawn in from those depths of space surrounding us on all sides. This hand that I am now raising contains particles which have travelled hither from regions far away amid the northern and southern constellations, particles drawn in towards the earth by processes continuing millions of millions of ages, until after multitudinous changes the chapter of accidents has combined them, and so distributed them in plants and animals that after coming to form portions of my food they are here present before you. Passing from the mere illustration of the thought, is not the thought itself striking and suggestive, that not only the earth on which we move, but everything we see or touch, and every particle in body and brain, has sped during countless ages through the immensity of space?

The great mass of glowing gas which formed our earth in the earliest stage of its history was undergoing two noteworthy processes,—first, the process of cooling by which the mass was eventually to become at least partially solid, and secondly a process of growth due to the gathering in of meteoric and cometic matter. As respects the latter process, which will not hereafter occupy our attention, I must remark that many astronomers appear to me to give far less consideration to the inferences certainly deducible from recent discoveries than the importance of these discoveries would fairly warrant. It is now absolutely certain that hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, the earth is gathering in matter from without. On the most moderate assumption as to the average weight of meteors and shooting stars, the earth must increase each year in mass by many thousands of tons. And when we consider the enormous, one may almost say the awful time-intervals which have elapsed since the earth was in a gaseous condition, we cannot but perceive that the process of accretion now going on indicates the existence of only the merest residue of matter (ungathered) compared with that which at the beginning of those time-intervals was freely moving around the

central aggregation. The process of accretion which now does not sensibly increase the earth's mass was then a process of actual growth. Jupiter and Saturn might then no longer be gathering in matter appreciably increasing their mass, although the quantity of matter gathered in by them must have been far larger than all that the then forming earth could gather in equal times. For those planets were then as now so massive that any possible increment from without was as nothing compared with the mass they had already attained. We have to throw back into yet more awful time-depths the birth and growth of those giant orbs. And even those depths of time are as nothing compared with the intervals which have elapsed since the sun himself began to be. Yet it is with time-intervals measurable by hundreds of millions of years that we have to deal in considering only our earth's history,—nay, two or three hundred millions of years only carry us back to a period when the earth was in a stage of development long sequent to the gaseous condition we are now considering. That the supply of meteoric and cometic matter not gathered in was then enormously greater than that which still exists within the solar domain, appears to me not a mere fanciful speculation, nor even a theoretical consideration, but as nearly a certainty as anything not admitting of mathematical demonstration can possibly be. That the rate of in-gathering at that time enormously exceeded the present rate, may be regarded as certain. That the increase resulting from such in-gathering during the hundreds of millions of years that it has been in operation since the period when the earth first existed as a gaseous mass, must have resulted in adding a quantity of matter forming no inconsiderable aliquot part of the earth's present mass, seems to me a reasonable inference, although it is certain that the present rate of growth continued even for hundreds of millions of years would not appreciably affect the earth's mass.* And it is a thought worthy of consideration, in selecting between Laplace's theory of contraction and the theory of accretion, that accretion being a process necessarily exhaustive, we are able to trace it back through stages of gradually increasing activity without limit until we reach that stage when the whole of the matter now forming our solar system was as yet unformed. Contraction may alternate with expansion, according to the changing condition of a forming system; but accretion is a process which can only act in one direction; and as accretion is certainly going on now, however slowly, we have but to trace back the process to be led inevitably, in my judgment, to regard our system as having its origin in processes of accretion,—though it seems

* It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that I refer here not to absolute but to relative increase. The absolute increase of mass would amount to many millions of tons, but the earth would not be increased by the billionth part of her present mass.

equally clear that each individual orb of the system, if not each subordinate scheme within it, has also undergone a process of contraction from a former nebulous condition.

In this early gaseous stage our earth was preparing as it were to become a *sun*. As yet her gaseous globe probably extended beyond the smaller aggregation out of which the moon was one day to be formed. This may be inferred, I think, from the law of the moon's rotation. It is true that a moon independently created, and started on the moon's present course, with a rotation-period nearly equalling its period of revolution, would gradually have acquired a rotation-period exactly equalling the mean period of revolution. But there is no reason in nature why there should have been any such near approach; whereas, if we suppose the moon's gaseous globe to have been originally entangled within the outskirts of the earth's, we see that the peculiar relation in question would have prevailed from the beginning of the moon's existence as a separate body. The laws of dynamics show us, moreover, that although the conditions under which the moon moved and rotated must have undergone considerable changes since her first formation, yet that since those changes took place very slowly, the rotation of the moon would be gradually modified, *pari passu*, so that the peculiar relation between the moon's rotation and revolution would continue unimpaired.*

In her next stage, our earth is presented to us as a *sun*. It may be that at that time the moon was the abode of life, our earth affording the supplies of light and heat necessary for the wants of creatures living on the moon. But whether this were so or not, it may be safely assumed that when the earth's contracting gaseous globe first began to have liquid or solid matter in its constitution, the earth must have been a *sun* so far as the emission of heat and light were concerned. I must warn you, however, against an undue regard for analogy which has led some astronomers to say that all the members of the solar system have passed or will pass through exactly similar stages. That our earth once gave out light and heat, as the *sun* does now, may be admitted as probable; and we may believe that later the earth presented the characteristics which we now recognize in *Jupiter*; while hereafter it may pass through a stage comparable with that through which our moon is now passing. But we must remember that the original quantity of matter in any orb passing through such stages must very importantly modify the actual condition of the orb in each of those stages, as well, of course, as the duration of each stage; and it may even be that no two orbs in the universe were ever in the same, or very nearly the same condition,

* On the theory of evolution some such view of the origin of the moon's rotation must be adopted, unless the matter be regarded as the result of a strange chance. If we believe, on the contrary, that the arrangement was specially ordained by the Creator, we are left to wonder what useful purpose a relation so peculiar and so artificial can have been intended to subserve.

and that no change undergone by one has corresponded closely with any change undergone by another.

We know so little respecting the sun's actual condition, that even if we could be assured that in any past stages of her history the earth was nearly in the same state, we should nevertheless remain in almost complete ignorance as to the processes to which the earth's orb was at that time subject. In particular we have no means of forming an opinion as to the manner in which the elementary constituents of the earth's globe were situated when she was in the sun-like stage. We may adopt some general theory of the sun's present condition; for example, we may accept the ingenious reasoning by which Professor Young, of Dartmouth, N.H., has supported his theory that the sun is a gigantic bubble;* but we should be far from having any exact idea of the processes actually taking place within the solar globe, even if we were absolutely certain that that or some other general theory were the true one.

Assuming that our earth, when in the sun-like stage, was a gaseous mass within a liquid non-permanent shell, we can see that as the process of cooling went on the showers forming the shell would attain a greater and greater depth, the shell thus becoming thicker, the space within the shell becoming less, the whole earth contracting until it became entirely liquid; or rather these changes would progress until no considerable portion of the earth would be gaseous, for doubtless long before this stage was reached large portions of the earth would have become solid. As to the position which the solid parts of the earth's globe would assume when the first processes of solidification took place, we must not fall into the mistake of judging from the formation of a crust of ice on freezing water that these solid parts would form a crust upon the earth. Water presents

* "The eruptions which are all the time" (*Anglice*, 'always') "occurring on the sun's surface," says Professor Young, "almost compel the supposition that there is a crust of some kind which restrains the imprisoned gases, and through which they force their way with great violence. This crust may consist of a more or less continuous sheet of rain,—not of water, of course, but of materials whose vapours are shown by means of the spectroscope to exist in the solar atmosphere, and whose condensations and combinations are supposed to furnish the solar heat. The continuous outflow of the solar heat is equivalent to the supply that would be developed by the condensation from steam to vapour of a layer about five feet thick over the whole surface of the sun per minute. As this tremendous rain descends, the velocity of the falling drops would be increased by the resistance of the dense gases underneath, the drops would increase until continuous sheets would be formed, and the sheets would unite and form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting upon the compressed vapours beneath and pierced by innumerable ascending jets and bubbles. It would have nearly a constant depth in thickness, because it would re-evaporate at the bottom nearly as fast as it would grow by the descending rains above, though probably the thickness of this sheet would continually increase at some slow rate, and its whole diameter diminish. In other words, the sun, according to this view, is a gigantic bubble, whose walls are gradually thickening and its diameter diminishing at a rate determined by its loss of heat. It differs, however, from ordinary bubbles in the fact that its skin is constantly penetrated by blasts and jets from within."

an exception to other substances, in being denser in the liquid form than as a solid. Some metals and alloys are like water in this respect; but with most earthy substances, "and notably," says Dr. Sterry Hunt, "the various minerals and earthy compounds like those which may be supposed to have made up the mass of the molten globe, the case is entirely different. The numerous and detailed experiments of St. Clair Deville, and those of Delesse, besides the earlier ones of Bischof, unite in showing that the density of fused rocks is much less than that of the crystalline products resulting from their slow cooling, these being, according to Deville, from one-seventh to one-sixteenth heavier than the fused mass, so that if formed at the surface they would, in obedience, to the laws of gravity, tend to sink as soon as formed." *

Nevertheless, inasmuch as solidification would occur at the surface, where the radiation of heat would take place most rapidly, and as the descending solid matter would be gradually liquified, it seems certain that for a long time the solid portions of the earth, though not forming a solid crust, would occupy the exterior parts of the earth's globe. After a time, the whole globe would have so far cooled that a process of aggregation of solid matter around the centre of the earth would take place. The matter so aggregated consisted probably of metallic and metalloidal compounds denser than the material forming the crust of the earth. Between the solid centre and the solidifying crust, there would be a shell of uncongealed matter, gradually diminishing in amount, but a portion probably retaining its liquid condition even to the present time, whether existing in isolated reservoirs or whether, as Scrope opines, it forms still a continuous sheet surrounding the solid nucleus. One strange fact of terrestrial magnetism may be mentioned in partial confirmation of the theory that the interior of the earth is of this nature,—a great solid mass, separated from the solid crust by a viscous plastic ocean: the magnetic poles of the earth are changing in position in a manner which seems only explicable on the supposition that there is an interior solid globe rotating under the outer shell, but at a slightly different rate, gaining or losing one complete rotation in the course of about 650 years.

Be this as it may, we find in this theory an explanation of the irregularities of the earth's surface. The solid crust, contracting at first more rapidly than the partially liquid mass within, portions of this liquid matter would force their way through and form glowing oceans outside the crust. Geology tells us of regions which, unless so formed, must have been produced in the much more startling manner conceived by Meyer, who attributed them to great meteoric

* It is as yet doubtful, how far the recent experiments of Mallet affect this reasoning.

downfalls.* At a later stage, when the crust, having hitherto cooled more rapidly than the interior, began to have a slower rate of cooling, the retreating nucleus left the crust to contract upon it, corrugating in the process, and so forming the first mountain ranges upon the spheroidal earth, which preceding processes had left partially deformed and therefore ready to become in due time divided into oceans and continents.

At this stage the earth must have been surrounded by an atmosphere much denser than that now existing, and more complex in constitution. We may probably form the most trustworthy opinion of the nature of the earth's atmosphere and the probable condition of the earth's surface at this early epoch by following the method of reasoning employed by Dr. Sterry Hunt. It will be remembered that he conceives an intense heat applied to the earth as at present existing, and infers the chemical results. It is evident that such a process would result in the oxidation of every form of carbonaceous matter; all carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates would be converted into silicates,—carbon, chlorine, and sulphur, being separated in the form of acid gases. These gases, with nitrogen, an excess of oxygen, and enormous quantities of aqueous vapour, would form an atmosphere of great density. In such an atmosphere condensation would only take place at a temperature far above the present boiling point; and the lower level of the slowly cooling crust would be drenched with a heated solution of hydrochloric acid, whose decomposing action, aided by its high temperature, would be exceedingly rapid. The primitive igneous rock on which these heavy showers fell,

* There is very little new under the sun. In dealing with the multitudinous lunar craters, which were certainly formed in ages when unattached meteors were enormously greater in number and size than at present, I mentioned as a consideration not to be overlooked the probability that some of the meteoric matter falling on the moon when she was plastic with intensity of heat might be expected to leave traces which we could discern; and although none of the larger lunar craters could be so formed, yet some of the smaller craters in these lunar regions where craters overlap like the rings left by raindrops which have fallen on a plastic surface, might be due to meteoric downfall. I find that Meyer had far earlier advanced a similar idea in explanation of those extensive regions of our earth which present signs of having been in a state of igneous fluidity. Again, two or three years ago, Sir W. Thomson startled us all by suggesting the possibility that vegetable life might have been introduced upon our earth by the downfall of fragments of old worlds. Now, several years before, Dr. Sterry Hunt had pointed to evidence which tends to show that large meteoric globes had fallen on the earth, and he shewed further that some meteors contain hydrocarbons and certain metallic compounds indicating processes of vegetation. Dr. Hunt tells me that, in his opinion, some of the meteors whose fragments have fallen on the earth in historic times were once covered with vegetation, since otherwise, according to our present chemical experience, the actual condition of these meteoric fragments would be inexplicable. He does not regard them as fragments of a considerable orb comparable even with the least of the planets, but still, whatever their dimensions may have been, he considers that vegetable life must have formerly existed upon them.

probably resembled in composition certain furnace-slugs or basic volcanic glasses. Chlorides of the various bases would be formed, and silica would be separated under the decomposing action of the heated showers until the affinities of the hydrochloric acid were satisfied. Later, sulphuric acid would be formed in large quantities by the combinations of oxygen with the sulphurous acid of the primeval atmosphere. After the compounds of sulphur and chlorine had been separated from the air, carbonic acid would still continue to be an important constituent of the atmosphere. This constituent would gradually be diminished in quantity, during the conversion of the complex aluminous silicates into hydrated silicate of alumina, or clay, while the separated lime, magnesia, and alkalies would be changed into bicarbonates, and carried down to the sea in a state of solution.

Thus far the earth was without life, at least no forms of life, vegetable or animal, with which we are familiar, could have existed while the processes hitherto described were taking place. The earth during the long series of ages required for these changes, was in a condition comparable with the condition through which Jupiter and Saturn are apparently at present passing. A dense atmosphere concealed the surface of the earth, even as the true surface of Jupiter is now concealed. Enormous cloud masses were continually forming and continually pouring heavy showers on the intensely heated surface of the planet, throughout the whole of the enormous period which elapsed between the time when first the earth had a surface and the time when the atmosphere began to resemble in constitution the air we breathe. Even when vegetable life, such as we are familiar with, was first possible, the earth was still intensely heated, and the quantity of aqueous vapour and cloud always present in the air must have been far greater than at present.

It has been in vain, thus far, that men have attempted to lift the veil which conceals the beginning of life upon the earth. It would not befit me to express an opinion on the controversy whether the possibility of spontaneous generation has, or has not, been experimentally verified. That is a question on which experts alone can give an opinion worth listening to; and all that can here be noted is that experts are not agreed upon the subject. As a mere speculation it may be suggested that, somewhat as the elements when freshly released from chemical combination show for a short time an unusual readiness to enter into new combinations, so it may be possible that, when the earth was fresh from the baptism of liquid fire to which her primeval surface had for ages been exposed, certain of the substances existing on her surface were for the time in a condition fitting them to pass to a higher order of existence, and that then the lower forms of life sprang spontaneously

into existence on the earth's still throbbing bosom. In any case, we need not feel hampered by religious scruples in considering the possibility of the spontaneous generation of life upon the earth. It would be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, if we found a difficulty of that sort *here*, after admitting, as we are compelled by clearest evidence to admit, the evolution of the earth itself and of the system to which the earth belongs, by purely natural processes. The student of science should view these matters apart from their supposed association with religious questions, apart in particular from interpretations which have been placed upon the Bible records. We may be perfectly satisfied that the works of God will teach us aright if rightly studied. Repeatedly it has been shown that ideas respecting creation which had come to be regarded as sacred because they were ancient, were altogether erroneous, and it may well be so in this matter of the creation of life.*

Whatever opinion we form on these points, it seems probable that vegetable life existed on the earth before animal life, and also that primeval vegetation was far more luxuriant than the vegetation of our own time. Vast forests were formed, of which our coal-fields, enormous as is their extent, represent merely a small portion preserved in their present form through a fortuitous combination of exceptional conditions. By far the greater portion of those forest masses underwent processes of vegetable decay effectually removing all traces of their existence. What escaped, however, suffices to show the amazing luxuriance with which vegetation formerly thrived over the whole earth.

In assuming the probability that vegetable life preceded animal life, I may appear to be opposing myself to an accepted palæontological doctrine, according to which animal and vegetable life began together upon the earth. But I would remind you that the actual teaching of the ablest, and therefore the most cautious, palæontologists on this point, amounts merely to this, that if the geological record as at present known be assumed to be coeval with the commencement of life upon the globe, then animals and plants began their existence together. In a similar way the teachings of geology and palæontology as to the nature of the earliest known forms of life and as to the succession of faunæ and floræ, depend on an admittedly imperfect record. Apart, however, from this

* It is not for me to undertake to reconcile the Bible account of creation with the results which science is bringing gradually more clearly before us. It seems to me unfortunate, in fact, that such reconciliation should be thought necessary. But it must be conceded, I suppose, by all, that it is not more difficult to reconcile modern biological theories of evolution with the Bible record, than it is to reconcile with that record the theory of the evolution of the solar system. Yet strangely enough many oppose the biological theories (not without anger), who readily admit that some form or other of the nebular hypothesis of the solar system must be adopted in order to explain the peculiarities of structure presented by that system.

consideration, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose if I were to attempt, I will not say to discuss, for that is out of the question, but to speak of the geological evidence respecting that portion of the past history of our earth which belongs to the interval between the introduction of life upon the surface and the present time. In particular, my opinion on the interesting question whether *all* the forms of life upon the earth, including the various races of man, came into being by processes of evolution, could have no weight whatever. I may remark that, even apart from the evidence which the most eminent biologists have brought to bear on this question, it seems to me illogical to accept evolution as sufficient to explain the history of our earth during millions of years prior to the existence of life, and to deny its sufficiency to explain the development of life (if one may so speak), upon the earth. It seems even more illogical to admit its operation up to any given stage in the development of life, and there to draw a hard and fast line beyond which its action cannot be supposed to have extended.* Nor can I understand why it should be considered a comforting thought, that at this or that epoch in the history of the complex machine of life, some imperfection in the machinery compelled the intervention of God,—thus presented to our contemplation as Almighty, but very far from being All-wise.

There is, however, one aspect in which the existence of life has to be considered as intimately associated with the future history of our earth. We perceive that the abundance of primeval vegetation during long ages, aided by other processes tending gradually to reduce the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air, must have led to a gradual change in the constitution of the atmosphere. At a later epoch, when animal life and vegetable life were more equally proportioned, a state of things existed which, so far as can be judged, might have lasted many times as long as it has already lasted had not man appeared upon the scene. But it seems to me impossible to consider what is actually taking place on the earth at present, without perceiving that within periods short indeed by comparison with geological eras, and still shorter compared with the intervals to which the astronomical history of our earth has introduced us, the condition of the earth as an abode of life will be seriously modified by the ways and works of man. It is only in the savage state that man is content to live upon the produce of the earth, taking his

* Since I thus spoke, a new and as it seems to me an even more illogical limit has been suggested for the operation of the process of evolution as affecting the development of life, and this by an advocate of the general doctrine of evolution. I refer to the opinion advanced by Mr. J. Fiske, of Harvard College (U.S.), "that no race of organisms can in future be produced through the agency of natural selection and direct adaptation, which shall be zoologically distinct from, and superior to, the human race."

share, as it were, of what the earth (under the fruitful heat of the sun, which is her life) brings forth,—day by day, month by month, year by year, and century by century. But civilized man is not content to take his share of the earth's *income*, he uses the garnered wealth which is the earth's *capital*—and this at a rate which is not only ever increasing, but is increasing at an increasing rate. The rapid consumption of coal is but a single instance of his wasteful expenditure of the stores which during countless ages have been gathered together, seemingly for the use of man. In this country (America), I need not dwell upon the fact that, in many other ways, man is consuming, if not wasting, supplies of earth-wealth which cannot be replaced. It is not merely what is found within the earth, but the store of wealth which clothes the earth's surface, which is thus being exhausted. Your mighty forests seem capable of supplying all the timber that the whole race of man could need for ages; yet a very moderate computation of the rate at which they are being cut down, and will presumably continue to be, by a population increasing rapidly in numbers and in the destructive capabilities which characterize modern civilization, would show that this country will be denuded of its forest-wealth in about the same period which we in England have calculated as probably limiting the effective duration of our stores of coal. That period—a thousand or twelve hundred years—may seem long compared with the life of individual men, long even compared with the duration of any nation in the height of power; but though men and nations pass away the human race continues, and a thousand years are as less than a day in the history of that race. Looking forward to that future day, seemingly so remote, but (on the scale upon which we are at present tracing our earth's history) in reality the *to-morrow* of our earth, we see that either a change in their mode of civilization will be forced on the human race, or else it will then have become possible, as your Ericsson has already suggested, to make the sun's daily heat the mainspring of the machinery of civilization.

But turning from those portions of the past and future of our earth which, by comparison with the astronomical eras of her history, may be regarded as present, let us consider, so far as known facts permit, the probable future of the earth after astronomical eras comparable with those which were presented to us when we considered her past history.

One of the chief points in the progression of the earth towards her present condition was the gradual passing away of the heat with which formerly her whole globe was instinct. We have now to consider whether this process of cooling is still going on, and how far it is likely to extend. In this inquiry we must not be misled by the probable fact, for such it seems, that during hundreds of thousands

of years the general warmth of the surface of the earth has not appreciably diminished. In the first place, hundreds of thousands of years are the seconds of the time-measures we have now to deal with; and next, it is known that the loss of temperature which our earth is at present undergoing chiefly affects the interior parts of her globe. The inquiries of Mallet and others show that the present vulcanian energies of the earth are due in the main to the gradual withdrawal of the earth's nuclear parts from the surface crust, because of the relatively more rapid loss of heat by the former. The surface crust is thus left to contract under the action of gravity, and vulcanian phenomena—that is, volcanoes and earthquakes,—represent the mechanical equivalent of this contraction. Here is a process which cannot continue for ever, simply because it is in its very nature exhaustive of the energy to which it is due. It shows us that the earth's nuclear regions are parting with their heat, and as they cannot part with their heat without warming the surface-crust, which nevertheless grows no warmer, we perceive that the surface-heat is maintained from a source which is being gradually exhausted. The fitness of the earth to be the abode of life will not only be affected directly in this way, but will be indirectly affected by the loss of that vulcanian energy which appears to be one of its necessary conditions. At present, the surface of the earth is like the flesh clothing the living body; it does not wear out because (through the life which is within it) it undergoes continual change. But even as the body itself is consumed by natural processes so soon as life has passed from it, so, when the internal heat of the earth, which is its life, shall have passed away, her surface will "grow old as doth a garment;" and with this inherent terrestrial vitality will pass away by slow degrees the life which is upon the earth.

In dealing with the past history of our earth, we recognized a time when she was a sun, rejoicing as a giant in the strength of youth; and later we considered a time when her condition resembled that of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose dense atmospheres seem to be still loaded with the waters which are to form the future oceans of those noble orbs. In considering our earth's future, we may recognize in the moon's actual condition a stage through which the earth will hereafter have to pass. When the earth's inherent heat has passed away and long ages have elapsed since she had been the abode of life, we may believe that her desert continents and frost-bound oceans will in some degree resemble the arid wastes which the astronomer recognizes in the lunar surface. And yet it is not to be supposed that the appearance of the earth will ever be closely similar to that presented by the moon. The earth may part, as completely as the moon has, with her internal heat; the rotation of the earth may in hundreds of millions of years be slowed down by tidal action into agreement with the period in which the moon completes her monthly

orbit; and every form of animal and vegetable life may perish from off the face of the earth: yet ineffaceable traces of the long ages during which her surface was clothed with life, and instinct with inherent vitality, will distinguish her from the moon, where the era of life was incomparably shorter. Even if the speculations of Stanislas Meunier be just, according to which the oceans will gradually be withdrawn beneath the surface crust and even the atmosphere almost wholly disappear, there would for ever remain the signs of changes brought about by rainfall and snowfall, by wind and storm, by river and glacier, by ocean waves and ocean currents, by the presence of vegetable life and of animal life during hundreds of millions of years, and even more potently by the fiery deluge poured continually on the primeval surface of our globe. By all these causes the surface of the earth has been so wrought upon as no longer to resemble the primary igneous rock which we seem to recognize in the scarred surface of our satellite.

Dare we look onwards to yet later stages in the history of our earth? Truly it is like looking beyond death; for now imagination presents our earth to us as an inert mass, not only lifeless as at the beginning, but no longer possessing that potentiality of life which existed in her substance before life appeared upon her surface. We trace her circling year after year around the sun, serving no useful purpose according to our conceptions. The energy represented by her motions of rotation and revolution seems to be as completely wasted as are those parts (the whole save only one 230,000,000th portion) of the sun's light and heat, which, falling on no planet, seem to be poured uselessly into desert space. Long as has been, and doubtless will be, the duration of life upon the earth, it seems less than a second of time compared with those two awful time-intervals—one past, when as yet life had not begun, the other still to come, when all life shall have passed away.

But we are thus led to contemplate time-intervals of a yet higher order—to consider the eras belonging to the life-time of the solar-system itself. Long after the earth shall have ceased to be the abode of life, other and nobler orbs will become in their time fit to support millions of forms as well of animal as of vegetable existence; and the later each planet is in thus "putting on life," the longer will be the duration of the life-supporting era of its own existence. Even those time-intervals will pass, however, until every orb in turn has been the scene of busy life, and has then, each after its due life-season, become inert and dead. One orb alone will then remain, on which life will be possible,—the sun, the source whence life had been sustained in all those worlds. And then, after the lapse, perchance, of a lifeless interval compared with which all the past eras of the solar system were utterly insignificant, the time will arrive when the sun will be a fit abode for living creatures. There-

after, during ages infinite to our conceptions, the great central orb will be (as now, though in another sense) the life of the solar system. We may even look onwards to still more distant changes, seeing that the solar system is itself moving on an orbit, though the centre round which it travels is so distant that as yet it remains unknown. We see in imagination change after change, cycle after cycle, till

Drawn on paths of never-ending duty,
The worlds—eternity begun—
Rest, absorbed in ever glorious beauty,
On the Heart of the All-Central Sun.

But in reality it is only because our conceptions are finite that we thus look forward to an end even as we seek to trace events back to a beginning. The notion is inconceivable to us that absolutely endless series of changes may take place in the future and have taken place in the past; equally inconceivable is the notion that series on series of material combinations, passing onwards to ever higher orders,—from planets to suns, from suns to sun-systems, from sun-systems to galaxies, from galaxies to systems of galaxies, from these to higher and higher orders, absolutely without end,—may surround us on every hand. And yet, as I set out by saying, these things are not more inconceivable than infinity of time and infinity of space, while the idea that time and space are finite is not merely inconceivable but opposed directly to what the mind conceives of space and time. It has been said that progression necessarily implies a beginning and an end; but this is not so where the progression relates to absolute space or time. No one can indeed doubt that progression in space is of its very nature limitless. But this is equally true, though not less inconceivable, of time. Progression implies only relative beginning and relative ending; but that there should be an absolute beginning or an absolute end is not merely inconceivable, like absolute eternity, but is inconsistent with the necessary conditions of the progression of time as presented to us by our conceptions. Those who can may find relief in believing in absolutely void space and absolutely unoccupied time before some very remote but not infinitely remote epoch, which may in such belief be called the beginning of all things; but the void time before *that* beginning can have had no beginning, unless it were preceded by time not unoccupied by events, which is inconsistent with the supposition. We find no absolute beginning if we look backwards; and looking forwards we not only find an absolute end inconceivable by reason, but revealed religion—as ordinarily interpreted—teaches that on *that* side lies an eternity not of void but of occupied time. The time-intervals, then, which have presented themselves to our contemplation in dealing with the past and future of our earth, being in their nature finite, however vast, are

less than the shortest instant in comparison with absolute time, which—endless itself—is measured by endless cycles of change. And in like manner, the space seemingly infinite from which our solar system has drawn its materials—in other words, the universe as partially revealed to us in the study of the star-depths—is but the merest point by comparison with absolute space. The end, seemingly so remote, to which our earth is tending, the end infinitely more remote to which the solar system is tending, the end of our galaxy, the end of systems of such galaxies as ours—all these endings (each one of which presents itself in turn to our conceptions as the end of the universe itself) are but the beginnings of eras comparable with themselves, even as the beginnings to which we severally trace back the history of our planet, of the planetary system, and of galaxies of such systems, are but the endings of prior conditions which have followed each other in infinite succession. The wave of life which is now passing over our earth is but a ripple in the sea of life within the solar system; this sea of life is itself but as a wavelet on the ocean of eternal life throughout the universe. Inconceivable, doubtless, are these infinities of time and space, of matter, of motion, and of life. Inconceivable that the whole universe can be for all time the scene of the operation of infinite personal power, omnipresent, all-knowing. Utterly incomprehensible how Infinite Purpose can be associated with endless material evolution. But it is no new thought, no modern discovery, that we are thus utterly powerless to conceive or comprehend the idea of an Infinite Being, Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent, and Eternal, of whose inscrutable purpose the material universe is the unexplained manifestation. Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old, old questions are asked of her,—“Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?” And science answers these questions, as they were answered of old,—“As touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out.”

R. A. PROCTOR.



PROFESSOR TYNDALL AND THE RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS.

"**T**O find a legitimate satisfaction for the religious Emotions is the problem of problems of our day." These are the words of a man who stands as one of the best exponents of scientific knowledge, and as a fair representative of the feelings of scientific men. They are distinctly free from any trace of antagonism to Theology, considered in itself; and in so far as they express dissent from any existing theological views, imply it in the most modest form; simply affirming that the solutions reached hitherto, upon a line of enquiry that has his intensest sympathy, seem to him not to satisfy all the conditions of the problem.*

By a "legitimate" satisfaction it is evident is meant a satisfaction that, while contenting the religious aspirations, does not come into conflict with the operations of the intellect, as expressed in the results of Science; a claim which no one now would wish to controvert. The feeling expressed, then, being so absolutely innocent and so worthy of a man, it is perhaps worth while to cease for a moment from controversial assaults upon the speaker (even though they might be in other respects deserved) and to see whether or not anything may be accomplished in the direction in which his face is turned, and on a method which would command his sympathy.

* It might be remarked here, that, inasmuch as some of those conditions—our knowledge of physical phenomena, namely—were not present when these solutions were formulated, it is not surprising that the forms given to them failed adequately to recognize these conditions; from which, however, it by no means follows that the solutions themselves are not fundamentally correct.

It is possible that at least one step may be taken. Let us look at the task that is suggested for us. We are bidden to seek some thought respecting the Universe and our relation to it that shall do two things: in the first place, shall satisfy the religious Emotions, and, in the second, shall not contradict the results of the exploration of the universe by our senses and our intellect.

Let us put these two conditions into definite terms; and take the second first: our thought must not contradict Science. Now of all the results of Science none is more universal or emphatic than this: that there is no arbitrariness in the series of events which constitute our experience; but that a perfect order prevails through them all, an order which our intellect can apprehend under the form of cause and effect, or, better, of constant persistency of amount both of matter and of force; or, perhaps better still, under the form of a perfect "connection in reason" between all events. Against this result of Science our solution must not offend: it must not ascribe arbitrariness to that which it may recognize as the agent, or existence, or power, operative in the Universe. And on the other hand, the solution must, in like manner, not offend against the demands of the Emotions (which evidently have demands as clear and as incapable of being merely set aside as those of the Intellect itself). Now one demand of the Emotions, absolute and most emphatic, is that this agent, or existence, or power is not to be regarded as mechanical. If it be so regarded—as a mere mechanical necessity—then the intensest and deepest interests of our life are subject to mere blind forces; the very Life of moral Beings, their moral life as well as physical, liable to be marred or ruined by that which is nothing more than the mere impulse of a falling stone. This does not satisfy the Emotions, but stifles them.

We have thus, at once, apart from theory, two characters that must (on Professor Tyndall's principles) be embodied in our thought of the Universe: one that the power or existence exhibited in it is not arbitrary; the other that it is not mechanical. There is a boundary on either hand, one erected by the Intellect, and one by the Emotions, marking out the path that we must walk in.

Is there any difficulty in fulfilling these two conditions? What is that which is at once not arbitrary and not mechanical? What at once free and necessary; unbound and yet perfect in order?

The real simplicity of the problem becomes more evident as we advance. There has been a tendency to regard the demands of the Intellect and of the Emotions as opposed or mutually limiting each other; but in reality they are mutually confirmatory; and only seem opposed so long as each is but partially apprehended. The Emotions as much demand the exclusion of arbitrariness as Science does: disorder and unreason—absence of necessity—are, truly, at least as repugnant to them as to the intellect: the moral aspirations as utterly

refuse arbitrariness as does the severest science. And on the other hand, Science to the full as absolutely refuses mechanicalness in Nature as do the religious aspirations.

For it is long now since Science discarded the idea that it could include within its formulas the true power by which the order of natural events is determined. While retaining the names of *matter* and *force*, it is express in affirming that these names are not used as the names of absolute existences, or as denoting the presence of special qualities in that which is the true subject of our research; but that they are simply used as terms for something the true properties of which are unknown, but which (as it is presented to us) is best investigated by aid of the ideas which these terms convey. This view has even frequently led to the expression that matter and force are merely used as x and y are used by the mathematician; as symbols for the study of things in themselves unknown. Matter and force so far answer to our sensations and our conceptions that our thoughts can best trace the relations of things by laying hold of them under these terms; but they do not represent to us the things themselves.

But if this be so, then Science does not affirm, but expressly repudiates, mechanicalness in Nature. For to affirm that, would be to affirm that the ideas of matter and force do truly represent existence. To Science the world is no more mechanical than it is coloured, or warm: as colour is an idea derived from a mode of our Sensation, so also, fully as much, is force, or mechanical necessity. The one is derived from the passive sense of sight; the other from the active sense of touch: but, for reasons easy to see, the latter sense [of touch] presents characters better adapted for the general expression of the phenomena than any other.

In this respect, then, there is no antagonism between the demands of Emotion and of Intellect: alike each repudiates mechanicalness, repudiates arbitrariness: affirming therefore, both unitedly, a necessity not mechanical.

But farther, that a contradiction should exist between the religious Emotions and Science in its present attitude is impossible. For the conceptions furnished by Science are universally agreed to be but phenomenal; that is, Science presents to us but an appearance. Now, to estimate aright our real position here, we may turn to the appearances presented by the sense of sight in relation to their objects as known by touch. It is evident that the appearance to the eye of an object, under circumstances of light, distance, position, &c., may differ in an extreme degree from that object. Our experience indeed would lead us to believe that there may exist scarcely any traceable resemblance between them. In tracing the relation of an appearance to the reality, therefore, there is no reason, in experience, for our expecting to find likeness between the two: the only result that we

can expect to gain is, that we should be able to trace a reasonable connection between them; that is, that we should discover how the object should, in accordance with reason, present such an appearance to us.

Granted therefore that the "phenomenon" or appearance of the Universe, as presented to us, is best apprehended as matter and force, and its characters best expressed in material terms, there is no presumption that the fact resembles this phenomenon. There is one result, however, which experience justifies us in hoping to gain: namely, to become able to trace, rationally, how the truly existing Universe should present to us the appearance that it does. That is, to learn why an existence that is not a material world should impress us as if it were one.

Even now does this task appear impossible? Surely not absolutely so. For even in Professor Tyndall's own words, a parallel is suggested to us which may furnish guidance to our thoughts.

We can interpret mere appearances to the eyes into solid things because we can bring into use the sense of touch;* and, on a larger scale, when we have most completely gathered together all the perceptions we can gain by sense, we can interpret the appearance that is so presented to us, by bringing into use the intellect.† Thus we rise from appearances to the truer facts by bringing in the aid of other powers: we add touch to sight, we add to the aggregate of the senses intellect. Now there is (as Professor Tyndall points out) yet another element of our being besides reason; namely, the Emotions. So, to interpret into a truer fact the appearances presented to intellect—that is, the "phenomenon" which Science attains—what should we do but bring in the aid of the Emotions? The very same process which enables us to pass beyond appearances, is open to us again. We have not availed ourselves yet of all our means; we are midway in a course which calls us to continuance, and in which the experience of the past gives us assurance of success. The "problem of problems of our day," then, is this: So to use the Senses, the Intellect, and the Emotions *together*, as to learn from the appearance which is presented to us in Science,‡ some truer fact, in respect to which we shall be able to understand why it should present to us this appearance.

Now the turning point of the question, and that also which makes it difficult, is this introduction of the Emotions as part of the means whereby we are to gain a knowledge of Nature. But preparation has been made for it in the steps we have already taken. When we

* So we find that there is no merely *superficial* thing, although we can never see more than surface.

† Thus, the multitude of apparent 'forces' which the senses present to us are interpreted, by aid of the intellect, into one unceasing 'force.'

‡ This is sometimes termed "the phenomenal."

exclude from the fact which gives us our experience—that is, when we exclude from that which we call Nature—on the one hand arbitrariness, and on the other hand mechanicalness, and so recognize in it at once necessity and freedom, we perceive that we have placed before ourselves a problem which we need the aid of our Emotional powers to solve. The terms are without meaning to the intellect, but they are not so to the moral feelings. To them nothing is more familiar than an action at once free and necessary. It is as solidity, inapprehensible in the strict sense to the eye, is familiar to the touch. In either case we transfer, as it were, a problem from one of our powers to another, to receive its answer. Here the moral Emotions give plain reply: an action at once free and necessary is an act that we know as one of love, or rightness. The Existence, therefore, that presents to us the phenomena of Nature is one in which such powers inhere as enable necessity to be present, and yet not mean passiveness: such powers as can let action in its fullest sense exist, and yet not put aside necessity. They are the powers therefore which we apprehend by our moral Emotions; which, in an imperfect way, express themselves in these.

Let this then be, for the argument's sake, supposed. Now can we or can we not rationally discover how an existence with characters thus of a moral or spiritual order, should present to us the appearance of an Universe of matter and force? The mere unlikeness need present no difficulty; but many questions arise which cannot be included here. Yet one suggestion may be made. One characteristic of the "material" may be questioned as it were, in this light, respecting its real significance. "Cause and effect" is an universal condition of the phenomenal. Now cause and effect is a name we give to the ceasing of one thing coincidently with the occurrence of another: it has been described sometimes, even in the language of scientific men, as "one thing *merging itself* in another;" as if it were—even when looked at from without and in mere appearance—the visible image of the giving up of one life for another's being. Now if the order of Nature truly were mechanical this would of course be a merely inaccurate expression, as implying spontaneous action where there can be none. But if material Nature be but the appearance of an existence not mechanical, but acting in ways to be truly grasped only with the aid of the Emotions, then the expression is more than justified. So far, at least, the appearance may be rationally referred to the fact; for what appearance could more truly represent an act of everlasting "merging self into another," than this perpetual flux of cause and effect which Science presents to us?

Thus one character of the material world gives us aid in recognizing the material as the appearance of a spiritual existence. Through being bound in a seeming chain of cause and effect, Nature challenges us (as soon as we recognize that her processes are not

truly mechanical) to acknowledge in her a Life that appeals to the heart. Mere passiveness being put aside, a different energy, which we best know as a passion of the soul, takes its place: for Science forbids us to suppose caprice or accident. This constant order—when a passive or mechanical necessity is refused as its explanation—comes to us with a new significance. Leave out the *Action* from self-sacrifice, and does not “cause and effect” remain?

And it is to be observed that this character of the phenomenal (or material) world which is thus found to be spiritual in its meaning, is the one which most of all has seemed the contrary. So long as men took their own sensuous impressions to guide them, and assumed that all they had to do was to carry their own sensation of *force* everywhere, as if it contained the key to all things, then this unvarying cause and effect was the fact which above all banished spirituality from Nature; but when we have risen above this bondage, and gained liberty for our other faculties also to take their part in determining our thought, then this absolute rule of reason amid all change, this constant giving up of being to find it in new forms, this meeting of every fresh demand with ready sacrifice, have a voice not heard before. That which seemed darkness has become light.

And if this fact that most seemed hostile to the Emotions thus becomes their guide, it is reasonable to expect that other characters of the phenomenal world also would be found to have a similar significance. When the idea of a dead mechanicalness is fairly banished from our study of Nature, and the thought is kept fairly before the mind that the material Universe is but the appearance to us of some existence not yet recognized, a freer pathway is opened for thought. There is a road yet to be trodden with a guidance no less sure than that on which Science has hitherto relied.

But into farther illustrations we cannot enter now; in the meantime, it would appear that the claim put forth in the name of Science for a satisfaction to the religious Emotions which shall not conflict with its teaching, gives to those Emotions not a limitation, but an enlargement of their field. It affirms for them a right to share in the interpretation of Nature itself; and puts aside the very possibility of conflict by uniting them with Science in a common work.

And the mode in which this result is effected is full of interest. For in truth the efforts made to maintain the claims of the Emotions have been the very causes of their loss, and the seeming defeat of their cause is its real victory. For it is through the recognition of the law of cause and effect as universal that it is made to be recognized as the appearance of a spiritual act. If it were not universal, then it might have been left still mechanical in our thoughts, and the religious Emotions might have been cheated indefinitely with a partial and precarious satisfaction, such as they still endeavour to find in claiming a sphere of exceptions to the law, or a Will *beyond*

it. But through at once insisting on the universality of the law of cause and effect, and at the same time on a satisfaction (not conflicting with this) for the religious Emotions, they are given this better and fuller satisfaction still : that the law itself becomes the domain of these Emotions, and is to be interpreted by them.

They chiefly therefore owe thanks to Science, who thus through it receive the fulfilment of their own desires, made better than they desired.

Perhaps it may be found that, in lines somewhat such as these, a positive investigation, not fated to barrenness, may be carried on. The points I have tried to suggest are chiefly two. One, that this problem is rationally presented to us by the present state of science : namely, to try if we can learn how a world not having the properties we call material should present the appearance of a material world to us. And the other, that in this inquiry the emotional part of our nature has a legitimate place. To these two points, under other aspects, I hope to return.

JAMES HINTON.



THE POEMS OF MR. MORRIS.

"The Defence of Guenevere and other poems." 1858.

"The Life and Death of Jason." 1867.

"The Earthly Paradise." Parts I. to IV. 1868-1871.

"Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond; a Morality." 1873.

IF we seek to explain the attraction which the ballad-epics of ancient Greece, the romances and tales of the middle ages, possess for modern readers, we can be at no loss to ascribe it to the charm of contrast. Not only does the state of society therein depicted present the most striking unlikeness to our own, but the delightful unconsciousness of the narrators breathes a spirit to which we have long been strangers. They describe just what they see, with the winning frankness of children. They have no facts to conceal, nor theories to propound; and it is of their theme, not of themselves, that they are evidently thinking. That this is the main secret of their attraction for us may be felt rather than proved. The proof, at all events, must be comparative rather than positive. In reading "Lara" and "The Corsair," for example, one is continually haunted by the suspicion that, if not actually masking behind the hero, Byron is drawing the character and painting the passion from experience of his own. The Iliad and the Odyssey, on the other hand, bear so little witness to the personality of Homer that his very existence is still a moot point; and the "Canterbury Tales" afford barely hints enough to clothe the antiquarian skeleton which passes for Chaucer's biography with the semblance of flesh and blood. When the glamour that fascinated our youthful fancy in the personality of Byron has died out, how seldom we care to recur to the lurid creations in which he embodied it! Whereas to the epics which betray no likeness of their author, to the tales which pourtray

every contemporary type but that of the poet himself, do not young men and old return again and again to find at each reading their original freshness revived? In no age, perhaps, have Homer and Chaucer been studied with so much eagerness as in this, when the development of self-consciousness has been carried in poetry, as in every other field of intellectual action, to a pitch of almost morbid intensity. The advent of a new poet characterized by an unconsciousness like that of the ancient rhapsodists, and avowedly the disciple of the first English poet who most nearly resembled them, yet able to adapt his themes and his language to the demands of modern taste, was sure therefore of a hearty welcome, if only on the score of novelty. On the appearance of Mr. Morris's "Jason," he was hailed in almost every quarter as a poet who fulfilled these conditions; and the poem has deservedly taken rank among the purest of modern classics.

To a few readers his name was already known by the publication of an earlier volume. "The Defence of Guenevere" and the other poems in this collection are a series of mediæval studies, akin to the productions of the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters, to a leading member of which the writer dedicated them. Like those productions, they might be fairly condemned for weakness of drawing and crudity of colour. Quaint archaisms of diction, forced and bald rhymes, wilful obscurity, harshness, not to say ugliness of metaphor, disfigure nearly every page, and it would be easy to raise a laugh at their absurdity. But a just and careful critic could not fail to discern that the singer was worthier than his song. He had so saturated his imagination with the glow of chivalric romance and Catholic mythology as to be incapable for the moment of anything beyond reproduction. But the receptive and assimilative power which enabled him to apprehend thus intimately the spirit of so remote an age, and imitate thus faithfully the relics of its living literature, required only time and training to mature into one of the richest of poetic faculties. No sign of this power is more marked in the volume than the tone of *naïf* unconsciousness which the writer has caught from his models. His personality is never visible; he never preaches; dispenses praise and blame but rarely, and then in accordance with a standard not of his own raising. With calm impartiality he sets forth in successive pictures the double aspect in which the love of Guenevere for Lancelot seems to have presented itself to mediæval imagination,—the view adopted by Chivalry, and the view sanctioned by the Church. In "The Defence of Guenevere" she is a Phryne, voluptuous, imperial, irresistible; in "King Arthur's Tomb," a Magdalen, tortured by remorse and tempted by passion, but sustained by penitence and faith unto the end. In "Sir Galahad" the portrait of the saint-knight is painted with a truthfulness that atones for whatever clumsiness of handling may at first repel us

He is represented as setting out in his quest of the San-Greal with sharp misgivings of spirit as to the career of chastity to which he must vow himself. He witnesses the tender leave-taking of a lady and her knight, and thinks sorrowfully that for him no maiden will mourn if he falls. He recalls the loves of Lancelot and Guenevere, of Tristram and Iseult, and is tempted to envy their happiness and forget their sin. But in the chapel where he passes his first vigil, he has a vision of

"One sitting on the altar as a throne,
Whose face no man could say he did not know,
And though the bell still rang, He sat alone,
With raiment half blood-red, half white as snow."

Overpowered with shame, he sinks nerveless on the floor.

"But mightily a gentle voice came down,
'Rise up and look and listen, Galahad,
Good Knight of God, for you will see no frown
Upon my face ; I come to make you glad."

"For that you say that you are all alone,
I will be with you always, and fear not
You are uncared for, though no maiden moan
Above your empty tomb. For Lancelot,

"He in good time shall be my servant too :
Meantime, take note whose sword first made him knight,
And who hath loved him alway, yea, and who
Still trusts him alway, though in all men's sight

"He is just what you know, O Galahad ;
This love is happy, even as you say,
But would you for a little time be glad
To make Me sorry long day after day ?

"Her warm arms round his neck half throttle Me,
The hot love-tears burn deep like spots of lead ;
Yea, and the years pass quick ; right dismally
Will Lancelot at one time hang his head :

"Yea, old and shrivelled he shall win my love !"

The struggle in the youth's soul ceases ere the voice dies into silence, and the Vision of the San-Greal is then revealed to eyes fitted to perceive it.

The minor poems, of which the greater number are ballads, bear the same marks of the writer's thorough sympathy with a particular era of history and type of literature, a sympathy which he doubtless thought to express most worthily by the closest imitation. His attempts seem to us as successful as any that have since been made. "The Sailing of the Sword," which is the least imitative, and therefore the freest from affectations, approaches, perhaps, as nearly as a modern ballad can hope to do, the genuine simplicity of the antique.

The pledge of artistic capacity given in Mr. Morris's early volume was more than redeemed nine years later by the publication of "The

Life and Death of Jason," which attested how wisely he had spent the interval in enlarging his culture and ripening his taste. The sympathy it displays with the genius of Greece in the mythopœic stage of its development is as living as that which he heretofore shewed with Anglo-Saxon England in her age of chivalric romance. The reverent apostrophe to his master Chaucer suffices to prove that the old love has not been killed by the new, but the form which this takes is no longer that of servile imitation. "Jason" is the work of an artist who has studied the epoch which he desires to depict, through the medium of its literature, with the aim not of reproducing the letter but of imbibing the spirit. The conception of the subject is that which a modern English poet would most naturally shape and modern English readers most readily apprehend. No choice could have been happier, for the story has received no adequate treatment from an earlier pen, and is too full of incident to be easily degraded by the ingenuity of Professor Max Müller and his followers from the picturesque interest of an heroic legend to the pale monotony of a solar myth. So fresh is the narrative, so pictorial the detail, that the familiar adventures of the Argonauts,—the harpy-haunted feast of Phineus, the nymphs' abduction of Hylas, Argo's passage of the "clashing rocks" in the wake of the pilot-dove, the threefold horrors which guarded the Fleece of Gold, the love-prompted wiles by which Medea overcame them, the voyagers' long wintering in Scythia, their return homeward past Circe's bower, the Sirens' isle and the Hesperides' garden, the miracle of craft whereby Medea procured the death of Pelias and her lover's accession to his throne, the faithlessness with which Jason requited her love and the terrible vengeance she exacted for it—all live again before our eyes with the charm of actual novelty. The characters of the hero and heroine are consistently conceived throughout, and the subordination of the rest is skilfully contrived to throw them into relief without depriving any of their due importance.

The writer's sustained power is remarkable, the length of the poem considered. There is scarcely a weak passage of description anywhere, and in critical situations his voice rises to their height. Besides the pathos so indispensable to a narrative poet, he exhibits a power of restraining and concentrating emotion which usually characterizes the dramatist. The lyrics which diversify the story are as musical and graceful as could be desired. The language is simple without baldness, idiomatic without meanness. By the occasional introduction of words that have undeservedly become obsolete, Mr. Morris has given it a tone appropriately archaic, while avoiding the excess into which Spencer was led by immoderate admiration of their common master. The "heroic metre" employed is rescued from monotony by a frequent division of the couplet over two sentences, after the fashion set by Keats. Such faults as there are in the poem may be noticed in this

connection, for they reach no deeper than the exterior of literary art. Occasional diffuseness of expression, and a wilful or careless disregard of prosody, as shown in the scansion of words like *mire*, *fire*, and *desire* as dissyllables, and the accentuation of words like *bushes*, *heeding*, *lacking*, &c., on the last syllable, constitute the whole indictment with which we think "Jason" is chargeable.*

To illustrate by a few extracts the salient beauties to which attention has been called :—The perfection of pure narrative poetry—vivid clearness of description, choice simplicity of diction, ordered tunefulness of measure—seems to us almost attained in such a passage as the following. Medea, moved by love of Jason, goes to conjure Hecate for spells, whereby to overcome the guardians of the Fleece :—

" But when all hushed and still the palace grew,
She put her gold robes off, and on her drew
A dusky gown, and with a wallet small
And cutting wood-knife girt herself withal,
And from her dainty chamber softly passed
Through stairs and corridors, until at last
She came down to a gilded watergate,
Which with a golden key she opened straight ;
And swiftly stepped into a little boat,
And, pushing off from shore, began to float
Adown the stream, and with her tender hands
And half-bared arms, the wonder of all lands,
Rowed strongly through the starlit gusty night
As though she knew the watery way aright.
So, from the city being gone apace,
Turning the boat's head, did she near a space
Where, by the water's edge, a thick yew wood
Made a black blot on the dim-gleaming flood ;
But when she reached it, dropping either oar
Upon the grassy bank, she leapt ashore
And to a yew-bough made the boat's head fast.
Then here and there quick glances did she cast
And listened, lest some wanderers should be nigh.
Then by the river's side she tremblingly
Undid the bands that bound her yellow hair
And let it float about her, and made bare
Her shoulder and right arm, and, kneeling down,
Drew off her shoes, and girded up her gown,
And in the river washed her silver feet
And trembling hands, and then turned round to meet
The yew-wood's darkness, gross and palpable,
As though she made for some place known full well."

The intimate sympathy which enables the poet to seize upon and condense into a vignette the life of a time so foreign to his own as

* A blemish of taste, if it be not a coincidence of idea, may deserve a note in passing. Mr. Morris has drawn so little inspiration from contemporary sources that he may be excused for an ignorance which would be inconceivable in the case of another. He can hardly have been acquainted with the idyll in Mr. Tennyson's "Princess," when he penned such a line as

" Hummed over by innumerable bees."

the mythic age of Greece, will be apparent in the speech of Eson to his young son Jason, whose adventurous career has not yet been foretold:—

“O child, I pray the Gods to spare thine head
The burden of a crown; were it not good
That thou shouldst live and die within this wood
That clothes the feet of Pelion, knowing nought
Of all the things by foolish men so sought;
For there, no doubt, is everything man needs,—
The quiver with the iron-pointed reeds,
The cornel bow, the wood-knife at the side,
The garments of the spotted leopard's hide,
The bed of bear-skin in the hollow hill,
The bath within the pool of some green rill;
There shall the quick-eyed centaurs be thy friends,
Unto whose hearts such wisdom great Jove sends
They know the past and future, and fear nought
That by the fates upon them may be brought.
And when the Spring brings love, then mayst thou find,
In some fair grassy place, the wood nymphs kind,
And choose thy mate, and with her, hand in hand,
Go wandering through the blossoming sweet land;
And nought of evil there shall come to thee,
But like the golden age shall all things be.”

A relic of the very “Golden Age,” to which the speaker points as past, is presented to our view in the elaborate picture of the “Garden of the Hesperides;” but the passage is too long for quotation. An afternoon landscape and a night-scene may serve to illustrate the picturesque quality which the poem so largely possesses:—

“But when he reached the well-remembered keel,
The sun was far upon his downward way,
At afternoon of a bright summer day.
Hot was it, and still o'er the long rank grass,
Beneath the hull, a widening shade did pass;
And further off, the sunny daisied sward
The raised oars with their creeping shadows barred;
And grey shade from the hills of Cenchrea
Began to move toward the heaving sea.
So Jason, lying in the shadow dark
Cast by the stem, the warble of the lark,
The chirrup of the cricket, well could hear;
And now and then the sound would come anear
Of some hind shouting o'er his laden wain;
But looking o'er the blue and heaving plain,
Sailless it was, and beaten by no oar,
And on the yellow edges of the shore
The ripple fell in murmur soft and low,
As with wide sweeping wings the gulls did go
About the breakers crying plaintively.”

“And so, unchallenged, did they draw anear
The long white quays, and at the street's end now
Beheld the ship's masts standing row by row

Stark black against the stars; then cautiously
 Peered Jason forth, ere they took heart to try
 The open starlit place; but nought he saw
 Except the night-wind twitching the loose straw
 From half-unloaded keels, and nought he heard
 But the strange twittering of a caged green bird
 Within an Indian ship, and from the hill
 A distant baying."

No trace of the influence of Chaucer is more pleasantly marked than Mr. Morris's habit of resorting to natural imagery for the most ordinary purposes of illustration. The description of the skeins with which the daughters of Pelias were spinning when Medea entered their chamber is an example in point:—

"The many-coloured bundles newly dyed,
 Blood-red and heavenly blue and grassy green,
 Yea, and more colours than man yet has seen
 In flowery meadows midmost of the May."

Sketches from nature so detailed and truthful as the following, however, are seldom to be found in any but a writer of our own century:—

"So still she stood, that the quick water-hen
 Noted her not, as through the blue mouse-ear
 He made his way; the conies drew anear,
 Nibbling the grass, and from an oak-twigh nigh
 — A thrush poured forth his song unceasingly."

"O the sweet valley of deep grass,
 Where through the summer stream doth pass,
 In chain of shallow, and still pool,
 From misty morn to evening cool;
 Where the black ivy creeps and twines
 O'er the dark-armed, red-trunked pines
 Whence clattering the pigeon flits,
 Or, brooding o'er her thin eggs, sits,
 And every hollow of the hills
 With echoing song the mavis fills."

Other signs of indebtedness to his master will be apparent in Mr. Morris's careful elaboration of homely detail, as of furniture and costume, and his habitual employment of a few favourite idioms.

To Homer his obligations will be readily discerned in the general structure and supernatural machinery of his story, of which the *Odyssey* is the legitimate prototype, the constant repetition of characteristic epithets (among which that of "wan" for water is specially felicitous), and the effective use of proper names. The catalogue of the heroes who muster at Iolchos for the quest is a notable instance of the last peculiarity:—

"Meanwhile came many heroes to the town ;—
 Asterion, dweller on the windy down
 Below Philæus, far up in the north ;
 Slow-footed Polyphemus, late borne forth
 In chariot from Larissa, that beholds
 Green-winding Peneus cleaving fertile wolds ;
 Erginus, son of Neptune, nigh the sea
 His father set him, where the laden bee
 Flies low across Mæander, and falls down
 Against the white walls of a merchant town
 Men call Miletus."

Of the dramatic force with which the expression of emotion is concentrated when the occasion demands it, no better example could be given than from the soliloquy in which Medea steels herself to take vengeance on Jason by the murder of their children :—

"What ! when I kneel in temples of the Gods,
 Must I bethink me of the upturned sods,
 And hear a voice say : ' Mother, wilt thou come
 And see us resting in our new-made home,
 Since thou wert used to make us lie full soft,
 Smoothing our pillows many a time and oft ?
 O ! mother, now no dainty food we need,
 Whereof of old thou usedst to have such heed.
 O mother, now we need no gowns of gold,
 Nor in the winter time do we grow cold ;
 Thy hands would bathe us when we were thine own,
 Now doth the rain wash every shining bone.' "

"But when in some dim land we meet again
 Will ye remember all the loss and pain ?
 Will ye the form of children keep for aye
 With thoughts of men ? and ' Mother,' will ye say,
 ' Why didst thou slay us ere we came to know
 That men die ? hadst thou waited until now,
 An easy thing it had been then to die,
 For in the thought of immortality
 Do children play about the flowery meads,
 And win their heaven with a crown of weeds.' "

"O children ! that I would have died to save,
 How fair a life of pleasure might ye have,
 But for your mother ;—nay, for thee, for thee,
 For thee, O traitor ! who didst bring them here
 Into this cruel world, this lovely bier
 Of youth and love, and joy and happiness,
 That unforseeing happy fools still bless."

In such situations as have sexual passion for their motive Mr. Morris's treatment is very skilful, preserving fidelity to the frankness of Greek manners without offending the delicacy of English taste. Sensuous it must be to be truthful, but immodesty is avoided, and impurity not approached. In more than one passage wherein the limits of propriety are stretched to the full, it is evident that there was the strongest temptation to exceed them. Remembering in whose company his name has since been associated, one is bound

not to pass without notice these signs of his restraint. He shows true insight in portraying the damsels who are the instruments of Circe's sensual enchantments as "weary images of sin." The unintelligent mechanism of mere lust, with which, when divorced from love, mind and soul are alike unsatisfied, is graphically depicted in their mien.

" Heavy-eyed they seemed,
And each at other gazed as though she dreamed,
Not noting aught of all the glorious show
She joined herself, nor seeming more to know
What words she spake, nor what her fellows sung,
Nor feeling arms that haply round her clung."

The charm of unconsciousness which was so marked in the earlier volume has lost none of its freshness in "Jason." With the exception of the passage in which his discipleship to Chaucer is avowed, there is scarcely an indication of the writer's individuality. The occurrence of a reflection or comment upon the narrative is extremely rare, and readers unacquainted with his later writings would be able to form no impression of the poet's spiritual calibre. Interpreted by the light of these later writings, however, there are scattered passages (especially the lines at the close of Book V., "So set 'twixt pleasure," &c., and the song of Orpheus, commencing "O death that maketh life so sweet") which indicate that he was already travailing with a burden of sorrowful thought, although the time was not yet ripe for its deliverance as an expression of personal conviction.

The appearance of "The Earthly Paradise" at once dispelled the hope that the school in which Homer and Chaucer are masters had found a permanent representative in Mr. Morris. It was but too plain that "the strange disease of modern thought" had infected him like his fellows, that his unconscious serenity had been displaced by the brooding pain of self-consciousness. Instead of the healthy cheerfulness, the manly decisive tone of thought which the ancient masters might communicate to a faithful disciple, we find here the morbid melancholy sentiment, the fluctuating chaos of ideas that belong to the modern sceptic. The poem might take for its motto the well-known saying of Johnson that "the whole of life is but keeping away the thought of death." The purpose of a band of panic-stricken Norwegians to escape from a land where death seems imminent, into an ideal Paradise,

"Where at the worst Death is so far away
No man need think of him from day to day,"

constitutes the thread upon which the several tales are strung. After enduring countless vicissitudes in the pursuit of their chimæra, and by which they are slowly disillusionized, the voyagers arrive as aged men upon a southern shore, where they are hospitably wel-

comed by the inhabitants. In recounting their adventures to sympathetic hearers and the interchange of legendary lore they find comparative repose, and while away the time until death.

Though Mr. Morris would possibly resent the imputation of intending "to point a moral," his poem has one too obvious to be missed. The Voyage of the Wanderers is a parable of life, where in straining after the too-much we do but lose the enough. Its lesson could not be better enforced than in the words of their own spokesman to the citizens with whom they at last take refuge:—

"We are as men who cast aside a feast
Amidst their lowly fellows, that they may
Eat with the king, and who at end of day
Bearing sore stripes, with great humility
Must pray the bedesmen of those men to be
They scorned that day while yet the sun was high."

Strange that one who apprehends this wisdom so clearly should fail so signally to apply it! The certainty of death, as Mr. Morris never wearies of telling us, is the great bugbear of life. To keep the thought away by every device of his art is the poet's only aim. He announces this in the prologue, reiterates it in the interludes, and clenches the avowal in his *l'envoi*. He deprecates the supposition of his possessing any gift that will not serve to this end:—

"Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day."

All that can be done is to extract the perfume of life while it lasts, and distract our memories from the thorn that surrounds the rose. The attempt of the Wanderers to escape from the sense of their doom was worthy of a poet's imitation:—

"Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant,
Life have we loved through green leaf and through sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent:
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year
Slow-changing, were to us but curtains fair
Hung round about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day."

It is in the hope of whiling away the time until the inevitable end comes that he has thus "in some old garden wrought," and if he has successfully helped to make

"Fresh flowers spring up from hoarded soil,
And fragrance of old days and deeds have brought
Back to folks' memory, all was not for nought:
No little part it was for me to play,
The idle singer of an empty day."

With the aim of forgetting death who would imitate the Egyptians by setting up a skeleton at every banquet? Yet this is just what Mr. Morris has done. In season and out of season the remembrance he is so anxious to dispel is persistently thrust upon us. In the prelude "March" he enounces the creed, which was the burden of Orpheus' song in "Jason," that the very certainty of death is the source of life's best enjoyment.*

"Ah! what begetteth all this storm of bliss
But Death himself, who crying solemnly
E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
Bids us 'Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye lie,
Within a little time ye must go by.'"

In the epilogue this creed is somewhat deprecated indeed, but with a faintness that only strengthens the sense of its reluctant acceptance. If it be true that the consciousness of death "makes love itself with all its bliss," the reason is that we are stimulated into anxiety to forget the doom, our yearning desire being that "we might never die." But however anxious we may be to forget, Mr. Morris will not suffer us. In the prelude "May" he beholds a vision of Love as the Lord of life passing with a bright procession "of maids and youths and minstrelsy." The pageant is suddenly shadowed by the intrusion of "Eld and Death," but it is only the poet who observes their presence:—

"None noted aught their noiseless passing by,
The world had quite forgotten it must die."

The song chaunted by unseen voices to Psyche in the House of Love vindicates the truth that the affections may attain to a conviction of immortality:—

"If ye could forget
Amidst your outpoured love that you must die,
Then ye, my servants, were death's conquerors yet,
And love to you should be eternity,
How quick soever might the days go by;
Yea, ye are made immortal on the day
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to weigh."

But in another page we are taught how vain is this illusion. Even in the midst of her new-found life of love, Andromeda must turn to Perseus with the wail,

"O love! to think that love can pass away,
That soon or late, to us shall come a day
When this shall be forgotten;"

* The doctrine that this certainty heightens instead of impairing the value of life is preached with much force in George Eliot's "Jubal," and refuted with a noble scorn in "In Memoriam" (xxxv.) A practical test of its soundness may be obtained by observing to what school the apostles of "Euthanasia" belong, and comparing the solicitude with which the incurably sick and dying have been tended by those who believe most firmly that life does not end with the body.

Nor has Perseus any better consolation to offer her than that

"If thou needs must think of that dull night,
Yet for that thought hold closer to thy bliss."

If Mr. Morris were not so "painfully in earnest," there would be something ludicrous about the resolution which he shews, like Dickens' Mrs. Gummidge or Lord Dufferin's Wilson, to be dismal under all circumstances. In the midst of describing the bliss of the newly-wedded pair he thrusts in this doleful reflection:—

"Love while ye may ; if twain grow into one,
'Tis for a little while ; the time goes by ;
No hatred 'twixt the pair of friends doth lie,
No troubles break their hearts—and yet, and yet,
How could it be ?—we strove not to forget. . . .
Let pass—at latest when we come to die
Then shall the fashion of the world go by."

What again can be more ghastly than the obtrusion of the grave into a dainty erotic sung in alternate verses by a maiden and youth ?

"In the white-flowered hawthorn-brake
Love, be merry for my sake !
Twine the blossoms in my hair,
Kiss me where I am most fair,—
Kiss me, love ! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death ?"

In this wise the presence of "quick-coming death" haunts the poet and his readers from first to last. If he has, as he admits, no power to "set the crooked straight," it is surprising how much ability he displays of making the straight crooked. Job's comforters could not more cruelly have abused their office and opportunity than has this self-elected apostle of "sweet Forgetfulness." The truth is that, like his own Wanderers, in straining after the too-much he has missed the enough. Death is not to be forgotten by any frantic effort, but is the more likely to be thereby remembered. It may be that Mr. Morris has been misled upon this point by his intimate study of mediæval art. The familiarity therein displayed with the idea of death may be thought to have bred a wholesome contempt for it in the minds of the spectators addressed, and certainly does not appear to have exercised a morbidly depressing influence. But if this be his view, it is strange he should have omitted to note what lay at the root of this contempt. The men of the middle ages could afford to despise death, because they had a profound faith in immortality. Their artists did not paint "The Dance of Death" upon the bridge-roof or market-wall without also painting the "Resurrection" in the Duomo or the Campo Santo. Mr. Morris is unable to give his readers an equivalent consolation. With him Death is "the End . . . that all perfection mocks." Beyond a passing reference,

where the occasion imperatively requires it, to the belief which the Pagan and Christian races from whose legendary stores his tales are drawn, alike entertained in a life beyond the grave, we can discover no hint in "The Earthly Paradise" that implies even respect for the idea. On the contrary, the certainty of cessation is preached with a persistence that can hardly consist with a suspense of judgment as to the possibility of life's continued existence. A view of human destiny which has commended itself to the highest intellects in every age, a hope cherished by the most loving hearts as the one consolation that makes life tolerable, is steadily ignored and in effect set aside as worthless. We are here concerned not with Mr. Morris's unbelief, but with the expression of it. It is at least surprising that a writer who acknowledges

"How good is hope to man at need,
Yea, even the least ray thereof,"

and professes such zeal for the alleviation of human misery, should show so little reverence for the sanctity of a faith which has contributed most largely to that end, and for which he has no better substitute to offer.

The aspiration from which the hope of immortality derives its main strength Mr. Morris does not wholly lack. Several of the lyrical preludes to these tales (headed with the names and suggested by the associations of the months) are charged with emotional tenderness that is unmistakably personal. In "October," after indulging a vein of morbid sentiment as to death's affording a "rest from love which ne'er the end can gain," he yields to the healthy reaction with which his heart responds,

"How can I have enough of life and love?"

It is this feeling which in more happily constituted natures blossoms into faith. That it is of the essence of love to believe itself eternal Mr. Morris shews more than once an intellectual conviction. One proof of it has already been given. Another offers in the scene where at a crisis of great peril Bellerophon and Philonoë meet to take farewell, and he describes them as feeling

"Wonder at the death they knew so nigh,
And disbelief in parting should they die."

But so perverse is the scepticism by which this conviction is controlled that, by a strange inconsistency, the lover whose feelings are thus truthfully portrayed is represented at this very time as an agnostic to whom the existence of heaven and hell was a question of indifferent concern. ("Bellerophon in Lycia;" Part IV., pp. 309-10).

The impression of melancholy which the whole poem leaves, a melancholy reflected from the self-conscious gloom of one who is

haunted by a spectre that he cannot lay, and tantalized with aspirations that he will not trust, is deepened by other evidences of the writer's moral fluctuation. His conception of love, for example, seems to be strangely shifting and indiscriminate. The preference given to the carnal over the spiritual element in it is very marked, especially in the earlier tales. In "The Doom of King Acrisius," "Cupid and Psyche," "The Watching of the Falcon," and "The Lady of the Land," there is scarcely an effort made to rise above the lower view. A myth such as "Cupid and Psyche" manifestly admitted of an essentially different treatment, and the song in the House of Love suggests that this had occurred to his mind, but the hint has not been worked out. That it is not the Hellenic idea of love which is defective in this respect, Mr. Morris clearly recognizes by the selection of at least two subjects wherein the higher elements are supremely dominant. In the first of these, "The Love of Alcestis," if he has failed to draw out so impressively as Mr. Browning has since done, the deeper significance of the story, he does justice to the nobility of the sacrifice which an exalted affection is capable of making for a dear albeit ignoble object. In the antithetical legend of "The Death of Paris," he has painted with rare skill the emotional conflict that rages in the breast of *Ænone* when her sometime lover implores her to heal him of his deadly wound, the agonized resolution with which, when convinced of his faithlessness, she nerves her heart to refuse the boon, rather than see him again enslaved by the unworthy passion which has brought ruin on himself and his country. No finer type of womanhood, again, can be conceived than Mr. Morris has drawn in *Philonœ*, the purely passionate, gentle, devoted heroine of "Bellerophon in Lycia;" and he has confronted her with the sensual, hard, selfish type of her sister *Sthenobœa* with evident appreciation of the contrast. But he has lavished greater art upon the portrait of the cold, calculating, ambitious *Rhodope* in the story that bears her name, than upon the tender, generous, lowly-minded heroine of "The Man born to be King," without betraying an indication that one type is less deserving of admiration than the other. It may be urged in defence of this indiscrimination, perhaps, that the several narrators of the tales are supposed to be chargeable with their treatment, and that the writer is no more responsible than a dramatist for the action of his characters. But the plea is set aside by the fact that the narrators, unlike Chaucer's, are merely lay figures, the only pronounced individuality being that of the poet himself. Having been at such pains to impress upon us how completely he has exchanged the unconsciousness of the rhapsodist for the self-consciousness of the preacher, he cannot divest himself of the obligations incident to the part. The same fluctuation is apparent in the tone of the reflections with which the narrative is plentifully interspersed. One of the most

fatal symptoms of moral sickness is betrayed in the passage commencing "O many-peopled Earth" (Part IV. p. 367), where the reluctance of men, who otherwise interchange confidences frankly, to disclose their suffering from unrequited affection, is attributed to their secret conviction that the value of love is really illusory, seeing

"What a pain it is,
How little balanced by the sullied bliss
They win for some few minutes of their lives."

In another page, however, we have an exhortation which dispels the fear that this mistrust is an abiding sentiment:—

"O thou who clingest still to life and love,
Though nought of good, no God thou may'st discern,
Though nought that is thine utmost woe can move,
Though no soul knows wherewith thine heart doth yearn,
Yet since thy weary lips no curse can learn,
Cast no least thing thou lovedst once away,
Since yet perchance thine eyes shall see the day."

The strain of kindly sympathy and sorrowful resignation which runs through the prelude, epilogue, and *l'envoi*, is disagreeably jarred by such a discordant note of cynicism as this:—

"For ever must the rich man hate the poor ;"

and an outburst of rebellious pessimism like the following:—

"The Gods both happy and forlorn
Have set in one world, each to each to be
A vain rebuke, a bitter mockery."

The tone of this last passage bears pretty plain marks of its origin, but it would be rash to infer from the repetition of a catch-word or two that the writer had any real sympathy with the school of which Mr. Swinburne is the English representative. An occasional expression of discontent, however bitter, differs widely from the persistent and violent negation of the "Songs before Sunrise," and the yearning pathos of Mr. Morris's despondency is unlike, not in degree but in kind, to the ghastly recklessness of despair which was a dominant note of the "Poems and Ballads." Nor can we endorse the censure in which Mr. Buchanan has involved him as sharing the "fleshy" tendencies characteristic of the same school.* His uncertain handling of the subject of love has been admitted, but even when the preference given to the sensuous conception of it is most marked, there is no such indelicacy in the treatment as may be fairly charged against Mr. Rossetti's; still less is there a trace of that depraved sympathy with the developments of lust in disease which so revolts us in the author of "Anactoria" and "Erotion." Mr. Morris's subtle delineation in "The Hill of Venus" of the successive phases of carnal slavery and emancipation—the spiritual chaos that precedes the sudden lapse, the gradual disenchantment in spite of every

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Oct., 1871, p. 334 et seq.

effort to defer "the dreadful dawn," the long-drawn weariness of satiety, and the self-loathing sense of degradation that attends the awakening recoil—opposes as powerful a protest as any in modern poetry against the teaching of the school with which his name has been undeservedly associated.

The only other exception we shall take as respects the moral drift of his collective tales is to the partiality displayed for a type of lover, whose querulous craving and nerveless questing for satisfaction accord ill with the masculine virtues of courage, self-control, and determination. When, like *Accontius*, and *John* (in "*The Land East of the Sun*") these lovers succeed in their aim, they do so rather by help of Heaven's grace or Fortune's caprice than of their own energy. Miracles are wrought for them; it is not they who vanquish their difficulties. When they fail, like "the man who never laughed again" and his fellow-victims, they die of grief for their frustrated hope almost without a struggle. A poet who can delineate the heroic type so skilfully as in the figures of *Bellerophon* and *Kiartan*, tries the patience of his readers by expending greater space upon less worthy conceptions.

With these qualifications we have only grateful admiration to express for the high artistic qualities displayed in "*The Earthly Paradise*," the Oriental prodigality of invention, the graceful scholarship, the delicate apprehension of natural beauty, the tenderness of sentiment, the mastery of musical diction discernible in almost every tale, and the rarer but striking evidences of moral insight and dramatic power. Though his subjects have been selected from Greek, Norse, and Persian sources, which have been already well ransacked, there is none that greets us as a familiar story, none in which the pictorial tracery is not newly designed and freshly coloured. In some cases the outline may be assumed original. How much, if any, of "*The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon*," for instance, is legendary we know not. The tale, at all events, is eminently characteristic of the Norse imagination, and if not founded upon one of its native products, attests how thoroughly Mr. Morris has become imbued with its genius. The incidents of the narrative, especially the hero's first vision of his Fairy-love, as she dances and sings at dawn on the meadow with her sisters, holding in her hand the doffed swan-skin, which is her earthly disguise, are exquisite in their simplicity and grace. "*The Man born to be King*" is a scarcely less admirable example of pure narrative. In the homeliness of the detail the essential life-likeness of the description consists, but the principle of selection adopted avoids the errors into which Dutch art fell by over-realism. In both these poems skilful management of the eight-syllable couplet lends an added charm to the diction. We may take, as a typical specimen, a passage from the latter, which combines these features in a single picture:—

"So long he rode he drew anigh
 A mill upon the river's brim,
 That seemed a goodly place to him,
 For o'er the oily smooth mill-head
 There hung the apples growing red,
 And many an ancient apple-tree
 Within the orchard could he see,
 While the smooth millwalls white and black
 Shook to the great wheels' measured clack,
 And grumble of the gear within;
 While o'er the roof that dulled that din
 The doves sat crooning half the day,
 And round the half-cut stack of hay
 The sparrows fluttered twittering."

A different picture from "The Doom of King Acrisius" illustrates the same mode of treatment applied to strict landscape:—

"Now underneath the scarped cliffs of the bay
 From horn to horn a belt of sand there lay,
 Fast lessening as the flood-tide swallowed it;
 There all about did the sea-swallows flit,
 And from the black rocks yellow hawks flew down,
 And cormorants fished amidst the sea-weed brown,
 Or on the low rocks nigh unto the sea,
 While over all the fresh wind merrily
 Blew from the sea, and o'er the pale blue sky
 Thin clouds were stretched the way the wind went by."

The treatment of classical subjects approaches the mediæval rather than the modern point of view, in keeping with the period at which the narrators are supposed to live. Throughout the work, indeed, the writer shews that thorough familiarity with mediæval thought and feeling of which his early studies were the first-fruit. An excellent instance of this is the reason which the sub-prior Adrian (in "The Man born to be King") assigns for ringing the lost-bell when travelling through an unpeopled district to administer absolution to a dying communicant:—

"I took between mine hands the Lord,
 And bade the boy bear forth the bell,
 For though few folk were there to tell
 Who passed that way, natheless I trow
 The beasts were glad that news to know."

The realization in the following passage of a scene in England during the palmy days of monastic rule is very life-like:—

"Above the green and unburnt fen
 The little houses of an English town,
 Cross-timbered, thatched with fen-reeds coarse and brown,
 And high o'er these, three gables, great and fair,
 That slender rods of columns do upbear
 Over the minster doors, and imagery
 Of kings, and flowers no summer field doth see,
 Wrought on those gables. Yea, I heard withal,
 In the fresh morning air, the trowels fall

Upon the stone, a thin noise far away ;
 For high up wrought the masons on that day,
 Since to the monks that house seemed scarcely well
 Till they had set a spire or pinnacle
 Each side the great porch."

The extracts made from "Jason" have so well attested Mr. Morris's skill in reproducing the life of ancient Greece, that we need not add much to them. We may instance the description of Sthenobœa and her maidens spinning in the fountained court of the palace as specially pictorial, but it is too long for citation. ("Bellerophon in Argos," Part IV., pp. 110-111). In the "Ring given to Venus," there is a night-procession of the Pagan deities which would furnish an impressive theme to such a painter as Mr. Leighton. The figure of the disguised Apollo at the court of Admetus might in like manner be commended to such a sculptor as Mr. Story:—

For morns there were when he the man would meet,
 His hair wreathed round with bay and blossoms sweet,
 Gazing distraught into the brightening east,
 Nor taking heed of either man or beast,
 Or any thing that was upon the earth ;
 Or sometimes midst the hottest of the mirth,
 Within the King's hall, would he seem to wake
 As from a dream, and his stringed tortoise take,
 And strike the chords unbidden, till the hall
 Filled with the glorious sound from wall to wall,
 Trembled and seemed as it would melt away,
 And sunken down the faces weeping lay,
 That erewhile laughed the loudest ; only he
 Stood upright, looking forward steadily
 With sparkling eyes as one who cannot weep,
 Until the storm of music sank to sleep."

(*"The Love of Alceſtis."*)

The feeling for landscape evinced in the extracts already given may be shown to better advantage in this home-sketch:—

"Across the gap made by our English hinds,
 Amidst the Romans' handiwork, behold
 Far off the long-roofed church ; the shepherd binds
 The withy round the hurdles of his fold ;
 Down in the foss the river fed of old,
 That through long lapse of time has grown to be
 The little grassy valley that you see.
 Rest here awhile, not yet the eve is still,
 The bees are wandering yet, and you may hear
 The barley mowers on the trenched hill,
 The sheep-bells, and the restless changing weir,
 All little sounds made musical and clear
 Beneath the sky that burning August gives,
 While yet the thought of glorious Summer lives."

The tender melaancholy which, in spite of its morbid excess, constitutes one of the most fascinating of Mr. Morris's gifts, makes itself felt in the following passages:—

"Two gates unto the road of life there are,
 And to the happy youth both seem afar,
 Both seem afar, so far the past one seems,
 The gate of birth, made dim with many dreams,
 Bright with remembered hopes, beset with flowers;
 So far it seems he cannot count the hours
 That to this midway path have led him on,
 Where every joy of life now seemeth won—
 So far, he thinks not of the other gate,
 Within whose shade the ghosts of dead hopes wait
 To call upon him as he draws anear,
 Despoiled, alone, and dull with many a fear,
 Where is thy work? how little thou hast done,
 Where are thy friends, why art thou so alone?"

The declining years of the Wanderers form the subject of this simile:—

"Therefore their latter journey to the grave
 Was like those days of later autumn-tide,
 When he who in some town may chance to bide
 Opens the window for the balmy air,
 And seeing the golden hazy sky so fair
 And from some city-garden hearing still
 The wheeling rooks the air with music fill,
 Sweet hopeful music, thinketh,—Is this spring,
 Surely the year can scarce be perishing?
 But then he leaves the clamour of the town,
 And sees the withered scanty leaves fall down;
 The half-ploughed field, the flowerless garden-plot,
 The dark full stream by summer long forgot,
 The tangled hedges where, relaxed and dead,
 The twining plants their withered berries shed,
 And feels therewith the treachery of the sun,
 And knows the pleasant time is well-nigh done."

Of the many examples of pathos in which the poem abounds, we should select, if space permitted, the soliloquy of Medusa in "The Doom of King Acrisius," and the farewell speech of Alcestis as the finest. There is a touching tenderness in the words of Andromeda to Perseus, when in the midst of their loving colloquy she sees the monster approaching:—

"Look seaward and behold! my death draws nigh;
 Not thine—not thine; but kiss me ere I die;
 Alas! how many things I had to tell,
 For certainly I should have loved thee well."

The mastery of musical language which Mr. Morris shews will scarcely need further proof. The adroit use of archaisms is not carried beyond the legitimate limits observed in "Jason." Though for the most part his diction keeps a uniform sobriety of colour, and lacks the jewelled phrases with which Keats and Mr. Tennyson enrich their narrative, it abounds in characteristic epithets, such as "the brown bird," for the nightingale, "the pink-foot dove," &c., which, like Homer, he repeats continually without fear that his

hearers will be tired. The variety of metres employed in the course of the work, however, greatly assists our enjoyment. An adaptation of *settima rima*, which is a favourite with him, is new, we think, to English verse, and forms a welcome addition to its resources.

Of the rarer and higher merits to which we have referred, the writer's moral insight may best appear in the reflections severally ascribed to the unscrupulous, sensual Sthenobœa and the honourable, chaste Bellerophon, after the scene wherein he has resisted her allurements. The temptress perceives that she must change her tactics :—

"I know not good and ill, but yet through all
Know that the gods a just man him would call ;
Nay, and I knew it when I saw him first,
And in my heart sprang up that glorious thirst ;
And should he, not being base, yield suddenly,
And as the basest man, not loving me,
Take all I gave him, and cast all his life
Into a tangled and dishonoured strife ?
Nay, it could never be ; but now indeed
Somewhat with pity of me his heart may bleed,
Since he is good, and he shall think of me
Nor shall my next speech to him be so vain."

Bellerophon, on his part, leaves her with the sense that to have been even tempted constitutes an injury to his master, her husband :—

"Shamed he felt,
E'en as a just man who in sleep hath dealt
Unjustly."

The dramatic power visible in the contrast of these two characters is exhibited throughout the work in the only form admissible to narrative poetry, that of incisive and vigorous portraiture. "The Lovers of Gudrun," a rendering of one of the finest Icelandic legends, is a marked example of this ; but the poem must be read as a whole in order to apprehend its force. We can only select one scene, wherein Thorgerd, the aged mother of the murdered Kiartan, rouses her surviving sons to avenge his death. The period is just subsequent to the introduction of Christianity into the island, where, though welcomed by the young, it has obtained the bare assent of the elder generation. The family are assembled at the board, and the memory of the dead has been pledged in silence, when the eyes of all present meet

"Grey Thorgerd's smile
Scornful and fierce, who therewithal rose up
And laid her hand upon a silver cup,
And drew from out her cloak a jewelled sword,
And cast it ringing on the oaken board,
And o'er the hall's noise high her clear voice shrilled ;
'If the old gods by Christ and mass are killed

Or driven away, yet am I left behind,
 Daughter of Egil, and with such a mind
 As Egil had ; wherefore if Asa Thor
 Has never lived, and there are men no more
 Within the land, yet by this king's gift here,
 And by this cup Thor owned once, do I swear
 That the false foster-brother shall be slain
 Before three summers have come round again,
 If but my hand must bring him to his end ! ”

It would be difficult to condense into a smaller compass the lineaments of that stern type of womanhood which was fashioned by the cult of Odin, and supplied fit wives and mothers to the ruthless Sea-kings.

Of all dramatic passages in the work, however, we are most impressed by the last interview between Paris and *Ænone*, already mentioned. In the scorn of his cowardice and treachery, which uplifts her to the dignity of a Nemesis, and the revulsion of feeling by which, ere the penalty is inflicted, she is melted again into womanly tenderness, there are the elements of high tragedy:—

“ Harken ! ” she said,
 ‘ Death is anear thee ; is then death so ill
 With me anigh thee—since Troy is as dead,
 Ere many tides the Xanthus’ mouth shall fill,
 And thou art reft of her that harmed me still,
 Whatso may change—shall I heal thee for this,
 That thou may’st die more mad for her last kiss ? . . .
 . . . Trembling he stretched out his hand to her,
 Although self-loathing and strange hate did tear
 His heart that Death made cold e’en as he said,
 ‘ Whatso thou wilt shall be remembered ;
 Whatso thou wilt, O love, shall be forgot,—
 It may be I shall love thee as of old ! ’
 As thunder laughs she laughed—‘ Nay touch me not !
 Touch me not, fool ! ’ she cried, ‘ Thou grow’st a-cold,
 And I am Death, Death, Death !—the tale is told
 Of all thy days ! of all those joyous days
 When thinking nought of me thou garneredst praise. . . .
 Nay, speak not ; think not of me ! think of her
 Who made me this ; and back unto her wend,
 Lest her lot, too, should be yet heavier !
 I will depart for fear thou diest here,
 Lest I should see thy woeful ghost forlorn
 Here wandering ever ’twixt the night and morn.
 —O heart grown wise, wilt thou not let me go ?
 Will ye be never satisfied, O eyes,
 With gazing on my misery and my woe ?
 O foolish, quivering heart, now grown so wise,
 What folly is it that from out thee cries
 To be all close to him once more, once more
 Ere yet the dark stream cleaveth shore from shore.’ . . .
 A little while she stood, and spake no word,
 But hung above him, with white heaving breast,
 And moaning still, as moans the grey-winged bird
 In autumn-tide o’er his forgotten nest ;
 And then her hands about her throat she pressed,

As though to keep a cry back, then stooped down
 And set her face to his, while spake her moan ;
 ' O love, O cherished more than I can tell,
 Through years of woe, O love, my life and bane,
 My joy and grief, farewell, farewell, farewell !
 Forgetfulness of grief I yet may gain ;
 In some wise may come ending to my pain ;
 It may be yet the gods will have me glad !
 Yet, love, I would that thee and pain I had.
 Alas, it may not be, it may not be.
 Yet would, O love, with thee I might abide.
 Now, now that restful death is drawing nigh—
 Farewell, farewell, how good it is to die ! ”

These artistic merits are undoubtedly balanced by corresponding defects, which it is to be hoped Mr. Morris will hereafter see reason to remedy. The one most easily remediable is his diffuseness of style. This was perceptible in “Jason,” but the habit has since grown upon him, and in a work of greater length is proportionately worse. In such a description as the following it is exaggerated to the verge of tautology :—

“ A seemly man and fair,
 No more a youth, but bearing not the load
 Of many years ; he might have seen the wear
 Of thirty summers.”

Elsewhere it takes the form of irrelevant suggestion, and answers to what in painting would be called scattering of light. A pretty comparison of the mingled voices of an applauding audience to the noisy twittering of a bird's nest at dawn is thus spoilt by the introduction of a superfluous idea :—

“ And with a sweet sound was the hall fulfilled,
 E'en like the noise that from the thin woods' side
 Swims through the dawning day at April-tide,
 Across the speckled eggs, when from the brown
 Soft feathers glittering eyes are looking down
 Over the dewy meads, *too fresh and fair,*
 For aught but lovely feet to wander there.”

It is probably owing to deficient concentration that Mr. Morris, usually so lucid, now and then becomes obscure ; unlike most poets, who generally err in this respect from excess of terseness. His facility of expression is so great, and his fancy so active in suggestion, that he strays at times into a maze of thought where the thread is lost. It is not worth while to give instances, but they will be readily found.

Other faults equally remediable are his habitual inaccuracy of accentuation, an occasional tendency to overload his epithets, as in the line,—

“ But the sad, dying, autumn field flowers fair,”

and to exaggerate what has before been noted as a Chaucerian

reminiscence, the repetition of favourite idioms, such as "twixt kiss and kiss," "this and that," &c.; a mannerism agreeable enough in a new writer, but apt to grow tiresome when it becomes inveterate.

The only other defect we shall notice constitutes an essential difference between him and his master, Chaucer, the conspicuous absence of humour. If congenital, we need not waste words in deploring it, but if, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Morris possesses the gift and designedly withholds the exhibition of it, the error of judgment seems to us lamentable. Oppressed by the poet's overshadowing gloom, and never suffered by the most cheerful of his narrators to transcend the bounds of a gentle satisfaction, how greatly would the reader be relieved to hear once and again the genial voice and jolly laugh of "Oure Hoste," or "The Nonnes Preste!" It is strange enough that a disciple so observant of his master's least peculiarities (such, *e.g.*, as the preference for grey-eyed heroines) should neglect to follow his lead in a matter of capital importance.

Notwithstanding all its faults of commission and omission, however, "The Earthly Paradise" is a work of which our generation may well be proud. Whatever else may be thought of its drift, it is dignified by seriousness of purpose; amid copious variety it preserves a unity of structure, and bears throughout the honourable stamp of artistic craftsmanship.

"Love is Enough," Mr. Morris's latest poem, will not rank, we think, among his highest efforts. The adaptation to modern taste of a mediæval "Morality" has been an experiment of which the result does not tempt us to desire a repetition. The dramatic form lacks its *raison d'être* when there is no action to support, and an abstract personage such as Love is apt to talk too metaphysically to be readily intelligible to a concrete audience. The sing-song monotony of the dactylic measure, and the cloying alliteration of the language combine to produce an effect of weakness which is increased rather than diminished by the prevailing tone of the poem. The motive is similar to that of Shelley's "Alastor," and elaborates an idea which runs through several tales in "The Earthly Paradise." Pharamond, the hero, is indeed represented to us as having been in former years a pattern-king, undaunted in adversity, unspoilt by prosperity,—a gallant soldier in the field, a wise judge on the throne. But we only see him as the slave of phantasy, haunted by dreams of an ideal love which benumb his energies and destroy his peace. Faint with the sickness of hope deferred, he deserts his people without explanation or misgiving, and attended by one faithful follower, wanders over land and sea, enduring grievous perils, until he realizes in a lowly maiden the fair enchantress of his visions. He returns home to find his throne occupied and his people's affections estranged. After some unreasonable surprise at their ingratitude, and a few cynical reflections upon the usurper, he abdicates without a pang, and

cheerfully retires to love and obscurity. A hero of this calibre may excite sympathy, but scarcely admiration. Azalais, his love, is a dimly-defined conception. She appears but once, to fall instantly in love with the sleeping stranger, and accept without scruple or inquiry the recognition with which he greets her on waking. The only natural character in the "Morality" is the henchman Oliver, whose unquestioning devotion to his master is truthfully, if not very originally, portrayed. "Love," who between each scene appears before the curtain in an emblematic disguise, and whose ministers are supposed to chaunt the lyrical interludes that follow, partakes too much of that emasculated, sickly type with which Mr. Simeon Solomon's designs have made us familiar, to inspire reverence. The vein of symbolic sentiment which pervades the lyrics is presented at its best in the following stanza:—

"Love is enough : ho, ye who seek saving,
Go no further ; come hither, there have been who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfilment of Craving,
These know the Cup with the roses around it ;
These know the World's Wound, and the balm that hath bound it ;
Cry out, the World heedeth not, ' Love, lead us home ! ' "

Though the mode of its presentment is open to these objections, the drift of the *Morality* is quite unexceptionable. That Love is the law of life, the only worthy end of existence, a certain solace for this world, and even, as one passage seems to hint, a ground of hope for another, we are left in no doubt is the poet's genuine conviction. The universality of love's dominion is gracefully typified by exhibiting its influence over three couples of unequal rank, a newly wedded Emperor and Empress, in whose honour the *Morality* is played, the actor and actress who fill the leading parts, and a rustic pair, selected from the throng of spectators. The simple, tender converse of the latter is full of charm, and one of the few finished pictures of the poem is the description which the young wife gives of the peaceful home, to which after the play is over she is longing to return :—

"E'en now meseems the cows are come
Unto the grey gates of our home,
And low to hear the milking-pail ;
The peacock spreads abroad his tail
Against the sun, as down the lane
The milkmaids pass the moveless wain,
And stable door where the roan team
An hour ago began to dream
Over the dusty oats."

Nothing that Mr. Morris writes is lacking in grace, and here and there will be found an exquisitely musical line, such as

"Till her hallowed eyes drew me a space into heaven,"

which makes amends for many a harsh one; and a vignette such as this,

“Lo! here comes the sun o’er the tops of the mountains,
And she with his light in her hair comes before him,
As solemn and fair as the dawn of the May-tide
On some isle of mid-ocean when all winds are sleeping;”

which redeems many pages of monotonous sentiment. The weakness and strength of the poem, in brief, are well summed up in the closing words with which “Love” preludes the entrance of the human actors:—

“Rather caught up at hazard is the pipe,
That mixed *with scent of roses over-ripe*,
And murmur of the summer afternoon,
May charm you somewhat with its wavering tune
‘Twixt joy and sadness: whatsoe’er it saith,
I know *at least there breathes through it my breath.*”

Mr. Morris, we may hope, has a long career before him. Though he cannot take rank as an original force, he has shown a capacity of growth as an artist which entitles his generation to form larger expectations of him. One expectation his latest poem gives us reason to think he may ere long fulfil, by attaining to something like spiritual confidence. Return to his early stand-point of unconscious serenity is plainly impossible, but, like the poet whose mental progress we recently endeavoured to delineate,* he may, by the very agency of self-consciousness, rough-hew a path from scepticism to conviction which, though falling far short of orthodoxy, may possess all the security of faith.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Sept., 1874.



MAN TRANS-CORPOREAL,
THE SUBSTANCE RATHER THAN THE SHADOW OF THE
MERE MATERIAL MAN.

*"It is no part of my philosophy to turn away from
serious thoughts when they lie before me."*

SOUTHEY : *The Doctor*

IS man what he seems to be at first sight, body and little if anything else, or is he more, much more, than this? Has he to be regarded from an Aristotelian or from a Platonic point of view? * In the present matter-of-fact days, when Aristotelianism is so much in the ascendant, little heed, I fear, is likely to be paid to Plato, and less still to S. Paul and others whose claim to reverent attention is even greater than that of Plato; and it grieves me that it should be so, for, in truth, it is *not* with those who are content to look at man through the eyes of Aristotle that I find myself in company.

To Aristotle the things of sense are in every way real. Any such thing, his own body for instance, he regards as a compound made up of *ύλη*, matter, and *εἶδος*, *form*, the latter being the true substance, the constituent element, the formative principle, the energy by which the thing is produced and constituted and actualized. With the exception of mind, *νοῦς*, which is regarded as a

* "Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist." So wrote Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and so also wrote Frederick von Schlegel, the one, it may be, repeating unwittingly the remark of the other. Moreover, Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, said something to the same effect in a conversation I had with him not long before his death—a conversation to which I shall always look back with satisfaction as a memorable passage in my own life.

manifestation of pure *εἶδος* peculiar to man, all the varied phases of life belonging to man in common with plants and animals are held to have, in great part at least, a material basis, to be bodily functions. Let the body of man die, and all the life belonging to it dies also, except mind, *νοῦς*, which is supposed to join the body sometime before birth, and to take leave of the body at death, and which, as pure *εἶδος*, is indestructible. Aristotle, however, does not concern himself so much with the life belonging to pure *εἶδος*, whether manifested in human mind, or in the First Cause, as with the life which has to do with the body made up partly of *ψαλγ* and partly of *εἶδος*—with that life, in short, of which, as being more or less connected with *ψαλγ*, it is right to say that, in part at least, it has a material basis. He supposes the First Cause to be purest *εἶδος*, and therefore life in a pre-eminent sense; but he shuts out man from this source of life by making the First Cause, for all practical purposes, extra-mundane: and he is content to trace the life of man to the joint workings of the human mind and body. Nay, it is scarcely unfair to say that he is more content to refer this life to the *ψαλγ* entering into the constitution of the body than to the *εἶδος*, and that he now and then seems to confound these two elements, by speaking of *ψαλγ* as if it were all but actually *εἶδος*, and of *εἶδος* as if it might be so far materialized as to come within the reach of the senses. In a word, man, from an Aristotelian point of view, is to be regarded as a being with whom the First Cause has nothing to do, and who owes obedience only to the laws of nature—a being who at most is not much more than mere body, and whose body is of the earth earthy, in that it may be the product of a law of development by which inorganic matter has been gradually made to shape itself, through various lower forms of being, perhaps even through woman, into man.

The views of Plato are in every way opposed to these. Aristotle regards the things of sense as being really what they seem to be: Plato, on the other hand, considers them as mere phantoms, except in so far as they derive reality from things transcending sense, to which he gives the name of *ἰδέαι*, *ideas*, the things of sense being, in fact, only copies or adumbrations of these ideas—a view according to which the world of appearances, the material world, holds from the ideal world that shines through it “its entire existence in fee.” Everywhere, moreover, Plato is bent on recognizing a principle of unity in multiety and of multiety in unity, by which all things are bound together so as to be really and actually one, not only with each other, but also with a Divine Being who is at once the true centre of unity and the only source of being—who is also not merely that which is divine, but divinity personified, not merely *τὸ θεῖον*, but *ὁ θεός*. “When,” says Maurice, “we use personal language to describe the God of whom Plato speaks, we feel that we are using that

which suits best with his feelings and principles, even though, through reverence or ignorance, he forbears to use it himself. When we use personal language to describe the deity of Aristotle, we feel that it is improper and unsuitable, even if, through deference to ordinary natures, or the difficulty of inventing any other, he resorts to it himself. Theology can have no connexion with the system of Aristotle." On the other hand, Platonism has its very basis in theology. Indeed, Plato may be described as a devout transcendentalist who could very well believe that the gods might appear among men as men, and again disappear, and that men, without any miracle, might undergo corresponding changes, because he believed in the material world as something which was capable of being idealized or spiritualized so as to be rapt away from the senses, and in the ideal and spiritual world as something not unsusceptible of that material change by which it could come within the reach of the senses. Without being inconsistent with his principles as a philosopher, Plato could not be other than religious in one way or another. In all sincerity, he may have fulfilled the last wish of Socrates by offering in person a cock to Aisklepios. But not so Aristotle, who actually would have been put to death for atheism, if he had not escaped from Athens to Chalcis, and remained there ever after, even until his death in 322 B.C. At all events, believing as he did in the subordination of the material body to the ideal body—of the *εἶωλον* to the *ἰδέα*, and in the doctrine of unity, Plato could not by any possibility refer life in any of its many aspects to a material basis, or believe that man was less than a being whose nature, in very deed, was congenerous with that of the Divine Being.

Nor is a different lesson to be found in the pages which contain what are for me sacred utterances. For what is this? It is that God is all in all, and that man is the "image of God." In God "we live, and move, and have our being." "By Him all things consist." The idea of unity is thus, without confusion, associated with that of diversity, and the idea of diversity with that of unity; the association holding good, even as regards divinity itself. Enough is said, moreover, to make it necessary to believe that there is in man that which is beyond the reach of the senses, a man trans-corporeal, as well as a man corporeal, a body celestial and immortal as well as a body terrestrial and mortal, the one in every way real, the other only apparent, the one "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and "present with the Lord"; the other an earthly tabernacle, burdensome in every sense, *naked*, and "absent from the Lord," the body terrestrial being something which is to be, not put off, as by a process of un-clothing, but *clothed-upon*, mortality being swallowed up in life, death in victory. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be *clothed-upon* with our

house which is from heaven, τὸ οἰκητήριον ἡμῶν τὸ ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἐπενδύσασθαι ἐπιποθοῦντες: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked, εἰ γε καὶ ἐνδυσάμενοι, οὐ γυμνοὶ εὐρεθσόμεθα. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be *unclothed*, but *clothed-upon*, that mortality might be swallowed up of life, ἐπειδὴ οὐ θέλομεν ἐκδύσασθαι, ἀλλ' ἐπενδύσασθαι, ἵνα καταποθῇ τὸ θνητὸν ὑπὸ τῆς ζωῆς. . . . Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord (for we walk by faith, and not by sight): we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

What then? Is there a way out of these difficulties which may be made in some measure passable? No, I say to those who require a road along every stage of which they may ride or drive luxuriously, and no, more emphatically still, to those who want the speed and ease of a railway for their journeying: yes, I say to all who are content with a foot-path, always ill-made and often not made at all, and who have pleasure in the active use of their limbs. And what I have now to do is to try and make good this latter statement as best I may in the space at my disposal.

In setting about this task I shall occupy myself chiefly with the consideration of matters relating to *mind*; but I have also something to say about *body*, of which a part may perhaps be said with advantage before proceeding further.

In attempting to analyze the phenomena of body, it is difficult to keep in the background the phenomena which are supposed to belong more exclusively to mind. There is in them evidently more than what is seen. The visible body is certainly transitory. The matter of which it is made is in a state of endless flux. Matter is continually passing from the inorganic world into the organic, and from the organic back again into the inorganic. No creature is for long built up of the same material, and, in fact, the same material serves successively for the building up of countless creatures. And yet underlying this ceaseless flux is something abiding, archetypal, spiritual,—something by which these ever-floating atoms are for the time compelled to take upon themselves the bodily form in which they are manifested to the senses,—something which holds the same relation to the ordinary body as that which is held by the Platonic ἰδέα to the Platonic εἶδωλον, or by the body celestial to the body terrestrial. Without such something the ordinary body is simply nothing. Ordinary body, in short, must hold its very existence in fee from spirit, and there is no escape from this conclusion. Moreover, the traces of archetypal unity which are everywhere perceptible in the organic world may be looked upon as supplying evidence to the same effect; for may not these show that the bodies of different living creatures are not things apart, as they would seem to be at first sight, but

parts of a connected whole which has its real foundation in the unity of the Divine Being? In a word, it is impossible to rest satisfied with the conclusion that the body of which the senses take cognizance is all in all; and, the more the matter is looked into in this way, the more it becomes evident that this body is no more than the copy or adumbration of the real body. Indeed it is not impossible that the body terrestrial may undergo a change like that of which Fra Angelico and Raphael had a vision when they were inspired to paint the transfiguration of Christ in the immortal works which are yet to be seen in scarcely diminished lustre, the one in fresco on the cell-wall of the convent of S. Marco at Florence, the other on the canvas now in the Vatican,—or like that which was exemplified more or less fully in Moses when he had to veil his countenance, or in Elijah at the moment of his translation, or in Ananias, Azarias, and Misael in the midst of the fiery furnace, or in the disciples at the day of Pentecost (when, perhaps, it was not upon the heads merely that the tongues of fire rested), or in Stephen, when his countenance shone like that of an angel, or in the evangelist Philip, when he was caught away from the side of the eunuch and found again at Azotus—a change which is evidently akin to that which passed over the body of Christ, not only at the transfiguration, but also when He walked upon the sea of Galilee, or vanished from the angry crowd at Nazareth, or went about, now visible, now invisible, after the resurrection,—a body which might be realized in flesh at one moment and rapt away from the senses at the next, and which has the same relation to the body terrestrial that the body celestial may be supposed to have. And to my mind it is more easy to entertain this belief than to reject it.

Passing on to the consideration of mental phenomena, it is difficult to proceed far without perceiving that every path of inquiry leads in the same direction as that which has just been indicated when speaking of the phenomena belonging to body, and that the only perplexity lies in the choice of the path along which it may be wise to plod in the first instance. Whether the path chosen be this or that, whether it lie through the memory, or the imagination, or the intellect, or the will, or the sympathies, or the religious instincts, or the conviction of personal identity which asserts itself as *ego*, it invariably leads away from body to spirit, and from spirit to the conception of unity in the Divine Being; and what I would now do is to try and in some measure make good this statement by wandering along each of these paths in turn, without any more settled plan than that which arises out of the order in which I have chanced to name it.

As I reflect upon the phenomena of *memory*, I find myself less and less disposed to regard them as having their foundation in mere brain—as being solely due to cerebration.

Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," relates the case of a girl in which is to be found a very cogent proof that there is something *imperishable* in memory. "This case," he writes, "occurred in a Catholic town in Germany a year or two before my arrival in Göttingen, and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighbourhood, she became possessed with a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable by the known fact that she was a heretic. Voltaire humorously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men, and it would have been more to his reputation if he had taken this advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statements many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town and made cross-examination on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of these a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had this young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was labouring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step, for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length discovered the place where her parents had lived, travelled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learnt that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him for some years, even until the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much trouble, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as a housekeeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related that her venerable uncle had been much too indulgent, and could not bear to hear her scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that after her patron's death the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits, and the solution of the problem was soon obtained; for it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage in his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his favourite books. A considerable number of these were still in the

niece's possession. She added that he was a very learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made upon her nervous system."

"This authenticated case," continues Coleridge, "furnishes both proof and instance that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed, and contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that if the intellectual faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it will require only a sufficient and apportioned organization—the body *celestial*, instead of the body *terrestrial*—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more probable for heaven and earth to pass away than that a single act—a single thought—shall be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free-will, our only absolute *self*, is co-extensive and co-present."

As bearing directly upon these remarks, De Quincey also writes:—"I was once told by a near relative of mine (a woman of masculine understanding and unimpeachable veracity) that, having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she then saw her whole past life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously; and that she had at the same time a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences, I can believe. . . . And of this I feel assured, that there is no such thing as ultimate *forgetting*; traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible. A thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions in the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil. But alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscriptions remain for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed whenever the obscuring daylight itself shall have been withdrawn."

To the same effect, also, is the story told in a letter to the celebrated Dr. Wollaston by the late hydrographer to the navy, Admiral Beaufort, of his own experience in drowning—a letter which has,

I believe, found its way into print before, but which I transcribe, as far as is necessary to my present purpose, from a manuscript copy in the possession of my friend Sir Thomas Watson, who, in fact, called my attention to it.

"Many years ago," writes the Admiral, "when a youngster of the 'Aquilon' frigate, after sculling a boat about Portsmouth harbour, I was endeavouring to make her fast alongside the ship, but, the tide being strong, and the boat sheering off, I foolishly stepped on the gunwale in order to reach the ring of one of the scuttles. The boat of course upset, I tumbled into the water, and, not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and it was not until the tide had carried me some distance from the ship, that a man on the fore-top saw the splashing in the water and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant (the present Rear-Admiral Oliver) instantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after us. With the violent attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed a good deal of water, my struggles to keep myself afloat had exhausted me, and before any of my gallant preservers overtook me I had sunk below the surface. All exertions having ceased, all hope having fled, I *felt* that I was drowning.

"So far the facts were either partially remembered, or else supplied to me by those who had witnessed the scene, for during an interval of such agitation, the mind is too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair to mark the succession of ordinary events very accurately: not so, however, as regards the circumstances which immediately followed. From the moment exertion had ceased, which I imagine was immediately consequent upon complete suffocation, a feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations. It might be called apathy. It was certainly not resignation; for dying no longer appeared to be an evil, and all thought of rescue was at an end. Nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my feelings were rather of a pleasurable cast, comparable, perhaps, to those of that dull, but satisfactory, state which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, the activity of the mind seemed invigorated and excited in a ratio which defies expression, and thought succeeded thought with a rapidity which is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation.

"The course of these thoughts I can now in a great measure retrace. The event that had just taken place, the awkwardness that had produced it, the bustle it had caused on board (for I had observed the two persons leap out of the chains), the effect it would have on my most affectionate father, the manner in which he would disclose

it to the rest of the family, and a thousand other circumstances associated with home—these were the first ideas which occupied me. But my thoughts now took a wider range, and the events of the last cruise, a preceding voyage, a former shipwreck, the school where I had been educated, my boyish adventures and earliest exploits, every past incident in my life, glanced across my mind in retrograde succession, not in mere outline, as here stated, but with the picture filled up with every collateral detail. In short, my whole life seemed placed before me in a sort of panoramic review, and each act of it was accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong, or by a reflection on its causes and its consequences; indeed, many trifling affairs which had long been forgotten then crowded into my mind with a sort of recent familiarity.

"It is remarkable that the innumerable ideas which thus crowded into my mind—with one exception at the outset about the feelings of my family—were all retrospective. Yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes or fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period the most intense interest, or the most awful anticipation, would have been excited by the mere probability that I was standing on the threshold of eternity. Yet in that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had crossed the threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future. I was wrapped entirely in the past. . . .

"Whilst life was returning my feelings were painfully the reverse of those which immediately preceded the loss of consciousness. A single, miserable, confused belief that I was still drowning dwelt upon my mind—a hopeless and doubting anxiety, a kind of horrid nightmare, pressed heavily on every faculty and prevented the formation of a single distinct thought, and it was with extreme difficulty that I could at length convince myself that I was really alive. Again: instead of being free from bodily suffering, I was tortured by dull, but deep pains; and though I have since been seriously wounded in all parts of my body, and subjected to severe surgical discipline, I consider my suffering to have been far greater at that time, if not in intensity, at least in general distress."

With such experience, it is no wonder that, in the course of this letter, Admiral Beaufort should put the question: "May we not infer that in the 'prolonged instant' in which the past was so marvellously opened out there is no faint indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we are to awaken hereafter, and thus be enabled, or compelled, to contemplate our past life? Or, might it not almost warrant the startling idea that death is only a change or modification in our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption?"

In a note accompanying the copy of this letter, Sir Thomas Watson writes: "Many years ago a Mr. Impey, whom I met at

dinner, told me that James Boswell (son of Dr. Johnson's Jemmy Boswell), who was a contemporary of his at Brazenose, Oxford, and was once nearly drowned, had afterwards declared to him (Impey) that he then felt a drowsy, sleepy, undulating sensation, and that in a very short space of time the minutest circumstances of all his former life appeared before his mind in rapid succession. The present Lord Romilly, and his deceased brother Edward, also knew of similar cases; the former of a gentleman rendered insensible by immersion in the Lake of Geneva; the latter of an acquaintance of his, a Mr. Ashmore(?), who was near being drowned in this country."

And thus, at the very onset of the inquiry, there appears to be a necessity to believe that there is something *imperishable* in memory which is inexplicable on the supposition that this mental faculty is a mere function of any perishable organ like brain—something which almost appears to necessitate the conclusion that the mind, of which memory is a faculty, has its foundation deep down in *spirit*, of which *imperishability* may be an attribute, perhaps in Divine Spirit.

Moreover, it is no easy matter to rest content with the notion that all the records of the memory are written down in the brain. The knowledge of identity, by which an object once seen is recognized as having been seen, would seem to be a sufficient reason for believing that this object retains in itself some mark by which it can be recognized. Without such mark any knowledge of identity, any act of recognition, must, as it would seem, be mixed with a doubt whether the eye and mind are not, after all, dealing with a new and different object. To me, indeed, the knowledge of identity, which is involved in the act of recognition, is in itself, and by itself, a conclusive proof that the records of memory are not all kept in the ganglionic brain-cells—that some of them are to be found elsewhere; nay, it even suggests the idea that these latter may be the originals of which the former are only copies at most—copies, too, which may perhaps be dispensed with. For, after all, if mind be a spirit, what is *within* and what is *without* in relation to it? If, in the petition "Thy kingdom come," I must remember, "Neither shall they say, lo, here! or, lo, there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is *within* you;" it surely follows that my being is not less comprehensive as regards the present world. I cannot explain the conceptions of *within* and *without*, of here and there, of locality generally; but I can see that they may have to do with a present imperfect state of being. Nay, even now, I perceive dimly that in forming these conceptions I cannot altogether exclude their opposites, and that I have something to do with a state in which there is neither *within* nor *without*, neither here nor there, in which I am in very deed in some mysterious way superior to space. Even now, indeed, I can dimly perceive that

there is something in me which is not content to be cooped up in "the clay cottage in which I am tenant for life"—that I have a *spirit* of which *ubiquitousness* is an attribute—a spirit which is, in this respect, akin to the Divine Spirit. And thus, instead of there being any need that the records of memory should be copied in certain ganglionic brain-cells, all that is wanted is this—that they should remain wherever they were written down originally, no matter where; for, by virtue of its faculty of ubiquitousness, it is as easy for the mind to find them in one place as in another. Nay, it must be more easy for the mind to find the originals than the copies. In sober truth the brain is, in the main, made up, not only of water, but of water in an ever-flowing stream, and it is almost idle to suppose it possible that the memory can keep her indelible records in it. Upon such a damp tablet any writing must be, at best, but faintly legible among the blurs and blots. Or, rather, the only idea attaching to such writing is that of utter illegibility, even that idea which was in the mind of the poet, who had inscribed on his tomb in the cemetery overshadowed by the pyramid of Caius Cestius at Rome, the words, "whose name was writ in water." Moreover, to suppose that the records of memory are inscribed in these ganglionic brain-cells, is to attribute to the very simplest and crudest of organic forms, the cell, the most exalted of functions—to make a demand upon credulity almost as great as that which is required to see, potentially, man himself, body and mind, in a marine ascidian, which creature is, substantially, little more than a huge simple cell. No doubt these ganglionic brain-cells have some all-important function to fulfil in relation to memory and every other mental faculty; but it does not follow that this function is that which it is assumed to be. It may be, indeed, that they have to help in keeping up that electrical state of the brain, and of the nervous system generally, without which the manifestation of mental action by bodily action would be impossible—that the brain and the rest of the nervous system is a wonderful telegraphic apparatus, by which the mind communicates with its own body, and with other bodies. It may even be that this apparatus is so set that certain parts of the grey matter of the convolutions have to do specially with particular movements, one part concerning itself with speaking, another with handling, and so on. Or it may be that they have some other function which has yet to be discovered. But, do what I will, I cannot bring myself to suppose that it is a function of the grey matter of the cerebral convolutions to serve as a record-office for memory, and that the act of remembering is really carried on *within* a ganglionic corpuscle: and, in fact, the more I reflect upon this matter the more the conviction is forced upon me—that memory has its records, not in the brain simply, but anywhere and every-

where, wherever the mind has chanced to roam,—that the mind never leaves the place where these records are written,—and that it is by the mind being awake in these places, and by the places reacting upon the mind, as in the first instance, that the memory acts. Nor is it more easy to associate the idea of time with the workings of memory. What the eye has once seen the mind sees ever; what has once caught the ear the mind never ceases to listen to; and so also with every other impression upon the memory. What is remembered has in it something which is in reality as superior to time as it is to space—something which has to do with imperishable and ubiquitous spirit rather than with time-bound and space-bound body; and so far from thinking that memory can have its seat in the body, it seems more rational to suppose that this body can only be a clog to the free movement of memory, and that all that is wanted to allow of this free movement is the removal of this clog. At all events, the fact that a thing outside the body, once seen, is recognized as having been seen, is to me a reason for believing that the memory relating to it is, in part at least, lodged in it; and thus it is that I am left free to conclude that the mind, of which memory is a faculty, may range beyond body as a spirit may be supposed to range—that the mind, indeed, may be a spirit akin to the Divine Spirit, in having absolute superiority to time and space among its attributes.

This view of mind, as gathered from the history of memory, would also seem to derive no small degree of support from the light it throws upon more than one recondite mental phenomenon.

If mind be spirit, and if memory testify to the *immanence* of this spirit in the things remembered, wherever these may be, no matter whether without or within, then once to know anything is always to know it, and the act of *recognition* ceases to be separable from the act of *cognition*. Upon this view a thing once apprehended by the mind from that time forth becomes part and parcel of the being of him who apprehends it, and it must be recognized, if again brought under notice in any way, without any question being raised as to its identity. Once held it is never let go, and by ever holding it the mind is satisfied as to its identity.

Again: the view here taken of memory is not a little supported by the light it sheds upon the association of ideas. For if the mind remain where it roams, never vacating ground once occupied, does it not follow that the subjects or objects appropriated must ever remain in that particular relation to each other which they occupied in the first instance, so that for the memory to go back along any one chain of thought to any one link in that chain is of necessity to bring to the mind's eye the overlappings of the adjoining links?

Again: in this view of memory there is what would seem to be a

sort of explanation of the strange backward way in which memory fails as old age advances, or under the ravages of certain brain diseases. In this failure recent events are forgotten first, then those which are less and less recent in turn, until at last all that is remembered has to do only with early life. Some years ago, for example, I saw a French lady whose case supplies a memorable instance of the way in which these results are brought about by disease, the case being one of relapsing mania, with epileptiform symptoms, rapidly passing into dementia. Until she reached her sixteenth year this lady lived in France, and spoke only French; after this time she came to live in England, and began to speak English. When about twenty she married an American, and from this time, for about twenty years, she lived sometimes in America, sometimes in England, speaking English habitually, and French scarcely ever. When I saw her first, her mind was feeble, and that was all; when, after an interval of about two years, I saw her last, she had forgotten everything connected with her married life, her English not excepted; and if asked who she was, and where she was, she gave her maiden name, and mentioned the street where she had lived in Paris when a girl. So completely had she forgotten her English, and gone back to her French at this time, that it had become necessary to change an English for a French maid. What happened in this case, and happens to a greater or less extent in all cases of the kind, as well as in old age, is the very reverse of what might be expected to happen. It might be expected that the memory of early events would be the first to fade, and that of recent events the last; but in reality this is no necessary inference from the facts. If mind be spirit, indeed, it is possible that it may, as it were, go on widening through a series of concentric circles until it reaches its maturity, and that, so long as it retains its full vigour, it may keep hold upon all the memories in each of these circles, inner and outer; and that afterwards, when a contrary movement to that of development is taking place, the mind may fall asleep, as it were, in circle after circle, until at last it only remains awake in the innermost circles of all; for if it be so it will follow that the memories of recent events, which are in the outer circles, will be the first to fade, and those of early events, which are in the inner circles, the last. That would happen, in fact, which is really found to happen, so that what seemed to be exceptional at first may after all prove to be exactly in order when the law of mind is better known.

And thus memory may show, and that too in no equivocal manner, that the mind of which it is a manifestation is something more than a function of certain brain-cells, something more than a mere mode of cerebration, by showing that mind can have no less substantial a foundation than that which can only be supplied by spirit which is at once imperishable and ubiquitous in its essence.

Nor is a different conclusion to be drawn from the stories told of mind by other mental faculties.

The *imagination* is a faculty about which it is difficult to think at all without becoming bewildered. It intermeddles with all things, past, present, and to come, spurning the bounds of time and space with divine audacity. It creates for itself its own past, present, and future, and influences in a thousand ways for good or ill, not only him who imagines, but others also. In no mere figurative sense it lives and works in a world of its own. Indeed, so real is this power that the most sober and unimaginative thinker, if he think at all, cannot choose but bow before it, and confess it to be, like memory, a manifestation of a spirit which is divine in being, not only superior to time and space, but *creative* in the true, if not in the full, sense of the word. As it seems to me, it is simply idle to speak of imagination as the result of cerebration, as being anything earth-born; for as I read it the story told by this mental power is the same as that told by memory, with additions that give it greater emphasis and wider scope.

Nor is this conclusion to be set aside by saying that the imagination has to do with a dreaming rather than with a waking state of mind. Dreaming? What is it? May it not be a partial escape from the world of appearances, the world of the senses, which is emphatically the world of the waking state? May it not be a glimpse of the wider *presence*, the *trans-ego* belonging to the spiritual world—a presence, a *trans-ego*, in which that which is partial is almost lost in that which is general. Or, rather, may it not show that man is *a part of* the universe in which he is placed, and not *apart from* it in the sense in which he appears to himself in the waking state, the revelation being not altogether unlike that by which the true relations of the earth to the universe are made evident at night, when "the withdrawal of the veil of light" allows the stars to be seen? May it not be that in sleep, as in death, the portal of a fuller life is opened, and that Jacob's dream of a "ladder reaching from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth" is to show that the way to escape from the earth is in the dreaming rather than in the waking state? It was in a dream that Solomon prayed for wisdom, and became wise. Life is renewed in sleep: the incubus of the body is forgotten in sleep; and this forgetfulness, it may be, brings with it this renewal by letting the wearied sleeper—wearied because while waking he had only made use of a life which was self-contained, and, therefore, soon spent—fall into the ocean of cosmical life, or rather into the life of Him, "in whom we live and move and have our being." And, if so, then there is nothing in dreams, nothing in sleep, to invalidate the conclusion respecting mind to which the history of the imagination, no less than that of the memory, would seem to point.

As in the memory so also in the imagination there would seem to

be something which is not to be hemmed in by bodily bounds, something which points to the man beyond the reach of the senses, the *man trans-corporeal*.

I once knew a bright little English girl about five and a half years of age who could speak English or French or German with equal readiness, but who was unable to choose the language in which she had to speak. If spoken to in English she answered in English, and so also for French or German. She had a nursery governess, a German, who spoke French and English as well as her native language, and she it was who directed my attention to the curious fact in question and gave me more than one opportunity of verifying it. Again and again I heard the child addressed in each of the three languages named, and pressed to reply in one or other of the remaining two, and invariably without success. If pressed beyond a certain point she would cry, and that was all. On the part of the child there was no unwillingness to obey, and no inability to obey in any other case. Indeed, what puzzled the nursery governess, and caused her to speak to me on the subject, was that the child should be, as it seemed to her, perfectly good and obedient except in this one matter. Nor was the result different when the conversation was carried on by others. More than once I myself tried to prevail, and all I could do by coaxing, and by bribing as well, I did, but I failed as completely as the nurse. Whether the result would have been different if the child had been spoken to by another *child* I do not know. There were no other children in the house, and no polyglot children within reach; and, honestly, it did not occur to me to try this experiment while there was the chance. Nor do I know whether the peculiarity in question passed off as age advanced. Indeed, all that I know more is that this child was never strong, and that she died about eleven from some head-affection, which was supposed to have been brought on by pressing her education injudiciously; and this, also, is all that I would say upon the subject now, except that I have heard of more than one case in which, as in it, the imagination of the child in speaking would seem to have been over-ridden by that of an adult speaker, or of other children—to be so over-ridden, in short, as to give no little confirmation to the notion that the child was not altogether shut in within the bounds of its visible body,—that there might be actual commingling of the *trans-ego* belonging to different persons so far as the imagination is concerned.

What holds good of imagination and memory would also seem to hold good of *will*. How is it that I am *free* to say *yes* or *no*, and to act accordingly, if there be not in me a spirit which is more or less akin to the Spirit which has omnipotence for one of its attributes? How, indeed! And surely it is more easy to entertain this explanation than to accept that which regards will as mere brain-power.

Lord Bacon has also said something (*Sylva Sylvarum*, Century X., 945 and 946) which may be quoted here as supplying a reason for believing that the sphere of the will is not limited to any one brain or body, but co-extensive with that of the memory and imagination "The problem is," so runs the text, "Whether a man constantly and strongly beleaving that such a thing shall be (as that such an one will love him, or that such an one will grant him his request, or that such an one shall recover a sicknesse, or the like) it doth help anything to the effecting of the thing itselfe. And here againe we must warily distinguish, for it is not meant (as hath been partly said before) that it should help by making a man more stout, or more industrious (in which kind a constant beleafe doth much), but mearely by a secret operation, or binding, or changing the spirit of another. And in this it is hard (as we began to say) to make any new experiments, for I cannot command myselfe to beleave what I will, and so no triall can be made. Nay, it is worse, for whatsoever a man imagineth doubtingly, or with feare, must needs do hurt, if imagination have any power at all. For a man representeth that oftener that hee feareth, than the contrarie.

"The helpe therefore is, for a man to work by another, in whom he may create beleafe, and not by himselfe, untill himselfe have found by experience that imagination doth prevaile, for then experience worketh in himselfe beleafe, if the beleafe that such a thing shall be, be joyned with a beleafe that his imagination may proceede it.

"For example, I related one time to a man that was curious and vaine enough in these things, that I saw a kinde of juggler that had a paire of cards, and would tell a man what card he thought. This pretended learned man told mee, it was a mistaking in mee, for (said hee) it was not the knowledge of the man's thought (for that is proper to God), but it was the *inforcing* of a thought upon him, and binding his imagination by a stronger, that hee could thinke no other card. And thereupon he asked me a question or two, which I thought he did but cunningly, knowing before what used to be the feats of the juggler. Sir (said hee), doe you remember whether hee told the card the man thought himselfe, or bade another to tell it? I answered (as was true) that he bade another tell it. Whereunto, he said, so I thought, for (said hee) himselfe could not have put on so strong an imagination; but by telling the other the card (who beleaved that the juggler was some strange man and could doe strange things) that other man caught a strong imagination. I hearkened unto him, thinking for a vanitie hee spoke prettily. Then he asked me another question: saithe hee, doe you remember whether he bade the man thinke the card first, and afterwards told the other man in his eare what he should thinke, or else that he did whisper first in the man's eare that should tell the card, telling that such a man should thinke such a card, and after bade the man thinke a card? I told him, as

was true, that he did first whisper the man in the eare, that such a man should thinke such a card. Upon this the learned man did much exult, and please himselfe, saying, loe you may see that my opinion is right: for if the man had thought first, his thought had been fixed; but the other imagining first, bound his thoughts. Which, though it did somewhat sinke with me, yet I made it lighter than I thought, and said, I thought it was a confederacie between the juggler and the two servants, though (indeed) I had no reason so to thinke, for they were both my father's servants, and hee had never plaied in the house before. The juggler also did cause a garter to be held up, and tooke upon him to know that such an one should point in such a place of the garter, as it shoulde be neare so many inches to the longer end, and so many to the shorter. And still he did it, by first telling the imaginer, and after bidding the actour thinke."

And so likewise with the *intellect*. What power other than that of a spirit possessed in some measure of omniscience by participating in the omniscience of the Divine Spirit could venture to exercise itself, not only upon the world of sensible phenomena, but upon such abstract ideas as infinity, eternity, absolute goodness, absolute truth, absolute justice, unity in diversity, cosmical law, even God himself, bringing object and subject, law and law-giver, alike to the bar of reason, and not hesitating to pass judgment! Surely, that mental power which will be ever asking *why*, with a full conviction that it is entitled to an answer, must show that the mind, of which it is a manifestation, is a spirit of which intelligence little short of God-like must be an attribute!

It is also easy to find reason for believing that there is an outer-sphere of intelligence as well as an outer-sphere of memory and imagination and volition. I remember, for example, a circumstance in connection with the death of my grandmother which supplies me with such a reason. My grandmother, a lady considerably over seventy years of age, resided with my parents, and I was then staying at a place about four miles away from home. Everybody at home was, to all appearance, in good health, and had been so for a long time, and on that particular night I went to bed and fell asleep, without at all divining what was so soon to happen. I have no remembrance of having dreamt, and all that I know is, that after having been asleep for a couple of hours, I woke with the full conviction that my grandmother had been taken suddenly ill, that a messenger was on his way to fetch me, and that I should not reach home before all was over. A moment or two later I got up, lit a candle, looked at my watch, dressed, and waited at the window, in the full belief that my grandmother was then dead, and that I should have to go presently; and as I expected, so it was, the messenger arriving just as I was ready to return with him, and the death happening, as it proved afterwards, at the very moment I had looked

at my watch. I had not any impression at the time that there was anything supernatural in the way in which intelligence was thus conveyed to my mind. I remember nothing like a feeling of fear at the time, and I did not (I was a lad of not more than sixteen years of age) perplex myself with reasoning on the subject. It was only in after years that the fact slowly acquired significance, and I began to see it in the light in which I now see it, that is, as showing that I could know what was passing at home, not only by the promptings of the senses when there, but also, perhaps, by remaining there when seemingly elsewhere, and that in this way my intelligence might be made to tell a similar story to that already told by my memory and imagination and will.

It would also be easy to find evidence to the same effect in the strange way in which, without any help from the senses, one person will often divine the thoughts of another person, or in which the same thought will often occur to two or more persons simultaneously; but I resist the temptation to dwell upon these topics, in order that I may allude to an argument which, to my mind, tells conclusively against the notion that intelligence is hemmed in within the bounds of body, or subjected to any kind of limitation—an argument which is based upon the simple conception of any abstract thought. I cannot conceive it possible, for example, that there should be any cerebral or bodily way of accounting for the idea of eternity. I might, *perhaps*, allow that impressions of a certain sort upon the brain might, by their repetition, “by myriad blows,” give rise to a notion of time; but that any multiplication of these impressions should cause the idea of time to change into that of eternity is altogether beyond my powers of comprehension. These two ideas have nothing in common; and to think that the idea of eternity should arise in this way, would seem to be almost as absurd as to suppose that a clock, by dint of continual clicking, should, instead of wearing out, come to be, not only a better timekeeper, but also a tell-tale of what happens when time ends in the timeless eternal Now. In order to the conception of the idea of eternity, as it seems to me, there must be an intelligence which is in itself eternal,—a something which may belong to an eternal *trans-ego*, but which cannot by any probability belong to mere temporal brain or body; and deal with it as I may, I cannot think otherwise than that this conception of eternity is in itself an argument for supposing that in intellect, no less than in memory and imagination and will, there is something which points to *trans-corporeity* as a paramount reality in man. And as with the idea of eternity, so also with the idea of infinity and all other abstract ideas, I cannot find room for that which is universal in that which at best is only partial; and thus it is, that in order to accommodate these abstract ideas, it is necessary to get outside the brain and outside the body,

and to believe that the true sphere of the intelligence is co-extensive with that of the Divine Spirit. Indeed, to do otherwise, and suppose that an idea like that of God or eternity or infinity can be lodged in a brain-cell, requires, as it seems to me, a greater stretch of fancy than that which would be needed in order to believe it possible that all the waters of the ocean might find their bed in a thimble.

Nor does the consideration of the mental phenomena which are of a sympathetic and religious character lead to a different conclusion respecting mind.

Men are bound together by ties which cannot be untied. The husband and wife are "one flesh" in more than a figurative sense, and it is impossible to break the links of the many chains which hold parent to child, friend to friend, and all men to home and country. Man cannot, if he would, altogether shut himself up in self. If he does not yield to the impulse to sacrifice himself for others, he feels that he ought to do it. He is often carried away by this impulse to his own destruction, as when he leaps into the water to save the life of a drowning person. He cannot entertain the mere idea of an execution, of a woman more especially, without a painful shudder: he cannot look upon death, even in its most peaceful aspect, with indifference. It is impossible to undervalue the *sympathies* which are manifest in these and a thousand other ways. It is impossible to rest content with a merely selfish interpretation of them. They must have a wider basis than that which can be supplied by the brain of any one individual man, and it is scarcely possible to escape the conclusion that there are actual, even organic bonds, between man and man, and between man and nature as a whole, and that these bonds make themselves felt through the sympathies. After what has been said, indeed, I cannot escape from the conclusion that mind must be regarded as something common to all men, perhaps as something cosmical, rather than as anything peculiar to any individual man; and, taking this view, I can in some measure see why the philosophy of Plato should lead, step by step, from the individual man to the idea of a republic of men under the superintendence of a Divine Being, and why a higher philosophy than that of Plato should bring men together in a church, with Christ for its head. After what has been said, indeed, this idea of a republic or church is the natural outcome of the argument. Nor is this conclusion invalidated when the thoughts are turned from the mind to the body, of which the senses take cognizance. For what is the actual case? It is that this very body is not so individual as it would seem to be when the evidence of the senses is not brought to the bar of reason. It is that it is inseparably bound to other bodies, and to the universe, by the force of gravity. It is,—as will be one day better known, I trust—that it is not less firmly held in the same position by "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly

bound." It is that it cannot claim more than a momentary tenure even in the matter of which it is made, for, in fact, this matter is the common property of all organic beings. And thus even the body may be generalized until it ceases to be a serious obstacle to the adoption of that generalization of mind which seems to arise naturally out of the premises—a view according to which mind is to be looked upon, not as the result of cerebration, or of any other action in man individually, but as something which is common to all mankind and to creation generally,—as something for which the limits of the material cosmos are too narrow,—as something which is not limited in any way,—as something, it may be, which is as illimitable as the Divine Spirit which underlies all things. And if mind have this foundation, then it surely follows that mind must comprehend all things, and that the reality of its grasp may be attested by the sympathies in the way which has been indicated.

A continuation of the same story is also to be found in a consideration of the mental phenomena which come under the head of *religious instincts*. In what has just been said upon the sympathetic phenomena of mind it has been seen that mind is something without rather than something within the body—something comprehending in itself all mankind and all things. In what may be said upon the *religious instincts* the sum is this—that these instincts may point to a connection of the very closest kind between humanity and Divinity. Do what I may, indeed, I cannot explain away these religious instincts, or regard them in any other light than that in which they would be regarded by Plato and in Holy Writ. Indeed, after what has been said, I feel myself at liberty to see in these instincts another proof that the mind has its foundation, not in man individually, not in man collectively, not even in nature generally, but in the Divine Being "in whom all things consist." And, going so far, I am constrained to go further still, and see in conscience, which may be regarded as one of the religious instincts, a reason for believing that the Divine Being, who is the foundation of mind, is just and true and holy as He is revealed in the Scriptures, conscience being in very deed that word of which Isaiah speaks when he says, "and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and to the left," and which at the same time enforces the conviction that the way thus indicated is the way of justice and truth and holiness. After what has been said, indeed, the story of mind as told by the religious instincts is only another chapter in the story already told of mind by memory, and imagination, and intellect, and will, and sympathy,—that mind must have its foundation in Divine Spirit, and that, so far from being hemmed in within the bounds of man's visible body, its sphere must be co-extensive with that of the Divine Spirit itself, as illimitable, as incomprehensible.

And most assuredly a consideration of the *ego* in man leads to no different conclusion respecting mind. I cannot doubt that I am. I seem compelled to believe that in this *I am* there is that which will never cease to be. And how is this? Is it that I cannot disconnect myself from Him who is Life of Life? Do I say *I am* because I have been made in the image of Him whose name is I AM? I have the warranty of Holy Scripture for putting these questions, and for answering them affirmatively, and most assuredly I am not driven to a different conclusion by my own reason. Indeed, if, as I am compelled to believe, mind be a spirit akin in its nature to Divine Spirit, it follows as a necessary consequence that the *ego* in man must find its explanation in this way, and in this way only, the *ego*, in fact, being only one among many other proofs that the mind, of which it is a manifestation, is in reality a spirit akin in its nature to the Divine Spirit—that I say *I am* by nothing less than by a “divine right” to say so.

Whither then do these arguments tend to take me? Am I really to believe that I have been made, as the Scriptures declare, in the image of God, even of Him who, according to the same records is self-existent, eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty Spirit, who is perfectly just and true and holy, the very I AM in whom all things are, without whom is nothing? Am I to believe this? Much, no doubt, remains to be done before I may be fully at liberty to give a rational assent to such belief; but even now, for anything that appears to the contrary, I may do so without being altogether irrational. For what is the conclusion respecting mind and body which would seem to be inevitable? It is that mind has its foundation in spirit possessing attributes which may, nay must, belong to a spirit created in the image of the Divine Spirit. It is that body presents no obstacle to this conclusion, body, when inquired into, becoming *one* with spirit—not by degrading spirit into flesh, not by materializing spirit, but by taking the flesh into spirit, by spiritualizing matter. In other words, spirit has to be regarded, not as an uncertain out-come from matter, having intimate connections with electricity, and heat, and other physical agencies, but as something so absolutely superior to everything material as to make it possible for man to be not wholly unbelieving when he hears the words of Christ; “Verily, I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you.” In short, the common conception of matter is altogether excluded by that of spirit: and the only conclusion to which I can come, is that spirit is a divine reality, which may at one time be manifested to the senses, either as matter, or as the more ethereal substance belonging to the “body celestial,” and at another be rapt away from the senses, and that no definition can apply to man’s spirit in its fulness, except that which is equally

applicable to the Divine Spirit, the "divinity that doth hedge a king" belonging in sober fact to man as man.

And if this be so, then it ceases to be a ground of wonder that man should be so richly endowed with mental and all other power. If he be in any true sense the image of God, he must be so endowed, and the wonder is, not that man is crowned with wisdom and understanding, but that he is so imbecile and foolish; not that he is able to will and do, but that he is so irresolute and incapable; not that he has a conscience, but that his sense of right and wrong is so seared and drowsy; not that he remembers, but that he forgets; not that his imagination ranges hither and thither without let or hindrance, but that it is so "lapsed in time and passion;" not that he is so full of life, but that death has any dominion over him. The explanation wanted is, not of *plus*, but of *minus*; and this is not difficult to find. Nothing more is required indeed than to take the whole story told of man in Scripture, and apply it. For what is there yet to tell of this story? It is that man is not now what he was at first,—what he may again become. It is that man's present state is a fallen state—a state of death, whatever this may mean. It is that Adam died on the very day on which he fell, and that thenceforth his state and that of his descendants has been a state of death,—which state of death, for anything that appears to the contrary, may mean obscurity to any degree of the divine image in man, even to the extent at present met with. And thus, after all, instead of opposing a difficulty in the way of accepting the scriptural history of man, the very imperfections at present met with in man may, when properly inquired into, only supply additional evidence in support of this history.

In a word, I find it less easy to accept the doctrine of evolution which has found such favour in the present day than to believe that each creature was created as a necessary part of a great whole, perfect in itself, and perfect in its relations to all other creatures, and to the universe in which it is placed—so perfect as to deserve to be described at the beginning as "very good,"—and that man originally was no brute-descended savage, living in a wilderness, and fighting his way upwards, step by step, to a higher level, but a demi-god, walking and talking, as a child with his parent, with the God in whose image he was made, until, for some fault of his own, he was driven out into the wilderness "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," and so far oblivious of everything relating to his high original as to look upon God as a dark deity—a very Moloch.

Without question the same archetypal plan is perceptible in the bodies of man, and of all animals below man in the scale of being. Without question it is possible to consider man bodily as standing on the topmost round of this scale, and to believe that he may have attained this position by mounting round after round from the bottom

through sub-ordinate forms of being, and also that this process of mounting would be not a little facilitated by the existence of archetypal unity in all creatures. But there is no necessary connection between the doctrine of evolution and the doctrine of archetypal unity; and, in fact, the latter doctrine is equally consistent with the belief that each round of the scale of being is always occupied by the creature belonging to it, that each creature has its own office to fulfil in its own place no less than man in his, and that it is a necessary part of a great whole. Without question, also, there are facts which show that there is a law of unity for mind as well as for body, and that there are in the creatures below man rudiments of mind, varying infinitely in degree, which may, perhaps, give some support to the notion that the mind of man may have been developed out of them by a process of evolution. But here again the same objections arise which were hinted at when speaking of body, and it may be urged that each creature mentally may be a necessary part of a great whole to which the plan of archetypal unity bears witness, that the balance of existence might be seriously disturbed if it were wanting, and that equally whether all creatures were formed upon the same plan or not. I cannot allow, however, that the question of evolution is an open question. As it seems to me, indeed, the evidence of *fact* is, to say the least, against the believers in this doctrine rather than in their favour. At all events, there is a fact belonging to mind which I can only read as showing conclusively that man is in some mysterious way cut off from the brute creation by an impassable gulf, and this is *the regularity of mental movement, which, in some of its aspects, is spoken of as instinctive*. The mental movements of man are not regular in the sense in which those of the brutes are regular. And how is this? Is it that the mind of man acts irregularly, because man's present state is one, not of true order, but of disorder? Is it that the mental movements of brutes are regular because the state of these creatures is one, not of disorder, but of order. There can be no doubt as to the answer, which is in accordance with the premises. The "whole creation groaneth in bondage," but there is no reason to believe that the brute has fallen in the sense in which man has fallen, and, therefore, it may be supposed that the mental movements of the brute, be they small or great, *must* be perfectly adapted to the circumstances in which they happen, must have the character of *instincts*, in short, because it may fairly be conceded that the *unimpeded* workings of mind, and of law generally, are always "for the best." Indeed, when fully read, I feel convinced that nothing will remain in the history of the lower forms of life to invalidate the conclusions already drawn respecting man, and that the final result will be, not to bridge-over, but to widen everywhere, the gulf which separates man from the brute creation.

C. B. RADCLIFFE.



ON THE ATMOSPHERE IN RELATION TO FOG-SIGNALLING.

PART II.

Action of Hail and Rain.

IN the first part of this article it was demonstrated that the optic transparency and acoustic transparency of our atmosphere were by no means necessarily coincident; that on days of marvellous optical clearness the atmosphere may be filled with impervious acoustic clouds, while days optically turbid may be acoustically clear. We have now to consider, in detail, the influence of various agents which have hitherto been considered potent in reference to the transmission of sound through the atmosphere.

Derham, and after him all other writers, considered that falling rain tended powerfully to obstruct sound. An observation on June 3 has been already referred to as tending to throw doubt on this conclusion. Two other crucial instances will suffice to show its untenability. On the morning of October 8 at 7.45 A.M., a thunderstorm accompanied by heavy rain broke over Dover. But the clouds subsequently cleared away, and the sun shone strongly on the sea. For a time the optical clearness of the atmosphere was extraordinary, but it was acoustically opaque. At 2.30 P.M., a densely black scowl again overspread the heavens to the W.S.W. The distance being 6 miles, and all hushed on board, the horn was heard very feebly, the siren more distinctly, while the howitzer was better than either, though not much superior to the siren.

A squall approached us from the west. In the Alps or elsewhere I have rarely seen the heavens blacker. Vast cumuli floated to the N.E. and S.E.; vast streamers of rain descended in the W.N.W.;

Huge scrolls of cloud hung in the N.; but spaces of blue were to be seen to the N.N.E.

At 7 miles distance the siren and horn were both feeble, while the guns sent us a very faint report. A dense shower now enveloped the Foreland.

The rain at length reached us; falling heavily all the way between us and the Foreland. But the sound, instead of being deadened, rose perceptibly in power. Hail was now added to the rain, and the shower reached a tropical violence, the hailstones floating thickly on the flooded deck. In the midst of this furious squall both the horns and the siren were distinctly heard; and as the shower lightened, thus lessening the local pattering, the sounds so rose in power that we heard them at a distance of $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles distinctly louder than they had been heard through the rainless atmosphere at 5 miles.

At 4 P.M. the rain had ceased and the sun shone clearly through the calm air. At 9 miles distance the horn was heard feebly, the siren clearly, while the howitzer sent us a loud report. All the sounds were better heard at this distance than they had previously been at $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from which, by the law of inverse squares, it follows that the intensity of the sound at $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles distance must have been augmented at least threefold by the descent of the rain.

On the 23rd of October, our steamer had forsaken us for shelter, and I sought to turn the weather to account by making other observations on both sides of the fog-signal station. Mr. Douglas, the Chief Engineer of the Trinity House, was good enough to undertake the observations N.E. of the Foreland; while Mr. Ayres, the Assistant Engineer, walked in the other direction. At 12.50 P.M. the wind blew a gale and broke into a thunderstorm with violent rain. Inside and outside the Cornhill Coastguard Station, a mile from the instruments in the direction of Dover, Mr. Ayres heard the sound of the siren through the storm; and after the rain had ceased, all sounds were heard distinctly louder than before. Mr. Douglas had sent a fly before him to Kingsdown, and the driver had been waiting for fifteen minutes before he arrived. During this time no sound had been heard, though 40 blasts had been blown in the interval; nor had the coastguard man on duty, a practised observer, heard any of them throughout the day. During the thunderstorm and while the rain was actually falling with a violence which Mr. Douglas describes as perfectly torrential, the sounds became audible and were heard by all.

To rain, in short, I have never been able to trace the slightest deadening influence upon sound. The reputed barrier offered by "thick weather" to the passage of sound was one of the causes which tended to produce hesitation in establishing sound-signals on our coasts. It is to be hoped that the removal of this error may redound to the advantage of coming generations of seafaring men.

Action of Snow.

Falling snow, according to Derham, is the most serious obstacle of all to the transmission of sound. We did not extend our observations at the South Foreland into snowy weather; but a previous observation of my own bears directly upon this point. On Christmas night, 1859, I arrived at Chamouni, through snow so deep as to obliterate the road-fences, and to render the labour of reaching the village arduous in the extreme. On the 26th and 27th it fell heavily. On the 27th, during a lull in the storm, I reached the Montanvert, sometimes breast-deep in snow. On the 28th, with great difficulty, two lines of stakes were set out across the glacier, with the view of determining its winter motion. On the 29th the entry in my journal, written in the morning, is, "Snow, heavy snow; it must have descended through the entire night, the quantity freshly fallen is so great."

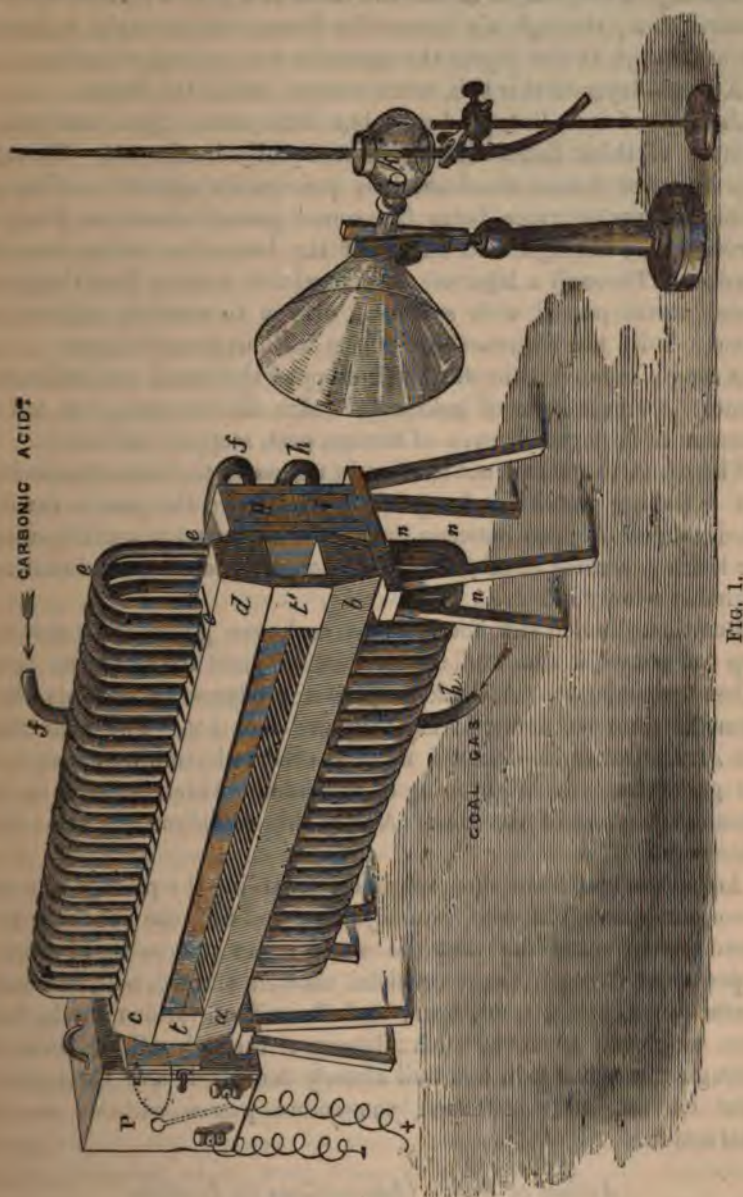
Under these circumstances I planted my theodolite beside the Mer de Glace, having waded to my position through snow which, being dry, reached nearly to my breast. Assistants were sent across the glacier with instructions to measure the displacement of a transverse line of stakes planted previously in the snow. A storm drifted up the valley, darkening the air as it approached. It reached us, the snow falling more heavily than I had ever seen it elsewhere. It soon formed a heap on the theodolite, and thickly covered my own clothes. Here, then, was a combination of snow in the air and of soft fresh snow on the ground, such as Derham could hardly have enjoyed; still through such an atmosphere I was able to make my instructions audible quite across the glacier, the distance being half a mile, while the experiment was rendered reciprocal by one of my assistants making his voice audible to me.

The flakes here were so thick that it was only at intervals that I was able to pick up the retreating forms of the men. Still the air through which the flakes fell was continuous. Did the flakes merely yield passively to the sonorous waves, swinging like the particles of air themselves to and fro as the sound waves passed them? Or did the waves bend by diffraction round the flakes, and emerge from them without sensible loss? Experiment will aid us here by showing the astonishing facility with which sound makes its way among obstacles, and passes through tissues, so long as the continuity of the air in their interstices is preserved.

A piece of millboard or of glass, a plank of wood, or the hand, placed across the open end t' of the tunnel $a b c d$ fig. 1 (next page) intercepts the sound of the bell, placed in the padded box P, and stills the sensitive flame k (described in the last article).

An ordinary cambric pocket-handkerchief, on the other hand,

stretched across the tunnel end produced hardly an appreciable effect upon the sound. Through two layers of the handkerchief the flame



was strongly agitated; through four layers it was still agitated; while through six layers, though nearly stilled, it was not entirely so.

Dipping the same handkerchief into water, and stretching a single wetted layer across the tunnel-end, it stilled the flame as effectually as the millboard or the wood. Hence the conclusion, that the sound-

waves in the first instance passed through the interstices of the cambric.

Through a single layer of thin silk the sound passed without sensible interruption ; through six layers the flame was strongly agitated ; while through twelve layers the agitation was quite perceptible.

A single layer of this silk, when wetted, stilled the flame.

A layer of soft lint produced but little effect upon the sound ; a layer of thick flannel was almost equally ineffectual. Through four layers of flannel the flame was perceptibly agitated. Through a single layer of green baize the sound passed almost as freely as through air ; through four layers of the baize the action was still sensible. Through a layer of close hard felt, half an inch thick, the sound waves passed with sufficient energy to sensibly agitate the flame. I did not witness these effects without astonishment.

A single layer of thin oiled silk stopped the sound and stilled the flame. A single layer of goldbeater's skin did the same. A leaf of common note-paper, or even of foreign post, stopped the sound.

The sensitive flame is not absolutely necessary to these experiments. Let a ticking watch be hung six inches from the ear, a cambric handkerchief dropped between it and the ear scarcely sensibly affects the ticking, a sheet of oil-skin or an intensely heated gas column cuts it almost wholly off.

But though oiled silk, foreign post, and even goldbeater's skin can stop the sound, a film sufficiently thin to yield freely to the aerial pulses transmits it. A thick soap film produces an obvious effect upon the sensitive flame, a very thin one does not. The augmentation of the transmitted sound may be observed simultaneously with the generation and brightening of the colours which indicate the increasing thinness of the film. A very thin collodion-film acts in the same way.

Acquainted with the foregoing facts regarding the passage of sound through cambric, silk, lint, flannel, baize, and felt, the reader is prepared for the statement that the sound-waves pass without sensible impediment through heavy artificial showers of rain, hail, and snow. Water-drops, seeds, sand, bran, and flocculi of various kinds, have been employed to form such showers : through all of these, as through the actual rain and hail already described, and through the snow on the Mer de Glace, the sound passes without sensible obstruction.

Action of Fog. Observations in London.

But the mariner's greatest enemy, fog, is still to be dealt with ; and here for a long time the proper conditions of experiment were absent. Up to the end of November we had had frequent days of haze, sufficiently thick to obscure the white cliffs of the Foreland, but no real fog. Still those cases furnished demonstrative evidence that the

notions entertained regarding the reflection of sound by suspended particles were wrong; for on many days of the thickest haze the sound covered twice the range attained on other days of perfect optical transparency. Such instances dissolved the association hitherto assumed to exist between acoustic transparency and optic transparency, but they left the action of dense fogs undetermined.

On December 9 a memorable fog settled down on London. I addressed a telegram to the Trinity House suggesting some gun observations. With characteristic promptness came the reply that they would be made in the afternoon at Blackwall. I went to Greenwich in the hope of hearing the guns across the river; but the delay of the train by the fog rendered my arrival too late. Over the river the fog was very dense, and through it came various sounds with great distinctness. The signal bell of an unseen barge rang clearly out at intervals, and I could plainly hear the hammering at Cubitt's Town, half a mile away, on the opposite side of the river. No deadening of the sound by the fog was apparent.

Through this fog and various local noises, Captain Atkins and Mr. Edwards heard the report of a 12-pounder cannonade with a 1-lb. charge distinctly better than the 18-pounder with a 3-lb. charge, an optically clear atmosphere, and all noise absent, on July 3.

Anxious to turn to the best account a phenomenon for which we had waited so long, I tried to grapple with the problem by experiments on a small scale. On the 10th I stationed my assistant with a whistle and organ pipe on the walk below the south-west end of the bridge dividing Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens. From the eastern end of the Serpentine I heard distinctly both the whistle and the pipe, which produced 380 waves a second. On changing places with my assistant, I heard for a time the distinct blast of the whistle only. The deeper note of the organ-pipe at length reached me, rising sometimes to great distinctness, and sometimes falling to inaudibility. The whistle showed the same intermittence as to period, but in an opposite sense; for when the whistle was faint the pipe was strong, and *vice versa*. To obtain the fundamental note of the pipe it had to be blown gently, and on the whole the whistle proved the most efficient in piercing the fog.

An extraordinary amount of sound filled the air during these experiments. The resonant roar of the Bayswater and Knightsbridge roads; the clangour of the great bell of Westminster; the railway whistles, which were frequently blown, and the fog-signals exploded at the various metropolitan stations, were all heard with extraordinary intensity. This could by no means be reconciled with the statements so categorically made regarding the acoustic impenetrability of a London fog.

On the 11th of December, the fog being denser than before, I heard every blast of the whistle, and occasional blasts of the pipe, over the

distance between the bridge and the eastern end of the Serpentine. On joining my assistant at the bridge the loud concussion of a gun was heard by both of us. A police-inspector affirmed that it came from Woolwich, and that he had heard several shots about two P.M. and previously. The fact, if a fact, was of the highest importance; so I immediately telegraphed to Woolwich for information. Professor Abel kindly furnished me with the following particulars:—

“The firing took place at 1.40 P.M. The guns proved were of comparatively small size—64-pounders, with 10-lb. charges of powder.

“The concussion experienced at my house and office, about three-quarters of a mile from the butt, was decidedly more severe than that experienced when the heaviest guns are proved with charges of 110 to 120 lbs. of powder. There was a dense fog here at the time of firing.”

These were the reports heard by the police-inspector; on subsequent inquiry it was ascertained that two guns were fired at about three P.M. These were the guns heard by myself.

Professor Abel also communicated to me the following fact:—“Our workman’s bell at the Arsenal gate, which is of moderate size and anything but clear in tone, is pretty distinctly heard by Professor Bloxam *only* when the wind is *north-east*. During the whole of last week the bell was heard with great distinctness, the wind being *south-westerly* [opposed to the sound]. The distance of the bell from Bloxam’s house is about three-quarters of a mile as the crow flies.”

Assuredly no question of science ever stood so much in need of revision as this of the transmission of sound through the atmosphere. Slowly but surely we mastered the question; and the further we advanced the more plainly it appeared that our reputed knowledge regarding it was erroneous from beginning to end.

On the morning of the 12th the fog attained its maximum density. It was not possible to read at my window, which fronted the open western sky. At 10.30 I sent an assistant to the bridge, and listened for his whistle and pipe at the eastern end of the Serpentine. The whistle rose to a shrillness far surpassing anything previously heard, but it sank sometimes almost to inaudibility; proving that though the air was on the whole highly homogeneous, acoustic clouds still drifted through the fog. A second pipe, which was quite inaudible yesterday, was plainly heard this morning. We were able to dis-course across the Serpentine to-day with much greater ease than yesterday.

During our summer observations I had once or twice been able to fix the position of the Foreland in thick haze by the direction of the sound. To-day my assistant, hidden by the fog, walked up to the Watermen’s Boat-House sounding his whistle; and I walked along the opposite side of the Serpentine, clearly appreciating for a time that the line joining us was oblique to the axis of the river. Coming

to a point which seemed to be exactly abreast of him I marked it, and on the following day, when the fog had cleared away, the marked position was found to be perfectly exact. When undisturbed by echoes, the ear, with a little practice, becomes capable of fixing with great precision the direction of a sound.

On reaching the Serpentine this morning a peal of bells, which then began to ring, seemed so close at hand that it required some reflection to convince me that they were ringing to the north of Hyde Park. The sounds fluctuated wonderfully in power. Prior to the striking of eleven by the great bell of Westminster, a nearer bell struck with loud clangour. The first five strokes of the Westminster bell were afterwards heard, one of them being extremely loud; but the six last strokes were inaudible. An assistant was stationed to attend to the twelve o'clock bells. The clock which had struck so loudly at eleven was unheard at twelve, while of the Westminster bell eight strokes out of twelve were inaudible. To such astonishing changes is the atmosphere liable.

At seven P.M. the Westminster bell striking seven was not at all heard from the Serpentine, while the nearer bell already alluded to was heard distinctly. The fog had cleared away, and the lamps on the bridge could be seen from the eastern end of the Serpentine burning brightly; but instead of the sound sharing the improvement of the light, what might be properly called an acoustic fog took the place of its optical predecessor. Several series of the whistle and organ-pipe were sounded in succession; one series only of the whistle-sounds was heard, all the others being quite inaudible. Three series of the organ-pipe were heard, but exceedingly faintly. On reversing the positions and sounding as before, nothing whatever was heard.

At eight o'clock the chimès and hour-bell of the Westminster clock were both very loud. The "acoustic fog" had shifted its position or temporarily melted away.

Extraordinary fluctuations were also observed in the case of the church bells heard in the morning; in a few seconds they would sink from a loudly ringing peal into utter silence, from which they would rapidly return to loud-tongued audibility. The intermittent drifting of fog over the sun's disk, by which his light is at times obscured, at times revealed, is the optical analogue of these effects. As regards such changes, the acoustic deportment of the atmosphere is a true transcript of its optical deportment.

At nine P.M. three strokes only of the Westminster clock were heard; the others were inaudible. The air had relapsed in part into its condition at seven P.M., when all the strokes were unheard.

The quiet of the park this evening, as contrasted with the resonant roar which filled the air on the two preceding days, was very remarkable. The sound, in fact, was stifled in the optically clear but acoustically flocculent atmosphere.

On the 13th, the fog being displaced by thin haze, I went again to the Serpentine. The carriage-sounds were damped to an extraordinary degree. The roar of the Knightsbridge and Bayswater roads had subsided, the tread of troops which passed us a little way off was unheard, while at eleven A.M. both the chimes and the hour-bell of the Westminster clock were stifled. Subjectively considered, all was favourable to auditory impressions; but the very cause that damped the local noises extinguished our experimental sounds. The voice across the Serpentine to-day, with my assistant plainly visible in front of me, was distinctly feebler than it had been when each of us was hidden from the other in the densest fog.

Placing the source of sound at the eastern end of the Serpentine, I walked along its edge from the bridge towards the end. The distance between these two points is about 1000 paces. After five hundred of them had been stepped, the sound was not so distinct as it had been at the bridge on the day of densest fog; hence, by the law of inverse squares, the optical cleansing of the air through the melting away of the fog had so darkened it acoustically, that a sound generated at the eastern end of the Serpentine was lowered to one-fourth of its intensity at a point midway between the end and the bridge.

To these demonstrative observations one or two subsequent ones may be added. On several of the moist and warm days at the beginning of this year I stood at noon beside the railing of St. James's Park, near Buckingham Palace, three-quarters of a mile from the clock tower, which was clearly visible. Not a single stroke of "Big Ben" was heard. On January 19 fog and drizzling rain obscured the tower; still from the same position I not only heard the strokes of the great bell but also the chimes of the quarter bells.

During the exceedingly dense and "dripping" fog of January 22, from the same railings, I heard every stroke of the bell. At the end of the Serpentine, when the fog was densest, the Westminster bell was heard striking loudly eleven. Towards evening this fog began to melt away, and at six o'clock I went to the end of the Serpentine to observe the effect of the optical clearing upon the sound. Not one of the strokes reached me. At nine o'clock and at ten o'clock my assistant was in the same position, and on both occasions he failed to hear a single stroke of the bell. It was a case precisely similar to that of December 13, when the dissolution of the fog was accompanied by a decided acoustic thickening of the air.*

Observations at the South Foreland.

Satisfactory and indeed conclusive as these results seemed, I desired exceedingly to confirm them by experiments with the instruments

* A friend informs me that he has followed a pack of hounds on a clear calm day without hearing a single yelp from the dogs; while on calm foggy days from the same distance the musical roar of the pack was loudly audible.

actually employed at the South Foreland. On the 10th of February I had the gratification of receiving the following note and enclosure from the Deputy Master of Trinity House :—

“MY DEAR TYNDALL,—The enclosed will show how accurately your views have been verified, and I send them on at once without waiting for the details. I think you will be glad to have them, and as soon as I get the report it shall be sent to you. I made up my mind ten days ago that there would be a chance in the light foggy-disposed weather at home, and therefore sent the *Argus* off at an hour's notice, and requested the Fog Committee to keep one member on board. On Friday I was so satisfied that the fog would occur that I sent Edwards down to record the observations. . . .

“Very truly yours,

“FRED. ARROW.”

The enclosure referred to was notes from Captain Atkins and Mr. Edwards. Captain Atkins writes thus :—

“As arranged, I came down here by the mail express, meeting Mr. Edwards at Cannon Street. We put up at the Dover Castle, and next morning at 7 I was awake by the sounds of the siren. On jumping up I discovered that the long-looked-for fog had arrived, and that the *Argus* had left her moorings.

“However, had I been on board, the instructions I left with Troughton (the master of the *Argus*) could not have been better carried out. About noon the fog cleared up and the *Argus* returned to her moorings, when I learned that they had taken both siren and horn sounds to a distance of 11 miles from the station, where they dropped a buoy. This I know to be correct, as I have this morning recovered the buoy, and the distances both in and out agree with Troughton's statement. I have also been to the Varne light-ship, (12½ miles from the Foreland), and ascertained that during the fog of Saturday forenoon they ‘distinctly’ heard the sounds.”

Mr. Edwards, who was constantly at my side during our summer and autumn observations, and who is thoroughly competent to form a comparative estimate of the strength of the sounds, states that the sounds were “extraordinarily loud,” both Captain Atkins and himself being awake by them. He does not remember ever before hearing the sounds so loud in Dover; it seemed as though the observers were close to the instruments.

Other days of fog preceded this one, and they were all days of acoustic transparency, the day of densest fog being acoustically the clearest of all.

The results here recorded are of the highest importance, for they bring us face to face with a dense fog and an actual fog-signal, and confirm in the most conclusive manner the previous observations.

The fact of Captain Atkins and Mr. Edwards being awakened by the siren proves, beyond all our previous experience, its power during the fog on the 7th of February.

It is exceedingly interesting to compare the transmission of sound on February 7 with its transmission on October 14. The wind on both days had the same strength and direction. My notes of the observations show the latter to have been throughout a day of extreme optical clearness. The range was 10 miles. During the fog of February 7, the *Argus* heard the sound at 11 miles; and it was also heard at the Varne light-vessel, which is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Foreland.

It is also worthy of note that through the same fog the sounds were well heard at the South Sand Head light-vessel, which is in the opposite direction from the South Foreland, and actually behind the siren. For this important circumstance is to be borne in mind: on February 7 the siren happened to be pointed, not towards the *Argus*, but towards Dover. Had the yacht been in the axis of the instrument, it is highly probable that the sound would have been heard all the way across to the coast of France.

It is hardly necessary for me to say a word to guard myself against the misconception that I consider sound to be assisted by the fog itself. The fog particles have no more influence upon the waves of sound than the suspended particles stirred up over the banks of Newfoundland have upon the waves of the Atlantic. A homogeneous air is the usual associate of fog, and hence the acoustic clearness of foggy weather.

Experiments on Artificial Fogs.

These observations are clinched and finished by being brought within the range of laboratory experiment. Here we shall learn incidentally a lesson as to the caution required from an experimenter.

The smoke from smouldering brown paper was allowed to stream upwards into the tunnel *a b c d* (fig. 1); the action upon the sound-waves was strong, rendering the short and agitated sensitive flame *k* tall and quiescent. Here the action of the smoke seemed clearly demonstrated.

Air first passed through ammonia, then through hydrochloric acid, and thus loaded with thick fumes, was sent into the tunnel; the agitated flame was rendered immediately quiescent, indicating a very decided action on the part of the artificial fog.

Air passed through perchloride of tin and sent into the tunnel produced exceedingly dense fumes. The action of the fog upon the sound-waves was very strong.

The dense smoke of resin, burnt before the open end of the tunnel and blown into it with a pair of bellows, had also the effect of stopping the sound-waves, so as to still the agitated flame.

The result seems clear; and it perfectly harmonizes with the prevalent *à priori* notions as to the action of fog upon sound. But caution is here necessary; for the smoke of the brown paper was *hot*; the flask containing the hydrochloric acid was *hot*; that containing the perchloride of tin was *hot*; while the resin-fumes produced by a red-hot poker were also obviously hot. Were the results, then, due to the fumes or to the differences of temperature? The observations might well have proved a trap to an incautious reasoner.

Instead of the smoke and heated air, the heated air alone from four red-hot pokers was permitted to stream upwards into the tunnel; the action on the sound-waves was very decided, though the tunnel was optically empty. The flame of a candle was placed at the tunnel end, and the hot air just above its tip was blown into the tunnel; the action on the sensitive flame was decided. A similar effect was produced when the air, ascending from a red-hot iron, was blown into the tunnel.

In these latter cases the tunnel remained optically clear, while the same effect as that produced by the resin—smoke and fumes was observed. Clearly, then, we are not entitled to ascribe, without further investigation, to the artificial fog an effect which may have been due to the air which accompanied it.

Having eliminated the fog and proved the nonhomogeneous air effective, our reasoning will be completed by eliminating the heat, and proving the fog ineffective.

Instead of the tunnel *a b c d*, fig. 1, a cupboard with glass sides, three feet long, two feet wide, and about five feet high, was filled with fumes of various kinds. Here it was thought the fumes might remain long enough for differences of temperature to disappear. Two apertures were made in two opposite panes of glass three feet asunder; in front of one aperture was placed the bell in its padded box and behind the other aperture, and at some distance from it, the sensitive flame.

Phosphorus placed in a cup floating on water was ignited within the closed cupboard. The fumes were so dense that considerably less than the three feet traversed by the sound extinguished totally a bright candle-flame. At first there was a slight action upon the sound; but this rapidly vanished, the flame being affected exactly as if the sound passed through pure air. The first action was manifestly due to differences of temperature, and disappeared when the temperature was equalized.

The cupboard was next filled with the dense fumes of gunpowder. At first there was a slight action; but this disappeared even more rapidly than in the case of the phosphorus, the sound passing as if no fumes were there. It required less than half a minute to abolish the action in the case of the phosphorus, but a few seconds sufficed

in the case of the gunpowder. The fumes were far more than sufficient to quench the candle-flame.

The dense smoke of resin, when the temperature had become equable, exerted no action on the sound.

The fumes of gum mastic were equally ineffectual.

The fumes of the perchloride of tin, though of extraordinary density, exerted no sensible effect upon the sound.

Exceedingly dense fumes of chloride of ammonium next filled the cupboard. A fraction of the length of the 3-foot tube sufficed to quench the candle-flame. Soon after the cupboard was filled, the sound passed without the least sensible deterioration. An aperture at the top of the cupboard was opened; but though a dense smoke-column ascended through it, many minutes elapsed before the candle-flame could be seen through the attenuated fog.

Steam from a copper boiler was so copiously admitted into the cupboard as to fill it with a dense cloud. No real cloud was ever so dense; still the sound passed through it without the least sensible diminution. This being the case, cloud-echoes are not a likely phenomenon.

In all of these cases, when a couple of Bunsen's burners were ignited within the cupboard containing the fumes, less than a minute's action rendered the air so heterogeneous that the sensitive flame was completely stilled.

These acoustically inactive fogs were subsequently proved competent to cut off the electric light.

Experiment and observation go therefore, hand in hand in demonstrating that fogs have no sensible action upon sound; the notion of their impenetrability which so powerfully retarded the introduction of phonic coast signals being thus abolished, we have solid ground for the hope that disasters due to fogs and thick weather will in the future be materially mitigated.

Action of Wind.

In stormy weather we were frequently forsaken by our steamer, which had to seek shelter in the Downs or Margate Roads, and on such occasions the opportunity was turned to account to determine the effect of the wind. On October 11th, accompanied by Mr. Douglass and Mr. Edwards, I walked along the cliffs to Dover Castle towards the Foreland, the wind blowing strongly against the sound. On the Dover side, and at about a mile and half from the Foreland, we first heard the faint but distinct sound of the siren. The horn-sound was inaudible. A gun fired during our halt was also unheard.

As we approached the Foreland we saw the smoke of the gun. Mr. Edwards heard a faint crack, but neither Mr. Douglass nor I heard anything. The sound of the siren was at the same time of piercing intensity. We waited for ten minutes, when another gun

was fired. The smoke was at hand, and I thought I heard a faint thud, but could not be certain. My companions heard nothing. On pacing the distance afterwards we were found to be only 550 yards from the gun. We were shaded at the time by a slight eminence from both the siren and the gun, but this could not account for the utter extinction of the gun-sound at so short a distance, and at a time when the siren sent to us a note of great power.

Mr. Ayres at my request walked to windward along the cliff, while Mr. Douglass proceeded to St. Margaret's Bay. During their absence I had three guns fired. Mr. Ayres heard only one of them. Favoured by the wind, Mr. Douglass at twice the distance, and far more deeply immersed in the sound-shadow, heard all three reports with the utmost distinctness.

Joining Mr. Douglass, we continued our walk to a distance of three-quarters of a mile beyond St. Margaret's Bay. Here, being dead to leeward, though the wind blew with unabated violence, the sound of the siren was borne to us with extraordinary power.* In this position we also heard the gun loudly, and two other loud reports at the proper interval of ten minutes, as we returned to the Foreland.

It is within the mark to say that the gun to-day was heard five times, and might have been heard fifteen times as far to leeward as to windward.

In windy weather the shortness of its sound is a serious drawback to the use of a gun as a signal. In the case of the horn and siren, time is given for the attention to be fixed upon the sound; and a single puff, while cutting out a portion of the blast, does not obliterate it wholly. Such a puff, however, may be fatal to the momentary gun-sound.

On the leeward side of the Foreland, on the 23rd, the sounds were heard at least four times as far as on the windward side, while in both directions the siren possessed the greatest penetrative power.

On the 24th the wind shifted to E.S.E., and the sounds, which when the wind was W.S.W. failed to reach Dover, were now heard in the streets through thick rain. On the 27th the wind was E.N.E. In our writing-room in the Lord Warden Hotel, in the bed-rooms, and on the staircase the sound of the siren reached us with surprising power, piercing through the whistling and moaning of the wind, which blew through Dover towards Folkestone. The sounds were heard at 6 miles from the Foreland on the Folkestone road, and had the instruments not then ceased sounding, they might have been heard much further. At the South Sand Head light-vessel, $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles on the opposite side, no sound had been heard throughout the day. On the 28th, the wind being N. by E., the sounds were heard in the middle of

* The horn here was temporarily suspended, but doubtless would have been well heard.

Folkestone, 8 miles off, while in the opposite direction they failed to reach $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles. On the 29th the limits of range were Eastware Bay on the one side and Kingsdown on the other; on the 30th the limits were Kingsdown on the one hand and Folkestone Pier on the other. With a wind having a force of 4 or 5 it was a very common observation to hear the sound in one direction three times as far as in the other.

This well-known effect of the wind is exceedingly difficult to explain. Indeed, the only explanation worthy of the name is one offered by Professor Stokes, and suggested by some remarkable observations by De la Roche. In vol. i. of the "*Annales de Chemie*" for 1816, p. 176, Arago introduces De la Roche's memoir in these words:—"L'auteur arrive à des conclusions, qui d'abord pourront paraître paradoxales, mais ceux qui savent combien il mettait de soins et d'exactitude dans toutes ses recherches se garderont sans doute d'opposer une opinion populaire à des expériences positives." The strangeness of De la Roche's results consisted in his establishing, by quantitative measurements, not only that sound has a greater range in the direction of the wind than in the opposite direction, but that the range at right angles to the wind is the maximum.

In a short but exceedingly able communication presented to the British Association in 1857, the eminent physicist above-mentioned points out a cause which, *if sufficient*, would account for the results referred to. The lower atmospheric strata are retarded by friction against the earth, and the upper ones by those immediately below them; the velocity of translation, therefore, in the case of wind increases from the ground upwards. This difference of velocity tilts the sound-wave upwards in a direction opposed to, and downwards in a direction co-incident with the wind. In this latter case the direct wave is reinforced by the wave reflected from the earth. Now the reinforcement is greatest in the direction in which the direct and reflected waves enclose the smallest angle, and this is at right angles to the direction of the wind. Hence the greater range in this direction. It is not, therefore, according to Professor Stokes, a stifling of the sound to windward, but a tilting of the sound-wave over the heads of the observers that defeats the propagation in that direction.

This explanation calls for verification, and I wished much to test it by means of a captive balloon rising high enough to catch the deflected wave; but on communicating with Mr. Coxwell, who has earned for himself so high a reputation as an aeronaut, and who has always shown himself so willing to promote a scientific object, I learned with regret that the experiment was too dangerous to be carried out.*

* Experiments so important as those of De la Roche ought not be left without verification. I have made arrangements with a view to this object.

Atmospheric Selection.

It has been stated that the atmosphere on different days shows preferences to different sounds. This point is worthy of further illustration.

After the violent shower which passed over us on October 18th, the sounds of all the instruments, as already stated, rose in power; but it was noticed that the horn sound, which was of lower pitch than that of the siren, improved most, at times not only equalling, but surpassing the sound of its rival. From this it might be inferred that the atmospheric change produced by the rain favoured more especially the transmission of the longer sonorous waves.

But our programme enabled us to go further than mere inference. It had been arranged on the day mentioned, that up to 3.30 P.M. the siren should perform 2400 revolutions a minute, generating 480 waves a second. As long as this rate continued the horn, after the shower, had the advantage. The rate of rotation was then changed to 2000 a minute, or 400 waves a second, when the siren-sound immediately surpassed that of the horn. A clear connection was thus established between aerial reflection and the length of the sonorous waves.

The 10-inch Canadian whistle being capable of adjustment so as to produce sounds of different pitch, on the 10th of October I ran through a series of its sounds. The shrillest appeared to possess great intensity and penetrative power. The belief is common that a note of this character (which affects so powerfully, and even painfully, an observer close at hand) has also the greatest range. Mr. A. Gordon, in his examination before the Committee on Lighthouses, in 1845, expressed himself thus: "When you get a shrill sound, high in the scale, that sound is carried much further than a lower note in the scale." I have heard the same opinion expressed by other scientific men.

On the 14th of October the point was submitted to an experimental test. It had been arranged that up to 11.30 A.M. the Canadian whistle, which had been heard with such piercing intensity on the 10th, should sound its shrill note. At the hour just mentioned we were beside the Varne buoy, $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the Foreland. The siren, as we approached the buoy, was heard through the paddle noises; the horns were also heard, but more feebly than the siren. We paused at the buoy and listened for the 11.30 gun. Its boom was heard by all. Neither before nor during the pause was the shrill-sounding Canadian whistle once heard. It was now adjusted to produce its ordinary low-pitched note, which was immediately heard. Still further out the low boom of the cannon continued audible after all the other sounds had ceased.

But it was only during the early part of the day that this pre-

ference for the longer waves was manifested. At 3 P.M. the case was completely altered, for then the high-pitched siren was heard when all the other sounds were inaudible. On many other days we had illustrations of the varying comparative power of the siren and the gun. On the 9th of October sometimes the one, sometimes the other was predominant. On the morning of the 13th the siren was clearly heard on Shakespeare's Cliff, while two guns, with their puffs perfectly visible, were unheard. On October 16th, two miles from the signal-station, the gun at 11 o'clock was inferior to the siren, but both were heard. At 12.30, the distance being six miles, the gun was quite unheard, while the siren continued faintly audible. Later on in the day the experiment was twice repeated. The puff of the gun was in each case seen, but nothing was heard; in the last experiment, when the gun was quenched, the siren sent forth a sound so strong as to maintain itself through the paddle-noises. The day was clearly hostile to the passage of the longer sonorous waves.

October 17th began with a preference for the shorter waves. At 11.30 A.M. the mastery of the siren over the gun was pronounced; at 12.30 the gun slightly surpassed the siren; at 1, 2, and 2.30 P.M. the gun also asserted its mastery. This preference for the longer waves was continued on October 18th. On October 20th the day began in favour of the gun, then both became equal, and finally the siren gained the mastery; but the day had become stormy, and a storm is always unfavourable to the momentary gun sound. The same remark applies to the experiments of October 21st. At 11 A.M., distance $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, when the siren made itself heard through the noises of wind, sea, and paddles, the gun was fired; but, though listened for with all attention, no sound was heard. Half an hour later the result was the same. On October 24th five observers saw the flash of the gun at a distance of 5 miles, but heard nothing; all of them at this distance heard the siren distinctly; a second experiment on the same day yielded the same result. On the 27th also the siren was triumphant; and on three several occasions on the 29th, its mastery over the gun was very pronounced.

Such experiments yield new conceptions as to the scattering of sound in the atmosphere. No sound here employed is a simple sound; in every case the fundamental note is accompanied by others, and the action of the atmosphere on these different groups of waves, has its optical analogue in that scattering of the waves of the luminiferous ether which produces the various shades and colours of the sky.

Concluding Remarks.

A few additional remarks and suggestions will fitly wind up this paper. It has been proved that in some states of the weather the

howitzer firing a 3 lb. charge commands a larger range than the whistles, trumpets, or siren. This was the case, for example, on the particular day, October 17, when the ranges of all the sounds reached their maximum.

On many other days, however, the inferiority of the gun to the siren was demonstrated in the clearest manner. The gun-puffs were seen with the utmost distinctness at the Foreland, but no sound was heard, the note of the siren at the same time reaching us with distinct and considerable power.

The disadvantages of the gun are these :—

a. The duration of the sound is so short that, unless the observer is prepared beforehand, the sound, through lack of attention rather than through its own powerlessness, is liable to be unheard.

b. Its liability to be quenched by a local sound is so great, that it is sometimes obliterated by a puff of wind taking possession of the ears at the time of its arrival. This point was alluded to by Arago, in his report on the celebrated experiments of 1822. By such a puff a momentary gap is produced in the case of a continuous sound, but not entire extinction.

c. Its liability to be quenched or deflected by an opposing wind, so as to be practically useless at a very short distance to windward, is very remarkable. A case has been cited in which the gun failed to be heard against a violent wind at a distance of 550 yards from the place of firing, the sound of the siren at the same time reaching us with great intensity.

Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks, I think the gun is entitled to rank as a first-class signal. I have had occasion myself to observe its extreme utility at Holyhead and the Kish light-vessel near Kingstown. The commanders of the Holyhead boats, moreover, are unanimous in their commendation of the gun. An important addition in its favour is the fact that in fog the flash or glare often comes to the aid of the sound ; on this point the evidence is quite conclusive.

There may be cases in which the combination of the gun with one of the other signals may be desirable. Where it is wished to confer an unmistakable individuality on a fog-signal station, such a combination might with advantage be resorted to.

If the gun be retained as one form of fog-signal (and I should be sorry at present to recommend its total abolition), it ought to be of the most suitable description. Our experiments prove the sound of the gun to be dependent on its shape ; but we do not know that we have employed the best shape. This suggests the desirability of constructing a gun with special reference to the production of sound.*

* The Elder Brethren have already had plans of a new signal-gun laid before them by the constructors of the War Department.

An absolutely uniform superiority on all days cannot be conceded to any one of the instruments subjected to examination; still, our observations have been so numerous and long-continued as to enable us to come to the sure conclusion that, on the whole, the steam-siren is the most powerful fog-signal which has hitherto been tried in England. It is specially powerful when local noises, such as those of wind, rigging, breaking waves, shore surf, and the rattle of pebbles, have to be overcome. Its density, quality, pitch, and penetration, render it dominant over such noises after all other signal sounds have succumbed.

I have not, therefore, hesitated to recommend the introduction of the siren as a coast signal.

It will be desirable in each case to confer upon the instrument a power of rotation, so as to enable the person in charge of it to point its trumpet against the wind or in any other required direction. This arrangement was made at the South Foreland, and it presents no mechanical difficulty. It is also desirable to mount the siren so as to permit of the depression of its trumpet fifteen or twenty degrees below the horizon.

In selecting the position at which a fog-signal is to be mounted, the possible influence of a sound-shadow, and the possible extinction of the sound by the interference of the direct waves with waves reflected from the shore, must form the subject of the gravest consideration. Preliminary trials may, in most cases, be necessary before fixing on the precise point at which the instrument is to be placed.

The siren, it will be remembered, has been hitherto worked with steam of 70 lbs. pressure or thereabouts; the trumpets have been worked with compressed air; and our experiments have proved that a pressure of 20 lbs. yielded sensibly as loud a sound as higher pressures. The possibility of obtaining a serviceable sound with this low air-pressure may render available the employment of caloric engines with trumpets; if so, the establishment of trumpets on board light-vessels would be greatly facilitated. The signals at present existing on board such vessels are exceedingly defective, and may be immeasurably improved upon. There are, I am told, practical difficulties as to the introduction of steam on board light-ships; otherwise I should be strongly inclined to recommend the introduction among them of the Canadian whistle. The siren would probably be found too large and cumbrous for light-vessels.

The siren which has been long known to scientific men is worked with air, and it would be worth while to try how the fog siren would behave supposing compressed air to be substituted for steam. Compressed air might also be tried with the whistles.

No fog-signal hitherto tried is able to fulfil the condition laid down in a very able letter already referred to, namely, "*that all fog-signals should be distinctly audible for at least 4 miles, under every circum-*

stance. Circumstances may exist to prevent the most powerful sound from being heard at half this distance. What may with certainty be affirmed is, that in almost all cases the siren may certainly be relied on at a distance of 2 miles; in the great majority of cases it may be relied upon at a distance of 3 miles, and in the majority of cases to a distance greater than 3 miles.

Happily the experiments thus far made are perfectly concurrent in indicating that at the particular time when fog-signals are needed, the air, holding the fog in suspension, is in a highly homogeneous condition; hence it is in the highest degree probable that in the case of fog we may rely upon the signals being effective at far greater distances than those just mentioned.

I am cautious not to inspire the mariner with a confidence which may prove delusive. When he hears a fog-signal he ought, as a general rule, (at all events until extended experience justifies the contrary), to assume the source of sound to be not more than 2 or 3 miles distant, and to heave his lead or take other necessary precautions. If he errs at all in his estimate of distance, it ought to be on the side of safety.

With the instruments now at our disposal wisely established along coasts, I venture to think that the saving of property in ten years will be an exceedingly large multiple of the outlay necessary for the establishment of such signals. The saving of life appeals to the higher motives of humanity.

In a report written for the Trinity House on the subject of fog-signals, my excellent predecessor, Professor Faraday, expresses the opinion that a false promise to the mariner would be worse than no promise at all. Casting our eyes back upon the observations here recorded, we find the sound-range on clear, calm days varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It must be evident that an instruction founded on the latter observation would be fraught with peril in weather corresponding to the former. Not the maximum but the minimum sound-range should be impressed upon the mariner. Want of attention to this point may be followed by disastrous consequences.

This remark is not made without cause. I have before me a "Notice to Mariners" issued by the Board of Trade regarding a fog-whistle recently mounted at Cape Race, and which is reputed to have a range of 20 miles in calm weather, 30 miles with the wind; and in stormy weather or against the wind 7 to 10 miles. Now, considering the distance reached by sound in our observations, I should be willing to concede the possibility, in a more homogeneous atmosphere than ours, of a sound-range on *some* calm days of 20 miles, and on *some* light windy days of 30 miles, to a powerful whistle; but I entertain a strong belief that the stating of these distances, or of the distance 7

to 10 miles against a storm, without any qualification, is calculated to inspire the mariner with false confidence. I would venture to affirm that at Cape Race calm days might be found in which the range of the sound will be less than one-fourth of what this notice states it to be. Such publications ought to be without a trace of exaggeration, and furnish only data on which the mariner may with perfect confidence rely. My object in extending these observations over so long a period was to make evident to all how fallacious it would be, and how mischievous it might be, to draw general conclusions from observations made in weather of great acoustic transparency.

Thus ends, for the present at all events, an inquiry which I trust will prove of some importance, scientific as well as practical. In conducting it I have had to congratulate myself on the unfailing aid and co-operation of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House. Captain Drew, Captain Close, Captain Were, Captain Atkins, and the Deputy Master have all from time to time taken part in the inquiry. To the eminent Arctic navigator, Admiral Collinson, who showed throughout unflagging, and, I would add, philosophic interest in the investigation, I am indebted for most important practical aid; he was almost always at my side, comparing opinions with me, placing the steamer in the required positions, and making with consummate skill and promptness the necessary sextant observations. I am also deeply sensible of the important services rendered by Mr. Douglass, the able and indefatigable Engineer, of Mr. Ayres, the Assistant Engineer, and of Mr. Price Edwards, the Private Secretary of the Deputy Master of the Trinity House.

The officers and gunners at the South Foreland also merit my best thanks, as also Mr. Holmes and Mr. Laidlaw, who had charge of the trumpets, whistles, and siren.

In the subsequent experimental treatment of the subject I have been most ably aided by my excellent assistant, Mr. John Cottrell.

JOHN TYNDALL.



“SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.”

II.—THE SILENCE OF EUSEBIUS.

“**I**t is very important,” says the author of *Supernatural Religion*, when commencing his critical investigations, “that the silence of early writers should receive as much attention as any supposed allusions to the Gospels.”* In the present article I shall act upon this suggestion. In one province more especially, relating to the external evidences for the Gospels, silence occupies a prominent place. This mysterious oracle will be interrogated, and, unless I am mistaken, the response elicited will not be at all ambiguous.

To EUSEBIUS we are indebted for almost all that we know of the lost ecclesiastical literature of the second century. This literature was very considerable. The Expositions of Papias, in five books, and the Ecclesiastical History of Hegesippus, likewise in five books, must have been full of important matter bearing on our subject. The very numerous works of Melito and Claudius Apollinaris, of which Eusebius has preserved imperfect lists,† ranged over the wide domain of theology, of morals, of exegesis, of apologetics, of ecclesiastical order; and here again a flood of light would probably have been

* I p. 212. The references throughout this article are given to the fourth edition. But, with the single exception which I shall have occasion to notice at the close, I have not observed any alterations from the second, with which I have compared it in all the passages here quoted.

† H. E. iv. 26, 27.

poured on the history of the Canon, if time had spared these precious documents of Christian antiquity. Even the extant writings of the second century, however important they may be from other points of view, give a very inadequate idea of the relation of their respective authors to the Canonical writings. In the case of Justin Martyr for instance, it is not from his Apologies or from his Dialogue with Trypho that we should expect to obtain the fullest and most direct information on this point. In works like these, addressed to Heathens and Jews, who attributed no authority to the writings of Apostles and Evangelists, and for whom the names of the writers would have no meaning, we are not surprised that he refers to those writings for the most part anonymously and with reserve. On the other hand, if his treatise against Marcion (to take a single instance) had been preserved, we should probably have been placed in a position to estimate with tolerable accuracy his relation to the Canonical writings. But in the absence of all this valuable literature, the notices in Eusebius assume the utmost importance, and it is of primary moment to the correctness of our result that we should rightly interpret his language. Above all, it is incumbent on us not to assume that his silence means exactly what we wish it to mean. Eusebius made it his business to record notices throwing light on the history of the Canon. The first care of the critic therefore should be to inquire with what aims and under what limitations he executed this portion of his work.

Now, our author is eloquent on the silence of Eusebius. His fundamental assumption is that where Eusebius does not mention a reference to or quotation from any Canonical book in any writer of whom he may be speaking, there the writer in question was himself silent. This indeed is only the application of a general principle which seems to have taken possession of our author's mind. The argument from silence is courageously and extensively applied throughout these volumes. It is unnecessary to accumulate instances, where "knows nothing" is substituted for "says nothing," as if the two were convertible terms; for such instances are countless. But in the case of Eusebius the application of the principle takes a wider sweep. Not only is it maintained that A knows nothing of B, because he says nothing of B; but it is further assumed that A knows nothing of B, because C does not say that A says anything of B. This is obviously an assumption which men would not adopt in common life or in ordinary history; still less is it one to which a competent jury would listen for a moment: and therefore a prudent man may well hesitate before adopting it.

With what unflinching boldness our author asserts his position, will appear from the following passage:—

Of Hegesippus he writes:—

“The care with which Eusebius searches for every trace of the books of the New Testament in early writers, and his anxiety to produce any evidence concerning their authenticity, render his silence upon the subject almost as important as his distinct utterance, when speaking of such a man as Hegesippus.”

And again :†—

“It is certain that Eusebius, who quotes with so much care the testimony of Papias, a man of whom he speaks disparagingly, regarding the Gospels and the Apocalypse, would not have neglected to have availed himself of the evidence of Hegesippus, for whom he has so much respect, had that writer furnished him with any opportunity.”

And again :‡—“As Hegesippus does not mention any Canonical work of the New Testament,” &c. And in the second volume he returns to the subject :§—

“It is certain that, had he (Hegesippus) mentioned our Gospels, and we may say particularly the fourth, the fact would have been recorded by Eusebius.”

Similarly he says of Papias :||—

“Eusebius, who never fails to enumerate the works of the New Testament to which the Fathers refer, does not pretend that Papias knew either the third or fourth Gospels.”

And again, in a later passage :¶—

“Had he (Papias) expressed any recognition of the fourth Gospel, Eusebius would certainly have mentioned the fact, and this silence of Papias is strong presumptive evidence against the Johannine Gospel.”

And a little lower down :**—

“The presumption therefore naturally is that, as Eusebius did not mention the fact, he did not find any reference to the fourth Gospel in the work of Papias.”

So again, our author writes of Dionysius of Corinth :††—

“No quotation from, or allusion to, any writing of the New Testament occurs in any of the fragments of the Epistles extant; nor does Eusebius make mention of any such reference in the Epistles which have perished, which he certainly would not have omitted to do had they contained any.”

* I. p. 432.

† I. p. 433 seq. I must leave it to others to reconcile the statement respecting the Apocalypse in the text with another which I find elsewhere in this work (I. p. 483): “Andrew, a Cappadocian bishop of the fifth century, mentions that Papias, amongst others of the Fathers, considered the Apocalypse inspired. *No reference is made to this by Eusebius*; but although, from his Millenarian tendencies, it is very probable that Papias regarded the Apocalypse with peculiar veneration as a prophetic book, *his evidence is too vague and isolated to be of much value.*” The difficulty is increased when we compare these two passages with a third (II. p. 335): “Andrew of Caesarea, in the preface to his commentary on the Apocalypse, mentions that Papias maintained ‘the credibility’ (τὸ ἀξιόπιστον) of that book, or in other words, its Apostolic origin. . . . Apologists admit the genuineness of this statement, nay, claim it as undoubted evidence of the acquaintance of Papias with the Apocalypse. . . . Now he must therefore have recognised the book as the work of the Apostle John.” The italics, I ought to say, are my own, in all the three passages quoted.

‡ I. p. 435.

§ II. p. 320.

|| I. p. 483.

¶ II. p. 322.

** II. p. 323.

†† II. p. 164.

And lower down : *—

"It is certain that had Dionysius mentioned books of the New Testament, Eusebius would, as usual, have stated the fact."

This indeed is the fundamental assumption which lies at the basis of his reasoning; and the reader will not need to be reminded how much of the argument falls to pieces, if this basis should prove to be unsound. A wise master-builder would therefore have looked to his foundations first, and assured himself of their strength, before he piled up his fabric to this height. This however our author has altogether neglected to do. If only a small portion of the time which has been spent on amassing references to modern German and Dutch critics had been bestowed on investigating what Eusebius himself says and what he leaves unsaid, the result, it can hardly be doubted, would have been very different.

Of this principle and its wide application, as we have seen, the author has no misgivings. He declares himself absolutely certain about it. It is with him *articulus stantis aut cadentis critices*. We shall therefore do well to test its value, because, quite independently of the consequences directly flowing from it, it will serve roughly to gauge his trustworthiness as a guide in other departments of criticism, where, from the nature of the case, no test can be applied. In the land of the unverifiable there are no efficient critical police. When a writer expatiates amidst conjectural quotations from conjectural apocryphal Gospels, he is beyond the reach of refutation. But in the present case, as it so happens, verification is possible, at least to a limited extent; and it is important to avail ourselves of the opportunity.

In the first place then, Eusebius himself tells us what method he intends to pursue respecting the Canon of Scripture. After enumerating the writings bearing the name of St. Peter, as follows;—(1) The First Epistle, which is received by all, and was quoted by the ancients as beyond dispute; (2) The Second Epistle, which tradition had not stamped in the same way as Canonical (*ἐνδιάθηκον*, "included in the Testament"), but which nevertheless, appearing useful to many, had been studied (*ἐσπουδάσθη*) with the other Scriptures; (3) The Acts, Gospel, Preaching, and Apocalypse of Peter, which four works he rejects as altogether unauthenticated and discredited—he continues:†—

* II. p. 166.

† H. E. iii. 3. The important words are *τίνες τῶν κατὰ χρόνους ἐκκλησιαστικῶν συγγραφέων ὁποίαις κέχρηται τῶν ἀντιλεγόμενων, τίνα τε περὶ τῶν ἐνδιάθηκων καὶ ὁμολογουμένων γραφῶν καὶ ὅσα περὶ τῶν μὴ τοιούτων αὐτοῖς εἶρηται*. The words spaced will show the two different modes of treatment: (1) The mention of references or testimonies in the case of the disputed writings only; (2) The record of anecdotes in the case of acknowledged and disputed writings alike. The double relative in the first clause, *τίνες . ὁποίαις*, is incapable of literal translation in English; but this does not affect the question. The two modes are well illustrated in the case of Irenæus. Eusebius gives from this Father *testimonies* to the Epistle to the Hebrews, &c., and *anecdotes* respecting the Gospel and Apocalypse alike.

"But, as my history proceeds, I will take care (προὔργον ποιήσομαι), along with the successions (of the bishops), to indicate what Church writers (who flourished) from time to time have made use of any of the disputed books (ἀνταλεγόμενων), and what has been said by them concerning the Canonical (ἐνδιαθήκων) and acknowledged Scriptures, and anything that (they have said) concerning those which do not belong to this class. Well, then, the books bearing the name of Peter, of which I recognise (ἐγνων) one Epistle only as genuine and acknowledged among the elders of former days (πάλαι), are those just enumerated (τοσαῦτα). But the fourteen Epistles of Paul are obvious and manifest (πρόδηλοι καὶ σαφεῖς). Yet it is not right to be ignorant of the fact that some persons have rejected the Epistle to the Hebrews, saying that it was disputed by the Church of the Romans as not being Paul's. And I will set before (my readers) on the proper occasions (κατὰ καιρὸν) what has been said concerning this (Epistle) also by those who lived before our time (τοῖς πρὸ ἡμῶν)."

He then mentions the Acts of Paul, which he "had not received as handed down among the undisputed books," and the Shepherd of Hermas, which "had been spoken against by some" and therefore "could have no place among the acknowledged books," though it had been read in Churches and was used by some of the most ancient writers. And he concludes:—

"Let this suffice as a statement (εἰς παράστασιν . . . εἰρήσθω) of those Divine writings which are unquestionable, and those which are not acknowledged among all."

This statement, though not so clear on minor points as we could wish, is thoroughly sensible and quite intelligible in its main lines. It shows an appreciation of the conditions of the problem. Above all, it is essentially *straightforward*. It certainly does not evince the precision of a lawyer, but neither on the other hand does it at all justify the unqualified denunciations of the uncritical character of Eusebius in which our author indulges. The exact limits of the Canon were not settled when Eusebius wrote. With regard to the main body of the writings included in our New Testament there was absolutely no question; but there existed a margin of *antilegomena* or disputed books, about which differences of opinion existed, or had existed. Eusebius therefore proposes to treat these two classes of writings in two different ways. This is the cardinal point of the passage. Of the antilegomena he pledges himself to record when any ancient writer *employs* any book belonging to their class (τίνας ὁποίαις κέχρηται); but as regards the undisputed Canonical books he only professes to mention them, when such a writer has something to tell about them (τίνα περὶ τῶν ἐνδιαθήκων εἶρηται). Any anecdote of interest respecting them, as also respecting the others (τῶν μὴ τουούτων,) will be recorded. But in their case he nowhere leads us to expect that he will allude to mere *quotations*, however numerous and however precise.

This statement is inserted after the record of the martyrdom of

St. Peter and St. Paul, and has immediate and special reference to their writings. The Shepherd of Hermas is only mentioned incidentally, because (as Eusebius himself intimates) the author was supposed to be named in the Epistle to the Romans. But the occasion serves as an opportunity for the historian to lay down the general principles on which he intends to act. Somewhat later, when he arrives at the history of the last years of St. John, he is led to speak of the writings of this Apostle also; and as St. John's Gospel completes the tetrad of Evangelical narratives, he inserts at this point his account of the Four Gospels. This account concludes as follows:*

"Thus much (*ταῦτα*) we ourselves (have to say) concerning these (the Four Gospels); but we will endeavour more particularly (*οἰκειότερον*), on the proper occasions (*κατὰ καιρὸν*), by quoting the ancient writers, to set forth what has been said by anyone else (*τοῖς ἄλλοις*) also concerning them. Now, of the writings of John, the first (former, *πρῶτέρα*) of his Epistles also is acknowledged as beyond question alike among our contemporaries (*τοῖς νῦν*) and among the ancients, while the remaining two are disputed. But respecting the Apocalypse opinions are drawn in opposite directions, even to the present day, among most men (*τοῖς πολλοῖς*). Howbeit it also shall receive its judgment (*ἐπικρίσιν*), at a proper season, from the testimonies of the ancients."

After this follows the well-known passage in which he sums up the results at which he has arrived respecting the Canon. With this passage, important as it is in itself, I need not trouble my readers.

Here again it will be seen that the same distinction as before is observed. Of the Gospels the historian will only record anecdotes concerning them. On the other hand, in the case of the Apocalypse mere references and quotations will be mentioned, because they afford important data for arriving at a decision concerning its Canonical authority.

Hitherto we have discovered no foundation for the superstructure which our author builds on the silence of Eusebius. But the real question, after all, is not what this historian professes to do, but what he actually does. The original prospectus is of small moment compared with the actual balance-sheet, and in this case time has spared us the means of instituting an audit to a limited extent. With Papias and Hegesippus and Dionysius of Corinth, any one is free to indulge in sweeping assertions with little fear of conviction; for we know nothing, or next to nothing, of these writers, except what Eusebius himself has told us. But Eusebius has also dealt with other ancient writings in relation to the Canon, as, for instance, those of Clement of Rome, of Ignatius, of Polycarp, of Irenæus, and others; and, as these writings are still extant, we can compare their actual contents with his notices.

* H. E. iii. 24.

Here a definite issue is raised. If our author's principle will stand this test, there is a very strong presumption in its favour; if it will not, then it is worthless.

Let us take first the Epistle of CLEMENT OF ROME. This Epistle contains several references to Evangelical narratives—whether oral or written, whether our Canonical Gospels or not, it is unnecessary for the present to discuss.* It comprises a chapter relating to the labours and martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul.† It also, as our author himself allows (accepting the statement of Tischendorf), "here and there . . . makes use of passages from the Pauline Epistles."‡ It does more than this; it mentions definitely and by name St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, alluding to the parties which called themselves after Paul and Cephas and Apollos.§ Of all this Eusebius says not a word. He simply remarks that Clement, by

"putting forward (*παρθεύς*) many thoughts of the (Epistle) to the Hebrews, and even employing some passages from it word for word (*αὐτολεξεί*), shows most clearly that the document (*τίγγραμμα*) was not recent (when he wrote)."

This is strictly true, as far as it goes; the passages are too many and too close to leave any doubt about their source; but the Epistle to the Hebrews is not directly named, as the Epistle to the Corinthians is.

The IGNATIAN EPISTLES deserve to be considered next. The question of their genuineness does not affect the present inquiry; for the seven letters contained in what is commonly called the Short Greek recension, whether spurious or not, were confessedly the same which Eusebius read; and to these I refer. For the sake of convenience I shall call the writer Ignatius, without prejudging the question of authorship. Ignatius then presents some striking coincidences with our Synoptic Gospels (whether taken thence or not, I need not at present stop to inquire), e.g. "Be thou wise as a serpent in all things, and harmless always as a dove,"¶ "The tree is manifest by its fruit,"** "He that

* See Lardner, "Credibility," II. p. 35 seq. (1835). For the sake of economising space, I shall refer from time to time to this work, in which the testimonies of ancient writers are collected and translated, so that they are accessible to English readers. Any one, whose ideas have been confused by reading "Supernatural Religion," cannot fail to obtain a clearer view of the real state of the case by referring to this book. It must be remembered, however, that recent discovery has added to the amount of evidence, more especially in reference to the fourth Gospel. I refer, of course, to the quotations in the Gnostic fragments preserved by Hippolytus, and in the Clementine Homilies.

† C. 5.

‡ I. p. 223.

§ C. 47. "Take up the Epistle of the blessed Paul the Apostle. What first did he write to you in the beginning of the Gospel? Of a truth he gave injunctions to you in the Spirit (*πνευματικῶς*) concerning himself and Cephas and Apollos, because even then ye had made parties (*προσκλήσεις*)."

¶ H.E. iii. 38.

** Polyc. 2; comp. Matt. x. 16. ** Ephes. 14; comp. Matt. xii. 33.

receiveth, let him receive."* He likewise echoes the language of St. John, *e.g.* "It (the Spirit) knoweth whence it cometh and whither it goeth,"† "Jesus Christ . . . in all things pleased Him that sent Him,"‡ with other expressions. He also refers to the examples of St. Peter and St. Paul.§ He describes the Apostle of the Gentiles as "making mention of" the Ephesians "in every part of his letter" (or "in every letter").|| These letters moreover contain several passages which are indisputable reminiscences of St. Paul's Epistles.¶ Yet of all this Eusebius says not a word. All the information which he gives respecting the relation of Ignatius to the Canon is contained in this one sentence:**—

"Writing to the Smyrnæans, he has employed expressions (taken) I know not whence, recording as follows concerning Christ:—

"And I myself know and believe that He exists in the flesh after the resurrection. And when He came to Peter and those with Him (πρὸς τοὺς περὶ Πέτρον), He said unto them, "Take hold, feel me, and see that I am not an incorporeal spirit" [literally, "demon," δαιμόνιον ἀσώματον]; and immediately they touched him, and believed.'"

It should be added that, though Eusebius does not know the source of this reference, Jerome states that it came from the Gospel of the Hebrews.††

Now, let us suppose that these Epistles were no longer extant, and that we interpreted the silence of Eusebius on the same principle which our author applies to Papias and Hegesippus and Dionysius of Corinth. "Here," we should say, "is clearly a Judaising Christian—an Ebionite of the deepest hue. He recognises St. Peter as his great authority. He altogether ignores St. Paul. He knows nothing of our Canonical Gospels, and he uses exclusively the Gospel of the Hebrews. Thus we have a new confirmation of the Tübingen theory respecting the origin of the Christian Church. The thing is obvious to any impartial mind. Apologetic writers must indeed be driven to straits if they attempt to impugn this result." It so happens that this estimate of Ignatius would be hopelessly wrong. He appeals to St. Paul as his great example.‡‡ His Christology is wholly unlike the Ebionite, for he distinctly declares the perfect deity as well as the perfect humanity of Christ.§§ And he denounces the Judaisers at length and by name.||| What then is the value of a principle which, when applied in a simple case, leads to conclusions diametrically opposed to historical facts?

* Smyrn. 6; comp. Matt. xix. 12.

† Philad. 7; comp. John iii. 8.

‡ Magn. 8; comp. John viii. 29. § Rom. 4.

|| Ephes. 1.

¶ See Lardner II. p. 78 seq. for the testimonies in Ignatius generally.

** H. E. iii. 36.

†† De. Vir. Illustr. c. 16.

‡‡ Ephes. 12; comp. Rom. 4.

§§ Ephes. 7; comp. Ephes. 1, Polyc. 8, Rom. 6, &c.

||| Magn. 8—10; comp. Philad. 6.

From Ignatius we pass to POLYCARP. Here again the genuineness of the Epistle bearing this Father's name does not affect the question; for it is confessedly the same document which Eusebius had before him. In Polycarp's Epistle* also there are several coincidences with our Gospels. There is a hardly disputable embodiment of words occurring in the Acts. There are two or three references to St. Paul by name. Once he is directly mentioned as writing to the Philippians. There are obvious quotations from or reminiscences of Romans, 1, 2 Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, 1 Thessalonians, 1, 2 Timothy, not to mention other more doubtful coincidences. Of all this again Eusebius "knows nothing." So far as regards the Canon, he does not think it necessary to say more than that "Polycarp, in his aforesaid (δηλωθείσῃ) writing (γραφῇ) to the Philippians, which is in circulation (φερομένη) to the present day, has used certain testimonies from the First (former) Epistle of Peter."† Here again, we might say, is a Judaiser, the very counterpart of Papias. This inference indeed would be partially, though only partially, corrected by the fact that Eusebius in an earlier place,‡ to illustrate his account of Ignatius, quotes from Polycarp's Epistle a passage in which St. Paul's name happens to be mentioned. But this mention (so far as regards the matter before us) is purely accidental; and the sentence relating to the Canon entirely ignores the Apostle of the Gentiles, with whose thoughts and language nevertheless this Epistle is saturated.

When we turn from Polycarp to JUSTIN MARTYR, the phenomena are similar. This Father introduces into his extant writings a large number of Evangelical passages. A few of these coincide exactly with our Canonical Gospels; a much larger number have so close a resemblance that, without referring to the actual text of our Gospels, the variations would not be detected by an ordinary reader. Justin Martyr professes to derive these sayings and doings from written documents, which he styles "Memoirs of the Apostles," and which (he tells his heathen readers) "are called Gospels."§ His expressions and arguments moreover in some passages recall the language of St. Paul's Epistles.¶ Of all this again Eusebius "knows nothing." So far as regards the Canon of the New Testament, he contents himself with stating that Justin "has made mention (μémνηται) of the Apocalypse of John, clearly saying that it is (the work) of the Apostle."*

His mode of dealing with THEOPHILUS OF ANTIOCH is still more instructive. Among the writings of this Father, he mentions one work addressed *To Autolycus*, and another *Against*

* See Lardner II. p. 99 et seq. for the passages.

† H. E. iv. 14.

‡ H. E. iii. 36.

§ I. Apol. 66

¶ See Semisch "Justin Martyr," I.

¶ H. E. iv. 18.

*the Heresy of Hermogenes.** The first is extant: not so the other. In the extant work Theophilus introduces the unmistakable language of Romans, 1, 2 Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians, 1 Timothy, Titus, not to mention points of resemblance with other Apostolic Epistles which can hardly have been accidental.† He has one or two coincidences with the Synoptic Gospels, and, what is more important, he quotes the beginning of the fourth Gospel by name, as follows:‡—

“Whence the Holy Scriptures and all the inspired men (πνευματοφόροι), teach us, one of whom, John, says, ‘In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,’ showing that at the first (ἐν πρώτοις) God was alone, and the Word in Him. Then he says, ‘And the Word was God; all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made.’”

This quotation is direct and precise. Indeed even the most suspicious and sceptical critics have not questioned the adequacy of the reference.§ It is moreover the more conspicuous, because it is the one solitary instance in which Theophilus quotes directly and by name any book of the New Testament. Here again Eusebius is altogether silent. But of the treatise no longer extant he writes, that in it “he (Theophilus) has used testimonies from the Apocalypse of John.”|| This is all the information which he vouchsafes respecting the relation of Theophilus to the Canon.

One example more must suffice. IRENÆUS,¶ in his extant work on heresies, quotes the Acts again and again, and directly ascribes it to St. Luke. He likewise cites twelve out of the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul—the exception being the short letter to Philemon. These twelve he directly ascribes to the Apostle in one place or another, and, with the exception of 1 Timothy and Titus, he gives the names of the persons addressed; so that the identification is complete. The list of references to St. Paul’s Epistles alone occupies two octavo pages of three columns each in the index to Stieren’s Irenæus. Yet of all this Eusebius “knows nothing.” In a previous chapter indeed he happens to have quoted a passage from Irenæus, relating to the succession of the Roman bishops, in which this Father states that Linus is mentioned by St. Paul “in the Epistle to Timothy;”*** but the passage relating to the Canon contains no hint that Irenæus recognised the existence of any one of St. Paul’s Epistles; and from first to last there is no mention of the Acts. The language of Eusebius here is highly characteristic, as illustrating his purpose and method. He commences the chapter by referring back to his original design, as follows:††—

“Since, at the commencement of our treatise, we have made a promise, saying that we should adduce at the proper opportunities the utterances

* H. E. iv. 24

§ S. R. II. p. 474.

** H. E. v. 6.

† Lardner II. p. 208 seq.

|| H. E. iv. 24.

‡ Ad Antol. ii. 22.

¶ Lardner II. p. 175 seq.

†† H. E. v. 8.

of the ancient elders and writers of the Church, in which they have handed down in writing the traditions that reached them concerning the Canonical (*ἐνδιαθηκῶν*) writings, and Irenæus was one of these, let me now adduce his notices also, and first those relating to the sacred Gospels, as follows."

He then quotes a short passage from the third book, giving the circumstances under which the Four Gospels were written. Then follow two quotations from the well-known passage in the fifth book, in which Irenæus mentions the date and authorship of the Apocalypse, and refers to the number of the beast. Eusebius then proceeds:—

"This is the account given by the above-named writer respecting the Apocalypse also. And he has made mention too of the First Epistle of John, adducing very many testimonies out of it; and likewise also of the First (former) Epistle of Peter. And he not only knows, but even receives the writing of the 'Shepherd,' saying, 'Well then spake the writing' [or "scripture," *ἡ γραφή*] 'which says, 'First of all believe that God is One, even He that created all things; and so forth.'"

This is all the information respecting the Canon of the New Testament which he adduces from the great work of Irenæus. In a much later passage* however, he has occasion to name other works of this Father, no longer extant; and of one of these he remarks that in it "he mentions the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the so-called Wisdom of Solomon, adducing certain passages from them."

From these examples, combined with his own prefatory statements, we feel justified in laying down the following canons as ruling the procedure of Eusebius:—

(1.) His main object was to give such information as might assist in forming correct views respecting the Canon of Scripture.

(2.) This being so, he was indifferent to any quotations or references which went towards establishing the canonicity of those books which had never been disputed in the Church. Even when the quotation was direct and by name, it had no value for him.

(3.) To this class belonged (i) the Four Gospels; (ii) the Acts; (iii) the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul.

(4.) As regards these, he contents himself with preserving any anecdotes which he may have found illustrating the circumstances under which they were written, *e.g.* the notices of St. Matthew and St. Mark in Papias, and of the Four Gospels in Irenæus.

(5.) The Catholic Epistles lie on the border-land between the *Homologumena* and the *Antilegomena*, between the universally acknowledged and the disputed books. Of the Epistles of St. John for instance, the First belonged to the one class, the Second and

Third to the other. Of the Epistles of St. Peter again, the First was acknowledged, the Second disputed. The Catholic Epistles in fact occupy an exceptional position.

Respecting his treatment of this section of the Canon he is not explicit in his opening statement, and we have to infer it from his subsequent procedure. As this however is uniform, we seem able to determine with tolerable certainty the principle on which he acts. He subjects all the books belonging to this section to the same law. For instance, he mentions any references to 1 John and 1 Peter (*e.g.* in Papias, Polycarp, and Irenæus), though in the Church no doubt was ever entertained about their genuineness and authority. He may have thought that this mention would conduce to a just estimate of the meaning of silence in the case of disputed Epistles, as 2 Peter and 2, 3 John.

(6.) The Epistle to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse still remain to be considered. Their claim to a place in the Canon is, or has been, disputed: and therefore he records every decisive notice respecting either of them, *e.g.* the quotations from the Epistle to the Hebrews in Clement of Rome and Irenæus, and the notices of the Apocalypse in Justin and Melito* and Apollonius,† and Theophilus and Irenæus. So too, he records any testimony, direct or indirect, bearing the other way, *e.g.* that the Roman presbyter Gaius mentions only thirteen Epistles of St. Paul, "not reckoning the Epistle to the Hebrews with the rest."‡

(7.) With regard to the books which lie altogether outside the Canon, but which were treated as scripture, or quasi-scripture, by any earlier Church writer, he makes it his business to record the fact. Thus he mentions the one quotation in Irenæus from the Shepherd of Hermas; he states that Hegesippus employs the Gospel according to the Hebrews; he records that Clement of Alexandria in the *Stromateis* has made use of the Epistles of Barnabas and Clement, and in the *Hypotyposeis* has commented on the Epistle of Barnabas and the so-called Apocalypse of Peter.§

It will have appeared from the above account, if I mistake not, that his treatment of this subject is essentially *frank*. There is no indication of a desire to make out a case for those writings which he and his contemporaries received as Canonical, against those which they rejected. The Shepherd of Hermas is somewhere about two-thirds the length of the whole body of the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul. He singles out the one isolated passage from Hermas in Irenæus, though it is quoted anonymously; and he says nothing about the quotations from St. Paul, though they exceed two hundred in number, and are very frequently cited by name.

It is necessary however, not only to investigate his principles,

* H. E. iv. 26.

† H. E. v. 18.
§ H. E. vi. 13, 14.

‡ H. E. vi. 20.

But also to ascertain how far his application of these principles can be depended upon. And here the facts justify us in laying down the following rules for our guidance:—

(i.) As regards the anecdotes containing information relating to the books of the New Testament, he restricts himself to the narrowest limits which justice to his subject will allow. His treatment of Irenæus makes this point clear. Though he gives the principal passage in this author relating to the Four Gospels,* he omits to mention others which contain interesting statements directly or indirectly affecting the question, *e.g.* that St. John wrote his Gospel to counteract the errors of Cerinthus and the Nicolaitans.† Thus too, when he quotes a few lines alluding to the unanimous tradition of the Asiatic elders who were acquainted with St. John,‡ he omits the context, from which we find that this tradition had an important bearing on the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, for it declared that Christ's ministry extended much beyond a single year, thus confirming the obvious chronology of the Fourth Gospel against the apparent chronology of the Synoptists.

(ii.) As regards the quotations and references, the case stands thus. When Eusebius speaks of "testimonies" in any ancient writer taken from a Scriptural book, we cannot indeed be sure that the quotations were direct and by name (this was certainly not the case in some), but we may fairly assume that they were definite enough, or numerous enough, or both, to satisfy even a sceptical critic of the modern school. This is the case, for instance, with the quotations from the Epistle to the Hebrews in Clement of Rome, and those from the First Epistle of St. Peter in Polycarp. *In no instance which we can test does Eusebius give a doubtful testimony.* On the other hand, he omits several which might fairly be alleged, and have been alleged by modern writers, as, for instance, the coincidence with 1 John in Polycarp.§ He may have passed them over through inadvertence, or he may not have considered them decisive.

I am quite aware that our author states the case differently; but I am unable to reconcile his language with the facts. He writes as follows:—

"He (Eusebius) states however, that Papias 'made use of testimonies from the First Epistle of John, and likewise from that of Peter.' As Eusebius, however, does not quote the passages from Papias, we must remain in doubt whether he did not, as elsewhere, assume from some similarity of wording that the passages were quotations from these Epistles, whilst in reality they might not be. Eusebius made a similar statement with regard to a supposed quotation in the so-called Epistle of Polycarp,¹ upon very insufficient grounds."

* Iren. iii. 1. 1.

† Iren. iii. 11. 1.

‡ Iren. iii. 3. 4, cited in *Euseb. H. E.* iii. 23.

§ C. 7.

|| S. R., I. p. 483.

For the statement "as elsewhere" our author has given no authority, and I am not aware of any.

The note to which the number in the text refers is "Ad. Phil. vii.; *Euseb. H. E.* iv. 14."

I cannot help thinking there is some confusion here. The passage of Eusebius to which our author refers in this note relates how Polycarp "has employed certain testimonies from the First (former) Epistle of Peter." The chapter of Polycarp, to which he refers, contains a reference to the First Epistle of *St. John*, which has been alleged by modern writers, but *is not alleged by Eusebius*. This same chapter, it is true, contains the words "Watch unto prayer," which present a coincidence with 1 Pet. iv. 7. But no one would lay any stress on this one expression: the strong and unquestionable coincidences are elsewhere. Moreover our author speaks of a single "supposed quotation," whereas the quotations from 1 Peter in Polycarp are numerous. Thus in c. 1 we have "In whom, not having seen, ye believe, and believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," from 1 Pet. i. 8; in c. 2, "Girding up your loins," from 1 Pet. i. 13 (comp. Ephes. vi. 14); "Having believed on Him that raised up our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead and gave Him glory," from 1 Pet. i. 21; "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing," from 1 Pet. iii. 9; in c. 5, "Every lust warreth against the Spirit," from 1 Pet. ii. 11; in c. 8, "Who bore our sins with His own body (*τῷ ἰδίῳ σώματι*) on the tree," from 1 Pet. ii. 24; "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," from 1 Pet. ii. 22; in c. 10, "Lovers of the brotherhood," from 1 Pet. ii. 17; "Be ye all subject one to another," from 1 Pet. v. 5; "Having your conversation unblamable among the Gentiles, that from your good works both ye may receive praise, and the Lord may not be evil spoken of in you," from 1 Pet. ii. 12 (comp. iv. 14 in the received text). I am quite at a loss to conceive how any one can speak of these numerous and close coincidences as "very insufficient grounds." And though our author elsewhere, as, for instance, in the quotations from the Fourth Gospel in Tatian and in the Clementine Homilies,* has resisted evidence which (I venture to think) would satisfy any jury of competent critics, yet I cannot suppose that he would hold out against such an array of passages as we have here, and I must therefore believe that he has overlooked the facts. I venture to say again that, in these references to early writers relating to the Canon, Eusebius (where we are able to test him) *never overstates the case*. I emphasize this assertion, because I trust some one will point out my error if I am wrong. If I am not shown to be wrong, I shall make use of the fact hereafter.

This investigation will have thrown some light upon the author's

* S. R. II. pp. 374—379, pp. 336—341.

sweeping assertions with respect to the arbitrary action which he supposes to have presided over the formation of the Canon, and still more on his unqualified denunciations of the uncritical spirit of Eusebius. But such was not my immediate purpose.

Hypotheses non fingimus. We have built no airy castles of criticism on arbitrary *à priori* assumptions as to what the silence of Eusebius must mean. We have put the man himself in the witness-box; we have confronted him with facts, and cross-examined him; thus we have elicited from him his principles and mode of action. I may perhaps have fallen into some errors of detail, though I have endeavoured to avoid them, but the main conclusions are, I believe, irrefragable. If they are not, I shall be obliged to any one who will point out the fallacy in my reasoning; and I pledge myself to make open retraction, when I resume these papers in a subsequent number. If they are, then the reader will not fail to see how large a part of the argument in "Supernatural Religion" has crumbled to pieces.

Our author is quite alive to the value of a system of "positively enunciating."* "A good strong assertion," he says, "becomes a powerful argument, since few readers have the means of verifying its correctness."† His own assertions, which I quoted at the outset of this investigation, are certainly not wanting in strength, and I have taken the liberty of verifying them. Any English reader may do the same. Eusebius is translated, and so are the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

I now venture on a statement which might have seemed a paradox if it had preceded this investigation, but which, coming at its close, will, if I mistake not, commend itself as a sober deduction from facts. *The silence of Eusebius respecting early witnesses to the Fourth Gospel is an evidence in its favour.* Its Apostolic authorship had never been questioned by any Church writer from the beginning, so far as Eusebius was aware, and therefore it was superfluous to call witnesses. It was not excused, because it had not been accused. In short, the silence of Eusebius here means the very opposite to that which our author assumes it to mean.

If any one demurs to this inference, let him try, on any other hypothesis, to answer the following questions:—

(1.) How is it that, while Eusebius alleges repeated testimonies to the Epistle to the Hebrews, he is silent from first to last about the universally acknowledged Epistles of St. Paul, such as Romans, 1, 2 Corinthians, and Galatians?

(2.) How is it that he does not mention the precise and direct testimony in Theophilus to the Gospel of St. John, while he does mention a reference in this same author to the Apocalypse?

And this explanation of the silence of Eusebius, while it is

* S. R. II. p. 62.

† II. p. 66.

demanded by his own language and practice, alone accords with the known facts relating to the reception of the Fourth Gospel in the second century. Its theology is stamped on the teaching of orthodox apologists; its authority is quoted for the speculative tenets of the manifold Gnostic sects, Basilideans, Valentinians, Ophites; its narrative is employed even by a Judaising writer like the author of the Clementines. The phenomena which confront us in the last quarter of the second century are inexplicable, except on the supposition that the Gospel had had a long previous history. How else are we to account for such facts as that the text already exhibits a number of various readings, such as the alternative of "only begotten God" for "the only begotten Son" in i. 18, and "six" for "five" in iv. 18, or the interpolation of the descent of the angel in v. 3, 4; that legends and traditions have grown up respecting its origin, such as we find in Clement of Alexandria and in the Muratorian fragment; that perverse mystical interpretations, wholly foreign to the simple meaning of the text, have already encrusted it, such as we meet with in the commentary of Heracleon? How is it that ecclesiastical writers far and wide receive it without misgiving at this epoch—Irenæus in Gaul, Tertullian in Africa, Clement in Alexandria, Theophilus at Antioch, the anonymous Muratorian writer perhaps in Rome? that they not only receive it, but assume its reception from the beginning? that they never betray a consciousness that any Church or Churchman had ever questioned it? The history of the first three-quarters of the second century is necessarily obscure owing to the paucity of remains. A flood of light is suddenly poured in during the remaining years of the century. Our author is content to grope in the obscurity: any phantoms may be conjured up here; but the moment the light is let in, he closes his eyes and can see nothing. He refuses altogether to discuss Irenæus, though Irenæus was a disciple of Polycarp, and Polycarp was a disciple of St. John. Even if it be granted that the opinion of Irenæus, as an isolated individual, is not worth much, yet *the wide-spread and traditional belief which underlies his whole language and thoughts* is a consideration of the highest moment: and Irenæus is only one among many witnesses. The author's treatment of the external evidences to the Fourth Gospel is wholly vitiated by his ignoring the combined force of such facts as these. A man might with just as much reason assert that a sturdy oak sapling must have sprung up overnight, because circumstances had prevented him from witnessing its continuous growth.

The author of "Supernatural" Religion was kind enough to send me an early copy of his fourth edition, and I sincerely thank him for his courtesy. Unfortunately it arrived too late for me to

make any use of it in my previous article. With one exception however, I have not noticed that my criticisms are affected by any changes which may have been made. But this single exception is highly important. A reader, with only the fourth edition before him, would be wholly at a loss to understand my criticism, and therefore some explanation is necessary.

In my former article I pointed out that the author had founded a charge of "falsification" against Dr. Westcott on a grammatical error of his own. He had treated the infinitive and indicative moods as the same for practical purposes; he had confused the oblique with the direct narrative; he had maintained that the passage in question (containing a reference to St. John) was Irenæus' own, whereas the grammar showed that Irenæus was repeating the words of others; and consequently, he had wrongly accused Dr. Tischendorf and Dr. Westcott, because in their translations they had brought out the fact that the words did not belong to Irenæus himself.

I place the new note relating to Dr. Westcott side by side with the old:*

FOURTH EDITION.

"Having just observed that a note in this place, in previous editions, has been understood as an accusation against Dr. Westcott of deliberate falsification of the text of Irenæus, we at once withdraw it with unfeigned regret that the expressions used could bear an interpretation so far from our intention. *We desired simply to object to the insertion of 'they taught'* (On the Canon, p. 61, note 2), without some indication, in the absence of the original text, that these words were merely supplementary and conjectural. The source of the indirect passage is, of course, matter of argument, and we make it so; but it seems to us that the introduction of specific words like these, without explanation of any kind, conveys to the general reader too positive a view of the case. We may perhaps be permitted to say that we fully recognise Dr. Westcott's sincere love of truth, and feel the most genuine respect for his character."

EARLIER EDITIONS.

"Canon Westcott, who quotes this passage in a note (On the Canon, p. 61, note 2), translates here, 'This distinction of dwelling, they taught, exists,' &c. The introduction of 'they taught' here is most unwarrantable; and being inserted, without a word of explanation or mark showing its addition by the translator, in a passage upon whose interpretation there is difference of opinion, and whose origin is in dispute, it amounts to a falsification of the text. Dr. Westcott neither gives the Greek nor the ancient Latin version for comparison."

* IL p. 328. In the quotations which follow, I have italicised some portions to show the difference of interpretation in the earlier and later editions.

Considering the gravity of his accusation, I think that our author might have been more explicit in his retraction. He might have stated that he not only retracted his charge against Dr. Westcott, but also withdrew his own interpretation of the passage. He might have confessed that, having in his earlier editions assumed the words to be Irenæus' own, he had found out his mistake*; that accordingly he acknowledged the passage to be oblique; that therefore, after all, Dr. Westcott was right and he was wrong; and that the only question with him now was how best to break the force of the true interpretation, in its bearing on the authenticity of the fourth Gospel.

The reader will not find in this fourth edition, from beginning to end, the slightest intimation of all this. He is left with the impression that the author regrets having used a strong expression respecting Dr. Westcott, but that otherwise his opinion is unchanged. Whether I have or have not rightly interpreted the facts, will be seen from a juxtaposition of passages from the fourth and earlier editions.

FOURTH EDITION.

"Now, in the quotation from Irenæus given in this passage, *Tischendorf renders the oblique construction* by inserting 'say they,' referring to the Presbyters of Papias; and, as he does not give the original, he should at least have indicated that these words are supplementary. We shall endeavour," &c.

EARLIER EDITIONS.

"Now, in the quotation from Irenæus given in this passage, *Tischendorf deliberately falsifies the text* by inserting 'say they;' and, as he does not give the original, the great majority of readers could never detect how he thus adroitly contrives to strengthen his argument. As regards the whole statement of the case, we must affirm that it misrepresents the facts. We shall endeavour," &c.

Lower down he mentions how Irenæus "continues with a quotation from Isaiah his own train of reasoning," adding in the early editions—"and it might just as well be affirmed that Irenæus found the quotation from the Prophet in Papias as that which we are considering." As the reference to Isaiah is in the indicative, whereas the clause under consideration is in the infinitive, this was equivalent to saying that the one mood is just as good as the other, where it is a question of the direct or oblique narrative. This last sentence is tacitly removed in the fourth edition.

In the translation of the infinitive *εἶναι δὲ τὴν διαστολὴν* we notice this difference:—

FOURTH EDITION.

"But . . . there is this distinction."

EARLIER EDITIONS.

"But there is to be this distinction."

* I see that it was pointed out in the *Inquirer* of Nov. 7th.

The translation of the passage containing these oblique infinitives is followed by the author's comment, which is altered thus :—

FOURTH EDITION.

"Now it is impossible for anyone who attentively considers the whole of this passage, and who makes himself acquainted with the manner in which Irenæus conducts his argument, and interweaves it with quotations, to assert that the phrase we are considering must have been taken from a book referred to three chapters earlier, and was not introduced by Irenæus from some other source."

EARLIER EDITIONS.

"Now it is impossible for anyone who attentively considers the whole of this passage, and who makes himself acquainted with the manner in which Irenæus conducts his argument, and interweaves it with texts of Scripture, to doubt that the phrase we are considering is introduced by Irenæus himself, and is in no case a quotation from the work of Papias."

Here the author has tacitly withdrawn an interpretation which a few weeks before he declared to be beyond the reach of doubt, and has substituted a wholly different one for it. He then proceeds :—

FOURTH EDITION.

"In the passage from the commencement of the second paragraph Irenæus enlarges upon, and illustrates, what 'the Presbyters say' regarding the blessedness of the Saints, by quoting the view held as to the distinction between those bearing fruit thirty-fold, sixty-fold, and one hundred-fold, and the interpretation given of the saying regarding 'many mansions.'"

EARLIER EDITIONS.

"The passage from the commencement of the second paragraph (§2), is an enlargement or comment on what the Presbyters say regarding the blessedness of the Saints, and Irenæus illustrates the distinction between those bearing fruit thirty-fold, sixty-fold, and one hundred-fold, so often represented in the Gospel by the saying regarding 'many mansions' being prepared in Heaven."

After this our author, in the earlier editions, quotes a number of passages from Irenæus to support his view that the words in question are direct and not oblique, because they happen to begin with *διὰ τοῦτο*. It is unfortunate that not one of them is in the indicative mood, and therefore they afford no illustration of the point at issue.

"These," he there adds, "are all direct quotations by Irenæus, as is most certainly that which we are considering, which is introduced in precisely the same way. That this is the case is further shown, &c. . . . and it is rendered quite certain by the fact that," &c.

All these false parallels are withdrawn in the fourth edition, and the sentence is rewritten. We are now told that "*the source of his (Irenæus') quotation is quite indefinite, and may simply be the exegesis of his own day.*" So then it was a quotation after all, and the old interpretation, though declared to be "most certain" and "quite certain" in two consecutive sentences, silently vanishes to make room for the new. But why does the author allow himself to spend nine octavo pages over the discussion of this one passage, freely

altering sentence after sentence to obliterate all traces of his error, without any intimation to the reader? Had not the public a right to expect more distinctness of statement, considering that the author had been led by this error to libel the character of more than one writer? Must not anyone reading the apology to Dr. Westcott, contained in the note quoted above, necessarily carry off a wholly false impression of the facts?

I add one other passage for comparison:—

FOURTH EDITION.

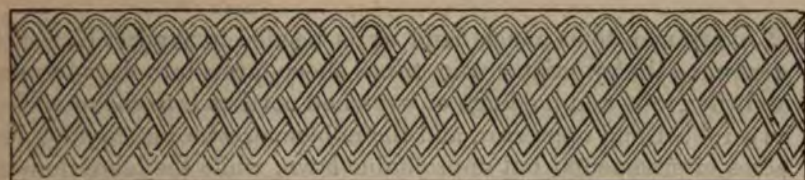
"We have disposed of his alternative that the quotation being by 'the Presbyters' was more ancient even than Papias, by showing that it *may be referred to Irenæus himself quoting probably from contemporaries*, and that there is no ground for attributing it to the Presbyters at all."

EARLIER EDITIONS.

"We have disposed of his alternative that the quotation, being by 'the Presbyters,' was more ancient even than Papias, by showing that it *must be attributed to Irenæus himself*, and that there is no ground for attributing it to the Presbyters at all."

Surely this writer might have paused before indulging so freely in charges of "discreet reserve," of "disingenuousness," of "wilful and deliberate evasion," and the like.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.



OBLIGATIONS OF THE SOIL.

THERE is a notion widely prevalent, habitually asserted by some, carelessly admitted by others, often formalized into a proposition, and usually taken for granted because scarcely ever denied or argued, which nevertheless would appear to be questionable ; and which, till questioned and sifted, must not be suffered to grow into an axiom. The earth, we are told, has been given as an inheritance to *mankind at large*, not to this or that generation, or to this or that tribe or nation, far less to this or that class or section of a people, but as a source of sustenance to all, for the support and maintenance of succeeding and increasing generations of men ; that, in fact, it was designed to grow food for man ; that by no right, or justice, or propriety can it be diverted to any other purpose or neglected for this purpose ; that its allotment to this or that set of holders, whether communal or individual, can only be warranted on the plea that such appropriation is best fitted to develop its resources :—that, in fine, and to speak broadly, it is the duty of the land to support as large a population as possible, and that the criterion by which all use and tenure of land must be judged is its fulfilling, or tendency to fulfil, this great end.

The proposition is asserted and proclaimed with every gradation of latitude and positiveness ; and, *primâ facie*, it contains so much truth and plausibility, that it is not easy to detect, in its varying forms, where fallacy and extravagance begin. The advocates of the masses, who affect to defend their interests and to speak in their name, boldly maintain the indefeasible natural claim

of every man to as much land as is needed to support him; and denounce the proprietor who turns sheep-farms into deer-forests, and the crofts and holdings of wretched cottiers into sheep-walks, as a robber and oppressor, and the nobleman who insists upon his acres of ornamental but unprofitable lawn, while the labourers—a score of whom that lawn, if in potatoes, might support—are half-starving round his park, as not far off a murderer. Others point out that all civilized nations scout the claim of the savage hunter, who needs fifty square miles of forest and wild land to supply him with the game on which he feeds, and make no scruple of dispossessing him and turning his land to more productive uses: and then ask wherein his case differs from that of the Highland Ducal Chief, who keeps thousands of acres as wilderness and wood for the sake of the stags and grouse which give him little beyond sport. A recent writer, more moderate in appearance, holds the landowners of England to have grievously failed in their duty to their countrymen because the soil produces only half what it might be made to yield, and implies not obscurely, that this failure on their part ought to be remedied by a different distribution of their neglected acres. Adherents of the Land and Labour League would have the State gradually obtain the ownership of the soil, and allot to every man the five or ten acres which they deem his due; while Mr. Atherton is more precise, and would solve the problem by assigning to every baby an acre of land in the parish in which it happened to be born. Political economists, as a rule, have not troubled themselves to contest the fundamental assumption that it is obligatory on the land to produce as much food, and to maintain as large a population as it can; indeed, have tacitly accepted the doctrine—evading rather than discussing it; and have argued merely that private proprietorship, and probably large properties, offer the greatest likelihood of obtaining this maximum result;—or they have met all practical inferences of a subversive or spoliative tendency by pointing out that though a man may be entitled to five or ten acres as his portion of God's bequest, he is not entitled to it in any special locality he may prefer; that practically the land of the globe is unlimited in extent, and a vast proportion of it still virtually unappropriated; and that till all this is disposed of, no man can be entitled to dispossess his neighbour.

We think it is time to ask whether the fundamental assumption on which such a superstructure is coming to be built is a truism or a fallacy—whether the soil is bound to produce as much human food as possible—whether, in very deed, Providence designed the earth to be cultivated and peopled up to its maximum capacity—and whether it should be the aim of statesmen to co-operate in the fulfilment of that supposed design—whether, in fine, the whole globe cultivated and cropped like one vast

market garden—England “with every rood of ground maintaining its man”—is precisely that golden age, that culminating point of progress, that finished goal and ideal of humanity, that we contemplate and desire.

Now, one of the safest and most effectual modes of dealing with a doctrine of which you *scent* the unsoundness, but do not distinctly discern wherein the error lies, is to trace out the consequences which flow from it, and the conclusions to which, logically followed out, it will ultimately lead us. If these are obviously inadmissible, then the doctrine may confidently be pronounced fallacious. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of geometry. Let us apply it to the case before us.

First, then,—if it be true that land ought to be made as productive as it can be, and that every owner or occupier is bound, in justice to his fellow-men or fellow-countrymen, to make the soil he cultivates yield the maximum amount of human food, it follows indisputably that those crops, only or preferentially, must be grown which give this maximum result. A farmer or proprietor who grows a comparatively innutritive crop is guilty proportionally of the same dereliction of duty as the one who grows no crops at all. Now, though we have no authorized calculations, it is generally estimated that potatoes offer the crop that produces this maximum amount of human food, and that more men can live on (say) twenty acres of this root than on the same area applied in any other way.* If it were so, then all soil ought preferentially to be thus planted (allowance of course being made for whatever rotation of crops was needed to keep up fertility), and England, or the world, ought to become one vast potato-garden. Next come grain crops, wheat or oats, though in what precise ratio is scarcely ascertained. However this may be, there can be no question that arable land laid out in the produce of cereals will support a far larger population than an equal extent of pasture or meadow land applied to the production of animal food,—probably in the proportion of five to one.

Obviously, then,—and, if the thesis we are considering be sound, the proposition seems to admit of no dispute,—since animal food is notoriously not essential to life, health, or reasonable strength in human beings,† the application of land to the breeding

* I have been unable to arrive at any consentaneous or perfectly reliable information on this point, though I have consulted all the authorities published and personal within my reach. The most competent parties disagreed, however, widely as to the quantity of food producible on a given acreage, and materially as to the quantity needed for human sustenance. But according to the best data I have been able to collect, it may be roughly calculated that a given amount of land of good quality and fairly treated, will yield food in potatoes for five persons, in wheat for four, and in butcher's meat for one. The details, however, accurate or inaccurate, are immaterial as regards the argument.

† We need not discuss this point, or call specially vegetarian writers to confirm us. A reference to well-fed and housed agricultural labourers who never taste meat; to the Scotch peasantry who live almost exclusively on oatmeal (see Somerville's *Autobiography of a Working Man*); and to various graminivorous races, scattered over the warmer countries of the world, is sufficient for our purpose.

or feeding of sheep or cattle is distinctly wrong, if carried beyond that very limited extent which is needed for milk,* manure, hides or wool, or unless confined to those districts (if any) where from climate—that is, from poverty of soil, excess of wet, or deficiency of sunshine—harvests are so precarious that a given acreage would yield actually less in root or grain crops than in animal food. As cereals and potatoes support, acre per acre, five times as much human life as butcher's meat, potatoes or cereals only, wherever possible, ought to be grown.

The next corollary is that no portion of the soil ought to be occupied in the production of any articles not needed for the supply of human wants. A certain portion of the surface of the earth must of course always be covered with forests, because wood is needed for houses, shipbuilding, and fuel, but no purely ornamental timber can be allowed: and forests should, as a rule, be rigidly confined to those latitudes and altitudes where no crops will grow—in fact, to high mountains and cold countries. Wine, again, is assuredly no necessary of life, though an exquisite luxury; vines therefore must be planted only in the poorest soils, which are available for no more nutritive crops. A perfect revolution would thus take place in many European countries; for one-sixth of the surface of France is said to be occupied with vineyards, and a considerable, though smaller, proportion of Spain, Italy, and Germany. The same restriction must be placed on the cultivation of barley and hops, though, perhaps, one less absolutely prohibitive, as beer may be held to contain certain important elements of nutrition. Assuredly, no tobacco must be grown, for tobacco does nothing towards supporting life; it needs good soil, and is, I believe, an exhausting crop. It is doubtful whether mulberry trees for silk will not also come under the ban of the principle we are now considering, for mulberry trees take up some land, and land usually of good quality; while, by the same rule, flower gardens, which are wholly unproductive, must everywhere be swept away in favour of kitchen gardens, which maintain many households.

A further logical consequence—though perhaps one which will not weigh very heavily against the doctrine from which it flows—will be the extermination of all wild animals, except such as dwell in those northern forests or tropical wastes and jungles which can never be made available for cultivation; and, further, the reduction in the numbers of our domestic animals (horses, sheep, and domestic cattle) to the limits required for actual utilitarian purposes, such as draught and clothing. Game, *chevaux de luxe*, deer, and foxes must disappear; and perhaps we need not

* It may perhaps be doubted whether milk, however nutritive, is at all essential.

concern ourselves greatly with their disappearance.* Another consequence, however, and the last we shall notice, is far more serious. In the name of the same principle we shall have to dispense with public as well as private parks, with village greens and commons, with all open spaces, in fact, except such as may be needed near or in our cities for ventilation, health, and exercise—not recreation, be it observed:—that is barred by the conditions of the problem.

It is difficult to picture to ourselves the condition to which a country thus logically acting on the principle insisted upon by popular declaimers, and carelessly conceded by many economists, would, in a few generations, be reduced. The decline of civilization would go hand in hand with the progress of cultivation, and the growth of population. The entire aspect of these islands especially would be transmogrified out of recognition. When every field is allotted to its proper crop, and taught to produce its maximum amount of food, and that food of the most nutritious sort, when the claims of the people are satisfied by their being allowed to multiply as fast and far as the productiveness of the soil will warrant, all may have enough to eat and wherewithal to clothe themselves (*on condition, always, that they cease all multiplication at that point*); but the golden age thus reached will be one of comparative barbarism, not of culminating civilization. Men's actual necessities, their lowest natural wants, may be satisfied; but all artificial wants must be denied or crushed, since the very ground-work of the principle assumes that land must be devoted to the production of the necessities of life to the exclusion of its luxuries; and as we all know, it is out of artificial, increasing, and encroaching wants that all civilization has its origin. Nations grow from tribes, man advances from the savage state, simply by becoming dissatisfied with what is merely needed for life and health, by demanding the superfluous, by insisting upon luxuries and comforts, by making some provision for the fanciful

* It may even be a question whether the doctrine under consideration would not prohibit and preclude the existing practice of burying our dead, and thus solve at once the agitated controversy about cremation. In rigorous logic, and by calculation carried far enough, a time must come when the dead in our country will outnumber and dispossess the living. We have a natural prejudice—likely to grow stronger and more imperious rather than to die away—against disturbing the bones of those who have once been committed to the earth; and one not quite so general, but still a growing one, against depositing many in one grave, or at least in the same spot. It is usually felt that each person is entitled to have his "six feet of earth" to lie in, and that it shall be his *for ever*; and grave-yards are "consecrated" and set apart for this purpose. Now, it is found that, allowing for walks and necessary side spaces, 1,200 graves can be made out of one acre;—the deaths in England and Wales (being now above 500,000 annually, and increasing year by year) will, therefore, need the allotment in perpetuity of about 500 acres per annum, or 50,000 in each century. Every year, that is, those who die in England require, monopolize, and *taboo* as much land as would suffice for the sustenance of 50 families. Thus, as the area of England and Wales extends to about 37,000,000 acres, in a period easily calculated the dead (if we still eschew cremation) will have eaten or elbowed out the living.

and the ideal, by refusing any longer to be content with food and raiment only; by solacing the mind as well as filling the stomach; by adding to the lust of the flesh the lust of the eye also, and the pride of life. Moreover, there can be no greater delusion than to picture this golden age of consummate production and maximum population as one of idleness or ease. No life, as experience shows, is comparable for grinding hardship and incessant toil with that of the peasant who tries to live out of a minimum of acres cultivated up to the highest limit of productiveness. Man as he should be, and as we aspire to see him, eats that he may *live*—live something that is worthy to be called life. The people of a country “where every rood of earth maintains its man,” must be content to live that they may eat, and to spend all their time and energies in providing for the merest animal necessities.

We shall be answered, of course, by the maintainers of the doctrine we are questioning—“Oh! but we never intended to push our principle so far. We simply argued that no man in any country has a right to monopolise land—i.e., to keep it for his delectation while others require it for their sustenance. Nor should we ever maintain in its nakedness the extreme proposition that the soil must be made to support as many persons as possible, but merely as many *valuable and desirable* persons—not as large a population of all sorts or of any sort, but as large a population of that class and character, of that vigour, capacity, and full development in all directions, which suitable citizens of a civilized State ought to possess. Thus limited and guarded, we still consider our principle as not only defensible, but sound. We have no desire to see a potato-fed people, however numerous, because we know that a potato diet will only produce an inferior race; and we should never propose even to confine the population to wheaten or oaten bread, because we believe that a fair proportion of animal food—and perhaps even stimulants in moderation—are needed for the developing the healthy, vigorous, and complete powers of the human frame.”

Very well! I am not inclined, and have no need, to demur to the proposition thus limited; the *principle involved* in the limitation containing everything for which I argue—everything, in fact, required to reduce it to a harmless truism. We are agreed that the object to be kept in view is not to cover the earth with mere swarms of human beings without reference to quality, but to make it the habitation of as ample numbers as may be of such men as statesmen, patriots, and philanthropists desire to see—as, in a word, we all aspire to make the human race consist of. Man, it is conceded, cannot live on roots at all, nor on bread alone; he must be allowed meat. Man, I add, cannot live even upon all

three elements of sustenance combined : he must be allowed much else ; he needs far other nutriment if he is to be what we wish him to become ; he has something beyond his body to be nourished—something else beside his stomach to be filled. It is admitted that he needs not only food, but succulent and strengthening food ; not only clothing, but warm clothing ; not only shelter from the elements, but sufficing and comfortable dwellings. But this list by no means comprises the total of his *wants*, nor the total possessions to which he is entitled, if by industry, talent, and the frugality that leads to accumulation, he can procure and retain them. Our ideal man requires for his development the elegancies and even perhaps the luxuries which are the conditions of refinement. He needs the beauties of nature to rejoice his eye and cultivate his taste ; flowers in his garden, however small it be ; shrubberies and groves about his house ; forest trees in his park, if he can afford one ; not a vast expanse of corn-fields and green crops, which can please the eye of no one but a farmer or a market gardener. He requires home animals—dogs and singing birds—around his pathway ; not merely cattle that he can eat, and sheep that he may shear. He needs something, however little, of *superfluity* around him ; something that is not *merely* useful. He needs a dwelling that shall not be strictly four walls and a roof ; an abode that shall satisfy his higher tastes, as well as his bare necessities ; a residence—a mansion, if you will—that shall be rich in associations and suggestions, and an object of beauty to the neighbourhood around. He needs two other things besides, if he is to be the worthy, happy, and fully-ripened man we are contemplating ; two things which imply and include much—*room* and *leisure*. He must have time for study, time for research, time for mental acquisition of every kind ; above all, time for thought, if either man or mankind is to make progress ; and this leisure time is not to be secured without superfluous means and accumulated wealth. Lastly, he must have space—space to be alone in ; space to exonerate him from that eternal presence of his fellow men which is fatal to the growth of the higher and profounder life ; space for that sometime solitude without which no man can know what he is, or become what he might be. I quoted lately in this REVIEW the testimony of one lately departed and much venerated philosopher, who was penetrated with all human sympathies, and assuredly not less alive than any of us to the claims of the poor upon the soil ; but it is so true, and so appropriate to the matter at issue, that there is no harm in quoting it again :—

“There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for an immense increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But although it may be innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population

necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has, in all the more populous countries, been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude, in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur, is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations, which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world, with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature, with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings; every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up; all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food; every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture."—J. S. MILL. *Principles of Political Economy*: "The Stationary State."

The true consideration, then, which should govern the distribution and the use of land is, not what system will yield most food and support the densest population, but what will produce and sustain the finest race physically, morally, and intellectually. The quality, rather than the quantity, of human existence is the purpose to be set before us.

W. R. GREG.



ROME AND SPAIN.

(WRITTEN IN 1869)

BY THE LATE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

AMONG the strange events of this century there is nothing more grave or more remarkable than that which has just happened to Spain. It is very melancholy in a thousand respects, and yet there is nothing more interesting and, to those who have considered it, more natural. I say considered it; and I add, for those who can discern the voice of history, of all the histories of the world that of Spain is, perhaps, the one which best explains its own misfortunes and ours.

Spain was once the first of Christian nations. No other that had been so great has sunk so low. It fell under its own triumph, enervated by despotism, and this despotism was spiritual as well as temporal; it combined the Inquisition and absolute monarchy.

The whole of Spain, until the sixteenth century, was a confederation of republics, and these were more municipal than feudal. The kings were only presidents, and each had distinct laws, rights, and usages. There was everywhere life and independence; for each republic was a centre of activity which, at the first signal, could become a centre of resistance. Their liberties, valour, and honour belonged to the whole of Spain, and were such as no Continental nation ever so long and so completely enjoyed. Her real power was exercised by the assemblies or Cortes in all the provinces. These assemblies were sovereign as to taxes and legislation, the right of declaring war and making peace. The Spaniards even claimed the privilege of making

insurrection against unjust kings in the same way as the Hungarians in the thirteenth century, when they had the famous charter drawn up by the father of Saint Elizabeth. Through all their acts, words, and laws there breathes always a strong attachment to liberty, and everywhere we find a clear declaration of national sovereignty.

It is a strange thing that this has been totally forgotten, or scarcely believed, and yet it cannot be denied that the Spaniards were a hundred years in advance of even the English in intelligence, conquest, and love of liberty. Royalty was Parliamentary—that is, it was controlled by the assemblies—a form of government already lost in France, and scarcely thought of in England. Everything then appeared to intimate that this brave people would be in the future, as in the past, the worthy representatives of the vitality of Christian nations. That seems to have been its destiny and its glorious mission. It fulfilled it for eight centuries, even to the time of the conquest of Granada, which was the fatal forerunner of the fall of Spain.

II. But all is now changed; the world beholds the most lamentable transformation under the sun. What is the cause? We answer—*The subjection of a people to their masters, and the too intimate and too absolute union between the throne and the altar.* From the whole history of modern Spain we have the most terrible, and yet the most necessary of lessons: It is the ruin of a country, which from an excessive love of unity, repose, and external order abandons itself to a despotism both *spiritual* and temporal.

Everything has perished in Spain under this deadly influence. Absolutism has nowhere been more complete or more universal. Every kind of resistance has been stifled, and the decay has been rapid and without remedy. So long as the contest was between Catholicism and Islamism, so long as Royalty was constrained by the Cortes, everything flourished. But when, in the political order, Royalty, by the aid of the Inquisition, absorbed all, and the Church became victorious—when Jews, then Moors and Protestants, were banished, free discussion and inquiry prohibited—then all was lost. No one will take me for an apostle of the modern dream of the absolute separation of Church and State. I believe that to be undesirable, and in most cases impossible. But I do not hesitate to say that that separation, with all its perils, would be a thousand times better than the absorption of the Church by the State, or of the State by the Church. Their identification, such as we have seen it in Spain since the sixteenth century, has produced the saddest results. It is impossible to deny that the Church more than anything else has been *the instrument and accomplice of despotism.* For more than three centuries the Inquisition has been the scourge of Spain, and at

The same time the object of the just horror of the Christian world; of France, Belgium, and Catholic Germany, not less than of all Protestant nations. "Created," as the first Grand Inquisitor said, "for the service of God and their highnesses," and serving as a police for Royalty when no other police existed, it deserved to be substituted by Charles V. in the Low Countries in place of the jurisdiction of bishops, for, as he said, "episcopal authority is too independent of civil government." The Inquisition was much more devoted to Royalty than to the Church, or even to the Papacy itself. It overturned all barriers, suppressed all privileges, and despised all rights, studying only the absolute power of the kings. By giving religious sanctions to punishments for all encroachments on the monarchy, it has created that centralization which is the burden and nightmare of modern Europe, after having been the poison of ancient Europe. I know only too well why Catholics ought to curse its memory; but I do not certainly know why contemporary democrats should censure it, for it has everywhere been serviceable to their cause.

It is not only the punishments and tortures of the Inquisition which we ought to condemn, when we think of the long list of human beings, who have been bought by the blood of Jesus Christ, led in the light of day to the stake by monsters who even dared to cause a crucifix to be carried before the hideous procession; but that which ought to make us even more indignant are the perfidies, the infamy of their proceedings during so many centuries, which were violations of all the rights of men, both as citizens and members of families. Everybody was suspected or accused; all the sanguinary instincts of a race too often inflamed by the meridian sun; all the jealousies of a people stamped with slavery were carefully and too successfully encouraged. The most astute as well as the most powerful believed that they were safe by being enrolled among the friends of the Holy Office, and by thus buying—but not always with success—their personal security at the expense of their honour. This *horrible vampire* ended by entirely swallowing up society. This *monstrous institution* only ceased to perform its functions when it had substituted death and nothingness for the life and glory of the first of the nations of the middle ages.

But, it will be said, all these horrors were not committed without resistance. I admit it; but these poor efforts, however great the honour due to their authors, have availed little. I also know all that has been said and written by excellent Catholics and orthodox theologians, both in Spain and out of it, against crime committed in the name of the divine right of kings and of princes. But this has not been sufficient to preserve from an incurable decay the greatest of Catholic States, nor to keep Spain

itself from a deplorable bondage. I grant, indeed, that the Inquisition in Spain destroyed Protestantism in its germ; but I defy anyone to prove that it has not given it throughout Europe the support of public opinion, and the sympathies of outraged humanity. It has created in both worlds inexhaustible nourishment for impiety, and for the hatred and discredit of Catholicism.

III. Here, then, is what the Christian world has been condemned to see—a people that has reached the greatest grandeur and glory slowly put to death by the double vampire of religious and monarchical despotism. But the Inquisition itself could have done nothing without the co-operation of monarchical authority. Prepared by Peter the Cruel, absolute Royalty first appeared in its formidable but ephemeral strength in the time of Ximenes, under the shadow of the throne of that charming Isabella, who was called “the most noble creature that ever reigned over men.” Her reign marks the climax of the splendour and of the honour of the country. The premature death of her only son, whose tomb is near that of Saint Therèse d’Avila, was the death of Spain. Despotism came upon the wings of the Austrian eagle, Charles V., the unfortunate man who lived to enthrone Cæsarism, and to infect with it the whole of Europe. Profiting by the lamentable divisions which then and often since have rendered resistance hopeless, he triumphed by a legitimate insurrection of the *comuneros*, and by the heroic Padilla a Villalar,—one of the most fatal days in the history of the world. In 1538 the Cortes tried in vain to resist him. He said to them boldly, “I demand of you money and not advice.” Then excluding carefully the most independent elements—the clergy and nobility—and admitting only the simple procurators of towns, he reduced the national representation to a mere shadow. He invented the consular despotism and the representative absolutism of which the Napoleons have been charged with being the authors. The Cortes had no longer any power. All sources of life were corrupted. The noble institutions of the middle ages, which, notwithstanding their imperfections, were so favourable to liberty, disappeared. Paganism was restored under the cover of orthodoxy. Then reappeared, to the disgrace and misfortune of the human race, the system which seemed to have been hidden for a thousand years under the rubbish of the Roman Empire.

To this unfortunate father succeeded a still more unfortunate son. Philip II. completed the work which Charles V. had begun. The latter had destroyed the Cortes of Castille, and the former used the Inquisition to destroy that of Arragon, with its courts of justice and all its ancient and legitimate liberties. The soul of Spain was petrified in his bloody hands, and by means of *auto-da-fés* reached its decline. Vengeance had not long to wait. A

hundred years after the advent of Charles V. the Duke d'Olivarez, first minister and chief favourite of Philip IV., wrote to the infant cardinal who governed Belgium on behalf of Spain, "My lord, there are no more men! There are really no more. We have sought everywhere and have found none." It was not a slanderer, a foreigner, an enemy, a Protestant, who thus expressed himself, but a most competent judge, and one who had at heart the welfare of Spain.

From the time of Philip II. every day the condition of the country became worse and the decay more visible. Everywhere the humiliation became general. Portugal had the misfortune to be annexed to Spain for sixty years; and during this time the Dutch took possession of the immense Indian colonies which had been the glorious conquest of Gama, and thirty thousand Spaniards, taken by the Barbarians on the coasts of Spain, filled the prisons of Algiers. The distant dependencies of the Crown were treated with great hardship. Royalty itself was the first arraigned—it underwent the most ignominious fate. Spain abolished Royalty first, as the father of Philip II. had abolished the nation. Philip II. complained, when dying, of the incapacity of his son Philip III., who was succeeded by Philip IV., more incapable still. This *Catholic* king, whose evil life is well known, left but one legitimate son, the unfortunate Charles II. After the regency of his mother, assisted by his confessor—at once Grand Inquisitor and Prime Minister—this poor man knew nothing and could do nothing. At the age of thirty he could not endure one hour's reading. With him was extinguished the male posterity of Charles V.

Here we have the first country of Europe become the last. From the seventeenth century—that is to say, for about three hundred years almost—it has not had one statesman, one general, or one great prince. In the eighteenth century there is not even a writer or artist worthy of being named, and this during the centuries when France, England, and Germany were in their greatest prosperity.

With the eighteenth century came the House of Bourbon. The immense empire of the Spaniards and the Indies was transferred from one dynasty to another without even the advice or consent of anyone being asked or obtained. Innumerable people changed hands like a drove of cattle. However, with the House of Bourbon Spain saw at least an hour of return to life. It hoped to put this life into the generous blood of the grandchildren of Henry IV. But this hope was not realized. This generous blood was corrupted in its turn under the deadly influence of the Court of the Inquisition. Philip V. put his feet upon the last spark which the resistance of Catalonia had caused to rise from the ashes of the

ancient hearth. His wife, Elizabeth Farnèse, at the same time, in her character of Catholic Queen, obtained from the unwilling Pope, Clement XII., the nomination of her third son, aged seven years, to the archbishopric of Toledo, the first benefice in Christendom, and along with this the archbishopric of Seville. He and his successors went on zealously with the work of demolition and annihilation which the House of Austria had already carried on so far. The Marquis of Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs to Louis XV., once asked what had become of this branch of the House of France. The result of his examination he expressed thus :—"A corrupted Court, ministers who were mere courtiers, women intriguing and avaricious, the pride of the great and the baseness of the lower classes, superstitious devotion, with minute and cruel ceremonies—these are the things which have destroyed Spain. There are entire provinces without inhabitants, famished skeletons in the cottages, men steeped in debauchery, neither agriculture nor work, except some manufactures for articles of luxury." He describes a Spanish king as the head of a devout seraglio.

Only one of the Kings of this new dynasty, Charles III., appears to have wished that his kingdom should take any rank in Europe. But his reforms, though useful, were insufficient. To us, who like impiety as little as tyranny, he has shown how despotism corrupts the best intentions, by dishonouring his title and his crown through a very unjustifiable persecution of the Jesuits. Let the Jesuits of to-day and their friends try not to forget it; nothing committed against them by Liberal Governments and false democrats of the nineteenth century will ever be equal to the misdoings of this Catholic and absolute King.

Under the son of the persecutor the work is completed. The glorious country of Pelagius, of Cid, of Jayme, and good Gonzalve of Cordova, becomes merely the prey of Godoy. The last personification of the absolute and Catholic monarchy, before the terrible and revengeful irruption of modern ideas under the form of French armies, was manifested in history by a King and a Queen having both the same body-guard—the further relation we do not describe. Napoleon and Murat arrived, and the Inquisition terminated its shameful career. The 6th of May, 1808, the day after the heroic insurrection of Madrid and the atrocious execution of so many innocents, the Supreme Council published a proclamation in which it loaded the French with eulogies, and described the Spaniards as seditious, rebellious, and perfidious.

IV. Are the Spaniards ever to survive the social weakness and the political incapacity which have been brought upon them by religious and monarchical absolutism? We do not know. We may hope, with all the fervour of Christian charity and liberal fraternity, that it may be so. But no one will dare to affirm it.

What can we expect from a nation whose Kings have ignored for ten generations their rights and duties, whose natural manhood has been blunted, lulled to sleep, and finally destroyed? There are nations which rise again. Spain deserves certainly to be one of these by its virtues as well as its misfortunes. But there are others which fall without hope, not only after a violent catastrophe, but by a slow and incurable decay. That which we must acknowledge is that nations are so much the more violent and unreasonable the more they have been crushed and humiliated by long oppression. Italy, Spain, and Austria are proofs of this. Without overlooking any of their crimes, we must acknowledge that the responsibility falls, first of all, upon those who, neglecting both Christian tradition and the rights of humanity, have sacrificed the soul of nations to a monstrous egotism. I ought, in passing, to notice an objection which may be made both by friends and enemies. It may be asked, What is the part that Catholicism has played in the recent and sad destinies of Spain? It is certain that the Spanish people have entered into the Catholic faith with an unrivalled ardour and energy; but I confess unhesitatingly that the too intimate alliance of the Church with absolute monarchy under the House of Austria, and since that time, has had something to do with the sad and strange catastrophe of modern history. No one can measure the difference between the Spain that is and the Spain that might have been, if only the clergy had been faithful to the traditions of independent liberty. The greatest part of the present miseries and future perils of Spain must be attributed to the hateful reign of Ferdinand VII. Why was it necessary that, after this heroic effort—the gigantic fight of 1808 to 1814—the Spanish people, delivered from foreign usurpation, could find in the native sovereign for whom so much blood had been wasted only one of the most miserable specimens of royalty which it has ever been given to man to contemplate? Destitute of all the virtues of the glorious House of France from which he had the honour to descend, by his ingratitude and his duplicity he has shown himself even beneath the least commendable princes of the House of Austria. Let us throw a veil over this reign of twenty years, and upon this expedition which, though so well conceived by the patriotism of Chateaubriand, and conducted by a prince so enlightened and moderate as the Duke d'Angoulême, has been of no benefit to Spain. Isabella, it is true, represented the ancient Spanish right, and her competitor, Don Carlos, represented a new right born of monarchical omnipotence. But, by a singular caprice of fate, the ancient right personified by Isabella has been used for modern ideas and interests, as the new right which Don Carlos personified has for support all the retrograde passions, all the sympathies of absolutism, all the partizans of spiritual and temporal despotism both in Spain and Europe.

Certainly we must render justice to those who deserve least indulgence, and acknowledge the relative moderation of the last Spanish Revolution. Marked, like that of 1848 in France, by the absence of all resistance, it abstained, with a few disgraceful exceptions, from all violence towards persons and property. But how are we to excuse, even before the most indulgent tribunal, the incredible fickleness of those who condemn their country to oscillate between a republic and a dictatorship? In Spain, there certainly seemed to exist neither intelligent nor convinced Republicans, nor a natural or likely Dictator.

That which we must deplore above all in a political point of view is, that by sacrificing the Queen, they have proscribed the entire race, and, as in France in 1830, without reason and without pretext, overthrown the order of succession stipulated for by law, and acknowledged by the nation. Very few persons now survive, who had a voice in the Revolution of July, but will, I am sure, acknowledge, notwithstanding the inexcusable provocation of the Ordinances of July, that it would have been a thousand times better to have founded the triumph of liberty upon law, and not to have interfered with ancient right, natural order, and national religion. But we say no more of France. Confining ourselves to the sphere of Spanish interest, we may still hope, notwithstanding a very cloudy horizon, that if Spain were consulted on the Government which it preferred, it would pronounce for Royalty rather than Republicanism; it would accept only a limited Royalty, Constitutional and Parliamentary, like what exists everywhere in Europe; and the heir of this Royalty would be a Prince of the House of Bourbon.

V. As Queen Isabella manifested absolute tendencies and turned her back upon the principles and the men who had given success to her cause, the Ultramontane journals represent Spain as the only country where the faith has preserved a social expression, or where there has been an application to society of the Catholic principle. Since the insurrection, the *Catholique de Bruxelles* has even said, that if Isabella had yielded, Spain would have been lost to Catholicism—lost to the cause of order in Europe—and that the last Christian Government of the old world would have disappeared. So that, if we are to believe these oracles, nineteen centuries after the living God triumphed over death and evil on Calvary, there are no Christian Governments in the world. That there never had been any is a question that we cannot now discuss, but that the last of these should disappear with Queen Isabella II. is rather marvellous. Belgium, for instance, where these journalists themselves live, where Catholicism has enjoyed the greatest liberty and prosperity, and where the rulers live in the affection of the people, is no more a Christian Government! England, where for the last thirty years

a woman has borne the most brilliant crown of the modern world, against whom the breath of calumny has never dared to breathe, who has been for a quarter of a century the model of wives, mothers, as she now is of widows, and who has exercised an authority with the assistance not only of the most illustrious but of the most upright and irreproachable men in the country, from Wellington to Peel, and from Lord Derby to Mr. Gladstone,—England, I say, is not a Christian Government! But Spain under Isabella II. is the last type which remains to us of a Christian kingdom. It is very strange that such follies can be enunciated in the name of Catholicism and the cause of order in Europe, and that, as the Bishop of Sura lately wrote, “no one, or almost no one, has dared to renounce such culpable wanderings from truth.”*

However, to maintain that modern society, or that any Christian born and destined to live in it, will regard the condition of Spain under Isabella II. as better than that of England under Victoria, and to do this in the name of the Catholic Church and of the party of order in Europe, is to bring against that Church and that party a most criminal charge. I beg those who have the care of souls, both among ourselves and elsewhere, to reflect seriously on this.

I pass to the new social and religious condition on which Spain is entering. In the first Declaration issued by the revolutionary Junta, it is said that the new Government will be established on the following basis:—“Universal suffrage, liberty of worship, liberty of meeting, liberty of the press without special legislation, administrative decentralisation, and the establishment of trial by jury.” Here we have all the necessary liberties claimed by M. Thiers in his memorable discourse, accompanied by many others not less necessary. If the reality corresponds to the promise, all would be satisfied; I speak, at least, of my equals and contemporaries, and not of those who are demented by an absolutism and a fanaticism unknown in the time of my youth. These sprang up on the 2nd of December, and have since become oracles of religion and politics. But I deny that one can be found who has sat with me among the Catholics and Conservatives of either assembly who does not to-day applaud this programme, and accept it with enthusiasm. I add, as to myself, the abolition of colonial slavery in order that Catholicism be henceforth delivered from the disgrace of seeing a great Catholic nation, the only one among civilized nations, preserve the monstrous iniquity of dealing in slaves.

VI. To-day, thanks to the luxury and the indolence which the political abdication of a country has instilled into the French people, France may any moment become the prey of a company of fools and adventurers. Catholics everywhere unaccustomed,

* Monsignor Maoret, who has since gone over to the Ultramontane party.

and even systematically opposed, to political and social struggles such as are to be found in the modern world, will be the first victims. For myself, without being an ardent *révolutionnaire*, or an absolute democrat, I fear less, for the honour and liberty of my religion, all the crimes of revolution, or all the excesses of democracy, than the silent and dishonouring tyranny of an absolute monarchy. I am, then, for government, *free at any price, and under any form whatever*. I do not regard it as a universal or infallible panacea: I do not ignore any of its vices, nor any of its dangers. I only say that it furnishes, whether we will or no, to these excesses and these dangers two powerful and sovereign remedies, publicity and a fair field of battle.

The benefits of liberty are such, that in compelling a struggle it ordinarily gives power. Introduced suddenly into a nation after many centuries of despotism, slavery, and degradation, Parliamentary Government is not sufficient at once to resuscitate life and energy. We have a witness in Spain since 1812, and in Italy since 1848. Some centuries are required to repair the deleterious and deadly influence of previous centuries. In England, as elsewhere, the progress of Parliamentary government was very slow. But it begins always to do a certain good at first to truth and then to honest people; to the one it gives publicity, the other it compels to action. It is doubtless true that under this government good and brave people have much to risk and much to suffer. It has safety and a future. It does not elevate false heroes, or upstart kings, of whom absurd dreamers wish to make saviours, but who only plunge the people in the swamps of Byzantinism and orthodox Cæsarism.

To return to our proper subject. We ought to remark that the exclusive firmness of the Spanish episcopate is not unaccompanied with a wisdom and a moderation which so well become the pastors of the people when revolutionary storms trouble their hearts and their brains. Certainly in their acts, which we do not entirely admire, there will be found in that which respects religious liberty, the liberty of the press, and the liberty of teaching, nothing which recalls the attitude taken upon these vital questions by the Catholics in France, and Belgium, and in Ireland. Since the days of O'Connell, or the first years of this century, the nature of Catholic polemics in free countries has been changed. This difference is easily explained by the religious unity which still exists, in name at least, in Spain, and which the prelates naturally wish to see maintained. But we find nothing else which breathes the absolute politics, the retrospective fanaticism, the obstinate hostility to all modern ideas and institutions, which is shown everywhere by the *religious press*.

VII. In the past even of Spain, in the past of the four last centuries, so melancholy and sad, I do not recognise in the Jesuits any

special complicity with the general evil. I know not one whom we can accuse of having favoured the Inquisition; on the contrary, many of the most illustrious have been its victims. I do not find one mentioned among the great criminals in the annals of religious persecution. I know a little of the history of Spain, but I say nothing of it, for the Jesuits of the *Cirilla* of Rome have written the history after a fashion of their own. They are perfectly capable of vindicating, as a title of glory, that which I wish to repudiate for their Spanish brethren as an injury. They are perfectly capable of discovering, if they could, a whole niche of Jesuit tormentors, or at least familiars of the Holy Office. These fathers of the *Cirilla* oblige me to open here a very important parenthesis to declare, if I am still, as I have always been, the advocate of the Jesuits, it is not that I find them all equally irreproachable. Without having been their pupil, or having been adopted by them, I have been, during my life, their friend and their defender. But, at the moment when I, without doubt for the last time, twenty years ago opened my mouth in their defence, it was necessary that I should make some reservation. If I pleaded voluntarily for the Jesuits of France and of Spain, the victims of a persecution as stupid as it was perverse, it was not the same as for those of Rome, who every day, in order to defend the Church and the Holy See, outrage reason, justice, and honour. I neither can nor will be silent on the monstrous articles of the *Cirilla Cattolica* published in 1868 against liberty in general, and particularly against the Liberal Catholics who, like myself, had the simplicity at the Parliamentary tribune; in the name of liberty, to secure the public rights of the Jesuits.

If the Spanish liberators had enough of spirit, or enough knowledge of the things of which they speak, to accomplish their purpose, they would certainly have succeeded in claiming for themselves the benefit of the extenuating circumstances in the recent campaign against the poor Jesuits; for after the Fathers of the *Cirilla* had spoken, the Church could no longer co-exist with any modern liberty. According to them, M. Renan was the first among contemporary journalists who understood the truth, when he proclaimed, in 1848, that the Church has never been tolerant and never will be, and that a "Liberal Catholic or a Catholic Liberal must either be a hypocrite or a fool." But we who, in that same year 1848, demanded and obtained, in the name of liberty and tolerance, the right for the Jesuits as well as for all others to teach,—we understood absolutely nothing of it; or, to speak more correctly, we did not act in good faith, for no Liberal Catholic can have good faith. We are the just object of derision to the Catholics who are not Liberal, and to Liberals who are not Catholic.

To preserve well the Catholic cause in the second half of the

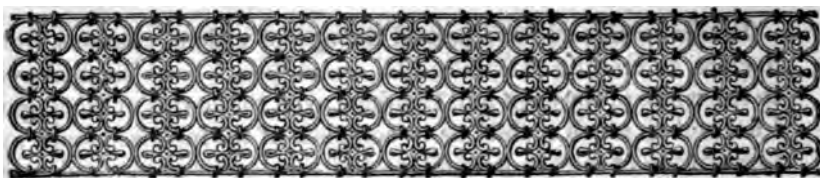
nineteenth century, there is nothing better than to lay before the eyes of contemporary Europe all the theories and all the persecutions which were discovered in the middle ages, and to justify them by placing them under the patronage of a pope or a saint. In Spain, for example, care must be taken to bring to light the instruction of the holy Pius V. to the nuncio sanctioned by Philippe II. to deplore the weakness of this King in the pursuit of heretics, and to insist upon the necessity of inflicting on them temporal chastisement. As a general thesis, we must declare decidedly that there is no modern liberty which is not pernicious in itself, and destructive in its effects; that liberty—not absolute and unlimited liberty—in itself is a spiritual plague, and much more fatal than a corporal plague. “There is not,” it is said, “any healthy liberty—all liberty is diseased; there is no wise liberty—all liberty is a delirium.”

I remark upon this, that when I and my contemporaries demanded in the two Chambers and the National Assembly, for the benefit of the Church, and especially the Jesuits, the liberty of teaching and of meeting, it was solely in the name and in the measure of the modern charters and constitutions, in the name of modern liberty—liberty of conscience and of the press and the tribune. When we seek to preserve ourselves from the passions and prejudices of our time, to be enlightened upon the nature of the modern Jesuits and their society, we meet the good and holy Père Ravignan, who said to his country, with a loyalty which is not to be questioned, “France, I have believed in the religious liberty of my country. I reckon upon liberty of conscience, which assures me of nature’s fundamental law. Liberty of conscience is the solemn promise of the charter. I contend that it is a reality as much as in England, in Belgium, and the United States. If we fall in the fight, we leave behind us a violated charter, and liberty of conscience oppressed.” When in the memorable *séance* of February, 1850, my illustrious friend and colleague M. Thiers, in the name of the commission of which we were both members, gained the definite battle which opened in France all the colleges of the Jesuits, it was by holding before the eyes of the Assembly, and in the face of our most furious opponents, the text of the Republican Constitution thus expressed:—“Everyone shall have liberty to profess his religion, and to receive from the State liberty of worship and an equal protection. Citizens shall have the right to assemble, and to publish their thoughts by means of the press and by every other means.”

We have all, then, done wrong; that is clear. As a good theologian, M. Renan alone is right—he and those like him who maintain that Catholicism, and above all Jesuitism, is absolutely incompatible with liberty.

It is long since I have passed the age of ardent passions, but I declare, in reading these *shameful recantations*, I have blushed even to the white of the eyes, and trembled even to the tips of the fingers. I am not so much a child as to complain of the inconsequence and ingratitude of men in general, and of the Jesuits in particular, but I say distinctly and emphatically that this tone of "rascal" and "pedagogue," applied to the ancient champions who are not all dead, to the ancient strifes which may be renewed to-morrow, is not becoming either to religion or to honourable men. It is, perhaps, perfectly orthodox; I am no judge in a matter of theology; but I believe that I am a judge in a matter of honour and honesty, and I affirm it is perfectly dishonest. As to the future, without declaring myself a prophet, it may be affirmed that more than one Jesuit will shed bitter tears in finding upon the path of the company the pages which their Roman *confrères* have just printed in their official journal. Which of these good fathers could complain if, three months after the publication of this manifesto, the Spanish liberators, in proclaiming liberty of worship, should suppress and despoil the Jesuits?

VIII. Dear and holy Liberty! Notwithstanding the fools who blaspheme, and in spite of the wicked who abuse it, it will be always the best remedy for all evils, as well as the most beautiful recompense of all the virtues. Were I to pass for an old dotard, for a fool thrice told, or, what is worse, for a *monster* of heresy, to the last liberty will be the cry of my conscience and my heart.



THE STRATEGY OF THE TRANSIT CAMPAIGN.

WHEN these pages appear* news will have been received from the greater number of the expeditions sent forth by the scientific nations to view the transit of Venus of December 9th; and although there will still remain several stations, and some among the most important, from which no news either of failure or success can have reached us, it will nevertheless be possible to form a satisfactory idea of the fortunes of the scientific campaign regarded as a whole. It need hardly be said that success or failure depends in the main on conditions of weather. We may feel tolerably certain that the well-trained observers sent out by the scientific leaders of different countries will do their work well if weather favours them. The accidental failure of instrumental arrangements at the supreme moment of the transit, as observed at any station, is, of course, a source of risk which must not be wholly overlooked. It has happened before now that the clock driving an equatorial telescope has stopped during the progress of the few minutes of totality in eclipse observations on which so much depends. In the very crisis of the photographic work by Lord Lindsay's expedition (to India) in 1871, something went wrong with the machinery, a mishap of which very manifest signs are seen (I do not say *can* be seen, simply because they must be seen) in one of those excellent photographs by which, in conjunction with Colonel Tennant's, the long-vexed question of the sun's corona was disposed of. Nevertheless the chances are, on the

* In an addendum some of the results of the scientific campaign are noted.

whole, against the occurrence of mishaps of the kind. And speaking generally, it may be said that everything depends on the conditions of weather at the stations selected for observing the transit.

Every station, however, is not equally important in this respect. Some operations are only subsidiary to the general scheme. Certain stations are of primary, others only of secondary importance. Again, some stations are only important from their connection with other special stations, being either useless or of small value if observations fail in these associated though often distant regions. Accordingly, the real significance of the news received from the seat of scientific war can only be judged by those who are acquainted with the complete strategic scheme of operations. My object in the present paper is to give such an account of the position of the scientific army, as shall enable the reader to attach true weight to the news, whether of success or failure, received from the different observing parties. I shall take the opportunity to describe also the points in which the actual plan of operations differs from, and has the advantage over that originally proposed. For I find that some misapprehension exists on this point, owing to the imperfect nature of statements which have been made during the last twelve or fourteen months—in fact, during the interval which has elapsed since the actual arrangements were adopted.

We may regard the methods of observation as divisible into two classes: first, those in which each observer sees the whole transit, or at least both the beginning and the end; and, secondly, those in which each observer sees either the beginning or the end of transit under conditions specially favourable for determining the sun's distance. This division extends to photographic operations as well as to time observations, and includes also those direct observations whose object is to determine the actual position of Venus on the sun's face. We may use, to distinguish these classes from each other, the terms Halleyan and Delislean, simply because Halley was the first astronomer to suggest the observation of a transit's duration (requiring, of course, the observations of the beginning and the end); while Delisle was the first who suggested the observation of the exact time when the transit either began or ended. We may, if we please, call one method the "method of durations," and the other the "absolute time method," and thus avoid the mention of either Halley's name or Delisle's; but, for my own part, I cannot see the advantage of this result; on the contrary, it appears to me pleasanter, and, on the whole, fairer, to give to those astronomers credit for the methods which they invented.*

* "It is well," justly remarks Huxley, "to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present, and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of 'those mighty men

Now, the disposition of the scientific *corps d'armée* for applying these various methods is in all transits somewhat as follows:—

A. NORTH-WESTERN DELISLEAN WING.	B. NORTHERN HALLEYAN CENTRE.	C. NORTH-EASTERN DELISLEAN WING.
D. SOUTH-WESTERN DELISLEAN WING.	E. SOUTHERN HALLEYAN CENTRE.	F. SOUTH-EASTERN DELISLEAN WING.

Fig. 1.—The general disposition of the forces for observing a transit of *Venus*.

The wings A and F act in co-operation, both observing either ingress or egress, as the case may be. The wings C and D, in like manner, act in co-operation, both observing either egress or ingress, as the case may be. And of course the central forces B and E act in co-operation, one observing durations most lengthened, and the other observing durations most shortened—sometimes the northern region and sometimes the southern being that where the transit lasts longest.

But although in all transits the arrangement of the observing forces must be in a general sense as above, yet special differences arise which importantly modify the extent of the regions to be occupied by the respective *corps d'armée*, and the importance of the services which they are to be called upon to render. Suppose, for instance, that the regions A and C are closer together than usual; then the central army overlaps the two wings, or in other words a double service is required from the flanks of the central corps; the flank towards A has to observe duration, and also to make the Delisleian observations for which the wing A is specially intended; the flank towards C must observe duration, and also do the work proper to the wing C. Nay, if A and C are very close together, the whole Halleyan force has double work, and its central portion has a treble duty, being able to observe effectively not only the duration of transit, but also the absolute time of ingress and egress. The Halleyan centre becomes in such a case the most important by far of the three divisions; in fact, the wings A and C are reduced into mere flanking bodies, the greater part of the Delisleian work appertaining to the Halleyan army. Similar remarks apply, of course, to the southern forces.

On the other hand, suppose A and C to be unusually far apart, then a little consideration will show that the central region,

of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war,' but who, while they lived, won splendid victories over ignorance." Halley and Delisle may not, indeed, stand in the foremost rank among discoverers, but they served the cause of science faithfully and well, and it seems unfair to banish their names from the position they have so long occupied.

though wide in extent, is very little worth occupying. For suppose the wing C* is to observe ingress occurring earlier than the mean, so that the wing A is to observe egress occurring later than the mean; while the central body B is to observe duration lengthened by these combined effects. Then in the case supposed, the central region is so far away from C that there is very little lengthening on account of the early occurrence of ingress, while it is so far away from A that there is very little lengthening on account of the late occurrence of egress. There is therefore very little lengthening on the whole near the centre of the Halleyan region, and of course matters are not improved by approaching either C or A, since whatever increase is thus made in the lengthening on account of approach to C, is counterbalanced by the shortening on account of recession from A, and *vice versa*. The same is manifestly true if late ingress is to be observed from A, and early egress from C. Also this reasoning applies unchanged to southern stations.

One other relation, not general like the last, but specially affecting either northern or southern stations, has to be noticed before we consider the actual strategic position in the case of the transit of 1874. Over regions on the eastern side of the field of the campaign the sun is approaching the western horizon, or descending; over regions on the western side he is passing from the eastern horizon, or ascending. Accordingly if the beginning of the transit is observed from one of the eastern regions, as from C, then, as it must be near sunset, the end of the transit will not be seen there,—in other words, the Halleyan northern centre does not in this case overlap the north-eastern Delisleian wing. But if the end of the transit is observed from one of the eastern regions, as from F in the case just supposed, then, as it must be near sunset, the beginning must have occurred in the middle of the day, so that the whole transit having been visible over F, the Halleyan southern centre overlaps this, the south-eastern Delisleian wing. In the case supposed, it must further hold that egress is observed from A—that is, the end of the transit from a place where the sun has lately risen,—and therefore the beginning must have happened before day broke. Hence the whole transit

* For reasons which need not be discussed here (though sufficiently simple with suitable illustration),* the eastern wings always have the work of early observation, whether of ingress or egress, while the western wings have the work of late observation. Also it is to be noticed that the north-eastern wing as C, and the south-western wing as D, are both for observing the same phase, whether ingress or egress, and the north-western and south-eastern are also both for observing the same phase, so that in every transit one or other of the two following arrangements exists:—

Either		Or	
A. Late Egress.	C. Early Ingress.	A. Late Ingress.	C. Early Egress.
D. Late Ingress.	F. Early Egress.	D. Late Egress.	F. Early Ingress.
(As in the transit of 1874.)		(As in the transit of 1882.)	

could not be observed by the observing army at A; or, in other words, the northern Halleyan centre does not overlap the north-western Delisleian wing. Whereas, since in the case supposed the beginning of transit is observed from D, where the sun has lately risen, the end of transit must occur in the middle of the day, or the whole transit must be observable. In other words, the southern Halleyan centre overlaps the south-western Delisleian wing. In the case supposed, therefore, which corresponds to that of the transit of 1874, the northern Halleyan centre is distinct from the two northern Delisleian wings, while the southern Halleyan centre overlaps the southern Delisleian wings. And it can easily be seen that if early ingress is observed from F instead of C, then all these relations are reversed, the southern Halleyan centre being distinct from the two southern Delisleian wings, and the northern Halleyan centre overlapping the two northern Delisleian wings. This, for instance, is the case in the transit of 1882.

The relations just considered, as I have said, distinguish specially the northern from the southern observing regions in any given transit; they do not of themselves affect the fitness of one transit as compared with another for the use of particular methods. The one chief point on which the last-named question depends, is, as shown, the distance between the Delisleian wings in either hemisphere. If the two northern, and also the two southern, Delisleian wings* are near together, then the Halleyan centres become an important strategic position, if only geographical relations admit of their being occupied. If the two northern, and also the two southern, Delisleian wings are far apart, they must be treated as separate armies, the central Halleyan region being too weak to be occupied with advantage.

Now, owing to peculiarities depending on the effects of the earth's rotation, it chances that, *ceteris paribus*, the Delisleian wings are nearer together in the case of the later transit of such a pair as the transits of 1874 and 1882, than they are in the case of the earlier transit. This was early observed by Delisle, Ferguson, and others, in the case of the transits of 1761 and 1769, and was first generalised, I think, by Encke, though possibly other mathematicians may have proved it before he did. Applied to the transits of 1874 and 1882, it would lead the astronomer to leave unoccupied as useless the Halleyan centres both northern and southern in 1874, and to limit the occupation of those strategic positions to the transit of 1882. And in point of fact this happened, in such sort that the whole attention of the astronomical world was directed to the occupation of the Delisleian wings in 1874, which thus came to be regarded as distinct armies of

* Practically the distance between the two northern wings is equal to that between the two southern Delisleian wings.

observation. The original strategic position, then, for the transit of 1874 was this :—

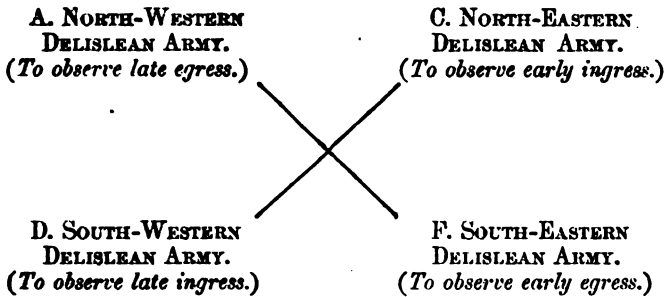


Fig. 2.—The original strategic arrangement for the transit of 1874, consisting of four Delislean corps d'armée, co-operating crosswise, C with D, and A with F.

It had been overlooked that the Delislean wings are brought into greater proximity by the shortness of a transit's duration, and that this cause may operate as effectively as those causes which render the later transit of a pair preferable in this respect, if other matters are equal. By an over-hasty generalisation the second transit of a pair was regarded as *always* preferable, and no special inquiry was made into the effect of the short duration of the transit of 1874; a relation by which the two northern Delislean wings, and also the two southern, are brought so close together that the Halleyan centres become of extreme strategic importance.

So soon as this circumstance was noted, it became clear that, instead of the strategic position of fig. 2, the true disposition of the observing forces was that shown in fig. 3 :—

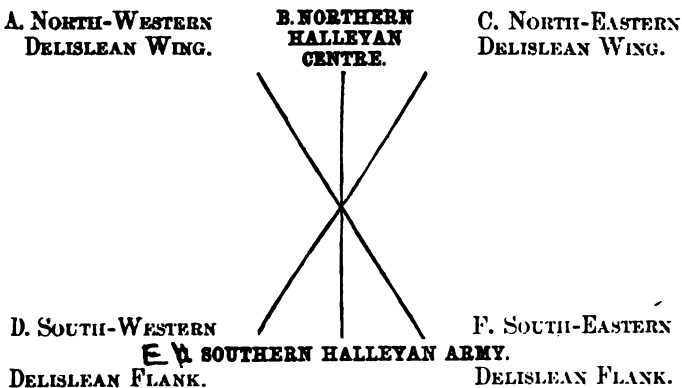


Fig. 3.—The actual strategic arrangement for the transit of 1874, consisting of two Halleyan central corps d'armée, the northern flanked by two Delislean wings, the southern more extended, so that it overlaps the two Delislean wings, which thus become merely the flanks of the southern array.

Having now considered the disposition of the scientific army, let us next inquire in what manner its various divisions have been

provided for, and the relative chances, as well as the relative importance of success along various portions of the line of battle.

We will first take the Delislean *corps d'armée*, not as assigning to them greater importance, but because they were organised earliest—in fact, they were provided for before the possibility of supplementing the strategic arrangement by Halleyan forces had been recognized.

Let it be observed, to begin with, that should news reach us that observation of ingress or egress has been made at any Delislean station, we shall not thence alone be able to infer that perfect success has been achieved. Something more is required. This will be seen at once when we consider that for success by this method the *absolute time* of the phenomenon must be known. Take Greenwich time as a convenient representation of absolute time. If at any station we can determine what was the exact moment of Greenwich time at which ingress or egress occurred, we have, so far as that station is concerned, the requisite data for Delisle's method. To ascertain this, we must know the exact longitude of the place—in other words, the exact difference between local time at the place and local time at Greenwich, and we must also know the local time at which ingress or egress occurred. The determination of the longitude is a matter which can be managed by various methods, and at any time, before or after the transit itself.* Local time is another matter, and that it may be accurately determined, there must be clear nights either immediately before or immediately after the day of the transit; for observation of the sun upon the meridian is not a sufficiently accurate method for time determination, which can only be properly effected under the actual conditions by observing star-transits. We require, then, in order to be assured of complete success at Delislean stations, to know not only that ingress or egress (as the case may be) has been observed, but that there have been clear nights for keeping the astronomical clock right.

The north-eastern Delislean wing, C in fig. 3, has the charge of early ingress, and therefore of all the allied forces this will first come into action. It is formed entirely of British astronomers, no less than three observing parties, each consisting of several members, having been despatched by this country to the Sandwich Isles, to secure the adequate observation of "accelerated

* One rather wonders that in some cases observing parties have been sent to desert places three months in advance in order to determine longitudes which may prove to be utterly valueless. It would have been better to wait until after the transit had been observed, before carrying out the long and troublesome work of determining longitudes for such places. The longitude of Kerguelen Island, for example, has long been known with all desirable exactness, having been determined in the ordinary fashion for such places. This longitude, determined with the extreme accuracy required for the transit observations, will be of no geographical utility whatever, so that if there is bad weather on the day of transit, all the work of determining the longitude will have been thrown away.

ingress." The stations selected are Honolulu, Hawaii, and Kauai; and the whole force is under the command of Captain G. L. Tupman, the general chief of the British operations, and one to whom British science owes much in this matter. As all the stations are clustered closely together, we shall probably hear from all of them at the same time. It is rather unfortunate, perhaps, that the observing parties forming this important Delislean wing were not more widely scattered. But the fact is that assistance was expected from America and France. For, in the original scheme, when as yet the co-operation of Halleyan forces had not been considered, Marquesas was indicated as a station which the French might be expected to occupy; and later, the American astronomers were invited to occupy Tahiti. Unquestionably the north-eastern Delislean wing would have been very much strengthened had those two islands been occupied; and it would, perhaps, have been well if we could have known earlier that France had determined to undertake other work (America declined to occupy Tahiti eighteen months ago). However, it has doubtless been felt that important though this north-eastern region is, other regions are still more important; and for these, as we shall presently see, America and France have made noble provision.

Supposing we have bad news from the Sandwich Isles, Delisle's method, as applied to the beginning of the transit, will be known to have failed. If, as we all hope, the news from this region is good, then all that will be needed to make the observation of the beginning of transit entirely successful, is that at the stations D (fig. 3), forming the south-western Delislean flank of the southern array, there should have been good weather at the time of ingress, and clear nights either before or after.

This south-western region has been strongly occupied; though, as I write, I hear with regret reports of the failure of an American expedition to occupy one of the most important posts in this region. Kerguelen Land has been occupied in great force by two English parties, one American party, and one German party. The Americans had intended to have a second party at Crozet Island, but unfortunately rough weather prevailed for some time after this expedition reached that place, and having to push on with the other observing parties, they were compelled to leave the Crozets. From conversations which I had with Captain Raymond, the head of the Crozet party, I learn that the idea of occupying the Crozets had been adopted late by American astronomers, and was apparently suggested by the failure of England to occupy this coign of vantage. It appears that a landing is practicable in moderate weather; and that only the circumstance above mentioned (that the "Swatara" had to convey other American parties to Kerguelen Land, Melbourne, Bluff

Harbour, and Chatham Island) prevented them from waiting until the weather moderated sufficiently to allow them to land. It is one of the unfortunate circumstances connected with the arrangements for the present transit (counterbalanced, however, by many fortunate circumstances) that the greatest naval country in the world has preferred to have two observing parties in Kerguelen Island, rather than to have one there and one on the Crozets.*

Next to the too-crowded Island of Kerguelen, Bourbon is the most important station on the south-western Delislean flank. It is occupied by the Dutch. St. Paul's Island is occupied by the French; Mauritius by Lord Lindsay's party; and Rodriguez by an English official party. These are the chief strategic points for observing the retarded ingress. Should observations fail in the Sandwich Isles, the success of the south-western wing would be of no value for Delisle's method; but the stations in the south-west differ importantly from the Sandwich group in this respect—that their value does not depend solely on Delisle's method; on the contrary, they are all of them important Halleyan stations. So that, should bad news reach us from the Sandwich Isles, we need by no means regard the south-western wing as thereby necessarily rendered useless, as would have been the case according to the original programme. One of its two chances will have been lost, but another and a better one will still remain.

The Delislean wings for observing the end of transit—viz., F and A in figs. 2 and 3—have next to be considered. The wing F is for observing egress where it occurs earliest, and corresponds in character to the wing D, being overlapped by the great southern Halleyan centre. The very best station in this region is one which was somehow entirely overlooked in the original programme—viz., Campbell Island. Here the French with laudable zeal, and no whit discouraged by the unpleasantness of

* It is, in fact, almost unintelligible—like the crowding of three stations on the Sandwich Isles; for though the superiority of the Crozets over all other southern stations geometrically, and their fitness geographically, were not originally recognized, yet they have been recognised now for eighteen months or so by our official astronomers. Indeed, we have it on the authority of the confidential representative of official astronomy, that the Americans were specially invited to occupy the Crozets by the author of the original scheme. How it came to pass that while the qualities of the Crozets were thus recognised in a specially public manner (a foreign country being taken into our astronomers' counsels in this respect), while yet two English parties occupy Kerguelen Island, where already two other nations had decided to have stations, is very difficult to explain. A fanciful person might be struck by the coincidence between this case and that of the Sandwich Isles, and almost recognize a certain spirit of contradiction in this matter, conceiving official astronomy as arguing on this wise—"It has been suggested that north-eastern stations whence the whole transit can be seen, are more important than the proposed station on the Sandwich Isles: to show how little we care for this argument, we will now not have one station on the Sandwich Isles, but three. It has been said that the Crozet Isles are superior in astronomical value to Kerguelen Island: this may be so, but we will now have two stations instead of one on Kerguelen Island, and none at the Crozets." But this cannot be the real explanation; the true student of science never acts in the imagined manner. Besides, this explanation is quite inconsistent with the invitation addressed to America to occupy the Crozets.

the place, have established a station. It is reported also that the American party, under Captain Raymond, which failed to effect a landing at the Crozets, has been established here, having received an intimation of the great advantages of the station when already on their way to Melbourne.* The next station in point of astronomical value is Chatham Island, mentioned in the original programme only to be rejected, because, through an error of calculation, it appeared that the sun would be "too low."† Here also there will be an observing party of American astronomers. Next in value is Bluff Harbour, New Zealand, occupied by America; then Christchurch, New Zealand, occupied by English astronomers; then the Auckland Isles, occupied by Germany; Hobart Town, by America; and lastly, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, where doubtless Australian astronomers will make useful observations.

The north-western wing A is the most strongly occupied of all the Delisleian regions. The Russians occupy twelve or thirteen stations in Western Siberia, the English occupy Roorkee in North India (a region overlooked in the original programme, but now amply provided for), as well as several stations around Alexandria scarcely inferior in astronomical value. The Germans are understood to have a station in Persia. On the whole, it is unlikely that the operations on this wing will fail; though, of course, if observations are not successfully made by the south-eastern Delisleian wing, the success of the north-western wing will be of no avail.

Now, however, we are to enquire into the conditions of success in the two Halleyan *corps d'armée*,—B, the northern, presenting a relatively contracted front, and distinct from the Delisleian wings A and C; F, the southern Halleyan army, spreading out over the whole southern region, insomuch that even the Delisleian flanks are parts of the effective Halleyan forces.

Let it, in the first place, be noted that although the northern Halleyan centre is distinct from the Delisleian wings properly so called, yet all the northern Halleyan stations have a secondary Delisleian value; and though not one of them is absolutely first-rate either for observing ingress or egress, yet some of them, by being high in the second class for *both* ingress and egress, acquire a Delisleian value equivalent, if not surpassing, that of a first-class Delisleian station for one or other of these two phases. Take, for instance, the Russian station near Nertschinsk Mines. Here ingress is accelerated by six minutes, whereas at Hawaii the acceleration amounts to eleven minutes, so that Nertschinsk is

* If this is true, the fortune of that party has been singular in setting out first to occupy a station which had been rejected in the original programme though the best in the class, and finally occupying one which had been overlooked altogether in the original programme though the best in another class.

† The sun will really be six degrees higher at this station than the minimum elevation at which useful observations can be made.

considerably inferior in value to Hawaii; again, the egress is retarded at Orsk by nearly twelve minutes, whereas at Nertschinsk it is retarded only ten minutes, so that Nertschinsk is inferior in value to Orsk: but at Hawaii the egress is not seen at all, nor the ingress at Orsk, and manifestly Nertschinsk, where both phases can be seen, each considerably affected, is at least equal in value to either of the other two, even regarded only with reference to its Delisleian qualities. But of course it is the combination of these two effects, whereby the duration of the transit at Nertschinsk is increased nearly sixteen minutes, which gives to this station its chief value. It cannot be doubted that when the triple value of Nertschinsk is thus considered, we must regard this station as absolutely the most important in an astronomical sense of all the northern stations occupied for observing the transit. Meteorologically, also, it is well reported of,—in fact, though the cold is intense there in winter, the chances of clear weather appear to be greater at Nertschinsk, and at other Siberian stations, than in any of the other regions. Russia occupies ten other excellent Halleyan stations in Siberia; America occupies one at Vladivostok, in Siberia; one at Tien-tsin; and another in Japan. France occupies Peking, Yokohama, and Saigon in Cochinchina. Germany has a station at Chefoo in China. The only English station which can be called Halleyan, though its chief importance is Delisleian, is Roorkee in North India, where, however, the duration will not be lengthened more than seven minutes.

It will be seen that the northern Halleyan army has good prospects of success. Bad weather is hardly likely to prevail simultaneously at so many stations spread over so extensive a region.

The southern Halleyan army is the force about which most anxiety was formerly entertained. Provision was made very late for this part of the strategic position—owing first to the supposition that Halley's method could not be applied at all, and secondly to the doubts entertained as to the occupation of the northern Halleyan region by Russia. Fortunately, all the southern stations provided for as Delisleian, were found to be Halleyan also,* and some of them so excellent as Halleyan stations as to render a very slight addition necessary to make sufficient provision for applying the method. For instance, at Kerguelen Land, where the ingress is retarded eleven and a half minutes egress is accelerated five minutes, so that the duration is shortened sixteen and a half minutes; and at Campbell Island, where egress is accelerated ten and a half

* It is strange now to notice how in the original programme the fact was wholly overlooked that the end of the transit would be favourably visible at the stations provided for observing the beginning, and the beginning at stations provided for observing the end of the transit,—*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*.

minutes ingress is retarded three minutes, so that duration is reduced thirteen and a half minutes. And the value of these and other southern stations is greatly enhanced by the consideration that it is not merely the duration which will be observed by timing the beginning and end of the transit, but the whole progress of the transit by means of photography, and also by the actual measurement of Venus's place on the sun at successive equal intervals during the whole time of transit. It is to be noticed that southern stations have been occupied by France and America with special reference to the observation of the whole transit, these nations having declined to occupy any northern station where the whole transit cannot be observed. In fact, Janssen himself, the inventor of a most ingenious method of obtaining photographic records of either the beginning or the end of a transit, has gone to Yokohama with the express object of combining observations at this station with those made at St. Paul's, considering this combination, as Faye recently stated, "almost perfect for the Halleyan method." A similar remark applies to the American and German observing parties over the whole southern region. Their express object is the observation of the whole transit, the American astronomers, in declining to occupy Tahiti, indicating this as a point of primary importance. We may presume that the English observing parties in the south will also carefully study the whole transit, though some official writers appear to prefer saying that the beginning and end will be carefully timed, to saying that duration will be timed. The fact really is, that if weather is favourable, Halley's method will be applied both in the north and south, with the advantage of the most careful longitude estimations (not absolutely necessary for the method, but appreciably increasing the accuracy of its application), and also of time-measurements by clocks superior to those actually necessary to time a duration of about four hours. Thus, if weather prove unfavourable for the observation either of ingress or egress, but one of these is well observed, the result will be, at least, a moderately good and, perhaps, an excellent Delisleian observation; and if weather favour both observations, the result will be one excellent and one moderately good Delisleian observation, besides one excellent Halleyan observation. As the southern Halleyan army is spread very widely, we may fairly hope for success of this triple kind at more than one southern station. This, however, is the weakest part of the line of battle. Two or three more southern stations—and especially one or two near the Antarctic continent, if it could but have been managed—would have made the southern more nearly equal to the northern array in strength and as respects weather chances. It would seem, however, that the hopes held out by Admiralty

officers on this point in 1869 were fallacious in some way, and that, in fact, to use their own words, the places named were "little better than geographical myths." The Crozets might, perhaps, have been occupied by England, since England, by inviting America to occupy them, admitted their suitability. Probably too great reliance was placed on the chance that the well-known zeal of America in the cause of science would ensure the acceptance of the invitation, and the fact was overlooked that America, being so far from the scene of action, and not having, as England has, conveniently accessible colonies near at hand, would send all her southern parties in one ship, and so not be able to wait at the Crozets if weather proved unsuitable for the admittedly difficult task of effecting a landing there.

On the whole, however, the southern Halleyan army has good chances of success; and unquestionably the addition of a station at Kerguelen Land, and of the stations at St. Paul's, Campbell, and Bourbon, besides Bluff Harbour, Hobart Town, and other stations, has greatly increased these chances since the time when the matter was the subject of controversial writing in the spring of 1873.

One other strategic position in the south remains to be mentioned—the region, namely, where at the middle of the transit Venus will be thrown farthest from the sun's centre. This region is photographically important, but is in one respect distinguished from the Halleyan region where Venus's chord of transit is farthest from the sun's centre,—the whole transit is not visible. Cape Town is the only occupied station where this method, which may be called the mid-transit method, will be applied. Other methods are so conveniently available, and are provided for so abundantly, that perhaps no great importance can be attached to the omission of adequate provision for this simple method. But it is as well to call attention to the value of the method; for in a transit like that of 1882, where Halley's method cannot be employed, the strategic position, otherwise as precarious as the original position for 1874, can be strengthened greatly by providing for the mid-transit method.*

I trust that by the time these lines appear, the news received from the nearer stations will be such as to leave in little doubt the success of the whole scheme of operations. But it will not be until we have heard from Kerguelen Land, Campbell Island, and St. Paul's, in the south; and from Nertschinsk, Vladivostok, and North China and Japan in the north, that we shall be assured of the absolute success of the operations of December 9th, 1874.

* Patagonia, Fuego, and the islands south of Cape Horn are the most suitable places for the photographic record of mid-transit in 1882, unless the Antarctic Continent can be reached.

Next after these in importance are the New Zealand stations, Chatham Island, and Bourbon, Mauritius, and Rodriguez, in the south, and Roorkee and the western Russian stations in the north. Success in the Sandwich Isles and in the Suez stations will be important, or the reverse, according as there has been success on the south-western and south-eastern flanks, respectively. The remaining stations can only be regarded as of subsidiary importance.

RICHD. A. PROCTOR.

ADDENDUM.

The following abstract summarizes the news received up to December 21st, inclusive :—

I. DELISLEAN OPERATIONS.

(Including photographic records of contact at *Ingress* or *Egress*.)

1. INGRESS.

Accelerated Ingress (C, fig. 3).

First-class stations: Sandwich Isles. No news.

Second-class stations. Success.

Retarded Ingress (D, fig. 3).

First-class stations: Kerguelen Land, &c. No news.

Second-class stations: Bourbon, Rodriguez, &c. No news.

2. EGRESS.

Accelerated Egress (F, fig. 3).

First-class stations: Campbell Island }
Chatham Island } No news.

New Zealand Government station. Total failure.

Second-class stations: Melbourne. Success.

Hobart Town. Doubtful news.

Adelaide. Failure.

Retarded Egress (A, fig. 3).

First-class stations: Western Siberia. Total failure.

Second-class stations: Egyptian Government stations. Full success.

Roorkee, British station. Full success.

DELISLEAN RESULTS.—INGRESS: Doubtful. EGRESS: Almost total failure, owing to failure in New Zealand; but success in Campbell Island and Chatham Island may partially retrieve matters.

II. HALLEYAN OPERATIONS.

(Including photographic records of chord of transit and direct measurement.)

Lengthened duration (B, fig. 3).

First-class stations: Nertschinsk, Nagasaki, Yokohama, &c. Complete success.

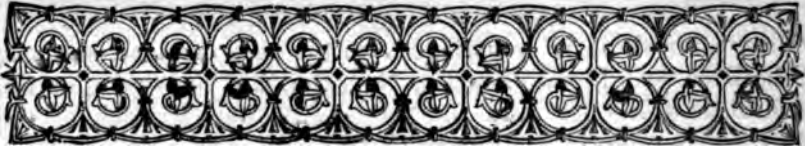
Second-class stations: Roorkee, Madras, &c. Partial success.

Shortened duration (E, fig. 3).

First-class stations: Kerguelen, Campbell, &c. No news.

Second-class stations, Melbourne: Hobart Town, &c. Success.

HALLEYAN RESULTS.—A good success, which, if favourable news be received from the first-class southern Halleyan stations, will become such a success as the most sanguine scarcely ventured to hope for.



CHURCH PROSPECTS.

THE condition of the Church of England, regarded as a communion organized for the conservation of faith and spiritual life in the English people, is at this moment such as might not unreasonably suggest despondent apprehension. I refer expressly to circumstances which have affected it during the last twelve months. Its fundamental creed has been attacked by assailants whose moral worth is as unquestioned as their rare intellectual power, in an open and plain-spoken manner which may well be described as unprecedented; and it has entered at the same time upon a crisis of internal contention, which brings to light the grave differences of opinion existing amongst its members, and which threatens to end in some kind of schism. Assailed so dangerously from without, weakened by disunion within, the Church of England is in the case which history has repeatedly marked as that of a falling commonwealth. It is no wonder that we hear the language of despondency, which is not always well-balanced or just, spoken by Churchmen of various opinions who yearn for a confident faith and a happy Christian unity. Assuredly we of the Church of England cannot look round us without anxiety. There are heavy clouds on our horizon. But the signs of commotion in the air, the sounds as of calling to arms, the widely diffused and penetrating agitation in men's minds, may be interpreted by the hopeful as indications of a coming time in which English Christian life is to be more thorough, more

enlightened, and more comprehensive. Above all, we may see good omens for the Church of England in the renewal of the old significant interaction of religion and politics.*

I have no wish to persuade any one to make light of the difficulties with which the Church of England will have to contend in the immediate future. They are undoubtedly very serious, and it would be foolish and impolitic to shut our eyes to them, or to underrate their gravity. But these difficulties, not excluding those which might be called speculative, are such as can best be overcome by healthy life and activity. The problems with which we have to deal will certainly never be solved by bare argument. And in that memorable testimony to the value and authority of Hope, to which I shall have again to refer, Mr. Mill has reminded us that where danger is to be feared, it is the more necessary to cherish a hopeful state of mind:—

“It is not found in practice that those who take life cheerfully are less alive to rational prospects of evil or danger, and more careless of making due provision against them, than other people. The tendency is rather the other way, for a hopeful disposition gives a spur to the faculties, and keeps all the active energies in good working order.”—(*Three Essays on Religion*, p. 246.)

In this critical time, therefore, it seems especially desirable that we should take note of any new phases in the history of the Church of England, from the consideration of which we may honestly derive encouragement. Such new phases are—the recently assumed attitude of unbelief, and the action of Parliament with reference to the internal discipline of the Church. I shall endeavour to show what there is in these movements to encourage those whose hope for the future is bound up with the growth of Christian faith and life in the English people.

I.

It has been clear for some time that, even as an Establishment, the Church of England is in more danger from the spread of unbelief than from the natural and excusable jealousy of Nonconformists. We have seen scepticism spreading through the thought of all classes of society, with a propagative action like that of fever-germs or the spores of a fungus. How is the Church to be preserved, we have asked, if men cease to believe in the Gospel? Or rather, our question has been—Who will have the heart to care for the outward forms, the endowments, and the ministrations of a

* Compare what Mr. John Morley has remarked in his work on *Compromise*:—“Of all societies since the Roman Republic, and not even excepting the Roman Republic, England has been the most emphatically and essentially political. . . . It was hardly until the reformed doctrine became associated with analogous ideas and corresponding precepts in government, that people felt at home with it, and became really interested in it.”—(P. 82.)

national Christianity which has no longer any real life in the convictions of the people? If the faith of the English people is drawn increasingly along the broad lines laid down in the ancient traditions of the Church, there will be no general desire for disestablishment. If it perseveringly deserts those traditions, the Church will have no right to be the public Church of the country, though it is sure to remain so, through the power of vested interests, somewhat longer than it ought. What, then, are the signs of the times as regards the stability of the Christian faith under the assaults made upon it?

I have admitted a general diffusion of scepticism. Men have seen many current religious beliefs—especially that of the infallibility of the Bible, which was the boasted foundation of Protestantism—violently disturbed by historical and scientific investigations. They have been uneasy through a conscious inability to determine how far the distinctive action of such inquiry could rightly claim to go. Whilst they have been not less religious than formerly, they have felt themselves unable to answer perplexing questions, or to formulate a defensible profession of their faith. They have been duly impressed by the growing authority of science. The name of Science has been used very freely by advanced thinkers. It was Science here, and Science there; Science was to upset everything that good people had been accustomed to believe in; until some, perhaps, have been conscious of a feeling similar to that of Billaud, when he said to Robespierre, “*Avec ton Etre Suprême tu commences m’embêter.*” No one, indeed, could entertain any sentiment but that of respectful admiration towards the wonderful discoveries made by scientific men in the heaven above and in the earth beneath, in the microcosm and the macrocosm alike. But over and above these its definite achievements, Science was vaunted as having a kind of divine authority to lay down the laws of human life, to fix its boundaries, to assign its objects. Men were to go to Science for everything. The new infallible teacher was diffusing a mysterious awe; she was said to have in her train all the intellects amongst educated living men that were both able and honest. But there had been a good deal of reserve amongst many of the prophets of science; and this reserve in bringing its whole teaching to bear upon the departments of faith and morals, though far from being a calculated policy, had had the effect of a veil in exalting the probable greatness of the power which was waiting to declare itself, and in spreading a vague but depressing anticipation.

But this last year has been a time of unveiling. We now know the worst. Many able persons appear to have felt in common that the time was come for unreserved openness of utterance.

The public mind had been familiarised with heterodoxy, and tolerance had been won for the most advanced forms of unbelief. There was no reason, it seemed, why those who held that Science ought to drive out the belief in Divine Revelation and Providence should not now assert and try to make good its full claims. The address of Professor Tyndall at Belfast had the most conspicuous stage for its challenge to the belief in a self-revealing God. His trumpet gave indeed a somewhat uncertain sound to the general ear, and his subsequent utterances have seemed to imply that, like one of Collins's "Passions," he

"Back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made."

But his eloquent address has naturally attracted great attention.

I have every reason for speaking with the most cordial personal respect of Professor Tyndall and of Professor Huxley; nor, indeed, should I care to speak here of any thinker whom I did not regard with respect, both for intellectual ability and for moral purpose. That the two eminent men whom I have named desire to have their opinion distinguished from what they understand by Atheism, ought to be enough to prevent anyone from fastening this title upon it. Their position is this—that we are wholly unable to know anything as to the Being or Nature of a God. By Atheism, they understand the claim to prove that there is no God, unknown or known, good, bad, or indifferent. Mr. Huxley naturally regards this extravagant claim as ridiculous:—

"Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of those philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God."—(*Fortnightly Review*, November, p. 578.)

I was not aware, I confess, that any writer of extant books had ever pushed Atheism so far. There are, indeed, many who have argued against the possible existence of the Christian God—a Being at once almighty and perfectly good. Mr. Mill does so, and of course Mr. Huxley does not mean to call his arguments senseless babble; but I never heard of an Atheist who, if it were conceded that there is no God of whom we can possibly know anything, would have been dissatisfied with such a conclusion. As regards the ordinary use of the term, the clergy, whose want of enlightenment is a trouble to the Professors, might quote in their excuse the following passages from two writers very tolerant of heterodoxy. Having mentioned Atheism, Mr. Mill adds:—

"Including, in the present case under Atheism, the negative as well as positive form of disbelief in a God—viz., not only the dogmatic denial of

his existence, but the denial that there is any evidence on either side, *which for most practical purposes amounts to the same thing as if the existence of a God had been disproved.*"—(*Essays on Religion*, p. 242.)

Mr. John Morley having referred to the—

"Two momentous questions which lie at the bottom of all the great discussions of modern society; first, whether there is a God, and, second, whether the soul is immortal,"

gives the following alternative form to the first—

"In other words, whether our fellow-creatures are the highest beings who take an interest in us, or in whom we need take an interest."—(*Compromise*, p. 100.)

For practical purposes, as Mr. Mill says, the question whether there is a God may be taken to mean whether there is a God whom, in any manner or degree, we can know.

The aim of Professor Tyndall's address is to exhibit the victorious culmination of the efforts with which true science, from the primitive guesses of Democritus to the comprehensive philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, has been contending against the acknowledgment of any God other than an inscrutable cosmic force. Now at last, he intimates, we are ready for the final step. Science has been proving to us that all matter is made up of molecules, which in themselves are never changed, but only combined in various mixtures, and that all force is similarly constant in sum, though it undergoes illusive transformations. We have seen life, such life as that of the most highly developed man, traced backwards to primordial germs. But it has been found difficult to conceive how a living thing, in its most primordial state, should grow out of dead atoms. Mr. Darwin appears willing to admit that a few original forms may have been created. Mr. Tyndall protests against this admission as reactionary weakness. "We need clearness and thoroughness here." His own solution is a simple one. He proposes to change the definition of the atoms. Let the molecules be the things out of which all existing things, living as well as inorganic, have grown. With this hypothesis you certainly want nothing—at least, after the molecules have come into existence—except the inscrutable cosmic force. And this hypothesis, we are assured, finally disposes of the anthropomorphic God. In a sentence which has become famous, Professor Tyndall thus enunciates his conclusion:—

"Abandoning all disguise, the confession which I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

Now I do not enter into the question of the origin of life; I am not concerned to deny anything that may be affirmed as to the properties of matter or its molecules. The questions of interest for those who believe in a God of righteousness and love are these—whether human reverence has a real Object; whether human action has real responsibility; whether we may look upwards and onwards, or have nothing to do but to yield to pressure from behind and below. Professor Tyndall's doctrine of the growth of life out of the primordial molecules through the operation of the cosmic force, is professedly intended to cover thought and emotion, as well as other forms of life. He has been telling us how Lucretius, Bruno, Darwin, Spencer have successively matured the conception that development arises out of the interaction of organisms and their environments. "Man in his totality" has thus come into being—

"Our states of consciousness are mere symbols of an outside entity, which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know." "It is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded, from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past."

We were to demand clearness and thoroughness, and we seem to have them here. We can form the mental picture, the *Vorstellung*, which Professor Tyndall thinks so indispensable to all sound speculation, of the development of life by the mutual play of organism and environment. But from this clear and thorough conception the sphere of morality and religion is absent. Professor Tyndall would never consent, however, to the extinction of morality and religion. He is not a Materialist, he protests, because he holds that evolution has created, not only the senses and the understanding, but also the emotional nature of man; and the emotional nature demands its appropriate gratification. The sentiment of religion will create forms for its satisfaction. Let it do so, says Professor Tyndall, so long as it is distinctly understood that these forms have no trustworthy reality, and that the force about which the sentiment of religion plays, is "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man." But is it possible, I ask, that there should be any genuine and wholesome activity of the moral and religious emotions on these terms? If evolution is everything, how are we to find any solid basis for praise and blame, for moral selection and reprobation, for reverence and disgust? Dreams might help us, so long as we fancied the dreams to be waking visions; but dreams, which we are all the while to pronounce inexorably to be nothing more than dreams, even if they could afford entertainment to the religious sentiment, can hardly give support in the moral struggles of life. And Professor Tyndall

seems to identify morality with religion, religion with poetry, and poetry with conscious fiction. In a generous panegyric of *Mr. Carlyle*, whom he places by the side of *Socrates* or the *Maccabean Eleazar*, he commends the nobleness that dares and suffers. But can any one conceive of the heroes of suffering and sacrifice as consciously feeding with appropriate creations of their own the sentiment which they know to have been evolved by the necessary play of organism and environment?

"The lifting of the life," says Professor Tyndall, "is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level."

Yes, but in order to use a lever to any effect we want a fulcrum; and Professor Tyndall requires us to cast out from the realm of reality the one eternal fulcrum on which the nobler efforts of men have poised themselves. Get rid of all positive belief in anything but natural evolution; get rid of all "dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance," and surely you will expect an immediate languor to creep on the springs of moral effort.

What, then, is the total impression that this interesting and eloquent address will leave on the mind of a Christian? He will be unable, I think, to resist the conclusion that Evolution is a principal mode of the Divine Creation; he will probably feel himself quite incompetent to explain how the Divine Spirit acts on matter any more than how his own will acts on his own nervous system. But he will welcome the testimony of so thorough an evolutionist that man cannot live by evolutionary philosophy alone. "The lifting of the life is the essential point;" so speaks the philosopher who has been insisting that life is derived only from the inevitable play of organism and environment on each other. Professor Tyndall believes in heroism as positively as he believes in evolution. Yet he can find no fulcrum in his philosophy except conscious poetic creation. What is this, but "man lifting himself by his own waistband?" Better, the Christian will conclude, to know nothing of evolution than to deprive man of that which inspires the good and condemns the evil in him; of that which nerves him to strive and consoles him in failure; of that which supports him against himself and against nature—of Divine grace and righteousness, leading him onward to perfection.

The "inexorable" character of natural law is a favourite phrase with the non-theistical exponents of science in these days, and Professor Tyndall has not failed in his Belfast address to use the formidable word; but Professor Huxley's method and style entitle him, perhaps, more than any other man of science, to be described

as the apostle of the inexorable. If the former allows nothing but poetical creations for the comfort of the emotional part of our nature, the latter cares little to supply it with any comfort at all. In his Belfast profession of faith, he is characteristically thorough. With characteristic candour, also, he makes the true and weighty admission that—

“The growth of physical science has introduced no new difficulties of principle into theological problems, but has merely given visible body, as it were, to those which already existed.”—(*Fortnightly Review*, p. 578.)

I call this an admission, because there is a tendency to assume that before modern science had made its discoveries it was rational to believe in God or in Christ, but that these discoveries have made such belief untenable. Modern science has certainly exploded some tenets, such as the infallibility of the Bible, in which Christianity had been *carnalized*, and in this it has done a great service to Christianity; but otherwise its work has been what Mr. Huxley describes with his usual felicity, “to give visible body to difficulties which already existed.” Amongst these difficulties was the argument commonly called fatalistic, or necessarian—an argument which every boy-philosopher works out anew for himself, and from the meshes of which the most penetrating logician has found it impossible to make a triumphant escape. Mr. Huxley has given a physical basis to this argument, by showing that at any given moment the condition of the molecules of the brain-substance is apparently derived wholly from their immediately antecedent physical conditions, and that there is no room for the intervening influence of volitions. The volitions themselves are undeniable, but their causal influence, according to Professor Huxley, is an illusion.

“Our mental conditions are simply the symbols in consciousness of the changes which take place automatically in the organism. . . . The feeling we call volition is not the cause of a voluntary act, but the symbol of that state of the brain which is the immediate cause of that act.”—(*Fortnightly Review*, November, p. 577.)

The *Vorstellung* here is as distinct as we could desire, the conclusion “inexorable.” But I must honestly say that it looks to me, and I believe it will look to the world in general, very like a *reductio ad absurdum*. I could have imagined it to have been drawn from the armoury of Dean Mansel. Certainly that shrewd thinker would never have committed himself to the assumption that it would be possible actually to trace a breach between the conditions, at two contiguous moments, of the physical substance of the brain. He would in all probability have assumed what Professor Huxley affirms. But he would have triumphantly inferred

the insufficiency of such demonstration to govern the life or thought of man. Mr. Huxley inexorably turns the main part of our consciousness into a demonstrable deception. He accepts volition as a patent fact, and assumes that we shall continue to desire and to resolve. But this *willing*, he says, which passes itself off as a cause, is discovered to be nothing more than an index or symbol of the real cause, which is the antecedent condition of the molecules of the brain, as acted upon by other molecules.

The language of Mr. Huxley's concluding paragraph is not such as the previous part of the essay has led us to expect, and we are tempted to call it inconsistent with the doctrine he has been expounding; but that would evidently be a superficial criticism. He addresses a solemn warning to the clergy not to raise a clamour against his doctrine as materialistic. He tells them that they are in danger of committing "a sin more grievous than most breaches of the Decalogue." Of course this warning cannot have the slightest effect upon the clergy. If they willed ever so much not to do Mr. Huxley an injustice, their volition could not influence their action. Whatever reproaches they may shout against him, their mental condition will be merely a symbol of what has taken place automatically in the organism of their nerve-system. But then, on the other hand, neither could Mr. Huxley have any other state of consciousness at the moment when he penned the paragraph, than that which expressed itself in this language of warning. He also is but an automaton. He would adopt the answer of the philosopher whose wit is embalmed in the Latin *Delectus*. When a fatalist was going to punish his slave for robbing him, the slave innocently expostulated—"It was fated that I should commit the theft!" But the master had the true sentiment of the inexorable: "Yes, and it was fated that I should flog you."

Nothing, in fact, can exceed the bewilderment and contradictions into which we fall when we try to adjust human language to the conception that volition does not influence action. The only rational course—so I imagine Mr. Huxley would advise us—is to go on using the old language of illusion. But then is it not absurd, if we are automata, to speak as if we had a choice between a rational and an irrational course? To say that molecular science proves us to be automata is equivalent to confessing that molecular science is incompetent to deal with problems involving moral responsibility. We could sooner distrust our senses or reasoning powers than really believe that we are nothing more than automata.

The special encouragement which I think Christians may venture to draw from Professor Huxley's Essay is this: We are

constantly told that the law of natural evolution makes the idea of a God who creates and governs and answers prayer an impossible one. And we are unable, it must be confessed, to explain *how* God acts upon the material world—otherwise, I mean, than as pushing the evolution forward. But now we have the highest scientific authority for rejoining that it is equally impossible to see how human volition can influence human action. If, nevertheless, we know that it does, it follows that there is nothing irrational in holding that the Divine will operates upon the material world. We need not be too much awed by the inexorable. That inadequacy of our faculties upon which the agnostic philosophy insists, betrays itself with reference to human as well as to Divine existence. And if the apparent contradictions upon which we impinge in trying to understand our own nature, or the world around us, do not drive us to the conclusion that we can know nothing of these objects, we are not obliged by a similar experience to admit that we can know nothing of eternal righteousness and love.

Another resolute opponent of theology, who himself had no disguise to abandon, has recently written a series of chapters on *Compromise*, with the express purpose of urging others who do not believe in God or immortality to abandon disguise and boldly declare their disbelief. But he also, at the moment when the unveiling is complete, appears to be conscious of an uneasy and uncomfortable nakedness. Christianity, when utterly renounced and defied as an orthodox creed, begins to exert all the more its own irresistible attraction. What can be more remarkable than the inconsistency, both in the letter and in the spirit, of two passages within three pages of each other in Mr. John Morley's book? Here is the uncompromising denier:—

"Those who agree with the present writer are not sceptics. They positively, absolutely, and without reserve reject as false the whole system of objective propositions which make up the popular belief of the day, in one and all of its theological expressions."—(P. 124.)

That is one attitude. But here is surely another:—

"Whatever form may be ultimately imposed on our vague religious aspirations by some prophet to come, who shall unite sublime depth of feeling and lofty purity of life with strong intellectual grasp and the gift of a noble eloquence, we may at least be sure of this—that it will stand as closely related to Christianity as Christianity stood to the old Judaic dispensation. It is commonly assumed that the rejectors of the popular religion stand in face of it as the Christians stood in face of the Pagan belief and rites in the Empire. The analogy is inexact. The modern denier, if he is anything better than that, or entertains hopes of a creed to come, is nearer to the position of the Christianizing Jew. . . . Just as what was once the new dispensation, was preached a *Judaïs ad Judæos apud Judæos*, so must the new that is to be find a Christian teacher and Christian hearers. It can hardly be other than an expansion, a develop-

ment, a re-adaptation of all the moral and spiritual truth that lay hidden under the worn-out forms. It must be such a harmonizing of the truth with our intellectual conceptions as shall fit it to be an active guide to conduct. In a world where men sit and hear each other groan, where but to think is to be full of sorrow, it is hard to imagine a time when we shall be indifferent to that sovereign legend of Pity."—(P. 120.)

Language like this is the more impressive because it is difficult to account for, coming from such a resolute denier as Mr. Morley declares himself to be. No intelligent person would speak of any system which utterly excludes theology as a development of Christianity. It is of the essence of Christianity in every form which it has assumed, early or late, strict or lax, to affirm a spiritual sonship of men to the heavenly Father, and a new Christianity standing to the existing Christianity in a relation analogous to that in which the faith of the Apostles stood to Judaism must reject nothing otherwise than by raising it to a higher quality and power. Every Apostle believed himself to be the truer Jew for being a believer in Christ. And that Christianity was genuinely a developed Judaism, Mr. Morley seems fully to acknowledge. But a creed that is simply agnostic as regards God and Heaven, however it may take to itself some branches from the Christian tree, rejects its trunk and root.

That Mr. John Morley, at the moment when he wrote this paragraph, was really confessing the need and prophesying the prevalence of some modified Christian theology, might be inferred from the fact of his passing over in a silence that appears contemptuous the pretensions of the Comtist Positivism. If development could consist in appropriating part of a doctrine and rejecting the rest, the system of Auguste Comte might well be called a development of Christianity. The Christian faith not merely acknowledges the eternal Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," but it enlists reverence and devotion in the service of humanity by its worship of the Son of man. Comtism, as a moral and religious system, apart from its philosophy of the sciences and of history, is a worship of humanity. For a Divine and living Son of man it has substituted an ideal Daughter of man. Its disciples have shown the power of the spirit of worship by a very unworldly devotion to what they have deemed the true interests of the human race. In one point—the estimate of international duty—they have set up a higher standard, not only than that of the dogged Englishman of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's affections, but also than that of the better class of English Christians; and it is to be regretted that their Gallicizing tone rouses a prejudice against their high-minded protests. But though the Comtist morality is sometimes higher than that of English policy, it never transcends the principles of the Gospel. It is, in fact, very nearly what the morality of St. Paul would be,

severed from his theology—altered, therefore, in its life and moulding force, but affirming the same claims and duties. Dr. Congreve, the head of the English Positivists, has lately entered the field as one of the assailants of theology, by the publication of a volume of “*Essays and Addresses*,” in which the Comtist system is variously illustrated. But this system, it appears, in no way commends itself to Mr. Morley, whose ideal creed of the future is one that is to be developed out of Christianity, and taught by a Christian teacher to Christian hearers. Who then, in Mr. Morley’s judgment, hold the hope of the future? Apparently, they who cling to the essence of the Christian faith, with a willingness to abandon what is gross and incredible, and to accept development and expansion.

Notwithstanding the contemptuous way in which Comtism is shouldered aside by the leaders of non-theistic philosophy, the remarkable powers of its founder, and the brilliant abilities and high character of its exponents in this country, have attracted so much attention to it that many, I believe, regard it as representing infidelity in general. This is an entire misconception; but Dr. Congreve’s volume may be regarded as one of the important demonstrations against belief in a God, which have characterized this year of competitive plain-speaking. He also announces that the time has come to attack that belief in terms.

“We can—in England, in France, wherever we are found—make it possible, nay necessary, for men to take their sides in the fight; and I name the two countries because they are the most deeply committed, and because for both I believe the same conduct to be equally applicable—openly and avowedly to take service in one or other of the opposing camps; to bring face to face the two beliefs—the belief of the Past, the belief in God; and the belief of the Future, the belief in Humanity—and to choose deliberately between them.”—(P. 535.)

But Positivism, as is well known, admits the need of a religion and a ritual, and is ready to supply new-forms of worship to replace the old. Dr. Congreve gives an example of Positivist prayer in a liturgical invocation prefixed to the Discourses which for several successive years he has given on the “Festival of Humanity,” or New Year’s Day.

“In the name of Humanity! with all centres of our Faith, more especially with our common centre in Paris; with all its scattered disciples; with the members of all other religious organizations or beliefs—Monotheist, Polytheist, or Fetishist—all lesser distinctions being absorbed in the one bond of our common Humanity; with the whole human race, with man, that is, wherever found and in whatever condition; and with the animal races, who, during the long effort of man to raise himself, have been, as they are still, his companions and his helpers—we, on this occasion, this Festival of Humanity, would be in conscious sympathy. Nor with our contemporaries alone are we in sympathy, but with the larger portion of the race which occupies the past. We gratefully commemorate the services of all the generations whose labours we inherit, and wish to

hand down with increase to our successors. We gratefully commemorate, also, the services of our common mother, the Earth, the planet which is our home, and the orbs which with her form the solar system. We may not separate from this last commemoration that of the *milieu* in which that system moves—the Space which has ever been of such great service to man, and whose services we so distinctly wish to recognize and use. From the Present and the Past we extend our sympathies to the Future, to the unborn generations which, with happier lot, shall follow us on this earth, the thought of whom should be constantly present to our minds, in order to complete the conception of Humanity, as revealed to man by the Founder of our religion [Comte]. The memory of her greatest servant finds a fitting place on this her greatest festival. May it, as all other great, if not equal memories, be duly cherished by us for guidance and encouragement!"—(P. 417).

Time and Space are so habitually associated together in speculative contemplation, that it may occasion some surprise that Time should be omitted, whilst Space has grateful recognition, in this comprehensive formulary. It might be said of Time as justly as of Space, that it has ever been of great service to man. Matter and Force, again, might be thought by some to have as good a claim to recognition as even Space or Time,—not to mention Gravitation, Evolution, and other "Æons." But I feel no desire to neutralize by criticism any attractions which this liturgy may present to an unsettled mind, when compared with the worship which Christians offer to the Father of all, through his Son Jesus Christ.*

But no other profession of faith, or of no-faith, which has come out before the public during the past year, is comparable in importance or interest to that of Mr. J. S. Mill in his posthumous volume on Religion. This is a disclosure which seems to have fallen as a surprise upon his most admiring disciples, and to have struck something like dismay into the minds which looked to him as the real leader of the non-theistic philosophy of our day. To point out very briefly the kind of encouragement that is to be derived by Christians from Mr. Mill's latest teaching is all that I can attempt in this place.

It is true that Mr. Mill argues strongly in this volume against the ordinary Christian belief. And the first impression likely to be made upon the mind of the Christian reader by the characteristic weightiness and impartiality of his reasoning is a feeling that his faith has received a severe blow. Mr. Mill is copious and urgent in insisting that there is no strict proof of the existence of a Creator, of human immortality, or of Divine revelation. So much the cautious Christian apologist has often consented to admit.

* The hymn which closes George Eliot's recent volume of poems,

"O may I join the choir invisible"

is a pathetic attempt to kindle religious ardour on behalf of the Positivist Immortality, which consists in being remembered and exerting a wholesome influence on others after death. This hymn may be taken to represent the nascent Hymnody, as Dr. Congreve's formulary represents the Liturgy, of the non-theistic Church of Humanity.

But Mr. Mill does not stop short here. He argues that it is impossible for a thoroughly rational person to believe in a Creator or Ruler of the universe at once almighty and perfectly good. There is a singular warmth in the energy with which he inveighs against Nature. Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately spoken of "the poor old dead horses of so-called Natural Theology." Mr. Mill not only thinks the reasonings of Natural Theology ineffective—he is angry that people should pretend or try to be satisfied with Nature, either external or human. He overwhelms both the actual course of things and the "natural man" with denunciations which must sometimes have a congenial sound to the orthodox ear, but which certainly impeach the character of the God in whom the Christian believes.

But fiercely as he may denounce Nature, Mr. Mill is not blaspheming wildly. He is clearing the ground for a creed more Christian than that of the mere believer in Nature. He desires to separate himself as decidedly from evolutionary religion as from the Catholic faith. How clearly he expounds his views, the following extracts will show. He cannot be misunderstood, nor has any attempt been made to deny that he deliberately advocates the cherishing of a certain kind of faith in a God and in Christ:—

"One only form of belief in the supernatural—one only theory respecting the origin and government of the Universe—stands wholly clear both of intellectual contradiction and of moral obliquity. It is that which, resigning irrevocably the idea of an omnipotent Creator, regards Nature and Life, not as the expression throughout of the moral character and purpose of the Deity, but as the product of a struggle between contriving goodness and an intractable material, as was believed by Plato, or a Principle of Evil, as was the doctrine of the Manicheans. A creed like this, which I have known to be devoutly held by at least one cultivated and conscientious person of our own day, allows it to be believed that all the mass of evil which exists was undesigned by, and exists, not by the appointment of, but in spite of, the Being whom we are called upon to worship. A virtuous human being assumes in this theory the exalted character of a fellow-labourer with the Highest—a fellow-combatant in the great strife; contributing his little, which, by the aggregation of many like himself becomes much, towards that progressive ascendancy and ultimately complete triumph of good over evil, which history points to, and which this doctrine teaches us to regard as planned by the Being to whom we owe all the benevolent contrivance we behold in Nature. Against the moral tendency of this creed no possible objection can lie: it can produce on whoever can succeed in believing it, no other than an ennobling effect."—(Pp. 116-17).

As to immortality, Mr. Mill's conclusions are as follows:—

"There is no assurance whatever of a life after death, on grounds of natural religion. But to any one who feels it conducive either to his satisfaction or to his usefulness to hope for a future state as a possibility, there is no hindrance to his indulging that hope. Appearances point to the existence of a Being who has great power over us—all the power implied in the creation of the Kosmos, or of its organised beings at least—and of whose goodness we have evidence, though not of its being his pre-

dominant attribute; and, as we do not know the limits either of his power or of his goodness, there is room to hope that both the one and the other may extend to granting us this gift, provided that it would really be beneficial to us."—(P. 286).

On the question of the antecedent probability of a Revelation, Mr. Mill speaks thus:—

"The indications of a Creator and of his attributes which we have been able to find in Nature, though so much slighter and less conclusive even as to his existence than the pious mind would wish to consider them, and still more unsatisfactory in the information they afford as to his attributes, are yet sufficient to give to the supposition of a Revelation a standing point which it would not otherwise have had. The alleged Revelation is not obliged to build up its case from the foundation; it has not to prove the very existence of the Being from whom it professes to come. It claims to be a message from a Being whose existence, whose power, and to a certain extent whose wisdom and goodness, are, if not proved, at least indicated with more or less of probability by the phenomena of Nature. The sender of the alleged message is not a sheer invention; there are grounds, independent of the message itself, for belief in his reality—grounds which, though insufficient for proof, are sufficient to take away all antecedent improbability from the supposition that a message may really have been received from him. It is, moreover, much to the purpose to take notice that the very imperfection of the evidences which Natural Theology can produce of the Divine attributes, removes some of the chief stumbling-blocks to the belief of a Revelation; since the objections grounded on imperfections in the Revelation itself, however conclusive against it if it is considered as a record of the acts, or an expression of the wisdom, of a Being of infinite power combined with infinite wisdom and goodness, are no reason whatever against its having come from a Being such as the course of Nature points to, whose wisdom is possibly, his power certainly, limited, and whose goodness, though real, is not likely to have been the only motive which actuated him in the work of creation."—(Pp. 212-13.)

Having said—

"The whole domain of the supernatural is thus removed from the region of Belief into that of simple Hope, and in that, for anything we can see, it is likely always to remain," (P. 244)

Mr. Mill presently adds—

"On these principles, it appears to me that the indulgence of hope with regard to the government of the Universe and the destiny of man after death, while we recognize as a clear truth that we have no ground for more than a hope, is legitimate and philosophically defensible. The beneficial effect of such a hope is far from trifling. It makes life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings, and gives greater strength, as well as greater solemnity, to all the sentiments that are awakened in us by our fellow-creatures and by mankind at large. It allays the sense of that irony of Nature, which is so painfully felt when we see the exertions and sacrifices of a life culminating in the formation of a wise and noble mind, only to disappear from the world when the time has just arrived at which the world seems about to begin reaping the benefit of it. The truth that life is short and art is long, is from of old one of the most discouraging parts of our condition; this hope admits the possibility that the art employed in improving and beautifying the soul itself may avail for good in some other life, even when seemingly useless

for this. But the benefit consists less in the presence of any specific hope than in the enlargement of the general scale of the feelings; the loftier aspirations being no longer in the same degree checked and kept down by a sense of the insignificance of human life, by the disastrous feeling of 'not worth while.' The gain obtained in the increased inducement to cultivate the improvement of character up to the end of life, is obvious without being specified."—(Pp. 249-50).

Lastly, Mr. Mill bears testimony resembling that of Mr. Matthew Arnold, but going beyond it, to Christ:—

"It is the God incarnate, more than the God of the Jews or of Nature, who being idealized has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And, whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left—a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers. . . . When to this we add that, to the conception of the rational sceptic, it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what he supposed himself to be—not God . . . but a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God, to lead mankind to truth and virtue, we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion, are well worth preserving, and that what they lack in direct strength, as compared with those of a firmer belief, is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction."—(Pp. 253-5).

"Behold, thou hast blessed them altogether!" No, not altogether. Hope is not the same thing as belief, and the tenets of Mr. Mill's religion of hope differ widely from those of the Christian's creed. But in estimating the gravity of Mr. Mill's testimony, we ought to take the following considerations into account. In coming to this half-way house, he had started, not from Christianity, but from atheism pure and simple. And the movement was an absolutely sincere one; it was no senile or conservative act of outward conformity, for, so far as I am aware, these leanings of his inner mind were all but unknown until they appeared in this posthumous confession. Just in the same way, Mr. M. Arnold's religion makes a different impression upon us, when we bear in mind that he who is now so enthusiastically advocating a recognition of Eternal Righteousness, a devout study of the whole Sacred volume, and an almost unlimited reverence for Christ as a unique teacher, was lately the apostle of Hellenic culture, and once when a friend asked him who propped his mind "in these bad days," answered—Homer, Epictetus, and Sophocles. In the next place, though Mr. Mill, loyal to logic, makes much of the difference between the domain of Hope and that of Belief, we Christians know that "for most practical purposes," hope in these matters cannot be separated from belief. His own language shows it. He speaks of the theory to which "indications point," and which he commends to this devout hope and aspiration, as a belief, a creed. This "creed" he has "known to be devoutly held by at least one culti-

vated and conscientious person." When people have been persuaded to mould their lives in accordance with certain assumptions, those assumptions become, for practical purposes, a creed. But it is a vital part of Mr. Mill's creed to deny the omnipotence of "the Highest." True; but here also, I venture to think, Mr. Mill was sacrificing to logic. He himself points out that Christians in general, whilst they call God Almighty, habitually and necessarily assume limitations to his omnipotence. He defends Leibnitz against Voltaire, explaining that in the "Theodicée" the Christian philosopher affirms this to be the best of all "*possible*" worlds, not the best *imaginable*. The truth is that we Christians adopt in our ordinary belief a position which Mr. Mill vehemently condemns, but to which he nevertheless bears a certain candid testimony:—

"It is one of the most universal, as well as of the most surprising characteristics of human nature, and one of the most speaking proofs of the low stage to which the reason of mankind has ever yet advanced, that they are capable of overlooking any amount of either moral or intellectual contradictions, and receiving into their minds propositions utterly inconsistent with one another, not only without being shocked by the contradiction, but without preventing both the contradictory beliefs from producing a part, at least, of their natural consequences in the mind."—(P. 251.)

Moral contradictions we do not defend; but we justify the co-existence of apparently incompatible propositions in the mind, in obedience to moral or spiritual demand. In the ordinary intellectual consciousness of Christians, we allow the conditions of existence to limit in a manner the Divine omnipotence, as we allow the acknowledgment of Christ to interfere with the Divine unity, or the assertion of free will to qualify the Divine ordination of things, or the perception of universal law to limit the Divine freedom. Nevertheless we cling to the belief that God is almighty, one, prescient, free, because we want "the natural consequences in the mind" of the apparently contradictory beliefs. We hold that the intellect is manifestly unable to comprehend God; but we do not admit that our whole capacity of knowing God is comprised within that of the intellect. We allow the testimony of the emotions, *verified by experience*, as having a genuine validity. And, further, in all these perplexing cases, we have some trustworthy evidence that the mind itself, when contemplating rather than defining, has glimpses of a reconciliation which it cannot securely grasp—a reconciliation which generally has an equivalent in some practical doctrine. By such doctrine I mean, for example, that most important and pregnant truth, that the proper *freedom* of man's will is realized, not in his being independent of God and doing as he pleases, but in perfect conformity to the will of God. Or this—that by right prayer we throw ourselves into the living movement which is working out

the perfection of spiritual and voluntary being. Or this—that higher spiritual good is developed through conflict with evil than is imaginable without such conflict. On the whole, Mr. Mill, with all his moral fervour and elevation, remains in what must be felt to be an outer spiritual circle. How *poor* are his logical ethics, and his determination to compass “the Highest” with the forms of the understanding, compared with what he has called (God forgive him!) the “poor stuff” of St. John’s Gospel!

II.

Let us now turn our thoughts to the difficulties besetting the government and internal order of the Church of England which have come to a head during the past year. These difficulties have been created for the most part by the Mediævalist or so-called Catholic revival, and might have disturbed the peace of the Church under any system of government; but inasmuch as with us the Church is governed by the State, they appear to belong chiefly to the relations between the Church and the State.

The Church and State question is perceived more and more clearly, in the light of contemporary history, to belong to the region of practical adjustments. The settlement of it will always be variable, depending on the comparative strength of varying interests and convictions. Attempts to determine the right relations of the Church and the State by theory in the abstract will be of little avail. I do not mean to say that strong prejudices, either on the side of ecclesiastical or on that of civil rule, will not have much influence. But even these are liable to be overborne by the strength of circumstances. The problem of Church and State is resolved, with general agreement, in the United States in one way, and in Sweden in another way.

There is, however, a fixed idea prevailing very generally amongst Christians, that there are ordained provinces of the Church and of the State, mutually defining each other—if only we could discover what the boundaries of these respective provinces are. This idea rests upon the supposed meaning of a saying of our Lord’s—“Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s.” Here, it is thought, we have it clearly laid down that the civil order has its claims and the spiritual order its claims, and that we are to take care to keep them distinct. This is a cardinal text for Romanists, when they desire to affirm the supreme authority of the Pope, as God’s vicerent. It is equally a cardinal text with Nonconformists, when

* The author of *Supernatural Religion*, who belongs to a grade much lower than that of the authors I have dealt with, may be left in Canon Lightfoot’s hands. But on that part of his work which Canon Lightfoot has passed over, I may observe that his elaborate proof that we cannot base our faith upon miracles, is an undesigned confirmation of the teaching ascribed to our Lord in St. John’s Gospel: “Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe!” “If any man wills to do his will, he will know of my teaching, whether it is from God, or whether I speak from myself.”

they insist that spiritual matters ought to be left to the voluntary agreement of spiritual men. Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, referred to this text when he said in his recent famous pamphlet, "Our Saviour recognized as distinct the two provinces of the civil rule and the Church." Now it has been shown by careful readers of the New Testament—and it can be proved to the satisfaction of all reasonable persons—that our Lord's saying meant nothing of the kind. Even Romanists, though Scriptural texts have to them an authorized, as distinct from an original and proper, meaning, may be brought to see that this text is not one which can be used for its accustomed purpose in controversy with non-Romanists. If our Lord neither in this saying nor in any other recognized the distinctness of the two provinces—if there is no text in the Bible affirming or conclusively implying such distinctness—then an assumption which plays a great part in important modern controversies ought to be eliminated from them. No well-instructed Christian, either in a pro-papal pamphlet, or at a Liberationist meeting, or in a High Church article, ought to draw an argument for his cause from the text, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

It would seem that anyone who simply read the words with his eyes open must shrink from this common interpretation of them. Had God and Cæsar, then, distinct provinces? If it was wrong to give to Cæsar what belonged to God, was it also wrong to give to God what belonged to Cæsar? Would anyone seriously tell us now that Queen Victoria has her province, and that God has his province, and that the two provinces are distinct? We of the English Church recognize our Civil Ruler, on the one hand, as God's minister; on the other hand, as in all causes ecclesiastical and civil within her dominions supreme; and we do so without really offending against either the letter or the spirit of this text. He who spoke the words belonged to a nation which had notoriously known no distinction between civil and ecclesiastical government. At the time when he spoke them, Cæsar was a foreign and pagan conqueror, and what ecclesiastical government there was in Judea was represented by the High Priests and the Sanhedrim. It was this ecclesiastical authority itself which sent its agents to ask our Lord whether it was lawful for the subjects of Jehovah to pay tribute to Cæsar. There was no question of any collision between the civil and the ecclesiastical authority. The inquiry was a snare, and our Lord's answer was aimed as a rebuke at the ecclesiastics who were questioning him. It implies—"This nation has been subjugated by Cæsar, because you have been disloyal to God. You pay tribute to Cæsar, because he and his officers are God's ministers, keeping order amongst an unworthy people. Render, therefore, to Cæsar his due; and let this coin,

with its image and superscription, paid as tribute to the earthly ruler, be to you a symbol or parable of what you owe to God. Render up *yourselves* to the God to whom you belong, whose image and superscription you bear."

There may be some doubt whether our Lord meant to suggest this thought, that the Jews, as made in God's image, and marked with the sign of the covenant, carried in themselves evidence like that of the tribute-money, that they belonged to God. In any case, if the rebuked ecclesiastics were led to consider *what* they had to render to God as his, they could not stop short of the confession that they were bound to render to God the worship of their whole being. The foreign conqueror could reasonably claim the payment of tribute; Jehovah claimed the homage of inward truth and righteousness and purity. It is sufficiently clear, at all events, that we ought to disabuse our minds of the notion that Christ was saying anything about the Church and the State. Nor could we find elsewhere, I believe, in either Old or New Testament, any proposition or hint concerning the proper provinces of the civil and the ecclesiastical organizations respectively. And no wonder, considering the soil out of which these books grew. The Old Testament is the sacred literature of a declared "theocracy." In the New Testament age, what are we to call the Church, and what the State? Before the Day of Pentecost, there were priests, both Jewish and heathen, but neither in Judæa nor anywhere else was there any organization that we should think it reasonable to call a Church. When the believers in Christ have been called out and formed into a body, they are to us the Church of Christ, but it was a Church not then recognised by any State. Nor was it a part of the early feeling of Christians that the Church was to content itself with spiritual matters and leave civil matters to the civil authority. "Dare any of you," asks St. Paul, "having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not before the saints? Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?" It is perfectly true that the Christians would have endured any extremity rather than deny their faith at the bidding of a Cæsar. Assuredly, they did not ask Cæsar to dictate to them their creed. They said, "We ought to obey God rather than man." But to whom did the Apostles say this? To the chief priests and council, to men whom they regarded as the sacerdotal successors of Aaron, having a Divine commission to offer the appointed sacrifices in the Temple of God. There is, in short, no indication whatever that the idea of a distinction between Church and State, in the later and modern sense, ever occurred to the early Christian mind. So far as Holy Scripture is concerned, the question of the relations of the Church and the State is left a

perfectly open one—to be determined, it may be, by the advance of civilization, as the Comtists hold, but more obviously by the peculiar circumstances of a country and an epoch.

The most important of such circumstances is the proportion borne by the strength of any religious communion to the whole strength of the country. What has made the position of the Church of England a somewhat doubtful one, is the large growth of interests and beliefs outside of its circle in England itself, and still more within the pale of the British Empire. If the Church were much stronger than it is, it would be out of the question that it should be separated from the State; if it were much weaker, it would be out of the question that it should remain exclusively united with it. Assuming that the Church is far from being the religious communion of the whole people, there are two contingencies which might reasonably bring about a separation. The exclusive privileges of the Church may be felt to be an injustice and a grievance to the people; the rule of the State, representing the people, may become unjust and intolerable to the Church. In the one case, the State would take away from the Church its exclusive privileges; in the other, the Church would ask to be "liberated from State patronage and control."

These, then, are the two dangers which threaten the Church as an establishment. It will be observed that the one to a considerable degree neutralizes the other. The Church is less likely to be regarded as a monopoly and a grievance, when the people collectively, through their representatives, are made conscious that they ultimately control the government of it. Government by the nation is less likely to be resented by the more zealous Church people, when the Church is freely acknowledged and honoured as the public Church of the country. Now the peculiar and hopeful feature of our last year's Church history is, that the State has been satisfying the people by asserting its authority in Church matters, and has been doing so in a manner which can give to loyal Churchmen no just ground of complaint.

We are not, as we were apt to fear, at a dead-lock. The incubus of that misgiving has been removed from the general mind. Those who cannot be satisfied without a defined theory, or a well understood policy, may complain of our present tentative mode of action and of the prevailing feeling with regard to Church matters as "chaotic." Those whose minds have become possessed by the unfortunate notion that their loyalty to Christ is involved in claiming some "province" for ecclesiastical government, can scarcely fail to be unhappy, having no ecclesiastical government forthcoming more satisfactory than the obsolete clerical convocations of Canterbury and York, and being in a constant state of uncertainty about the particular boundary of

the Church's province to which they should pin their faith. But to one who holds that the method of Church government is of necessity a matter of practical adjustment, there is nothing either irrational or godless in the simply tentative interference of the State in Church matters. The essential principle which the true Christian and Churchman will not consent to surrender, is that of loyalty to God and Christ; but to identify this with loyalty to ecclesiastical government is proved by history to be a monstrous and fatal error. As little, of course, could it be identified with absolute obedience to civil government. It is ridiculous to imagine that any Erastian holds that Cæsar has a natural right to dictate to his subjects what they should believe and how they should worship. Hobbes himself distinctly reserved the alternative of refusing obedience and taking the consequences, as a possibly necessary one. Erastus was an exceedingly staunch Christian, who would have allowed no government whatever, civil or ecclesiastical, to impose upon him any article of faith or ordinance of worship which seemed to him to contradict the "Word of God." We may all agree that Churchmen ought not to consent to any alteration of their creed or worship which, in their judgment, would hopelessly spoil the Christian character and witness of the Church. To the New Testament Christian, this will equally be a fixed principle whether the alteration be imposed by a civil or by an ecclesiastical authority.

The pressing question for Churchmen is not what Parliament might conceivably do, but what it is doing and is likely to do. It is easily imaginable that a decided minority of Churchmen in Parliament, in conjunction with their non-Church colleagues, might undertake to impose laws on the Church which the general body of Churchmen would repudiate. This, let it be admitted, would bring on a crisis, and probably lead to revolutionary change. But we seem to be at present far from any such catastrophe. A party is, of course, at liberty to do its best to hinder the enactment of such a law as the Worship Regulation Act, but to make it a real grievance would be absurd. And, as we are all agreed, the temper shown by the two Houses during the passing of the Act is a phenomenon of more importance than the Act itself. It is not too much to say that in the course of the last Session the English nation stood revealed to itself, and was enabled to know its own mind. Never, perhaps, did any great assembly show a more creditable spirit in the discussion of a religious question than that which pervaded the debates of the House of Commons. The feature of best omen was the extraordinary moderation shown in the shaping of the measure. This was not due to the coldness of indifference, nor to the sense that the Bill commanded barely a majority. The supporters of the Bill were in a thoroughly

serious mood, and found themselves carrying the House and the country with them beyond expectation. Yet they were most anxious to avoid anything that would be needlessly harsh towards those whom the Bill was intended to restrain. Instead of making it a more stringent measure, the House of Commons consented to several relaxations of its original stringency. It has come forth as law in a shape so innocent as may well amaze those who consider with what angry and despairing vehemence it has been assailed.

As there was nothing of the violence of panic in the temper of the House of Commons or of the country during the Session, so there has been no symptom of subsequent reaction or regret. It is plain that the Church people of England do not mean to have their worship mediævalized by irregular wilfulness. They have not altered the laws by which our Church Services are regulated; but what the enforcement of the law can do to repress such innovations, it will be made to do. So far as the promoters of the Bill were concerned, they were apparently willing to stop at that point. But it was represented by some of those who looked on the Bill with less favour, that the rubrical directions in the Prayer Book had become obsolete, and that the enforcing of the law, as it was now likely to be enforced, would play havoc with our received customs of worship. It was pleaded in behalf of the Convocations of clergy that they should be allowed to revise the rubrics, and that the new procedure should not come into operation till time had been given for the Convocations to make recommendations to Parliament. This delay was granted, and the Convocations have been invited to revise the rubrics accordingly. It was also suggested that the form of procedure against clerical immorality might be similarly made less slow and costly—a suggestion received with general assent. And then it was urged by Mr. Lowe—in what interest it is difficult to conjecture—that it was futile to proceed against innovations in ritual without also making unsound doctrine more easily punishable. And Mr. Russell Gurney, yielding to the plausible argument, undertook to bring in a similar Bill next Session, applicable to morals and doctrine. So that we may expect two measures of special interest for Churchmen and clergymen—one for modifying the rubrics, the other for simplifying the procedure against alleged unsound doctrine.

With legislation of this kind in prospect, it is satisfactory to observe that hardly anyone professes to desire to contract the reasonable liberty hitherto enjoyed in the Church of England. Protestations to this effect have been made very generally, in Parliament and elsewhere, and—there is no reason to doubt—with entire sincerity. The feeling against arbitrary and illegal Ritualism is a very different one from the passion of fanatical orthodoxy. To

the latter the times are confessedly not favourable. So long as there is no apparent defiance of Church of England doctrine, even party unions are willing, or find it politic, to refrain from prosecuting the expression of opinion. Tradition and policy will alike incline the Supreme Court towards lenient interpretations in matters of doctrine. The only question that can well be raised by such a measure as that which is expected from Mr. Russell Gurney is, whether it is not, on the whole, expedient and for the advantage of all in turn that prosecutions for false doctrine should be subjected to delays. A question of theology requires much more patience and reading and breadth of view than a question of ritual; and few will now regret that Low and Broad and High have all in their turn had the benefit of a liberal interpretation of the Articles. It seems probable that Mr. Gurney would be allowed, with general acquiescence, to excuse himself from carrying out his engagement.

As regards the rubrics, we may happily count upon a general indisposition to enact new coercive rules. It may be deemed certain that Parliament will not consent to any changes in favour of Ritualism, even should they be recommended by the Convocations. There may, perhaps, be a desire to exclude ambiguity on the two points of Eucharistic vestments and the Eastward position. A curious prominence has been given by High Churchmen to two practices which have grown out of a high appreciation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, though they do not happen to have commended themselves to High Churchmen; I mean Evening Communion, and the repetition of the words which accompany the giving of the Bread and of the Cup once only for several communicants. It is assumed that these are at the same time contrary to law and extremely dear to Evangelical Christians on doctrinal grounds; and a very considerate anxiety has been expressed by those who do not themselves approve of these practices lest a strict enforcement of the law should interfere with them. But it is yet to be shown that they violate either the letter or the spirit of the law; and I know of no doctrinal preference which they express, other than a desire that the benefits of the Holy Communion should be extended as widely as possible to suitable communicants. The embarrassments which would arise from leaving the rubrics as they are have been greatly exaggerated, and would probably prove very inconsiderable.

There is one rubric, however, with regard to which the present national movement is very suggestive of hope; I mean that prefixed to the Athanasian Creed. Speaking as one of the clergy in whose churches this creed is not used, I am obliged to confess that the rubric directing its use is unambiguous. We are quite as defenceless now against the law as we shall be under the new Act. We are protected only by a tacit understanding that the law is not

to be enforced. This is partly due to a distaste for persecution; but is it uncharitable to hint that it may be partly due to prudence? The agitation caused by the forcing of a certain number of unwilling congregations to hear this Creed recited, would certainly have given strength to the desire to get rid of the compulsive rubric. Hitherto, Parliament has shrunk from entering upon this kind of legislation. But the situation is altered now. When a Rubrics Bill comes before either House, there is nothing to prevent the moving of an amendment to omit this rubric and to remove the Athanasian Creed from its present place in the Prayer Book to the neighbourhood of the Articles. That such an amendment would command the sympathy of a large majority in either House of Parliament can hardly be regarded as doubtful. Its only rival would be a proposition to make the use of the Creed optional, and the grave objections to this course are, that no machinery exists for taking the vote of a parish or of a congregation on this point, and that it is a very undesirable question to submit to a parochial vote.

In the prospect of this rubric engaging the attention of the legislature, it is important that a clear understanding should prevail of the grounds on which legislative action may reasonably be taken concerning it. It is by no means necessary that members of Parliament should enter upon theological controversy. They might decline to discuss definitions of the nature of God, and theories as to the guilt of holding false opinions. We, who desire that Parliament should deal with this rubric, may take our stand upon the following allegation—that the Athanasian Creed, when recited in church, is popularly understood in a sense which learned and orthodox divines repudiate as doing dishonour to God and misrepresenting Christianity. Plain Christian men know well how this Creed sounds in their own ears and in those of their neighbours. It is enough to take Dr. Pusey as a representative of orthodoxy, and to refer to him as emphatically disclaiming what the Athanasian Creed is commonly supposed to assert. It seems most fairly within the province of the Christian laity to say, "Let this Creed be reserved for theologians who can qualify and interpret it; we are thoroughly convinced that for general use in public worship it is not edifying; let us put this stumbling-block out of the people's way." In answer to warnings that if the Church of England discontinues the public recitation of this Creed it will be starting on a downward path of anti-dogmatic rationalism, we may point to the example of the Episcopal Church in the United States. That Church is in high favour with very orthodox English Churchmen; it is not supposed to be more rationalistic than the Church of England. But from the time when it revised the Anglican formularies for its own use (A.D. 1789), it has excluded the Athanasian Creed, not only from its public services, but from its place in the Articles as a standard of doctrine. Since that time, this Creed has lost much of

its *prestige* through the doubts which historical criticism has cast upon its origin. Commonly, but delusively, called the Creed of St. Athanasius, it is almost certainly known to belong to a much later age than his. It would not be in the least degree inconsistent with that earnest moderation which has hitherto characterized the public action of this country in Church matters, if the English laity, claiming as they may do the leadership of the two Archbishops, should resolve—not that the Athanasian Creed should be struck out from the Prayer-Book and the eighth Article, but that it should no longer be put in the mouths of ordinary men and women, of the poor, and of children. If the existing Parliament should do this for the Church, as there is good reason to hope it will, much secret discontent will be healed, and the Church's faith will gain a stronger hold on the minds and hearts of the people.

There is nothing to deter a Parliament in which the Church is so powerfully represented from endeavours to make the Church, by such processes as are at command, a purer and more satisfying Church for the nation at large. Threats of disestablishment or of secession need excite no disquietude. A moment when the public mind is thoroughly interested in the control and government of the Church, is not one in which proposals for cutting it loose from the State are likely to find a favourable hearing. And it is impossible to believe that loyal members of the Church will actually bring themselves to take the melancholy step of seceding on account of any legislation which shall leave the Church of England substantially what it is at present. The lay power has undeniably had a great deal to do with making the Church what it is; and what wise man will push a quarrel to extremities about the authority by which a thing is done, so long as he finds the thing done to be either good or tolerable? The Christian people of this country, to whom, amidst all the shakings of opinion, the Gospel is as precious as it ever was, have the civil legislature for their organ. They show every disposition to treat the clergy with respect and deference; but they will not allow a clerical assembly to assume to itself a Divine authority even in matters of faith and worship.* They are likely to avail themselves of any organization which promises to be really helpful to them, and they have invited suggestions from the Convocations, but it is certain that they will not surrender themselves to the government of the clergy. The more they are led to look into the Bible and into history, the deeper will be their feeling that the Commonwealth has a Divine calling, and that God has wrought for the good of the Church as much through the laity as through the clergy.

* The history of the relations of the clerical Convocations to the State may be studied in a very instructive article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

In the State interference which we have any reason to anticipate, we may expect to find the characters of moderation, reverence for central Christian doctrine, and liberality towards opinion. The general influence of the State brings into the sphere of religion the wholesome air of respect for facts and for justice. It is God's ordinance that some of the most precious sentiments of human life should be nourished by civil rather than by religious experience. We are in danger at this time of being driven back from Atheism into narrow forms of superstitious and emotional religion; we are in danger also of being led to indulge in that un-Christian arrogance towards Dissenters which is so terrible a snare to a prosperous Church. The entrance of a stronger political element into our religion may be the Divine method of fortifying a Catholic and tolerant belief, such as befits a free Christian people.

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.



SAXON STUDIES.

III.—SIDEWALKS AND ROADWAYS.

I.

PEOPLE live surrounded with themselves, and in their own atmosphere, and feel at ease in proportion as what is without is attuned to what is within. The religious devotee still gravitates towards his pew, the student towards his library, the drunkard towards his gin-shop. We never feel sure of a man until we have met him at his own fire-side, clad in his dressing-gown and slippers. If we happen to have made acquaintance beforehand with the dressing-gown and fire-side, we shall already have gone far towards getting the measure of their proprietor. With this background to relieve the figure, a brief examination will reveal to us more than would protracted study without it. But were it possible wholly to isolate a man from all surroundings, he would appear—if he appeared at all—an incomprehensible monstrosity.

As with the individual, so with the community. If we wish to picture a people to alien minds, we shall do wisely to eschew direct description and analysis, and rather seek to indicate our subject by analogies from its encompassment; by suggestion, and subtle inference. Otherwise, our rendering is apt to appear crude and lifeless; for many delicate but important shades of character, too evanescent to be caught from the living man, are indelibly and permanently impressed upon the four walls between which his life is passed.

Men are a kind of hieroglyphic writing hard to decipher; but

they translate themselves into their houses, and we may read them there at our leisure, without danger of being influenced by the sphere of human personality to falsify the conclusions of our cool and sober judgment. A man may, by virtue of his personal magnetism, juggle me into the belief that his black is white; but a glance at his designs in brick and mortar, at his pictures and paper-hangings, will go far to set me right again. As Emerson would put it, his expenditure is him; and he must be a shrewd man indeed who can falsify his expenditure.

Now, all communities, from families to nations, have each their distinctive flavour, insomuch that a Bostonian, or a Cockney, can be identified almost as readily as if he were coloured blue or green. In logical correspondence with this truth is the fact that the material London or Boston from which they come has recognisable peculiarities, distinguishing it from all other cities; the streets and houses are so built and laid out that they occupy a separate and particular place in the memory. To the vulgar mind the word city conveys the idea of streets and houses, and nothing more; or at best (if they have read Blackstone), of a town which has or had something to do with a bishop. Strictly speaking, however, these walls and pavements are but the incarnation of the true city, which primarily inheres in the brains and wills of the citizens. Their expenditure being them, and the city being unquestionably their expenditure, it follows that the city, as a whole, is an exposition of the modes of thought and temper of its inhabitants. Whatever discrepancies exist are due solely to the limitations of man's control over matter. Swedenborg, a profounder and broader seer than either Emerson or Blackstone, touches the core of the question when he says that cities represent doctrines.

Flesh and blood being thus related to stone and mortar, the delineator of the latter must become to some extent the portrayer of the former—a circumstance in no small degree to his advantage. For, let him describe what he will—a paving-stone or a door-knob, a window-blind or a church-steeple—he can always rebut the charge of triviality by admonishing the critic of a hidden symbolism contained in the passage, the vital significance of which only ignorance or levity could overlook. And if, in the course of his narrative, he happen upon some bit of personal gossip, some human characteristic, humorous or pathetic, let him admit it without fear of inconsistency: it is but a more direct and undisguised method of painting a Dutch interior, or of giving relief and solidity to his sketch of yonder picturesque old castle-turret. There is no arguing with such a person; he is as infallible as the Pope; but, unlike the Pope, his infallibility is a comfort to him, and productive of both profit and amusement.

In these days of the ballot, and of universal suffrage, some

enthusiastic elector may object, that the true representatives of a people's doctrines are, not the cities they live in, but the gentlemen they return to Congress or to Parliament; and that, consequently, a detailed analysis of these gentlemen's character and personal appearance will serve all the purposes of a moral and material estimate of the towns which they represent. Fifth Avenue—or Mayfair, as the case might be—would be discoverable in the representative's high arched nose; Wall Street, or Lombard Street, in the calculating glance of his sharp eyes; Five Points, or Seven Dials, in the ungainly shape of his mouth and feet. His intellectual and affectional nature would be a compendium of his electors', no less than his political opinions and prejudices. And the biography of the man would be a symbolic history of the city.

The suggestion is a valuable one, but action upon it would at present be premature. Every man is a microcosm, but some advance must be made in uniformity of condition and opinion, and in consistency of belief, before it would be possible for him, humanly speaking, to become a micropolis. His incongruities would kill him, in real life; even the creations of modern fiction could scarcely fulfil the exigences of the position. Moreover, granting our micropolis, there is still a heavy deficiency to be made up in our capacities for analysing him. Though our insight may be keen enough to distinguish the business quarters of his town from the aristocratic or plebeian ones, as portrayed in his features; yet, when we descended to the minutiae upon which the general effect in so great measure depends, we should be apt to find ourselves at fault. Where, for instance, should we find recorded the order of architecture of the city hall? or how determine whether the streets were stone-paved or macadamised? But science, and the enlightenment of the masses, can work miracles; and far be it from us to question its ultimate mastery of trifles such as these. Meanwhile, however, we are fain to continue our lucubrations under the first-mentioned system.

II.

It would be of convenience to me could I declare at the outset what the distinctive characteristics of Dresden streets and houses are: whether the streets were all narrow, dark, and devious; or broad, straight, and open: whether the houses were invariably gabled, quaint, and crooked; or erect, fair-proportioned, and spacious: whether the city were one of magnificent distances, or contracted within the limits of a bow-shot. Unfortunately any such definite generalities are out of place in speaking of Dresden. Its only distinctive characteristics, so far as my observation goes, are

its ubiquitous evil odour and its omnipresent dirty plaster. For the rest, what it asserts in one quarter it contradicts in another, and hardly allows us finally to make up our mind to either condemnation or approval.

There is one thoroughfare which, under five different names, traverses the city from north to south, as a diameter its circle. This fickleness in the matter of names becomes less surprising when we consider that the street has been several centuries growing, and that its course takes it through nearly every phase of life which the city affords, excepting only the lowest. Traversing its two or three miles of length from end to end, we shall make as thorough an acquaintance with the genius of Dresden streets as it suits our purposes to do. If once or twice we make a short incursion to the right or left, it will only be for the end of recreation.

It begins—locally if not chronologically speaking—in the Neustadt, on the northern bank of the Elbe, being known there as the Haupt Strasse. Considered in itself, this Haupt Strasse is the finest street in Dresden. It is sixty yards or more in width, and nearly a mile long; down its centre runs a broad walk bordered with trees; on either side is a carriage-way and sidewalks. But the street dwarfs the houses, which are here quite low and mean, and shops into the bargain. Shops and, still more, shop-signs, however intrinsically attractive and brilliant, are not consonant with architectural dignity; and these Saxon shop-signs, with their impossible names and grotesque announcements, would turn a street of Parthenons to ridicule. The Haupt Strasse merges at either extremity into an open place or square, that towards the north-west presided over by the new Albert-Theater, while the south-western one is forced to be content with that foolish old Augustus, surnamed the Strong—bare-headed, bare-armed, bare-legged, and astride of an incredible steed which squats on its hind legs, and paws the air with its fore-feet like a gigantic kangaroo. Standing in the shadow of this worthy, we see the street pass on over the ancient bridge to the Altstadt; on our left, across the market-place, is the hospitable door of our old friend Werthmann's beer-saloon, while nearly in front of us lies the black guard-house, like a sullen mastiff; stacked arms glitter before the entrance, and the sentry paces his short beat to and fro, on the look-out for officers and royal carriages.

If the street dwarfs its houses, it pushes its sidewalks out of sight. Dresden is sometimes said to bear a distant resemblance to Florence; and, hearing this, the Dresdeners perhaps thought it incumbent upon them to dispense with all invidious distinctions between road and footway. But they proceeded upon a mistaken principle in so doing; for whereas in Florence the streets are all sidewalk, in Dresden the sidewalks are all street, or nearly so.

The houses edge forward their broad stone toes towards the curb, and often quite overstep it; or, if otherwise, the path is mounded up to such a ticklish height, that walking upon it becomes precarious. In some districts, the matter is compromised by putting the sidewalk in the centre of the street, where it ekes out a slender existence, forming, on rainy days, the bed of an unsavoury little torrent which bears away in its current such domestic superfluities as the adjoining houses find it inconvenient to retain.

This, however, more accurately describes the condition of things ten years ago. An improvement-spasm has seized Dresden of late, and sidewalks have begun to broaden here and there, and laws have been made as to the conditions under which they are to be used, which are rigidly enforced by the police. It is observable, nevertheless, that although sidewalks are coming into existence, the Dresdeners either do not know how to use them, or do not much care to do so; they prefer the pavement. They stray on to the sidewalk in an incidental sort of way, but do not find themselves at home there, and soon return to the gutter. To a foreign mind a sidewalk is desirable not so much on account of its utility as because it assists, like a decent hat and coat, in the preservation of a certain self-respect and dignity. As men, we wish to separate ourselves as far as we may from the chaos of the roadway, where we are on no better a footing than the dogs, horses, peasant-women, and other draught animals. Sidewalks are, in our view, the etiquette—the courtesy of streets; as significant there as tasteful upholstery in a drawing-room. The Saxon, however, either has a soul above such considerations, or, shall we say? alien to them.

Be it said, meanwhile, that the streets are kept from dirt to an extent that would astonish a Cockney, or even a New Yorker. This is partly due, of course, to the circumstance that there is comparatively little traffic in the city, and the dirt never has a fair show as against the cleansers. Possibly, since every case has two sides, something might be said in defence of streets which have a strong tendency to get dirty. A street without dirt is like a man without blood—pallid, forlorn, and lacking vigour. Nobody, let us hope, likes unclean streets; but perhaps some people have a secret partiality for streets which demand incessant toil and struggle to keep them pure, and thereby prove their possession of energetic life and powerful vitality. No dead streets should be allowed in this busy world; when they cease to be thronged, they cease to have an excuse for being at all. The same is true of houses, of which many in Dresden are lifeless shells, or nearly so. They look like empty, ugly, overgrown hotels; no human life and bustle informs them. They would seem to have been

born insignificant, and subsequently, for no sufficient reason, to have expanded into gawky giantship. In this respect they might be compared with the Saxon people, who possess no qualities to warrant their rising above pigmydom, but whom an ironic freak of destiny has uplifted to a foremost place among nations. They should be taken down and reconstructed upon a smaller and more economic scale.

This, however, is by the way. I wish to remark that there is something peculiar about Dresden cleanliness—I had almost said, something horrible; for though streets, entrance-halls, and stairways are washed, brushed, and put in order with as much careful regularity as if they were race-horses, they are not the less pervaded by a strange and most unwelcome odour, which nothing will eradicate. It arouses the darkest suspicions, though every ocular appearance be calculated to inspire confidence. However spotless the outside may seem to the eye, the nose is not to be beguiled; there must be impurity somewhere. And surely there is something horrible about a thing that looks clean and yet smells badly. What pleases the sight is the more bound to gratify the nostrils. *Noblesse oblige.*

Now, in connection with this circumstance, is to be taken another, the explanation of which will, I think, solve the whole mystery. If we pass from the clean exterior of a Saxon's house to its interior, we shall find his drawing-room somewhat less immaculate than his passage, his dining-room than his drawing-room, his bed-chamber than his dining-room; while he himself is by far the least immaculate of all, tried whether by nose or eye—there is no whited sepulchre about him, at all events. An evil odour is something which only inward cleanliness, working outward, can remove. Men are more apt to desire that their emanations, their works, their expressed and embodied thoughts, should appear pure, than that their proper selves should be so. Their surroundings, they argue, are more seen than they; and it is their continual delusion that though their actions, having once been acted, are no longer to be concealed, yet it is always easy to hide themselves. The Saxon, consequently, diligently expends his lustrative energies upon his street and stairway, but never thinks of washing his own shirt. Of the omnipresent evil odour he is never conscious, but it is the very essence and betrayal of the whole matter. Dogs are more sagacious; do not trust to ocular appearances; the cloven foot of the devil would not move them; but let them once get to leeward of him, and he stands convicted in a moment. He, in his innocence, would probably be at far greater pains to cover those awkward hoofs of his than to determine the direction of the wind. But it is by oversights such as this that so many honest people get into trouble.

III.

The ancient bridge which joins Haupt Strasse to the Schloss-Platz is the only respectable piece of architecture in Dresden. But it seems nearly impossible to make an ugly bridge. Its necessity is to produce an impression of combined lightness and power—of one kind of strength overcoming another—which is the essence of vitality. It requires genius to erect an edifice which shall appear other than dead, but to build a lifeless bridge would need almost as much talent perverted. Man has seldom made anything so flattering at once to the eye and to the self-esteem of his kind. For bridges are fascinating not only at a distance; it is a triumph even greater to stand upon them and watch the baffled current fret vainly below, slipping helpless past the sturdy feet of the piers, and hurrying in confusion away beneath the shadow of the arches. Here is a direct and palpable victory gained over Nature, less exhilarating, no doubt, than a ship's, but more assured. As we saunter across the pavement, firm in mid-air, we mentally exult in our easy superiority to the discomfort and peril from which we are protected. In every step we feel the whole pride of the builders in their accomplished work. Beholding the swirling charge of the river down upon us, we half-consciously identify ourselves with the massive masonry, and share its defiance of the onset.

Yet it behoves our pride not to overween too far, since the immortal river must in the end overcome its stubborn old adversary. Indeed, one pier already succumbed, in days gone by, to the terrific down-rush of a spring flood, armed with huge battering-rams of ice. I have myself often watched great ice-slabs come sweeping on and dash harsh-splintering against the buttresses, and pile themselves suddenly up on one another's hoary shoulders, as if to scale the angry ramparts. But, though seeing, I could never feel the shock, or fancy the bridge endangered. In great freshets, however, when the river boils upwards to the key-stone and higher, the push must be like that of a giant's hand. The arches are narrow, so that the stout piers seem to have pressed close to one another for mutual support; they stand foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, close embattled against their interminable foe. It is sad to think that the successful contest of hundreds of years must issue in ultimate defeat. It will be broken, one day—that rigid phalanx; first one and then another ancient warrior will crumble away, conquered but not subdued, and their stony remains will stand, for centuries longer, in the river bed where they fought; and a future age will dig up their foundation-piles, and out of them build a theory of a city which lay on the river banks some time in the prehistoric past.

The bridge is not a wide one, but the summits of the outstand-

ing piers are furnished with a semicircle of stone bench, which makes them look particularly comfortable on midsummer afternoons. Were Dresden Florence indeed, these recesses would be spread two-deep with lazy *lazzaroni* all day long. But somehow or other (though heaven knows there is little enough briskness or wide-awakeness in them), Saxons never lie about in picturesque attitudes, with their hat-brims drawn over their eyes. Saxons cannot be picturesque, and would only dislocate their joints if they tried to be so. To be picturesque requires an unconscious harmony of nature, and disregard of the rules of vulgar conventionalism, or, better still, ignorance of them. But vulgar conventionalism is our Saxon hero's best virtue; when he abandons it he becomes, not picturesque, but brutal. However, tired and shabby people do sometimes sit down on these stone benches, with due heed to the police regulations; so let us not be ungrateful.

The law of keep-to-the-right, which is strictly enforced on this bridge, throws light on some of the traits both of the Government and the governed. The scheme works admirably; there is never any jostling or hindrance; we roll along with our backs all turned to one another, and entirely relieved from the responsibility of self-guidance. But we pay the penalty of this sweet immunity as soon as we get beyond the law's jurisdiction. We are run into so constantly that it seems as though the world had conspired against us. Everybody appears bent upon button-hole-ing us on particular business. If there be a moderate crowd in the streets, no amount of agility in dodging will enable us to get on fast; either we must shoulder down everyone we meet, or else resign ourselves to a mile and a half per hour. It is useless to blame the Saxons for this—they cannot help it. They are so accustomed to walking through life with the policeman's hand on their coat-collar, that when his grasp is relaxed they stray without helm or compass, and could not get out of the way of the devil, if he happened to be in their path. A fairer mark for criticism is their lack of that American or English sense of humour which alone can compensate for the annoyance of such encounters. To be easily put out or insulted, cannot be said to prove a lofty magnanimity. How we like men who can be amused where most people would get in a passion! Such men are stout-souled and self-respectful; but thin patiences proclaim meagre natures. And a Saxon crowd is deficient not in temper only. There is in the world none to which I would less willingly trust a lady. As I have before had occasion to point out, the Saxons are a strictly logical people; they have sufficient intelligence to understand that woman is the weaker vessel; and if she be unprotected, the syllogism is complete; over she goes into the gutter, and let her thank her stars if no worse befall her.

At night the bridge is lit with a double row of lamps; and, seen from a distance, the dark arches vanish, and the fire-points seem strung upon a thread, and suspended high over the river, which lovingly repeats them. Reflected in water, fire enriches both its mirror and itself—like truth discerned in the shadowy bosom of allegory. But the Saxons are thrifty souls, who do not believe in letting their lights shine before men, after the hour when sober citizens should be a-bed. Accordingly, one half of them are extinguished by eleven o'clock, and the remainder two or three hours later. There is nothing more strongly suggestive of incorrigible death than a street-lamp put out before daylight. It is the more forlorn because it had been so cheerful. No belated traveller needs other companions, if he be provided with an occasional lamp along his way. It shines and wavers, and has in it the marvellous sun-born quality of positive life; it warms and burns, like his own household fire, and is thus a link between his home and him; it brings memories of genial hours, and doubly lights his way. The most natural god of fallen man was Fire; his was an ardent, and withal a poetic and refined religion. Perhaps we should be no worse off were there more men, now-a-days, simple and reverent enough to reinstate his worship. They would possibly be no further from the ultimate truth than were they to evolve God from philosophical mud-pies and Chaos.

IV.

Having crossed the bridge, and walked the length of a melancholy Droschkey-stand, we reach the Georgen Thor—the triple archway, beneath which entrance is made into Dresden proper—which is the very nucleus of quaint antiquarian interest. Let us therefore pause a moment to admire, before proceeding further.

That the archway is not ornamental must be admitted, but its parent was Necessity, not Art. The way of it was this:—Once upon a time, but for no good reason that I ever heard, a Royal Palace was born into the world, and, as luck would have it, in Dresden. A more awkward, flat-faced, shapeless, insufferable barn of a Royal Palace was never before smeared with yellow plaster. Nevertheless, like other ill weeds, it grew apace, and, before long, had sprawled itself over a good part of the city; but as there happened to be plenty of waste land thereabouts, which people thought might be covered with one kind of rubbish as well as with another, nothing was said, and the Royal Palace went on growing bigger and uglier every day. At length, however, it began to approach the main thoroughfare of the city, and actually seemed to threaten interference with the popular freedom of traffic. Now, indeed, the wisacres began to shake their heads,

and whisper to one another that they should have fenced the Royal Palace in while it was yet young, and have obliged it to agree never to exceed reasonable bounds, and on no account to interfere with the lawful public freedom. But, alas! their wisdom came too late; for what was their consternation, on waking up one morning, at finding that this ugly, good-for-nothing, bare-faced Royal Palace had grown clear across their main thoroughfare, and then, to prevent its flank from being turned, it had scrambled hastily down a side street, and made fast its further end to a great sulky block of a building, nearly a quarter of a mile off! All direct access to the market-place was thus obstructed, and the city lay prone beneath the foot of this intolerable Royal Palace. And so, doubtless, would it have remained to the present day, had it not been for the fairy godmother, Necessity. That redoubtable old personage, who has the valuable quality of always being on hand when she is wanted, was not long in making her appearance; and, seeing how matters lay, with her customary readiness of resource, she thrust three of her long fingers directly through the body of the Royal Palace, thereby opening a way for the people to run to and fro as before. So the people exulted, freedom of traffic was restored, and the lubberly Palace was obliged to put the best possible face upon its discomfiture. This it literally accomplished by setting the royal coat-of-arms over the tunnel, by declaring that it had itself caused the tunnel to be made for the good of the people, and by christening it "George's Gate;" though why not "Limited-Monarchy Gate," or even "Conservative-Republican Gate," I never was able to discover. But it is said that the Royal Palace never grew any more after that deadly thrust given it by Necessity; nay, there are those who maintain that it is beginning to dwindle away, and who cherish hopes of finally getting rid of it altogether. Meanwhile, however, this is the end of the story; and the moral is in the story itself.

Like many seeming misfortunes, this triple tunnel is of more service to Dresden than an unobstructed roadway would have been: it is so delightfully grotesque, mediæval, and mysterious. Its low-browed arches, as our imagination peeps beneath them, lend the city beyond a peculiar flavour of romance. Passing through the dusky groined passage-way, we seem to enter an interior world; we bid farewell to the upper life, and greet the narrow strip of sky, which shows between the high-shouldered roofs of the antique houses, as the first glimpse of a firmament hitherto unknown. That ideal German life—foreshadowed in nursery songs and story-books—is now on the point of realisation; we keep our eyes open, half expecting to encounter a gnome or a good-natured giant at every step; and are not a little

indignant at meeting so many people with every-day dresses on. We make the most out of the old-fashioned black and yellow uniforms of the Royal messengers, the scanty petticoats of the bare-legged peasant girls, and the spiked helmets of the soldiery. We rejoice in the narrow gloom of the by-ways, in the gabled unevenness of the houses, in the fantastic enchantment of the shop-windows. And by the time we have traversed Schloss-Strasse and reached the Alt-Markt, we are ready to pronounce Dresden the genuine German Eldorado.

Here, however, the real old city comes to an end, and disenchantment grows upon us at every fresh step; until, having wandered down See Strasse and Prager Strasse, and, from the verge of the railway, cast a glance at the brand-new block of sandstone palaces on the further side, which front the Reich Strasse and the Bismark Platz, we discover that the romantic charm wrought upon us by the mysterious old archway has quite worn off, and, alas! is never to be conjured back again. Once more we reiterate it—would that mankind knew where to stop! Dresden, with all its faults, might at least have remained Dresden; but these monstrous outgrowths throw contempt not only upon the quaint simplicity of the original town, but still more upon themselves for pretending to belong to it.

Let us saunter back to the Alt-Markt, which is full of suggestions. On our way we may observe, at the entrance of more than one street, a bit of board nailed to a stick, bearing the announcement, "Strasse Gesperret." Let no rude hoof approach, no wheel invade. The poor street is diseased, and the surgeons are at work upon it. This warning-off lends a peculiar interest to the forbidden spot; for the first time we feel impelled to make it a visit. Still more remarkable is the fascination attaching to empty-house lots, so soon as they are boarded up preparatory to beginning building. I know no place of public entertainment more sedulously visited. The moment the screen is well up, each knot-hole and crack becomes a prize to be schemed and fought for. Staid citizens, anxious business men, *blasé* men of the world, will pause for half an hour, eagerly scrutinising a bed of slaked lime, a pile of bricks under a shed, a couple of dirty ladders leaning against a maze of scaffolding, half-a-dozen old wheelbarrows, and as many workmen leisurely building a house with a pipe of tobacco and a can of beer each. The fairest *coryphées* of a ballet would be vain of half the attention which these fellows receive. The explanation is to be sought not only in the perverse instinct to see what is not meant to be seen; it is traceable likewise to that universal interest in the process of creation, which is among the most pregnant and significant traits of humanity. Who would not rather witness a house being built, or a book being written, than

see either completed? And when the process may be viewed through surreptitious knot-holes, it is enough to captivate a Stoic!

"Strasse Gesperrt" is all too familiar to Dresdeners. The city is for ever undergoing disembowelment; some part of her internal economy is chronically out of kelter. It is the curse of Dresden that she is founded upon a rock: she lies in a granite basin, and can never get rid of her iniquities. So imbued is her soil with impurity, the hero of the Augean stables himself would be baffled by it. Bad as is the disease, however, the remedies do but complicate it. The Dresdeners appear to have an actual mania for hacking at their mother's entrails, but their unnatural conduct inflicts its own penalty. Her disease is contagious; not earth only is thrown up out of these trenches, but fever and small-pox likewise; whereof many die each year, the rich scarcely less often than the poor. I mention this because I believe it to be little known. The authorities, who are wise in their generation, so manage their reports that even the dying can hardly bring themselves to believe there is really anything the matter with them. The only meliorator, as has been already hinted, is the fierce north wind which at certain seasons, as if out of all patience with the foul atmosphere, sweeps madly through the city, bringing down tiles and chimneys, wrenching off windows, blowing away people's hats, upsetting boats on the river and omnibuses on the bridge. Perhaps a desire to get through with its job as quickly as possible adds impetus to the blast. But the fallacy that Dresden is a healthy residence must be exploded. In addition to its feverish soil, it possesses one of the most trying climates in the world. They say the climate used formerly to be better; which is certainly more credible than that it was ever worse.

V.

A little way down one of the most unsavoury side-streets stands a pump, from which, oddly enough, is obtained the best water in the city. To be sure, that is not saying much; for the best water is quite undrinkable, and cannot be used, even for washing purposes, until after it has been boiled. The pump is made of iron, with ornamental mouldings, has a long curved tail, well polished by the friction of many hands, and a straight nose, with a single nostril underneath; so that the stream does not issue forth in a sparkling arch, after the graceful old fashion, but gushes straight down at right angles—probably a more convenient arrangement. Although the pump itself may not be up to our ideal in *Faust*, the group of *Dienstmaedchen*, which gathers round it at water-drawing hours, is none the less pleasant to contemplate. They

assemble from far and near, a wooden pitcher in each hand, their heads and arms bare, their skirts tucked up; full of free motion, relaxation, and fun. Ever since Rebecca's time, who has not enjoyed the spectacle of young women at a spring? How graceful and feminine all their movements are, whether standing in good-humoured gossip, awaiting their turn; or stooping to place the pitcher beneath the spout; or lending vigorous strokes to the long pump-handle; or tripping stoutly away with their fresh-sparkling burden, splashing it ever and anon upon the pavement as they go. They seem especially to enjoy themselves at the water-drawing, as though it were an employment peculiarly suited to them. And so it is; men look as awkward at a pump as women graceful. To do the Saxon men justice, they never affront good taste in this matter, if there be a woman anywhere in the neighbourhood to do their pumping for them.

Women have been compared with water as to some of their qualities, but I think the two in many ways complements of each other, and this may be the reason their association produces so complete and satisfying an effect. Sea-born Aphrodite had been less beautiful as a child of earth; and I would rather see a naiad than a hamadryad, for instance. Depend upon it, women are never more dangerous than at a fountain or by the sea-shore, as statistics of engagements would easily prove: and does not this lend an additional touch of pathos to the thought that women are so apt to drown themselves when love deceives them? They draw bright water from the grimy earth for the purification and refreshment of mankind; and if mankind prove ungrateful, a plunge into the self-same element provides their remedy. Speaking frankly, however, were these Dresden naiads to take an occasional plunge with no more serious purpose than that of cleanliness, the chances against their being driven to a final plunge by disappointed affection would be materially increased.

Midway between the pump and the Schoppen stands the soda-water bottle. The water is manufactured by Doctor Struve, and is a pleasant beverage enough, especially the morning following an overdose of beer. During the summer season it is sold at the Trink-Halle, which are scattered throughout the town, and for a mile or so among the environs. They are neat clap-boarded little boxes, about ten feet square; all made on the same pattern, with an open counter across the front, on which are abundance of flowers in pots, and behind the flowers a young lady, who is not to blame if she happen to be less fair than they. Occasionally a pretty girl will accept the situation; but the service is not so popular as that in the beer saloons; though the one is as sedentary as the other is active. There is no chance for sociability; the hostess has no chair to offer her guest; and the comparative

isolation combines with the lack of exercise to produce a gloomy, and even forbidding, demeanour strongly in contrast with the smiling freedom of the beer-maidens, not to mention the careless abandon of the nymphs of the pump-handle.

VI.

Along with the new districts which have of late years been added to the city, the Dresdeners have seen fit to provide themselves with a tramway. As an intelligent inhabitant informed me, tramways were first invented about two years ago, and Dresden was one of the first cities to make practical use of them. It commonly happens that we are most proud of those things which we have, as it were, discovered ourselves; and accordingly this honest populace regards its novel experiment with no little satisfaction, not unmixed with wonder, and even awe.

"I was not so fortunate as to be present at the first launching of these extraordinary engines; but about a fortnight later I was attracted by the sight of a large and excited crowd assembled on the corner of Prager and Waisenhaus Strasse. At that time there were rumours of strikes and disaffection among certain of the workmen employed by the Government; and I at once conceived that a disturbance had actually broken out, and that possibly a battle was even then in progress between the infuriated labourers and the police. In vain, however—having arrived breathless on the ground—did I look about for the combatants. Nobody seemed to be fighting; no corpses were visible; there was not so much as a drunken man, or a woman in a fit. Nevertheless, the crowd was manifestly wrought up to a high pitch of excitement about something; and being too dull to divine the cause, and too proud to inquire it, I resolved patiently to await the issue. By-and-by I noticed that the tramway-rails were laid round this corner; and then methought I began to understand a little.

"The crowd was massed on the sidewalk, and was kept there by two policemen. Some distance beyond the curb, in the hollow of the arc described by the rails in turning the corner, stood a man in official costume, holding a whistle in his lips, upon which he played an irregular and very shrill tune. Occasionally he paused a moment to look down the street; then, turning to the crowd, gesticulated with a red flag in an agitated manner, and blew his whistle more sharply than before. After this had gone on for some time, and every heart was beating high with suspense, a distant rumbling noise was heard, like thunder, or still more like the rolling of the wheels of a tramway car. Along with this sound another of a different description was audible—a sharp, penetrating sound, closely resembling the whistle of a tramway-car-driver. It was answered by the man on the corner with a wild, ear-piercing peal. At the same moment a hoarse voice shouted, 'Es kommt! es kommt!'

"Then began a tumult hard to describe. The cry was taken up and repeated. The crowd surged storm-like, those in front striving to press back out of reach of danger, while those behind seemed madly bent on getting forward. All the time the rumbling grew louder and nearer, the whistling wilder and shriller, the gesticulations of the official on the corner with the red flag more violent and unintelligible. One poor fellow, the warring of whose emotions had been too much for him, entirely forsook his senses at this juncture; and even as wild animals, when driven mad by

terror, are said to rush straight into the jaws of danger, did he, eluding the grasp of the now exhausted policeman, dash frantically across the track. Women shrieked, strong men turned pale, and averted their eyes with a shudder. But a special Providence guards the insane. The terrible tramway car was still full thirty paces distant, and he gained the opposite side of the street in safety.

"The next few moments comprise such a sickening whirl of sights, sounds, and emotions as only a pen of fire could hope to portray. Indeed, I have no very distinct recollection of what passed. Something I seem to hear of a clattering of steel-shod hoofs, a panting of straining steeds, a grating of harsh-turning wheels. Something I seem to see of a face, grim-set, with a whistle in its mouth; of a vast moving bulk, which was neither house nor chariot, but a mingling of the essential parts of both, sweeping in majestic grandeur round the iron curve. Something I seem to feel of a pride that was half awe, of an exultation that was mostly fear, of a wonder that was all bewilderment. But I remember no more. When I came to myself, I found that the tramway car had halted a rod or two beyond the turn, and was discharging its pale-faced passengers on the sidewalk. The driver was chatting with one of the policemen, quietly, as if nothing of special importance had happened. The official on the corner had stepped into the neighbouring beer saloon to whet his whistle. But I walked homeward, deep in thought. Come what might, at least I had lived to see a tramway car.

"The conviction forces itself upon me that tramway cars are alive; that, in addition to the destructive qualities of ordinary steam engines, they are endowed with an appalling intelligence all their own, which drivers and guards may be able in some degree to influence, but not wholly to control. To have live engines rushing through our very streets and over our shop doorsteps! Is it not tremendous, and really very alarming? But is it not also grand, and our own invention? The fact that for so many years we have been taught to regard anything in the shape of a railway as the most forbidden of forbidden ground may explain the consternation wherewith we behold the dreaded rails winding their iron way into our daily walks. Time will, perhaps, accustom us to the innovation, though hardly during the present generation."*

I may be permitted to add that the cars appear exceptionally large to a foreign eye, and are further peculiar in being provided with a second story, attainable by means of a couple of elaborate spiral staircases, one at each end: a sufficiently luxurious arrangement, though perhaps a good steam-lift would be an improvement. Inside they are very comfortable; and no one is allowed to stand up. They do not run singly and at short intervals, but in trains—two or three starting at the same time; and then a prolonged cessation. As for the men with red flags and whistles, who are stationed at short intervals all along the line, it is a question whether they are employed to summon the populace to behold the greatness and majesty of tramway cars, or to warn them out of the way lest they be run over. Be that as it may, there is never any lack of spectators; and every week or so we hear of some poor creature's having been crushed beneath the Juggernaut wheels.

* Translated from the Journal of a Saxon acquaintance.

Collisions with vehicles are frequent. The teamsters and Droschkey drivers have a deadly feud with tramway cars; the latter because the cars injure their business; the former because they make them "turn out." The police always support the new-fangled tramways, and the feud is thereby embittered. Most opprobrious epithets are exchanged, and occasionally matters proceed further yet. Once I saw a lumbering great waggon heavily bumped by a car. The waggoner, an uncouth, stolid-featured fellow, started at the jar as though a new and very ugly soul had suddenly entered into him. He stood up, shaking his fist and his whip, and shrieking out a great volume of abuse and defiance. The car passed on, leaving him to rave his fill. But this did not satisfy him. He presently jumped down from his box and gave chase, whip in hand, his long ragged coat flying out behind him. He caught up with the car, and lashed it with his whip as though it had been a sentient being. The guard was standing on the platform, but it was not until he had said something to the revengeful waggoner, that the latter's whip was aimed at him. The fellow probably thought that since the guard was connected with the car, it would be as well to give him a share of the car's punishment. He sprang on the step, and so plied the unfortunate official with his knotted lash, as soon to force him to retreat inside. The victor then jumped off, fetching the car a parting thwack as he did so, and ran back to his waggon, laughing hysterically, talking incoherently to himself, and tossing up his arms, in the savage glee of satiated vengeance. He ran directly into the arms of an impassive, inexorable, helmeted policeman; and there I left him.

VII.

Dresden abounds in squares or market-places, of great size in comparison with the uniform gloomy narrowness of the streets. It seems as though the streets, ever and anon, got tired of being narrow, and suddenly outstretched their mouths into a portentous yawn. If only a compromise could be effected between the expansion of the market-places and the contraction of the thoroughfares, Dresden would become a more consistent as well as a better ventilated capital. These market-places confine themselves rigidly to business; they are market-places, not parks or pleasure-gardens. Every square foot of them is solidly paved; no enclosed grass-plots, no flower-beds, bushes or trees are allowed. If you want such things, go where they are to be had; but when you enter the city make up your mind to city and nothing else.

I confess a decided preference for this arrangement over that

which prevails in American and English cities—the forcing scraps of country into the midst of every chance gap between the houses. Setting aside the question of hygiene, the effect of such violence done to Nature must be depressing to everyone capable of being depressed. Could there be imagined two more irreconcilable elements than trees and brick walls? unless it were flower-beds and street-pavements? The houses, being in the majority, put out the trees; the trees, so far as they have any efficacy at all, satirise the houses. If we are in the garden, glimpses of the surrounding buildings distract our attention from the foliage; and if we would hear birds sing, it must be to an accompaniment of carriage-wheels and street-cries. Should we contrive to find a more secluded nook, where we might pretend for a moment to forget the city, we are in constant anxiety lest some untoward chance confront us with our hypocrisy. Or if, on the other hand, we stand outside the railings, the case is no way bettered; the poor garden seems to pine like a bird in its cage, and, so far from refreshing us, imposes a heavy tax on our sympathies.

Nature must not be surrounded. Her beauty is not compatible with shackled limbs; she must be free to extend to the horizon and salute the sky. Caged Nature will not sing, and loses her power to bless. She may hold a city in her bosom, like a jewel, and both she and the jewel will look the prettier; but either her majority must be without limit, or all else all comparison should be avoided. Never bring the country into town in larger quantity than may go into a flower-pot. If harmony and hygiene must come into collision here, I am inclined to let hygiene go to the wall, as Dresden does. Let us abolish cities, if we can, but not by throwing green grass and flowers at them.

The Dresden market-place looks dreary enough, say, on a Sunday, when it has been swept severely clean, and the level expanse of stone is unbroken by so much as a cigar-stump. It needs some audacity to walk across it—the expanse is so large, and the conspicuousness so complete. The houses on opposite sides stare hopelessly at one another, like hungry guests across an empty dining-table; and it seems as though the table never could be laid. But see what a transformation takes place on Friday morning—market-day throughout Germany. The naked plain, which seemed incurably barren yesterday, has wonderfully brought forth what appears to be a great crop of colossal mushrooms, whereof the smallest stands six feet high. They rise from amidst fertile undergrowths of vegetables and produce of all kinds; and beneath them, in comfortable chairs made out of three-quarters of a barrel, stuffed and padded with old carpeting, sit robust old ladies in flannel petticoats and wooden shoes, everyone of them knitting a blue stocking, and no less indefatigably soliciting

passers-by for their custom. The morning sun slants across the scene, gilding the umbrella-tops, and gloating over the heaps of fresh green vegetables, and everywhere making merry with the warm, omnipresent, stirring, shifting, murmuring life which crowds the market-place from brim to brim.

There is nothing else in Dresden so broadly picturesque and amusing, so rich in antique and piquant characteristics, so redolent of humour and good-humour, as are her markets and out-door fairs. The open sky and kindly sunshine give an air of informality to the ugly business of buying and selling, which renders it charming. Bewitching are the primitive stands improvised by these country dames for the display of their wares. They, too, are bewitching in their way—a brown and wrinkled tribe, but full of shrewdness, and of broad, ready wit, that is often apt and amusing. There they sit, from early morning till late afternoon, and then the whole establishment is packed into the dog-cart, and trundled away.

Their costume is markedly simple, especially when compared with the fearfully and wonderfully-made head-dresses and sleeves which are the fashion elsewhere on the Continent. They possess, moreover, an admirable talent for making themselves comfortable; never dash our spirits by assuming a miserable and lugubrious demeanour, but, on the contrary, wear the very most prosperous face possible, and address their customers not with an unintelligible whine, but with hearty compliments and clever flatteries, to which the cheerful suggestion that they can furnish the very commodity which alone is needed to give the finishing touch to our worldly well-being, appears a purely unpremeditated addition. I owe much to these excellent personages, and rejoice in this opportunity of acknowledging my debt. Had my acquaintance with Dresden never extended beyond the shadow of their big umbrellas, doubtless I had brought away more genial memories of it. As a background to their sturdy figures, the ugly houses, with their plaster faces and hump-backed roofs, acquire an undefinable charm. Whoever delineates Saxon life and manners, whether with pen or pencil, should not fail to give the market-place an honourable position in his picture. The sun always shines there.

These Friday-morning market-women must, however, be distinguished from what may be called the every-day class, who have permanent stands at this and that street-corner, rented by the year; who sit, not in three-quarter barrels, but in little wooden sentry-boxes, painted green; who never exert themselves to solicit custom, but let their wares speak their own commendation; who suffer the buyer to depart as he came, instead of throwing after him the affectionate injunction, "Come again, highly honoured individual! Forget not your most devoted servant!" Their permanence, in short, seems to have dried up in them the

springs of that *naïve* and piquant humour which their Friday-morning sisters bring in fresh from the fields, along with the turnips and cabbages. They become as stiff and taciturn as the little wooden boxes in which half their lives are passed; and, notwithstanding many luxurious appliances in the way of wraps, cushions, and footstools, which in the course of time they contrive to get together, they never look half so comfortable and contented as our jolly old favourites of the Alt-Markt.

Certainly this market is worth all the enclosed parks and pleasure-gardens in the world. It is the only satisfactory solution of the problem how to bring city and country together. Set them on the honest, if unæsthetic, basis of buy and sell, and the meeting will redound to their mutual credit and profit.

VIII.

But the Alt-Markt, in company with its smaller brethren, is indispensable for even more important purposes than the accommodation of Friday-morning market-women. Thrice or four times in a year, but notably towards Christmas, does Dresden give symptoms of being in an interesting situation. After a few days' labour, and considerable turmoil and confusion, she is happily delivered of a progeny of ten thousand little booths, more or less, which straightway proceed to arrange themselves into a miniature city within the city, and, in their turn, mysteriously to bring forth an inexhaustible store of every description of merchandise. Meanwhile, a myriad army of buyers and merry-makers has assembled from the surrounding country, and a grand carnival and celebration takes place, known as the Jahr-Markt, or Christmas Fair. It continues for a week or ten days, until, Christmas being fully come, the residue of merchandize is packed away in boxes and baskets, and the little booths, being thus stripped of all their finery, are themselves rapt away to some limbo or other, there to await the time when they shall be born again.

The earliest symptom of approaching festivity, however, is the sudden up-growth, in every quarter of the city, of extensive forests of young fir-trees. They are of all heights, from twelve inches to twenty feet, and there are so many of them that every man, woman, and child in Dresden might take one each, and yet leave half as many more behind. They sprout forth from every nook and corner, and are not at all embarrassed by the necessity they are under of taking up their stand on cold stone pavements. Indeed, they altogether dispense with roots, substituting for them the more convenient arrangement of two billets of wood, mortised together at right angles, with a hole at the intersection, into which the stem of the tree is fitted. The only contingency under which

this principle is defective, is when the wind blows. A moderate gust will overturn an entire grove, like a row of cards; and in the event of a persistent breeze, the foresters resign themselves with the best grace they may, not attempting to set it on end again until the elements have calmed down. Their appearance, sitting erect amidst so much prostration, is not a little forlorn; it would seem more appropriate were they to utter a melancholy wail, and fall down likewise. These trees, it need scarce be said, are the property of the good Santa Claus, and are one and all destined to produce a crop of fruit which shall gladden the hearts of heaven knows how many children. In view of so glorious a consummation, no wonder they consent to exchange their comfortable roots for the insecure foot-hold of a wooden cross; and, after the fruit-bearing season is over, to live on memory in the attic until the period of their second and final coruscation in the kitchen fire. They make friends with all ranks, from peer to peasant; and in the case of any other people than this would probably create some temporary bond of sympathy between rich and poor. But each individual Saxon walks off with his own tree, and enjoys it in his own way, without troubling his head about his neighbour. As the trade grows brisk, we are continually startled at the singular spectacle of animated fir-trees hastening up and down the streets, and running into us on the corners; careering to and fro through the crowd, as though in anxious search after their owners. It seems almost a pity that so many thousands of beautiful young trees should every year be sacrificed, even to so beneficent a deity as Santa Claus. But, whencesoever they come, the supply never appears to run short; and, perhaps, the brief splendour of these Christmas forests is better than gloomy centuries upon the impassive hills.

Having provided ourselves with a Christmas-tree, we must next repair to the booths for wherewithal to dress it. Ever since I began to take an interest in story-books, the word "booth" has had an inexpressible fascination for me. The spell originated, I think, in a picture of a booth on a certain page of an unforgettable German fairy-volume, called "The Black Aunt;" which, likewise, contained the tragic history of Nutcracker and Sugar-dolly, and the touching romance of Johnnie and Maggie. Most children, I trust, have known the Black Aunt, or some of her kindred; but comparatively few can have been so fortunate as to stumble upon the palpable realisation of her wondrous tales—just at the moment too when they were perhaps ready to question her veracity. No less happy a destiny, however, was reserved for me, in wandering through the toy-district of the Christmas Fair; and the sentiment stirred in me by what I saw there was tender to the verge of emotion. I have walked those fairy streets for hours, and

not one of the tow-headed little rascals, who were for ever stumbling betwixt my legs, was more captivated or credulous than I.

As for the booths, they are of sufficiently simple construction, being mere sheds of plain boards, which much rain and snow, and a little sunshine, have tinted a rusty black. They range from six to ten feet in height and breadth, and are open in front, and roughly fitted with half-a-dozen shelves. The counter is generally made of a long plank, supported at each end by a barrel, and the only way for the merchant to get in or out of his shop is to crawl underneath this arrangement. Everything about the establishment is temporary; we feel that, though it is here to-day, this very night may see it taken to pieces, and carted off into oblivion; and this transitoriness is in powerful contrast with the brilliant and warm intensity of its life so long as it endures. Certainly it endows it with a charm unknown to shops, however gorgeous, whose existence is measured by years rather than hours. Charming, too, is the set-off given by these weather-beaten boards to the gaudy colours of the freshly-painted toys, the gilt gingerbread, and the sugar-plums. It is all story-book; and, as we gaze, we half listen for the turning of the leaf, or the injunction to go to bed, and hear the rest another time.

Most of the booths bear a black placard, whereon is painted in white letters the name of the proprietor, together with his or her condition in life, and native place. "Frau Mellot, Wittwe, aus Tirol:" so we stare at Frau Mellot, who is a comely woman, not too old, and wonder whether her husband met his death hunting chamois; and whether there is not something marked in the regard of yonder stout, curly-headed Fritz Wagner, vendor of earthenware from Bohemia, who keeps the booth on the other side of the way. Frau Mellot is doing an excellent business in cheese and sausages. Next year, perhaps, the two establishments will have become one—the earthen pots will have wedded the sausage and cheese. For it is scarcely possible to avoid feeling a lively personal interest in these people; they are all characters in our story-book, and their welfare is essential to the happy development of the narrative. "Hier nur giebt es billige Waaren!" shouts Fritz, with a sly wink at the widow; and she tosses her head, and calls, "Ein Groschen das Stuck, hier! hier ist jedes Stuck nur ein Groschen!" Then she catches my eye, and at once attacks my sensibilities thus:—"Buy something of me, then—you, dear sir! you, who appear so benevolent and so wealthy!" No, no, Frau Mellot, I will not be your cat's-paw, to give honest Fritz the heart-ache; nay, is he not jealous already? methinks there is something sinister in the way he balances that earthen jug, and glances at my head! Farewell for the present; but next year, if all goes well, I will buy both a round of cheese and a stone jar to keep it in.

IX.

The booths occupy not only the squares, but the streets and alleys likewise, and still there never seems to be half room enough. We cannot hope to inspect them all, and, perhaps, our best plan will be to confine our observations to the Alt-Markt collection, which in itself forms a large town, and may be looked upon as Santa Claus's headquarters. The shops are arranged with admirable regularity in avenues and cross-streets, the widest barely seven feet in breadth; and, generally speaking, each street is devoted to a separate kind of goods, so that, by the time we have been through them all, we shall have beheld as large a variety of cheap and reasonably worthless commodities as were ever brought together within similar limits since time began. In this quarter, for instance, the whole world seems to have been turned to leather, and so strong is the perfume of tanned hides that, for the moment, we forget that other fundamental odour which reigned here last week, and will resume its ancient sway to-morrow or the day after. Here we turn the corner, and straightway the eye is attacked by an overpowering onset of all the colours of the rainbow, besides a great many which the most charitable rainbow would indignantly repudiate, embodied in hundreds and thousands of rolls of stout coarse flannels, such as the peasant-women make up into petticoats for holiday wear. This district is very popular with the fair sex, though less so than the region of crude ribbons and priceless jewellery further on. The next street epitomises the iron age, and is resonant with pots and kettles, flat-irons and poker, rakes, spades, and kitchen cutlery; but I think iron should be excluded from fairs, as being too permanent and uncompromising an element where change and the brilliance of a moment are the chief aim and attraction. Pleasanter and more interesting is the place of baskets and wicker-work, where we may see the osiers being deftly and swiftly wrought up into an amazing variety of pretty or eccentric forms. Germany is notable for basket-making as well as for pottery—the two most primitive and not least graceful industries known to man.

Manifestly, however, we are not equal to the task of perambulating even the Alt-Markt. We pause on the verge of a wilderness of sparkling glass-ware, and altogether neglect the extensive assortment of dried fish and groceries which monopolise the stalls on the further side of the square. Neither can we hope to do justice to the numberless shows of fat women and strong men, of wild children and tame mice, of conjurors and mountebanks, which swarm here no less than at other fairs. The truth is, I am anxious to spend such time as remains to us in the toy department, which occupies the centre of the Christmas township, and is the nucleus of resort and gaiety into the bargain.

Here, indeed, is rich bewilderment piled ten deep! Every inch of space is used and used again, until we are ready to forget that such a thing as space exists. The vendors are up to their neck in toys; toys are piled on the counters, hung from hooks and along lines, crammed into baskets. Assuredly there are more toys in the world than anything else—toys are the sole reality and business of life, and all else is mere pastime and make-believe. They are all immortal, too; for here are the jumping monkeys and dancing harlequins, the red-roofed villages and the emerald-green poplar-trees, the Noah's Arks, the drums, and the trumpets—all the things of our childhood, which we have loved and smashed to pieces—all as active, as life-like, as brilliant, as new and unstained as when we saw them first so many years ago. Here is the gallant Nutcracker, with his stiff pig-tail, powerful jaw, and staring blue eyes; beside him the sweet and gentle Sugar-dolly, to whose tragic fate I have never been able to resign myself. Yonder is the famous cock who flew to the top of the barn and gave up crowing, but who turns constantly this way and that on one leg, to see whence the wind blows. Near him the squirrel, joint hero with Nutcracker in that never-to-be-forgotten duel of theirs. And here are dear Jöhmie and Maggie, grown not a day older; or, if they be the descendants of the historic pair, reproducing the characteristics of their progenitors with a completeness which would make Mr. Galton the happiest man in England. Nor will we forget Hans Christian Andersen's tin soldier, with his shouldered musket, his single leg, and his rigid observance of discipline. It appears he was not melted up after all; and I see the little dancer whom he loved pirouetting not far away. She is a giddy little lady, and military discipline is a serious matter, especially of late years; but I have faith that they will yet live long enough to meet and make one another happy. We human beings are mere toys, who are born, and die, and never come again; but these beings who are not human, and whom we rather look down upon, perhaps, are for ever beginning their existence, and will be the delight of children of future eras when those of ours shall be streaks of sunset cloud!

Verily, this is an enchanted land, unchanging amidst the world's change, undisturbed amidst our wars and factions. Santa Claus has learned the secret of wise government. Here dwells no common sense nor logic—no atomic theory nor doctrine of evolution. The inhabitants of this kingdom know neither Hegel nor Kant, yet theirs is the true philosophy of the unconditioned. The ship of humanity pitches in a heavy sea, but these little people are the ballast that keep her from rolling over. Germany has ever been the home of toys—let her beware lest her ambition move them to emigration! She may conquer Europe and command the seas, but all shall not avail if she let

this little Noah's Ark escape her ports. In a few years, more or less, her reign must come to an end; and Bismarek, for all his bluster, is not immortal; but if he lives long enough to drive Nutcracker and Sugar-dolly out of Germany—and it seems probable he may—not the conquest of many Europes would compensate the loss; for when Nutcracker and Sugar-dolly depart, they will take the child-heart with them; men will be born old in the next generation: and we need not pursue our speculations further, because those who have never been children will not be apt to fall into the absurdity of begetting any.

This is no fanciful warning; the seeds of the catastrophe are already sown. At the Christmas fair last year a hateful suspicion possessed me that the children were not quite what they used to be; they clustered round the booths, indeed, and stared at the toys, but some of them seemed half-ashamed of their interest, while others were positively and brutally indifferent. I saw a great peasant, six feet high, stand for ten minutes with his mouth hanging open from pure delight and astonishment at sight of a jumping-jack, which a miserable little rascal, not seven years old, passed by with hardly so much as a glance, and I suppose he spent his money on a topographical map of France. As for the countryman, I believe to this day (though I did not see him do it) that he ended by buying the jumping-jack. Unfortunately, however, the small boys will outlive the tall countrymen, and who will buy the jumping-jacks then?

X.

The vein we have fallen into is too sad a one for this blessed season, and we must try to think of something else. The proprietors of the booths are always an interesting study; and seem to be under no restrictions as regards either sex or age. I have seen a candy-booth in charge of a boy so small that he was obliged to mount on a chair to bring his head above the counter; and he could walk out underneath it without stooping. How he could bring himself to sell what must have been to his mind priceless treasures, is beyond my comprehension; not only did he accomplish this feat, however, but he showed an aptitude for business and a shrewdness which might have put many an older practitioner to the blush.

There is a goodly number of grown-up men among the merchants, and the most of them are unusually fat. I suppose a dozen or twenty years of sitting behind a counter in the open air, with no further occupation save eating, smoking, and drinking beer, would go far towards fattening a skeleton. One fellow I remember (at least, I remember his head and shoulders: the rest

of him—if there were any rest—was so completely hidden behind the heaps of salt herrings and sausages which formed his stock-in-trade as to suggest the idea that he had resolved himself into them so far, and would finish the process by and by) whose physiognomy was overlaid with an amount of padded blubber such as would have made a prime pair of Bath chaps look famished in comparison. It was my fancy that he was a good deal too fat to talk, and, indeed, I never saw him so much as open his mouth. His eyes were very fishy, and there was something of the sausage in the modelling of his nose, and in his mottled complexion.

The majority of the shop-keepers, however, seem to be women of between twenty and forty years old, all of them knitting on the interminable German stocking. The spirits of the women are both depressed and elevated more easily than the men's; at all events, the latter assume an air of phlegmatic indifference under misfortune which few women are able to imitate. In prosperity all grin alike, till one would think fate could never again have the heart to frown upon them. Nor do I suppose she ever does very seriously; a rainy day is the heaviest calamity which she is likely to inflict upon them. To be sure, few things are more uncomfortable and depressing than a rainy day at a fair. The outlying wares must be covered over with ugly black oilcloth, or gathered in out of sight; the water trickles through the cracks of the boards, and drips exasperatingly down upon the empty counter; the crowd of customers sensibly diminishes, and business prospects are gloomy. What if the weather continue in this mood till Christmas, leaving our boxes full and our pockets empty? But when the sun breaks forth once more, and a brisk frost makes all bright and dry again, what a change in these good people's visages! They have shortened an inch or two, and now the booths put forth their leaves again, like flowers in the morning.

After we have become familiar with the daylight aspect of the fair, it is well to visit it after dark, when the flaring lamps fantastically illuminate the long array of sparkling and glowing merchandise, and reveal the multitudinous faces of the shifting crowd; and all is projected against the sable back-ground of night with an effect which is magical indeed, and renders the scene at once more real and more visionary than ever. What London or Paris can boast such streets as these, where the whole house-line is one endless shop-window? where there is no inch of bare wall or vacant pavement? Where else is such a solid wedge of life as here—such bustle and babble—crowding and brilliancy? We are under unceasing pressure of shoulders, backs and fronts on every side. There are fifty human faces within a radius of five feet from our own; and we seem to tread upon a dense undergrowth of children. A crowd such as this, whereof each individual is intent upon his own

private and particular affairs, and is not observant of any one else, is as good as solitude or better. It is only when the mob is more or less inspired by some common sentiment or purpose, that its unpleasant qualities become manifest. I mean, of course, the morally unpleasant ones; the physical drawbacks are not so lightly got rid of. This Saxon crowd has a larger proportion of elderly persons in it, and of those who come on business rather than pleasure, than would be the case with a similar gathering in America or England. But we meet specimens of every class and not a few nationalities of men. Occasionally an American or an Englishman turns up, and more rarely with a lady on his arm.

I cherish agreeable recollections of a certain elderly Englishman whom I used to meet every day at the Christmas Fair, some six years ago. He was always hand in hand with a beautiful little girl about ten years old, whose fair skin and long yellow hair were well contrasted with the ruddy geniality which glowed in his complexion and twinkled in his jolly eyes, and with the crisp whiteness of his beard and moustache. His attire was invariably faultless, and he was evidently not unconscious of the nicety of its adaptation to his rather slender figure. A more prosperous-looking old gentleman I have seldom seen; and between him and his fair-haired grandchild there was palpable evidence of a very tender companionship and affection. There were no two people at the fair who entered with more zest into the spirit of the fun. The sympathy of each enhanced the excitement and enjoyment of the other. Early in the week they selected one of the biggest and straightest trees in the whole Christmas forest, and thenceforward until Christmas Eve they bought such a quantity of toys, bonbons, and knick-knacks as it makes one's heart warm to think of. This pair of youthful personages contributed more than all the rest of the visitors to making the Christmas element of the fair an abiding reality. Looking at them, it became impossible to doubt that Christmas was something more than a word. Their preoccupation and unconsciousness of observation were priceless evidence, and argument incontrovertible.

Not that other people fail to have a very good time. Towards evening, the soldiers from the neighbouring barracks get their furlough, and come down in their dark, scarlet-trimmed uniforms, with visored caps and sparkling sword-hilts. Here, as elsewhere throughout the world, their sway is supreme over the servant-girl's heart. I never observed these humble lovers say much to each other; but they stand holding each other's hands, and evidently full of an exalted amiability which is preferable to most conversation. The soldiers have one marked advantage over the rest of the Saxon nation—they are neatly and tidily dressed. The

costume of the average non-military man is sadly demoralised. During the winter he unfailingly makes his appearance in a long voluminous garment having sleeves like a coat, but otherwise anomalous. It is lined throughout with fur, and has a fur collar and cuffs, heavy enough to make a polar bear perspire. Yet these Saxons, whose physical warmth appears to be as defective as that of their affections, crawl about in their great fur sacks from November to May: as though with intent to retain the atmosphere of last summer until the summer to come. Again, I find it characteristic of them that they should rather be at pains to prevent cold from getting in than to kindle an inward warmth whereby to repel it. That genial Englishman we spoke of just now, never wore anything heavier than an immaculate velvet walking coat, buttoned over his chest, and slanting down to the pearl-grey perfection of his pantaloons. Even his yellow kid gloves were half the time carried in one hand. But the kindly ardour of his heart—and likewise, doubtless, of the fine old crusted port which he quaffed every day at dinner—not only kept him warm, but made him the cause of warmth in others. . . .

We have lingered so long at this Christmas Fair, that all opportunity for the sober prosecution of our original programme is lost, and, for my own part, I am glad of it. At best, we can only say of Dresden streets as of the woes of Troy, "*forsitan et hinc olim meminisse juvabit.*" If we praise them, it must be negatively—thus:—The new districts are even more uninteresting than the old, and the old are, if possible, more abominably unsavoury than the new. Such language, whether flattering or not, is hardly in harmony with the spirit of the season, and we are glad to be spared the use of it.

I feel tempted, on the other hand, to pronounce at this point a eulogistic peroration on the Saxon Christmas; pointing out that inasmuch as they (in common with other Teutons) lay more stress on Christmas celebrations than any other people, it logically follows that they are inspired with a larger portion of the Christian spirit, and of that simple, beautiful charity which gives for pure love of giving. If I do not say this, it is because the Saxons would themselves be the last to comprehend the meaning of such an imputation, and the first to ridicule it when they did. That part of charity which consists in making presents is, with them, but another name for barter. Rochefoucauld has observed (and he must have had Saxony in his eye at the time) that gratitude is a keen sense of favours to come; and he might have added—still making the same tacit application—that generosity is a shrewd calculation of probable returns. A Saxon once told me that he spent more money at Christmas than during all the

rest of the year; but added, with touching *naïveté*, that he more than got it back again. Instead of buying what they need from time to time, as less charitable people do, they wait until Christmas, and then make all their purchases in a lump. "But," and here our Saxon friend lays his forefinger slyly beside his nose, "no one buys directly for himself. Did he so, not only would Christmas parties become superfluous, but, not improbably, he might be served less well than had he entrusted himself to his acquaintances.

"Say I have twenty friends: in buying each of them a present I expend my two-hundred thaler, reserved for the purpose. Good. Each, now, gives me a present in return; I appraise their value, and nine times from ten I find myself ten thaler to the good. It is a science, Sir!"

This seems plausible, though, of course, some one among the twenty must be a sufferer; but all life is a lottery. And—putting the question of pecuniary profit in the background for a moment—shall we count as nothing all that sweet incense of flattery and compliment which the occasion warrants us in burning beneath one another's noses? I trow not, for only under the circumstances we have supposed do such compliments acquire their full flavour. It is well enough for my friend to call me generous, but half my enjoyment of his recognition is destroyed if I am out of pocket by my generosity. What the world needs is—and it may thank the Saxon nation for the hint—a new set of virtues, guaranteed to do all the work of ordinary virtues, and to receive all their meed of praise; but ensured against being of the slightest risk or inconvenience to their owner. To sit still, and declare that virtue is its own reward, is folly, and weak folly; we must set to work, and make it its own reward—and a good, solid, marketable reward, too!

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



REVIEW OF OBJECTIONS TO "LITERATURE AND DOGMA."

III.

CONJECTURES are dangerous things, but they form themselves and visit us whether one will or no. And we cannot help entertaining the conjecture that the criticism upon "Literature and Dogma" in the *Westminster Review* was written by the author of "Supernatural Religion." At any rate the character which marks both the criticism in the Review and that in "Supernatural Religion" is the same,—a mechanical character. Criticism with this character is very rife among German critics of the Bible, and it has its conveniences. For negative purposes it is particularly useful. It takes for granted that things are naturally all of a piece and follow an uniform rule; and that to know that this is so, and to judge things by the light of this knowledge, is the secret for sure criticism. People do not vary; people do not contradict themselves; people do not have under-currents of meaning, people do not divine. If they are represented as having said one thing to-day and its seeming opposite to-morrow, one of the two they are credited with falsely; if they are represented as having said what in its plain literal acceptance could not hold good, they cannot have said it; if they are represented as speaking of an event before it happened, they did not so speak of it,—the words are not theirs. Things, too, like persons, must be rigidly consistent, must show no conflicting aspects, must have no flux and reflux, must not follow a slow, hesitating, often obscure line of growth; no, the character which we assign to them they must have always, altogether, and

unalterably, or it is not theirs. "Israel's first conception of God was that of an unseen but powerful foe, whose enmity might be averted by the death of victims;" therefore the God of Israel cannot have been, as we represent him, the Eternal that makes for righteousness. "The original and current idea of righteousness in Israel was largely made up of ceremonial observances;" we must not say, therefore, that to Israel was revealed the Eternal that loveth righteousness. We say that the world cannot do without the Bible, and we desire to bring the masses to use the Bible. But Israel went to ruin, and Christendom is far from perfect; therefore the Bible cannot be of much use. "Take," says the *Westminster Reviewer*, "the commentary afforded by Israel's history on the value of the Bible! The Bible failed to turn the hearts of those to whom it was addressed; how can it have an efficacy for the regeneration of our masses?" In a like strain the author of "Supernatural Religion"—"There is little, indeed, in the history and actual achievements of Christianity to support the claim made on its behalf to the character of a scheme divinely revealed for the salvation of the human race." No, this salvation must come of that "true and noble faith which is the child of reason. All that we do know of the regulation of the universe being so perfect and wise, all that we do not know must be equally so. Faith in the perfect ordering of all things is independent of revelation."

On persons and their sayings this sort of criticism does execution in very short and sharp fashion. Jesus said of the daughter of Jairus: "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Well, then, "we have here, by the express declaration of Jesus, a case of mere suspension of consciousness." Jesus said, *sleepeth*; and how, then, can the girl have been more than asleep? If Jesus is reported to have said: "Before Abraham was, I am," or to have said: "Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my life that I may take it again," these speeches must have been invented for him after his death, when the Resurrection had become a matter of Christian belief, or when the dogma of the Godhead of the Eternal Son wanted proving, for that they should have arisen in any other way is "wholly inexplicable." It is "wholly inexplicable" to this sort of criticism that Jesus should have said of the Gentile centurion: "I have not found so great faith in Israel," and to the Canaanitish woman: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to the dogs," because the two sayings show a different tendency, and the same man does not utter two sayings showing a different tendency. The first saying must have been put into the mouth of Jesus by a Pauline universalist, or the second by a Judaic particularist. If Jesus speaks of the destruction of Jerusalem, then the speech must have been invented for him after Jerusalem was destroyed; for it is "wholly inexplic-

able " that a man should speak of a thing before it happens. To suppose otherwise, to suppose, as we do, that Jesus foretold to his disciples that they should see Jerusalem destroyed, that he varied his line according to the occasion and the hearer, that he foresaw his own death, and that he dealt with the terms *living* and *dying* in a profound manner easily misapprehended,—to suppose all this is to "invest Jesus with attributes of prescience and quasi-omniscience which we can only characterize as divine," and is therefore inadmissible.

One of the many reproaches brought against "Literature and Dogma" is, that its conception of the development of our religion is wanting in vigour and rigour. Certainly the sort of criticism we are now noticing does not err by want of vigour and rigour. It has abundance of both, and it does its work with great thoroughness. The only thing to be said against it is that the growth of human things, and above all of immense concerns like religion, does not exactly proceed with vigour and rigour; rather it follows an order of development loose and wavering. And to impose, therefore, on the growth of religion and Christianity a method of development of great vigour and rigour, to criticize its productions and utterances with the notion that we shall reach the truth about them by applying to them such a method, is most probably to criticize them all wrong.

And it would not be difficult to show that this method is, in fact, fallacious in each of the points where we have been just now seeing it draw its conclusions. But we are here solely concerned with whatever may be supposed to check and disconcert the reader of "Literature and Dogma," after that book had seemed to put him in a way of reading the Bible with profit. Now certainly nothing could check and disconcert him so much as to find that the God of Israel, the God of the Bible, cannot be taken to be the Eternal that loveth righteousness. For in place of the magnified and non-natural man given by miracles and metaphysics, but who cannot be verified, we had advised our reader to take as the God of the Bible, and the foundation of the whole matter of his Christianity, the Eternal that loves righteousness, makes for righteousness. This Eternal can be verified, indeed; but now we are told that he is not the God of the Bible, at any rate not the God of Israel and of the Old Testament,—that the God of Israel and of the Old Testament is something quite different. This objection, then, we must deal with, and must establish in spite of it, if we can, our assertion that the God of Israel and of the Bible is the Eternal that makes for righteousness. First, however, it may be well to set clear what by this assertion we mean, and what we do not mean.

For the *Westminster* Reviewer objects to us that "Israel must have had a faculty for abstract thought quite unparalleled if his conception of a God came to pass as Mr. Arnold describes it. A people in a very early stage of civilization is so deeply absorbed in the study and practice of morality that they discover that there is a law, which is not themselves, which makes for it, which law they proceed to worship! Can improbability go further!" This, says the Reviewer, is his *à priori* argument against the opinion that Israel's God was not a person, but the deification of a natural law. But certainly we do not mean—and the reader of "Literature and Dogma" will hardly have supposed us to mean—that Israel's God was the *conscious* deification of a natural law. To attack, therefore, the improbability of this, is merely to tilt against a phantom of one's own creating. Unquestionably, that Israel, as we see him in the earliest documents of the Old Testament, should have been likely to sit down and say to himself: "I perceive a great natural law, the law of righteousness, ruling the world. I will personify this law as a God—the one and only God. I will call it Jehovah, build a sanctuary for it, and invent a worship for it,"—that this should have happened is utterly improbable. One can almost as well conceive Israel saying that he was aware of the law of gravitation, and felt disposed to deify it and to erect a temple to it.

But if one has certain facts before one, one naturally asks oneself how they can have come about. Israel is always saying that in the Eternal he puts his trust, and that this Eternal is righteous, and loves righteousness. He is always saying that among the Gods of other people there is no God like the Eternal, none that can do what the Eternal does, and that whoever runs after another God shall have great trouble. These are his ruling thoughts. Where did he get them? They were given him, says popular theology, by a magnified and non-natural man, who was in constant communication with him, walked in the garden where he was, talked to him, showed him even, on one occasion, his bodily parts, and worked miracle after miracle for him. And this is Israel's own account of the matter. But how many other religions also, besides Israel's, present us with personages of this kind? And we hold that the personages are not real, but have their origin in the play of the human imagination itself; and the *Westminster* Reviewer holds this just as much as we do. How, then, did the God of Israel, with the special characters that we find in him, actually arise? Now, it may be contended either that these special characters which we assign to him are not really there; or that they have come there by chance, and nothing can be inferred from them; or, finally, both that the characters are there, and that it

was the pressure of them upon the mind of Israel which made him give to his religion, and to his Eternal, that unique type which we profess to find in them. Let us examine these alternatives, so important to the reader of "Literature and Dogma."

We must go to Sir John Lubbock or to Mr. Tylor for researches concerning what is called "pre-historic man"—human nature in its inchoate, embryo, and as yet unformed condition. Their researches concerning this are profoundly interesting; but for our present business we have not to go back higher than historic man—man who has taken his ply, and who is already much like ourselves. With inchoate, pre-historic man, the great objects of nature and the pleasure or pain which he experienced from them may probably enough have been the source of religion; in those times arose his name for God, The Shining. So may have originally commenced the religion of the most famous races—the religion of Greece, the religion of Israel. But into the thoughts and feelings of man in this inchoate stage we cannot, as we now are, any longer fully enter. We cannot really participate in them; his religion does not practically concern us. It practically concerns us from that time only when man's real history has commenced; when moral and intellectual conceptions have invaded the primordial Nature-worship, have, in great measure, superseded it, and given a new sense to its nomenclature. The very earliest Bible-religion does not go higher than a time of this kind, when already moral and intellectual conceptions have entered into religion; and no one will deny that from the very first those conceptions which are moral rather than intellectual, the idea of conduct and of the regulation of conduct, appear in Bible-religion prominently.

Let us at present say no more of Bible-religion, and let us turn to the people who, after the Hebrews, have had most influence upon us—to the Greeks. Greek history and religion begin for us, as do the religion and history of the Hebrews, at a time when moral and intellectual ideas have taken possession of the framework given originally, it may be, by Nature-worship. The great names of Hellenic religion, Zeus and Phoebus, come, as every one knows, from the sun and air, and point to a primordial time of Nature-worship. But Greek history and religion begin with the sanctuaries of Tempe and of Delphi, and with the Apolline worship and priesthood which in those sanctuaries under Olympus and Parnassus established themselves. The northern sanctuary soon yielded to Delphi as the common centre of national Hellenic life and of Apolline religion. We all are accustomed to think of Apollo as the awakener and sustainer of genius, as the power illuminating and elevating the soul through intellectual beauty. And so from the very first he was. But in these earliest days of Hellas, and at

Delphi where the hardy and serious tribes of the Dorian Highlands made their influence felt, Apollo was not only the nourisher of genius—he was also the author of every higher moral effort; he was the prophet of his father Zeus, in the highest view of Zeus, as the source of the ideas of moral order and of right. For to this higher significance had Zeus and Phœbus—those names derived merely from sun and air—now risen; they had come to designate a father, the source of the ideas of moral order and of right; and a son, his prophet, purifying and inspiring the soul with these ideas and also with the idea of intellectual beauty. But it is with the ideas of moral order and of right that we are at this moment concerned. These ideas are in human nature; but they had, says the excellent historian of Greece, Dr. Curtius, “especially been a treasure in the possession of the less gay and more solitary tribes in the mountains of Northern Greece.” These were Delphi’s first pupils; and the graver view of life, the thoughts which give depth and solemnity to man’s consciousness,—the moral ideas, in short, of conduct and righteousness,—were the main-elements of early Greek religion. *Soberness* and *righteousness*, words which remained written up in the temple at Delphi, were thus the primal rule of its religion. For a long while, in the great poets of Hellas, the power of this influence shows itself; from Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles may be quoted sentences as religious as those which we find in Job or Isaiah. And here, in this bracing air of the old religion of Delphi, this atmosphere of ideas of moral order and of right, the Athenians, Ionian as they were, imbibed influences of character and steadiness, which for a long while balanced their native vivacity and mobility, distinguished them profoundly from the Ionians of Asia, and gave them men like Aristides and Pericles.

Every one knows, however, that this archaic severeness of Hellenic religion, this early pre-occupation with conduct and righteousness, did not last; there were elements of mobility and variety in men’s dispositions which proved fatal to it. The manner in which this came about we have not here to trace; all we are now concerned with is the fact that it was so. It had come to be so even by the time when, with the Persian War, the brilliant historic period of Greece begins. Even by this time the living influence of Delphi had ceased; bribes had discredited its sanctity; seriousness and vital power had left it. Delphi had come to be little more than a name, and what continued to exist there was merely a number of forms. The predominance of a national religion of righteousness, of grave ideas of conduct, moral order, and right, outweighing all other ideas, disappeared with the decline of Delphi, never to return. Still these ideas inspired poetry, and Greek poetry was now more

religious than Greek religion, and partly supplied its place. Finally, they ceased to inspire poetry, and took refuge with philosophic thinkers.

We by no means say that they disappeared from life. They are, we repeat, in human nature; but a religion founded on them, a religion of soberness and righteousness, ceased to be set up before the eyes of all men, ceased to stand in the minds of all men, for the great primary concern of human life, as it had stood before the minds of the grave forefathers of Hellas in the shadow of their Parnassian sanctuary. And to this extent, of course, the ideas were weakened and effaced in life; that they were no longer impressively presented as life's first concern by a national religion, itself the great and solemn centre of men's thoughts. We by no means, again, say that for this there were no compensations. Other aspects of life presented themselves than the aspect in which it appears exclusively concerned with soberness and righteousness; many a life of activity did these new aspects suggest to the Hellenic genius, and with what brilliant success it followed them we all know. Still, the fact remains; in Greece, as the national history went on, the all-importance of conduct and righteousness pressed no longer upon the Hellenic spirit and upon Hellenic religion as their omnipresent and central idea. In the later days of the national life of Hellas it was a religious solemnity, witnessed with transport and celebrated by the first artist of the time, to see the courtesan Phryne enter the sea at Eleusis, and represent there, to an innumerable multitude of spectators, Venus Anadyomene,—Venus issuing from the waves. To this had come the religion of Delphi and the art of Olympia. And it was at Eleusis that this happened, the old seat of the mysteries; those highest means possessed by Greek religion for deepening and ennobling men's thoughts about life and death. The time had been when the religious solemnities at Eleusis were of a character to draw from Pindar a strain such as we now call Biblical—the strain of Job, or Isaiah, or the Psalms. "Blessed is the man who hath beheld these things before he goeth under the earth; he knoweth the end of man's life, and he knoweth its God-given beginning."

Not long after Phryne's religious performance at Eleusis came the last days, too, of the national life of the Jews, under the successors of Alexander. The religious conceptions of the Jews of those days are well given by the Book of Daniel. How popular and prevalent these conceptions were is proved by their vitality and power some two centuries later, at the Christian era, and by the large place which they fill in the New Testament. We are all familiar with them, therefore; with their turbid and austere visions of the Ancient of Days on his throne, and of the Son of Man

coming with the clouds of heaven to give the kingdom to the saints of the Most High, and to "bring in everlasting righteousness." Here, then, is the last word of the religion of the Hebrews, when their natural life is coming to an end; when their career has been, for the most part, run; when their religion has had nearly all the development which, within the limits of their national life, belonged to it. This, we say, is its last word: *To bring in everlasting righteousness.*

Let us now go back to the commencement of their history, to those beginnings of their national life which may not inaptly correspond to the beginnings of Greek national life—to that time when the infant Hellenic tribes met in federation under the religious shadow of Tempe or Delphi, and set before their eyes the law of soberness and righteousness. Such a point in the career of the Hebrew race is given us, sufficiently for our purpose, by the history of Abraham. The religion of Abraham, this founder and father of the Hebrew people, is a religion, as King Abimelech says, of "integrity of heart and innocency of hands." The God of Abraham has chosen Abraham and his race, because, God says: "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Eternal to do righteousness and judgment." So that the Hebrew people and Hebrew history, when they begin, begin like the Hellenic people and like Hellenic history with a religion of soberness and righteousness. And the after-decline of this religion in Greece we have seen. But in Judæa, at the close of the national history, what do we find to be the condition of this religion? Has it weakened, has it grown obsolete, has it fallen out of sight and out of mind? So far from it, that it has grown into an enthusiasm, turbid, passionate, absorbing, and all-pervasive, to *bring in everlasting righteousness.*

How was the long intervening period filled between Abraham, at the beginning of Israel's national history, and the Book of Daniel at its close? Let us take, as a mid-point, that wonderful collection, ranging over so many years, reflecting so many experiences, contributed by so many voices, and answering so profoundly to the religious consciousness of Israel, the Book of Psalms. Two things are equally manifest, on the very face of these documents—Israel's attachment to his religion, and that religion's character. One may dip into the Psalms where one will, and be sure to find them not far off. First, as to the attachment and strong reliance with which Israel's religion inspired him. "In the Eternal put I my trust," is the constant burden of his song. "My hope hath been in thee, O Eternal; I have said, Thou art my God." "Blessed are the people whose God is the Eternal." "They who run after another God shall have great trouble." And then as to the character, expressed briefly and generally, of this God of Israel, this Eternal. There is really no doubt about

it. "The Eternal loveth the thing that is right." Ten thousand variations are played on that theme, but the theme is that. "The Eternal alloweth the righteous," says David, "but the ungodly and him that delighteth in wickedness doth his soul abhor." "Unto the ungodly saith God: Why dost thou take my covenant in thy mouth, whereas thou hatest to be reformed?" "My help cometh of God, who preserveth them that are true of heart." "I will wash my hands in *innocency*, O Eternal, and so will I go to thine altar." As in the days of Abimelech, so it was still; the religion of the Hebrew people was a religion of integrity of heart and innocency of hands. "Put thou thy trust in the Eternal and be *doing good*." "If I incline unto *wickedness* with my heart, the Eternal will not hear me." No; for this is the essential character of Israel's Eternal, to love the thing that is *right*, to abhor that which is *evil*. Do we want a somewhat fuller account of what *right* is, that we may be sure it does not mean a mere performance of ceremonies? "Come ye children, and hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Eternal. Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile; eschew evil and do good, seek peace and pursue it." Or of what evil and wickedness is, what is the course of those who do not "understand and seek after God," that we may be sure evil does not mean a mere omission of ceremonies, or a sparing to smite God's enemies who happen to be also one's own? "Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness, their feet are swift to shed blood, destruction and unhappiness is in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known." In a plain way that points well enough, and with perfect clearness, to just what we all mean by right and wrong, good and evil; it points to morals, conduct, to a man's behaviour, way, and walk in life. And this was what Israel meant by religion, to attend to one's way and walk in life, and to regulate them according to the commandments of the Eternal that loveth righteousness. "I called mine own ways to remembrance," he says, "and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." And they who do so, maintains he, "shall want no manner of thing that is good." "That shall bring a man peace at the last." "To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God."

But the *Westminster* Reviewer says that we are not to rely much on what comes from prophets and psalmists, "on the most spiritual utterances of the most spiritual part of the nation, of men who were at once reformers and poets." "They were," says he, "innovators, unorthodox free-thinkers." What they allege about righteousness by no means proves that righteousness was the religion of Israel. And perhaps this sort of argument can, in some cases, be used fairly enough. Pindar may have lofty

passages about the end and the God-given beginning of man's life; Socrates and Plato may have their minds still bent on those ideas of moral order and of right which were the treasure of the primitive and serious tribes of early Hellas; they may harp still upon the old-fashioned words inscribed in the temple at Delphi. Yet, if the Greek nation and its religion have taken quite another line, these utterances of philosophers and poets will not justify us in saying that the religion of Greece was a religion of righteousness. But we have a right to give Israel the benefit of the utterances of its prophets and psalmists. And why? Because the nation adopted them. So powerfully did the inmost chords of its being vibrate to them, so entirely were they the very truth it was born to and sought to find utterance for, that it adopted them, made them its standards, the documents of the most profound and authentic expression of the national consciousness, its religion. Instead of remaining literature and philosophy, the isolated voices of sublime poets and reforming free-thinkers, these glorifications of righteousness became Jewish religion, matters to be read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. So that while in Greece it was a religious solemnity to behold a courtesan enter the sea, in Judæa it was a religious solemnity to hear that "the righteous Eternal loveth righteousness."

What we claim, then, for Israel, when we say that he had the intuition of the Eternal Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, when we say that to him were entrusted the oracles of God, to him our religion was first revealed, is this: that the ideas of moral order and of right, which are in human nature, which appear in a recognizable shape, whatever may be their origin, as soon as man is sufficiently formed for him to have a history at all, to be intelligible to us, to stand related to us as showing a like nature with ourselves,—that these ideas so laid hold upon Israel as to be the master-element in his thoughts, the sheet-anchor of his life. Now these ideas have such a range that they take in at least three-fourths of human life; or, if Mr. Gladstone pleases (and perhaps it really does add a little dignity to the thing), let us say seventy-five per cent. It matters nothing that Israel could give no satisfying and scientific account of the way in which he came by these ideas; that he could only give legendary and fanciful accounts of it. It matters nothing that the practical application he gave to these ideas was extremely crude and limited, that they were accompanied in him by gross imperfection. It matters nothing that there may be shown to have hung about them any number of waifs and fragments from an earlier and unripe stage, survivals from a time of Nature-worship, or of any other passage which preceded, with Israel, the entrance upon his real history. If from the time he was formed, and distinguishable,

and himself; if, from one end of the Bible to the other, we find him impressed, awe-struck, absorbed by the idea of righteousness, whatever alloys he may mix with it, and however blindly he may deal with it; if we find him,—and it is indisputable that we do find him,—thus fascinated, that is enough. His very shortcomings prove the force of the intuition with him, since all the wear and tear of them could not rase it out. "I called mine own ways to remembrance, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies."* But the Vulgate is here shorter and more forcible: *Cogitavi vias meas, et converti pedes meos in testimonia Tua*. Israel is the great, standing unsilenceable, unshaken witness to the necessity of minding one's ways, of conduct; and whatever else he may have done, or not done, he can assuredly plead this: *Cogitavi vias meas*. "Sacrifices work a conception in which morality has no part," says the *Westminster Reviewer*; "sacrifices existed in Israel *ab origine*;" even in his historic time there hung about him traces of an inchoate and dark stage, remains of an early "conception of God as an unseen but powerful foe, whose enmity might be averted by the death of victims."—It may have been so; but still, may Israel answer, still, all hampered with these survivals of a lower world: *Cogitavi vias meas*!—"Though righteousness," pursues the *Westminster Reviewer*, "entered largely into Israel's conception of the Eternal, still that conception contained much that conflicts with righteousness." The God of Israel often appears as "more patriotic than righteous," blesses Jael, for instance, for the treacherous murder of Sisera.—True, and yet for all that: *Cogitavi vias meas*.—Israel's God is a magnified and non-natural man, not impassive and uniform like a law of nature, but angry and then repenting him, jealous and then soothed.—Nevertheless, with this crude conception of God: *Cogitavi vias meas*.—Israel's religion deals in ecstasy, enthusiasms, evocations of the dead.—*Cogitavi vias meas*.—"The current idea of righteousness in Israel was largely made up of ceremonial observances."—*Cogitavi vias meas*.—Finally, in spite of all this thinking upon his ways, Israel misdirected them. "The Bible," cries the *Westminster Reviewer*, "failed to turn the hearts of those to whom it was addressed;" "the commentary afforded by Israel's history on the value of the Bible!"—True, as Israel managed his profession of faith it did not save him, but did he on that account drop it? *Cogitavi, cogitavi vias meas*.

The *Westminster Reviewer* will now, perhaps, understand what we mean by saying that the Hebrew people had the revelation and intuition of the Eternal that makes for righteousness. We do not mean that this people had a clear and adequate idea of rightness in conduct as a law of nature, that they then proceeded

* Psalm cxix. 59.

to personify this law and deify it, and that they deified it in their Jehovah. If this were what we meant, all the criticisms of the *Westminster Reviewer* upon the shortcomings of Jehovah and Jahvism in the Old Testament would take effect. But perhaps our saying that Israel had the *revelation* of the Eternal that makes for righteousness is a stumbling-block. Let us try, then, so to draw out what we mean by this, that to the Reviewer and to others it may appear as simple and certain as it does to ourselves.

For let us now conceive man, so far as this is possible for us, just as the investigation of his beginnings and the actual observation of the state of certain savages shows him to us, in his inchoate, pre-historic, almost pre-human condition. In this time of ignorance his gods have their origin. We are accused of introducing in the *not ourselves* which presses, we say, upon man's spirit, a refined metaphysical conception. It is so far from this, that it is one of the first pieces of experience, and dates from the most primitive time. It is whatever appears to man as outside himself, not in his own power, and affecting him whether he will or no. Now, the more helpless and inexperienced man is, the greater is the number to him of things not in his own power. Who can trace or divine all the possibilities of hope and fear in this wide field? But we know and can easily understand how on certain great and prominent objects of nature, exercising a powerful influence on human life—such as the sun—hope and fear fastened, and produced worship. And we know, too, and can well understand, how by a natural impulse men were moved to represent in a human form like their own, the powers which attracted their hope, fear, and worship; as Xenophanes says that if horses, oxen, and lions could paint or model, they would certainly make gods in their own image,—horses in that of horses, oxen in that of oxen. Even when men did not represent their gods in human form, they still supposed in them human thoughts and passions. Then arose names like Eloah, Elohim, the *Mighty*; or Deus, God, the *Shining*. And then, too, in those days of bounded view and of apprehensive terror, grew up and prevailed "the conception of God," to use the *Westminster Reviewer's* words, "as a foe whose enmity might be averted by the death of victims." Such, he asserts, was Israel's first conception of God; and although here he speaks positively of things beyond the ken of any certain knowledge, yet we are not concerned to dispute the probability of his conjecture, that with the inchoate and primordial Israel it may have been so. For "the gods," as Xenophanes again says, "did not from the first show to men all things; but in time, by searching, men came to a discovery of the better."

Such a "better" was reached at the point where human history and human religion, in the only sense which our race can now

attach to the word religion, first began. It was reached when the ideas of conduct, of moral order, and of right, had gathered strength enough to declare and establish themselves. Long before, indeed, during man's chaotic and rudimentary time, these ideas must have been at work; and as they were no conscious creation of man's will, but solicited him and ripened in him whether he would or no, we may truly and fitly call them the Spirit of God brooding over chaos, moving silently upon the human deep. Then these ideas found and took possession of the framework of the older, and—for so we may call them—the as yet irreligious religions. In many an imagining and legend men gave voice to their half-recollections of stages and moments in man's dim, ante-natal time, mixing it and colouring it with their later experience. From that primitive time were handed on ceremonial and rite, which have, in truth, their proper origin, not in the moral stirrings of man's nature at all, but in the stirrings which we call æsthetic. Many practices, even, were not at once dropped, which had their proper origin in darkness and disease of the moral feelings, in blind and pusillanimous terror. Of this kind were human sacrifices, such as Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. Nevertheless God by the cradle of Hebrew history, the God of Abraham, the God of "integrity of heart and innocency of hands," is no longer "a foe whose enmity might be averted by the death of victims;" the God of Abraham is a *friend*; and the intended sacrifice is no longer an act of selfish terror to avert a powerful foe's enmity—it is an act of faithful devotion to the supposed will of an all-wise and all-good friend. To this extent in its very cradle did the one true religion of Israel, the religion of righteousness, succeed in transforming the baneful and false usage which clung to it from the times of darkness out of which it emerged, until the day came for the disappearance of the usage altogether.

In a like "better" did the history and religion of Hellas, as we have seen, take their rise; a "better" brought about by the ideas of moral order gathering strength and making themselves felt. Then the nature-deities of ruder times, Zeus and Phoebus, became the father of judgment and of right, and his prophet-son. At that moment, therefore, the Eternal who makes for righteousness, the God of Israel, who is, as St. Paul said to the Athenians, *not far from every one of us*, seemed offering to reveal himself to Greece also; but it was for a moment only. Other aspects of life than the moral aspect came into view and into favour with the Greeks; other tendencies than the tendency which disposes men to pre-occupy themselves with conduct, and with its divine sanctions, prevailed. "They did not like," says the Hebrew Paul austere-ly, "to retain God in their knowledge, and so God gave them over to a reprobate mind." This is, no doubt, a stern sentence. What the

Greeks were and what they accomplished, and how brilliant a course they ran after their religion had passed out of its brief moment of unison with that of Israel, we know; and with that knowledge we shall not be forward to utter against them harsh censures. But thus much, at least, we may say—notwithstanding all the glory and genius of Greece, notwithstanding all the failure and fanaticism of Israel—thus much we may well say, whenever we contrast the heart and mind of the Græco-Roman world in its maturity with the interior joys of Israel: *They that run after another God shall have great trouble.*

Israel, on the contrary, advanced from the God of Abraham, the Mighty who requires integrity of heart and innocency of hands, to the God of Moses, the Eternal who makes for righteousness unalterably. Then the law in its primitive shape, an organism having for its heart the Ten Commandments, arose. It formulated with authentic voice and for ever the religion of Israel as a religion in which ideas of moral order and of right were paramount. And so it went on from Moses to Samuel, and from Samuel to David, and from David to the great prophets of the eighth century and to the Captivity, and from that to the Restoration, and from the Restoration to Antiochus and the invasion of Greek culture, to the Maccabees and the Book of Daniel; and from thence to the Roman conquest, and from that to John the Baptist, until all the wonderful history received its solution and consummation in Jesus Christ. Through progress and backsliding, amid infectious contact with idolatry, amid survival of old growths of superstition, of the crude practices of the past, amid multiplication of new precepts and observances, of formalism and ceremonial, amid the solicitation of new aspects of life, in material prosperity and in material ruin—more and more the great governing characteristics of the religion of Israel accentuated and asserted themselves, and forced themselves on the world's attention: the God of this religion, with his eternal summons to keep judgment and do justice; the mission of this religion, to bring in everlasting righteousness.

And this native, continuous, and increasing pressure upon Israel's spirit of the ideas of conduct and of its sanctions, we call his intuition of the Eternal that makes for righteousness, the revelation to him of the religion of this Eternal. Really, we do not know how else to account for the evident fact of the pressure, than by supposing that Israel had a special turn, a bent, a gift for these ideas. How else are we to explain their pressure on him? We put aside all the preternatural—a magnified and non-natural man, walking in gardens, speaking from clouds, sending dreams, sending angels. We give an explanation which is natural. But we say that this natural explanation is yet grander than the preternatural one.

Some people, however, when they have got rid of the preternatural in religion, seem to think that they are bound to get rid, as much as they can, of the notion of their being anything grand and wonderful in religion at all; at any rate, to reduce this element of what is grand and wonderful to the very smallest dimensions. They err. They impede the acceptance of even the real truths which they have to tell the world, because the world feels that on the main matter they are wrong; and therefore they act imprudently. But they really fail, besides, to appreciate and explain their facts. We have already, in "Literature and Dogma," noticed Professor Kuenen's explanation of the morality in Bible-religion from the simple and severe life of the primitive Beni-Israel as nomads of the desert. But whoever will read in M. Caussin de Perceval's *Arabian History* the Moallacas of the poets of the Arabs before Mahomet, will find them extremely licentious, in spite of the nomad life led in the desert by the Arab tribes. And the reformation of Mahomet is undoubtedly a reformation largely inspired by the book of the Beni-Israel. On the other hand, we find Semitic people without the nomad life—the Semitic people of great cities—developing a worship such as Herodotus has described to us in that of Mylitta. Professor Kuenen's excellent history is now published in English; we may all read there of a religious revival in Hebrew religion under Samson and Samuel, and how by degrees Jahvism grew in spirituality, and the age of ecstasy and of the Witch of Endor gave place to the prophets of the eighth century, conscious of a real inner call. Well, but what is the reason of all this advance, this "development of monotheism," as people call it? Professor Kuenen thinks that it is largely due to "the influence of the war between Baal and Jahveh upon the minds of those who had remained loyal to Jahveh. Why Jahveh, and not Baal? Why should they die rather than renounce Jahveh? These questions were laid before them by the very circumstances of their position. For those who endeavoured to answer them a new light was thrown on Jahvism." And so, we are told, arose the deep gulf of separation between Jahveh and the heathen "non-entities," as the Hebrew prophets call them.

And so?—but how? Not out of mere blind obstinacy, not from having fought for a God called Jahveh, against a God called Baal, so long and so hard that his champions grew bent on sticking to Jahveh and found out all manner of perfections for him. Israel adhered to Jahveh for the same reason which had at first made him take to the worship of Jahveh:—that Jahveh was the eternal Power that makes for righteousness, was the centre and source of those ideas of moral order and of conduct which are, we repeat, in human nature, but which pressed on Israel's spirit with extraordi-

nary power. This alone gives us a natural, intelligible clue to the development of the religion of the Bible.

But even suppose that we reject all notion of a special bent or intuition in Israel determining the course of his religion; suppose that we allow him to have had not one whit more bent than other people for the ideas of moral order and of right, but that his religion came to be what it was by the mere force of external circumstances and from accident. Still we shall have a religion insisting on the idea of righteousness with an energy and impressiveness absolutely unparalleled. We shall have a fact which cannot be accounted for through any intelligible process of cause and effect, and which is due to mere chance,—but we shall have the fact all the same. In Israel's religion, far and away more than in the religion of any other ancient people, the Eternal Power that makes for righteousness is impressive and paramount; and of Israel, therefore, the distinction assigned by the word of this Eternal will hold true:—*You only have I known of all the families of the earth.**

But now, as if it were not enough to have a *Westminster Reviewer* on one's hands, there comes a *Quarterly Reviewer* besides, and strikes his blow at "Literature and Dogma." After some reflexions on our reasoning faculty, which are probably just, and some compliments to the clearness of our diction, which we hesitate to accept, because it is the very simplicity of our understanding that incapacitates us for the difficult style of the philosophers, and drives us to the use of the most ordinary phraseology,—after these preliminaries the *Quarterly Reviewer* says that we have no right to call our "Enduring power not ourselves which makes for righteousness," a verifiable fact at all, or to talk of Israel's intuition of it. And why? Because, says the *Quarterly Reviewer*:—

"The origin of the moral perceptions in man is assigned by some to intuition, by others to education, and by Mr. Darwin to a social instinct, arising out of evolution and inheritance. Whichever conclusion a man accepts, it is plain that he must satisfy himself with reasoning, which amounts to no more than probability."

Let us assure the *Quarterly Reviewer* that, for our purposes, whether he assigns the origin of the moral perceptions to intuition, or to education, or to evolution and inheritance, does not matter two straws. And really we are almost astonished at having to explain this, so clear does it seem to us. For surely, because we may choose to say that the English people have an intuitive sense for politics, we are not therefore to be understood as settling the question about the origin of political perceptions, whether they

* Amos, iii. 2.

proceed from intuition, or from education, or from evolution and inheritance. Nay, and we thought that on this very point we had said in "Literature and Dogma" all that was necessary; but we find it is not so. We find a great many people imagining that if Mr. Darwin is right in assigning the origin of the moral perceptions to evolution and inheritance, in that case everything we have said about an enduring power which makes for righteousness, and about Israel's recognition of this power, must necessarily fall to the ground. Come, then, let us make it clear to the reader of "Literature and Dogma," that these imaginations are quite vain, and that he would do very ill to be moved by them.

So let us take Mr. Darwin's doctrine and see how innocent it is, and how entirely unaffected by it is religion. But we will not take it from the mouth of that illustrious philosopher himself, because to so many religious people he is a bugbear; neither will we take it from M. Littré, as we did in "Literature and Dogma," for the sake of softening a little the stern hearts of the Comtists, for M. Littré's name is still less acceptable to the religious world than Mr. Darwin's. No, we will take it from one of the clearest of thinkers, and one of the most religious of men—Pascal. "What is nature?" says Pascal. "Perhaps a first habit, as habit is a second nature." *Qu'est-ce que la nature? Peut-être une première coutume, comme la coutume est une seconde nature.* Here, briefly and admirably expressed, is the famous doctrine of Mr. Darwin.

And now suppose that our moral perceptions and rules are all to be traced up, as evolutionists say, to habits due to one or other of two main instincts—the reproductive instinct and the instinct of self-preservation. Let us take an example of a moral rule due to each instinct. For a moral rule traceable, on our present supposition, to the instinct of self-preservation, we cannot do better than to take "the first commandment with promise:" *Honour thy father and thy mother.* We say that it makes not the smallest difference to religion whether we suppose this commandment to be thus traceable or not.

For let it be thus traceable, and suppose the original natural affection of the young to their parents to be due to a sense of dependence upon them, and of benefit from them. And then, when the dependence and benefit end, when the young can shift for themselves, the natural affection seems in the lower animals, as they are called, to pass away. But in man it is not thus evanescent. For at first, perhaps, there were some who from weakness or from accident felt the dependence and received the benefit longer than others, and in such was formed a more deep and strong tie of attachment; and while their neighbours, so soon as they were of adult vigour, heedlessly left the side of their parents and troubled themselves about them no more, and let them perish if so it might

happen, these few remained with their parents, and grew used to them more and more, and, finally, even fed and tended them when they grew helpless. Presently they began to be shocked at their neighbours' callous neglect of those who had begotten them and borne them, and they expostulated, and entreated, and pleaded that their way was best; some suffered, perhaps, for their interference, some had to fight for their parents to hinder their neighbours maltreating them, and all the more fixed in their new feelings did these primitive gropers after the Fifth Commandment become. Meanwhile this extending of the family bond, this conquering of a little district from the mere animal life, this limiting of the reign of blind, selfish impulse, brought, we may well believe, more order into the homes of those who practised it, and with more order more well-doing, and with both more happiness. And when they solicited their more inhuman neighbours to change their ways, they must always have had to back them the remembrance, more or less faint in every man, of an early link of affection with his parents; but now they had their improved manner of life and heightened well-being to back them too. So the usage of the minority gradually became the usage of the majority; and we may end this long chapter of suppositions by supposing that thus there grew at last to be communities which honoured their fathers and mothers, instead of,—as, perhaps, if one went back far enough, one would find to have been the original practice,—eating them.

But all this took place during that which was, in truth, a twilight and ante-natal life of humanity, almost as much as the life which each man passes in the womb before he is born. The history of man as man proper, and as distinguished from the other animals—the real history of our race, and of its institutions—does not begin until stages such as that which we have been describing are passed, and feelings such as that of which we have been tracing the growth are formed. Man and his history begin, we say, when he becomes distinctly conscious of feelings which, in a long preparatory period of obscure growth, he may have been forming. Then he calls his habit, acquired by a process which he does not recollect, *nature*; and he gives effect to it in fixed customs, rules, laws, and institutions. His religion consists in acknowledging and reverencing the awful sanctions with which this right way for man has, he believes, been invested by the mighty *not ourselves* which surrounds us. And the more emphatically he places a feeling under the guardianship of these sanctions, the more impressive is his testimony to the hold it has upon him. When Israel fixed the feeling of a child's natural attachment to its parents by the commandment: *Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Eternal thy God giveth thee*, he showed that he had risen to regard this feeling—slowly and precariously acquired as by our supposition it

may have been—as a sure, solid, and sacred part of the constitution of human nature.

But as well as the supposition of a moral habit and rule evolved out of the instinct of self-preservation, we are to take the supposition of a moral habit and rule evolved out of the reproductive instinct. And here, indeed, in the relations between the sexes, we are on ground where to walk right is of vital concern to men, and where disasters are plentiful. Who first, in the early and tentative up-struggling of our race, who first discerned them, this peril of disaster, this necessity for taking heed to one's steps? Who was he that amid the promiscuous concubinage of man's commencements,—if we are to suppose that out of the sheer animal life, human life had to evolve itself and rise,—who was he that first, through attachment to his chance companion, or through attachment to his supposed offspring, gathered himself together, put a bridle on his vague appetites, marked off himself and his, drew the imperfect outline of the circle of home, and fixed for the time to come the rudiments of the family? Who first, amid the loose solicitations of sense, obeyed (for create it he did not) the mighty *not ourselves* which makes for moral order, the stream of tendency which was here carrying him, and our embryo race along with him, towards the fulfilment of the true law of their being? became aware of it, and obeyed it? Whoever he was, he would soon have had imitators; for never was a more decisive step taken towards bringing into human life greater order, and with greater order greater well-doing and happiness. So the example was followed, and a habit grew up, and marriage was instituted.

And thus, again, we are brought to the point where history and religion begin. And at this point we first find the Hebrew people, with polygamy still clinging to it as a survival from the times of ignorance, but with the marriage-tie solidly established, strict and sacred, as we see it between Abraham and Sara. Presently this same Hebrew people, with that aptitude which we say characterized it for being profoundly impressed by ideas of moral order, placed in the Decalogue the marriage-tie under the express and solemn sanction of the Eternal, by the Seventh Commandment: *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

We might jump at once from here to the end of Jewish history, and show Jesus Christ renewing by his method the Seventh Commandment as he did also the Fifth, renewing them and extending them, clearing casuistry and formalism away from them, and making them look as fresh and impressive in this new light as in their old light they had in Israel's best days looked to him. But let us leave Christianity for the present out of the question. We have undertaken to show that even supposing moral perceptions and habits to arise by evolution and inheritance, this makes no

difference to religion, and that we may still with propriety speak of the intuition of moral perceptions, and of Israel, in especial, having had this intuition. So for the purpose of bringing this out, let us, after hearing Israel in the Decalogue on the relation of the sexes, take him in the middle of his career, as the Book of Proverbs discovers him to us. There he touches on that great and often-arising theme in what our philosophers call sociology: *the strange woman*. And this is his sentence on the man who is bewitched by her: *He knows not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.**

Now, we ask the *Quarterly Reviewer* to consider this saying of Israel, led up to by the Seventh Commandment in the earlier days of his history, and consummated by the well-known sentence of Jesus in the latter.† We have granted the supposition that moral perceptions and habits in what concerns the relation of the sexes are originally formed for Israel, as for everybody else, by evolution and inheritance. We will grant, besides, that religious worship and many of its names and ceremonies arose out of ignorant hope and fear in man's rudimentary time. But, for us now, religion is, we say, morality touched with emotion, lit up and enkindled and made much more powerful by emotion. And when morality is thus touched with emotion, it is equally religion whether it have proceeded from a magnified and non-natural man in the clouds, or arisen in the way we have supposed. And those in whom it appears thus touched with emotion are those who have most bent for it, most feeling, most apprehension, as one man and one race seem to turn out to have more gift, without any conscious intending and willing of it, for one thing, and another man and another race for another. Now such a bent, such a feeling, when it declares itself, we call an intuition. And we say that Israel had such an intuition of religion, and that he shows it in the special matter with which we are now dealing.

For how does a bent or feeling of this kind for moral perceptions declare itself, when it has grown strong enough to declare itself? It declares itself by the accent and power with which its utterances are made;—the accent of conviction in the speaker himself, the power of impressiveness on those who hear him. Moral perceptions and rules establishing them, on the supposition we are here following, take a long while to build up; there is a backwards and forwards with them; often it looks as if they would never have strength to get established at all. However, at last there comes some one like Israel, and lays down a sentence like the Seventh

* Proverbs, ix. 18.

† Math. v. 27, 28; compare: "Not in the lust of concupiscence, as the Gentiles who, know not God;" "The time past may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles when we walked in lasciviousness," &c.—1 Thes. iv. 5; 1 Pet. iv. 3.

Commandment. But then, again, a moral perception does not always, and for all persons, retain the vividness it had at the moment when it established itself in a rule like the Seventh Commandment. Human nature has many sides, many impulses; our rule may seem to lose ground again, and the perception out of which it grew may seem to waver. Practice may offer to it a thousand contradictions, in what M. Taine calls the *triste défilé*, the dismal procession of the Haymarket, and in what a sage or a saint might, perhaps, in like manner call the dismal procession of the Bois de Boulogne. Not practice alone is against the old strictness of rule, but theory; we have argumentative systems of free love and of re-habilitation of the flesh. Even philosophers like Mr. Mill, having to tell us that for special reasons they had in fact observed the Seventh Commandment, think it right to add that this they did, "although we did not consider the ordinances of society binding, on a subject so entirely personal." So arises what these same philosophers would call a disintegration of that moral perception on which the Seventh Commandment is founded. What we have to ask, then, is: Was this perception, and the rule founded on it, really a conquest for ever, placing human nature on a higher stage, so that however much it may have been dubious and unfounded once, it must be taken to be certain and formed now? And whatever now makes the perception or the rule fluctuating, does it tend, so far, not to emancipate man, but to replace him in the bondage of that old, chaotic, dark, almost ante-human time, from which slowly and painfully he had emerged when the real history and religion of our race began? Because, if this is so, the accent of clear and decisive conviction in Israel's comment on the theory of Free Love is invaluable. *He knows not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.* Here, then, let us summon the most naturalistic, the freest, the calmest of observers on these matters—Goethe. He is speaking to the Chancellor Von Müller against over-facility in granting divorce, and his reason is this:—"What culture has won of nature we ought on no account to let go again, at no price to give up. In the notion of the sacredness of marriage, Christianity has got a culture-conquest of this kind, and of priceless value, although marriage is, properly speaking, unnatural." Unnatural, he means, to man in his rudimentary state, before the fixing of moral habits has formed the right human nature. Emancipation from the right human nature is merely, therefore, return to chaos. And such was Israel's genius for the ideas of moral order and of right, such his intuition of the Eternal that makes for righteousness, that he felt without a shadow of doubt, and said with the most impressive solemnity, that emancipation of this sort was,—to speak again like our modern philosophers,—fatal to progress. *He knows not that*

the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell. And now, perhaps, the *Quarterly* Reviewer will suffer us to speak of Israel's intuition of the Eternal that makes for righteousness, even though moral preceptions and habits may have originally been evolved, as Mr. Darwin supposes. And the *Westminster* Reviewer will let us repeat that the word of this Eternal concerning Israel, as distinguished from other nations of antiquity, is true, in spite of Israel's sacrifices and polygamy: *You only have I known of all the families of the earth.*

Finally, a very different writer from the *Westminster* Reviewer—M. Charles Secrétan, in the *Revue Suisse*—is at one with the *Westminster* Reviewer in denying the possibility of basing on experimental ground the claim of the Bible and of its religion to our acceptance:—

"The Power making for righteousness," says M. Charles Secrétan, "the Secret of Jesus, are not really experimental notions which any man can verify. The contrary is true. The Secret and the Power are objects of faith only. Experience offers every day abundant contradictions to the reality of this Power."

Now on this point it is certainly indispensable that the reader of "Literature and Dogma" should be in no doubt. For the fundamental thesis of the book is that righteousness is salvation verifiably, and that the secret of Jesus is righteousness verifiably; and that the true faith which the Bible inculcates, is the faith that this is so. But unquestionably the common notion among religious people is M. Charles Secrétan's: that experience is altogether against the saving power of righteousness, or of the secret of Jesus; but that their saving power will be proved to a man after he is dead, by a great judgment and by a system of rewards and punishments in accordance with them; and that faith is the belief that this will really happen. And unquestionably all this is taken from Israel himself, who in his latter days consoled himself, as we can see in the Book of Daniel, by the idea of a resurrection, judgment, and recompence of this sort, and for whom faith came to be the belief that it would certainly all happen.

Jesus Christ, we say, made it the great object of his teaching to clear and transform this *extra-belief* of his countrymen. Upon that, however, we will not insist now; neither will we now ourselves set about proving that experimentally righteousness is salvation, and experimentally the secret of Jesus is righteousness, independently of the soundness or unsoundness of the *extra-belief* of Jews or Christians. On the experimental character of these truths, which are the undoubted object of religion, we have elsewhere said what is necessary. But they are the matter of an immense experience which is still going forward; it is easy to dispute them, to find things which seem to go against them,

yet on the whole they prove themselves, and prevail more and more. And the idea of their truth is in human nature, and everyone has some affinity for them, although one man has more and another less. If any man is so entirely without affinity for them, so subjugated by the conviction that facts are clean against them, as to be unable to entertain the idea of their being in human nature and in experience, for him "Literature and Dogma" was not written.

But admitting the idea of these truths being in human nature and in experience,—and this we suppose the reader of "Literature and Dogma" to do,—we say that the great use of the Old Testament is to animate and fortify faith in them by the inspiration of the sublime witness borne to them by Israel in his best days. This is why these Scriptures are truly said to be "written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." True, in his later days, Israel had taken refuge in an ideal world to ensure the triumph of righteousness, had imagined his apocalyptic Ancient of Days requisite for it, and his Son of Man coming in the clouds, his *crisis*, his *anastasis*, and his Messianic reign of the saints. All this is, in a certain way, a testimony to the ideas of moral order and of right. But Israel's best, his immortal testimony to them, is the testimony borne in his earlier days and in his prime, when his faith is in the triumph of the ideas themselves, not in a phantasmagoric restitution of all things to serve them. *As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more, but the righteous is an everlasting foundation. As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.* This imperishable faith of the true Israel, clouded in his later days, resumed and perfected by Jesus Christ, but from the first only half understood and mixed with natural errors by his disciples, makes the glory and the grandeur of the Old Testament. It has an answer—a far better answer than any we could give—to every objection of M. Charles Secrétan.—"The power making for righteousness is not really an experimental notion, which any man can verify."—*The Eternal upholdeth the righteous; though he fall he shall not be cast away, for the Eternal upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken.*—"The contrary is true."—*I myself have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; I went by, and lo, he was gone!*—"Experience offers every day abundant contradictions to the reality of this power."—*I should utterly have fainted, but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Eternal in the land of the living.*—Israel would not allow time enough for the demonstration of his truth that righteousness is salvation; hence his later disappointment and illusions. But for anyone who believes that this truth is a profound law of human

nature, Israel's faith in it during his best days opens a boundless source of joy, courage, and enthusiasm; and it is a source such as no other people of antiquity offers. So that here, again, is confirmation of that unique rank emphatically assigned to Israel by the Eternal that makes for righteousness: *You only have I known of all the families of the earth.*

The *Spectator* asks: How are we to know that Israel meant what he said when he pronounced righteousness to be salvation, if we contend that he did not speak literally when he brings in God talking, thinking, and loving? Surely because in the one case he is on ground of experience where we can follow him, but in the other he is not. Therefore, when he says: *There ariseth light for the righteous*, his words present no difficulty, and we can take them as they stand; but when he speaks of God walking in a garden, we are driven to find for the words some other origin than his actual experience. And whoever attends to the history of the human spirit, will soon see that such an origin is not hard to find. The *Spectator* asks, again, where in Wordsworth, whose personifying language about nature we produced to illustrate Israel's personifying language about God, we can point to language which speaks of nature in the "mood of real expectation and confidence common in the Psalms." Why, where Wordsworth says: *Nature never did forsake the heart that loved her.* Or where, asks the *Spectator*, can we find language which "treats distrust in the promises of nature as a sin?" Why, in plain prose, without going to the poets for it at all; in one of the profoundest and most impressive passages to be found in Butler, in the sermon on *The Ignorance of Man*:—

"If things afford to man the least hint or intimation that virtue is the law he is born under, scepticism itself should lead him to the most strict and inviolable performance of it; that he may not make the dreadful experiment of leaving the course of life marked out for him by Nature, whatever that Nature be, and entering paths of his own, of which he can know neither the danger nor the end."

What can be more solemn and grand? it is grand with the grandeur of Greek tragedy. But Israel had more than a hint or intimation that virtue is the law he is born under. He had an irresistible intuition of it. Therefore he breaks into joy, which Butler and Greek tragedy do not. Nevertheless, the greatness of Butler, as we hope one day to show, is in his clear perception and powerful use of a "course of life marked out for man by Nature, whatever that Nature be." His embarrassment and failure is in his attempt to establish a perception as clear, and a use as powerful, of the popular theology. But from Butler, and from his treatment of *Nature* in connection with religion, the idea of following out that treatment frankly and fully, which is the design of "Literature and Dogma," first, as we are proud to acknowledge,

came to us; and, indeed, our obligations of all kinds to this deep and strenuous spirit are very great.

From our use of the proof from happiness, accusations have been brought against us of eudæmonism, utilitarianism. We are reproached with making, "conformably to the tradition of the English school"—(the *Westminster* Reviewers will hear with astonishment what company they have been keeping!)"—"self-interest the spring of human action." Utilitarianism! Surely a pedant invented the word; and oh! what pedants have been at work in employing it! But that joy and happiness are the magnets to which human life inevitable moves, let not the reader of "Literature and Dogma" for a moment confuse his mind by doubting. The real objection is to low and false views of what constitutes happiness; and *pleasure* and *utility* are bad words to employ, because they have been so used as to suggest such views. But *joy* and *happiness*, on the whole, have not; we may safely say, then, that joy and happiness are the magnets to which human life irresistibly moves. The men of positive experience are for us here, but so are the chief men of religion too. St. Augustine:—"Act we *must* in pursuance of that which gives most delight." Barrow:—"The sovereign good, the last scope of our actions, the top and sum of our desires—happiness." Butler:—"It is manifest that nothing can be of consequence to mankind, or any creature, but happiness." It cannot be gainsaid; to reject the truth itself, because of frequent perversions of the truth, is a fatal error. From theologians of the Unitarian school the cry against eudæmonism comes loudest. To champion anti-eudæmonism, and to champion the metaphysical personality of God, are tasks to which this school, at the present moment, appears to have especially addressed itself. Hardly could it give a stronger sign of that sterility in religion to which, in spite of its benevolence and intelligence, it seems perpetually doomed.

The objections most likely to make an impression on the reader of "Literature and Dogma" we have now, we believe, noticed, and done our best to remove. On others we will not linger, because they can hardly occasion any real difficulty. The *Westminster* Reviewer complains of our talking of the *secret* of Jesus, because, says the Reviewer, Jesus made no *secret* of it himself. Neither did the Eternal make a secret to Israel of righteousness, and yet Israel talks of the secret of the Eternal. The truth which its holder is supposed alone, or in especial, to have the clue to and to deal in, men call his *secret*. Again, we must not suppose an element of genuine curativeness in the dealings of Jesus with the possessed because the Jewish thaumaturgists are represented dealing with them also. But what? because there are charlatans who play upon the nervous system for their own purposes, can there be no doctor who plays upon it beneficently? Again, we

have said that it can be verified that Jesus is the Son of the Eternal that makes for righteousness, and the *Westminster* Reviewer objects that "to say that any man is the son of a natural law is absurd." But the Bible never speaks of the Eternal as a natural law, but always as if this power lived, and breathed, and felt. Speaking as the Bible speaks, we say that Jesus is verifiably the Son of God; speaking as the *Westminster* Reviewer speaks, and calling God a natural law, we say that of this natural law Jesus is verifiably the offspring or outcome. Finally, the *Quarterly* Reviewer will not allow us to pronounce it verifiable that righteousness is only possible by the method of Jesus, because, says he, there was righteousness in the world before the Christian era. Really, the Fourth Gospel answers him, where Jesus says: *Before Abraham was, I am*. But, perhaps, though a *Quarterly* Reviewer, he has been dallying with the Tübingen school, and thinks the Fourth Gospel a fancy-piece. Let us try him, then, with St. Augustine:—*Res ipsa, quæ nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani*.

The mention of the Fourth Gospel reminds us that Professor Rauwenhoff lays down that the weakest part of "Literature and Dogma" is its reliance on sayings of Jesus from that Gospel. On his death-bed Baur pleasantly remarked that to his Tübingen school, so often reported vanquished, might with truth be applied the words of St. Paul: *As dying, and behold we live*. Well might Baur say so. He and his school live, above all, in the strong and growing acceptance of their criticisms of the Fourth Gospel. Already Liberal reviewers in this country begin to treat them as certain. We have hitherto had little of such discussions, but the vogue for them will certainly increase. What we think of such discussions, and of their fundamental character, we have said in "Literature and Dogma." But to return for a little to the subject, to treat it a little more closely, may be well; and perhaps, too, the reader of "Literature and Dogma" will expect us to make good our use of the Fourth Gospel. The method, the secret, and the sweet reasonableness of Jesus are independent of the Fourth Gospel, but from that Gospel they receive important illustration. So in conclusion, we will speak of the discussions of the Canon of the New Testament, and in particular we will deal with the Fourth Gospel, and with the criticisms which have been directed against it. To invalidate it two tests are employed—the test of external evidence, and the test of internal evidence. We will take the external evidence, the questions of dates and of texts, first. But the internal evidence, the test of literary criticism, is, above all, relied on as decisive by Baur and his school; so we will try the Fourth Gospel by that test too. *Cæsarem appellasti, ad Cæsarem ibis*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



MY REPLY TO MR. DARWIN.

DURING the whole of the year that has just passed away, all my spare time has been required for the completion of my edition of the Rig-Veda and its Sanskrit commentary. I had to shut my eyes to everything else. Many a book which I felt tempted to read was put aside, and hardly a single Review could draw me away from my purpose. Thus it has come to pass that I did not know till a few days ago, that there had been a reply to my Lectures on Mr. Darwin's *Philosophy of Language* emanating from one who writes if not in, at least with, Mr. Darwin's name, and who himself would be proud to acknowledge the influence of "family bias." I could not have guessed from the title of the paper, "Professor Whitney on the Origin of Language: by George H. Darwin," that it was meant as an answer to the arguments which I had ventured to advance in my Lectures at the Royal Institution in 1873, against Mr. Darwin's views on language. It was only when telling a friend that I was now going to complete those Lectures that I was asked whether I had seen Darwin's reply. I read it at once in the November number of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*; and, as it will take some time before I can hope to finish my book on "*Language as the true barrier between Man and Beast*," I determined, in the meantime, to publish a brief rejoinder to the defence of Mr. Darwin's philosophy, so ably and chivalrously conducted by his son.

With regard to the proximate cause of Mr. Darwin's defence of

his father's views on language—viz., an article in the *Quarterly Review*, I may say at once that I knew nothing about it till I saw Mr. G. Darwin's article; and if there should be any suspicion in Mr. Darwin's mind that the writer in the *Quarterly Review* is in any sense of the word my *alter ego*, I can completely remove that impression.

It seems that the writer in the *Quarterly* expressed himself in the following terms with regard to Mr. Darwin's competency on linguistic problems:—

“Few recent intellectual phenomena are more astounding than the ignorance of these elementary yet fundamental distinctions and principles (i.e., as to the essence of language) exhibited by conspicuous advocates of the monistic hypothesis. Mr. Darwin, for example, does not exhibit the faintest indication of having grasped them.”

Mr. Darwin, if he has read my lectures, or anything else I have written, might easily have known that that is not the tone in which I write, least of all when speaking of men who have rendered such excellent service to the advancement of science as Mr. Darwin. To me, the few pages devoted to language by Mr. Darwin were full of interest, as showing the conclusions to which that school of philosophy which he so worthily represents is driven with regard to the nature and origin of language. If put into more becoming language, however, I do not think there would be anything offensive in stating that Mr. Darwin, sen., knows the results of the Science of Language at second hand only, and that his opinions on the subject, however interesting as coming from him, cannot be accepted or quoted as authoritative. It has often done infinite mischief when men who have acquired a right to speak with authority on one subject express opinions on other subjects with which they are but slightly acquainted. These opinions, though never intended for that purpose, are sure to be invested by others, particularly by interested persons, with an authority to which in themselves they have no right whatever. It is true it would be difficult to carry on any scientific work, without to some extent recognising the authority of those who have established their claim to a certain amount of infallibility within their own special spheres of study. But when either the Pope expresses an opinion on astronomy, or the Duke of Wellington on a work of art, they certainly ought not to be offended if asked for their reasons, like any other mortal. No linguistic student, if he had ventured to express an opinion on the fertilisation of orchids, differing from that of Mr. Darwin, would feel aggrieved by being told that his opinion, though showing intelligence, did not show that real grasp of the whole bearing of the problem which can be acquired by a life-long devotion only. If the linguistic student, who may be fond of orchids, cared only for a temporary triumph in the eyes of the world, he might easily

find, among the numerous antagonists of Mr. Darwin, one who agreed with himself, and then appeal to him as showing that he, though a mere layman in the Science of Botany, was supported in his opinions by other distinguished botanists. But no real advance in the discovery of truth can ever be achieved by such mere cleverness. How can the soundness and truth of Mr. Darwin's philosophy of language be established by an appeal like that with which Mr. Darwin, jun., opens his defence of his father?—

"Professor Whitney," he says, "is the first philologist of note who has professedly taken on himself to combat the views of Professor Max Müller; and as the opinions of the latter most properly command a vast deal of respect in England, we think it will be good service to direct the attention of English readers to this powerful attack, and, as we think, successful refutation of the somewhat dogmatic views of our Oxford linguist."

First of all, nothing would convey a more erroneous impression than to say that Professor Whitney was the first philologist of note who has combated my views. There is as much combat in the linguistic as in the physical camp, though Mr. Darwin may not be aware of it. Beginning with Professor Pott, I could give a long list of most illustrious scholars in Germany, France, Italy, and surely in England also, who have subjected my views on language to a far more searching criticism than Professor Whitney in America. But even if Professor Whitney were the only philologist who differed from me, or agreed with Mr. Darwin, how would that affect the soundness of Mr. Darwin's theories on language? Suppose I were to quote in return the opinion of M. Renouvier, the distinguished author of *Les Principes de la Nature*, who, in his journal, *La Critique Philosophique*, expresses his conviction that my criticism on Mr. Darwin's philosophy contains not a simple *polémique*, but has the character of a *redressement*; would that satisfy Mr. Darwin? I must confess that I had never before read Professor Whitney's *Lectures on Language*, which were published in America in 1867; and I ought to thank Mr. Darwin for having obliged me to do so now, for I have seldom perused a book with greater interest and pleasure,—I might almost say amusement. It was like walking through old familiar places, like listening to music which one knows one has heard before somewhere, and, for that very reason, enjoys all the more. Not unfrequently I was met by the *ipsissima verba* of my own lectures on the Science of Language, though immediately after they seemed to be changed into an inverted fugue. Often I saw how carefully the same books and pamphlets which I had waded through had been studied; and on almost every page there were the same doubts and difficulties, the same hopes and fears, the same hesitations and misgivings through which I myself well remembered having passed when preparing my two series of *Lectures on Lan-*

guage. Of course, we must not expect in Professor Whitney's Lectures, anything like a systematic or exhaustive treatment. They touch on points which were most likely to interest large audiences at Washington, and other towns in America. They were meant to be popular, and nothing would be more unfair than to blame an author for not giving what he did not mean to give. The only just complaint we have heard made about these Lectures is that they give sometimes too much of what is irreverently called "padding." Professor Whitney had read my own Lectures before writing his; and though he is quite right in saying that the principal facts on which his reasonings are founded have been for some time past the commonplaces of comparative philology, and required no acknowledgment, he makes an honourable exception in my favour, and acknowledges most readily having borrowed here and there an illustration from my Lectures. As to my own views on the Science of Language, I am glad to find that on all really important points, he far more frequently endorses them—nay, corroborates them by new proofs and illustrations—than attempts to refute them; and even in the latter case he generally does so by simply pronouncing his decided preference for one of two opinions, while I had been satisfied with stating what could be said on either side. He might here and there have tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, but I believe there is far more license allowed in America, in the expression of dissent, than in England; and it is both interesting and instructive in the study of Dialectic Growth, to see how words which would be considered offensive in England, have ceased to be so on the other side of the Atlantic, and are admitted into the most respectable of American Reviews.

With regard to the question, for instance, on which so much has lately been written, whether we ought to ascribe to language a natural growth or historical change, I see not one single argument produced on either side of the question in Professor Whitney's Second Lecture, beyond those which I had discussed in my Second Lecture. After stating all that could be said in support of extending the name of history to the gradual development of language, I tried to show that, after all, that name would not be quite accurate.

"The process," I said, "through which language is settled and unsettled combines in one the two opposite elements of necessity and free will. Though the individual seems to be the prime agent in producing new words and new grammatical forms, he is so only after his individuality has been merged in the common action of the family, tribe, or nation to which he belongs. He can do nothing by himself, and the first impulse to a new formation in language, though given by an individual, is mostly, if not always, given without premeditation, nay, unconsciously. The individual, as such, is powerless, and the results, apparently produced by him, depend on laws beyond his control, and on the co-operation of all

those who form together with him one class, one body, one organic whole."—(P. 43.)

After going through the whole argument, I summed up in the end by saying:—

"We cannot be careful enough in the use of our words. Strictly speaking, neither *history* nor *growth* is applicable to the changes of the shifting, surface of the earth. *History* applies to the actions of free agents, *growth* to the natural unfolding of organic beings. We speak, however, of the growth of the crust of the earth, and we know what we mean by it; and it is in this sense, but not in the sense of growth as applied to a tree, that we have a right to speak of the growth of language."

What do we find in Professor Whitney's Second Lecture? He objects *in limine* to comparing the growth of language and the growth of a tree, unless the metaphor is employed for the sake of brevity or liveliness of delineation (p. 35). I said exactly the same:—

"Ever since Horace it has been usual to compare the changes of language with the growth of trees. But comparisons are treacherous things; and though we cannot help using metaphorical expressions, we should always be on our guard," &c.

But immediately after, the wind begins to blow. One sentence is torn out from the context, where I had said:—

"That it is not in the power of man (not men) either to produce or to prevent change in language: that we might think as well of changing the laws which control the circulation of our blood, or of adding an inch to our height, as of altering the laws of speech, or inventing new words, according to our pleasure."

In order to explain what I meant by "*according to our pleasure*," I quoted the well-known anecdotes of the Emperor Tiberius and of the Emperor Sigismund, and I referred to the attempts of Protagoras and other purists as equally futile. Here the Republican indignation of the American writer is roused. He tells me that what I really wanted to say was this:—

"If so high and mighty a personage as an emperor could not do so small a thing as alter the gender and termination of a single word—much less can any one of inferior consideration hope to accomplish such a change. . . ."

He then exclaims:—

"The utter futility of deriving such a doctrine from such a pair of incidents, or a thousand like them, is almost too obvious to be worth the trouble of pointing out. . . . High political station does not confer the right to make or unmake language," &c.

Now every reader, even though looking only at these short extracts, will see that the whole point of my argument is here missed,

though I do not mean to say that it was intentionally missed. The stress was laid by me on the words *according to our pleasure*; and in order to elucidate that point, I first quoted instances taken from those who in other matters have the right of saying *cartel est mon plaisir*, and then from others. I feel a little guilty in not having mentioned the anecdote about *carrosse*; but not being able to verify it, I thought I might leave it to my opponents. However, after having quoted the two Emperors, I quoted a more humble personage, Protagoras, and referred to other attempts at purism in language; but all that is, of course, passed over by my critic as not to the purpose.

Sometimes, amidst all the loud assertion of difference of opinion on Professor Whitney's part, not only the substantial, but the verbal agreement between his and my own Second Lecture is startling. I had said:—"The first impulse to a new formation in language, though given by an individual, is mostly, if not always, given *without premeditation*, nay, *unconsciously*." My antagonist says:—"The work of each individual is done *unpremeditatedly*, or, as it were, *unconsciously*" (p. 45). While I had said that we individually can no more change language, *selon notre plaisir*, than we can add an inch to our stature, Professor Whitney expresses himself as follows:—"They (the facts of language) are almost as little the work of man as is the form of his skull" (p. 52). What is the difference between us? Nor does he use the word growth, as applied to language, less frequently than myself; nay, sometimes so entirely without the necessary limitations, that even I should have shrunk from adopting his phraseology. We read—"In this sense, language is a growth" (p. 46); "a language, like an organic body, is no mere aggregate of similar particles—it is a complex of related and mutually helpful parts" (p. 46); "language is fitly comparable with an organized body" (p. 50); "compared with them, language is a real growth" (p. 51); &c., &c., &c.

In fact, after all has been said by Professor Whitney that had been said before, the only difference that remains is this—that he, after making all these concessions, prefers to class the Science of Language as an historical, not as a physical science. Now, everybody knows that this is a simple matter of terminology. The method of the Science of Language and the physical sciences is admitted, even by him, to be the same (p. 52). Everything therefore depends on the wider or narrower definition which we adopt of physical science. Writing in England, and for English readers, I thought I might adopt Whewell's classification. He classes the Science of Language as one of the palætiological sciences, but makes a distinction between palætiological sciences treating of material things—for instance, geology, and others respecting the products which result from man's imagination and social endowments—for

instance, comparative philology. He still excludes the latter from the circle of the physical sciences, properly so called, but he adds:—

"We have seen that biology leads us to psychology, if we choose to follow the path; and thus the passage from the material to the immaterial has already unfolded itself at one point; and we now perceive that there are several large provinces of speculation which concern subjects belonging to man's immaterial nature, and which are governed by the same laws as sciences altogether physical. It is not our business to dwell on the prospects which our philosophy thus opens to our contemplation; but we may allow ourselves, in this last stage of our pilgrimage among the foundations of the physical sciences, to be cheered and animated by the ray that thus beams upon us, however dimly, from a higher and brighter region."

Considering the high position which Dr. Whewell held among the conflicting parties of philosophic and religious thought in England, we should hardly have expected that the hope which he expressed of a possible transition from the material to immaterial, and the place which he tentatively, and I more decidedly, assigned to the Science of Language, could have roused any orthodox animosities. Yet here is the secret spring of Professor Whitney's efforts to claim for the Science of Language, in spite of his own admissions as a scholar, a place among the moral and historical, as distinct from the physical sciences. The theological bias, long kept back, breaks through at last, and we are treated to the following sermon:—

"There is a school of modern philosophers who are trying to materialize all science, to eliminate the distinction between the physical and the intellectual and moral, to declare for nought the free action of the human will, and to resolve the whole story of the fates of mankind into a series of purely material effects, produced by assignable physical causes, and explainable in the past, or determinable for the future, by an intimate knowledge of those causes, by a recognition of the action of compulsory motives upon the passively obedient nature of man. With such, language will naturally pass, along with the rest, for a physical product, and its study for a physical science; and, however we may dissent from their general classification, we cannot quarrel with its application in the particular instance. But by those who still hold to the grand distinction," &c., &c., &c.

At the end of this arguing *pro* and *con.*, the matter itself remains exactly where it was before. The Science of Language is a physical science, if we extend the meaning of nature so far as to include human nature, in those manifestations at least where the individual does not act freely, but under reciprocal restraint. The Science of Language is an historical, or, as Professor Whitney prefers to call it, a moral science, if we comprehend under history the acts performed by men "unpremeditatedly, or, as it were, unconsciously," and therefore beyond the reach of moral considerations.

I may seem to have entered more fully into this question than

its real importance requires, but I was anxious, before replying to Mr. Darwin's objections, to show to him the general style of argument that pervades Professor Whitney's writings, and the character of the armoury from which he has borrowed his weapons against me. I have not been able to get access to Professor Whitney's last article, and shall therefore confine myself here to those arguments only which Mr. Darwin has adopted as his own, though, even if I had seen the whole of the American article, I should have preferred not to enter into any personal controversy with Professor Whitney. I have expressed my sincere appreciation of the industry and acumen which that scholar displays in his lectures on the Science of Language. There are some portions, particularly those on the Semitic and American languages, where he has left me far behind. There are some illustrations extremely well chosen, and worked out with a touch of poetic genius; there are whole chapters where by keeping more on the surface of his subject, he has succeeded in making it far more attractive and popular than I could have hoped to do. That treatment, however, entails its dangers, unless an author remembers, at every moment, that in addressing a popular audience he is in honour bound to be far more careful than if he writes for his own professional colleagues only. The comparative portion, I mean particularly the Seventh Lecture, is hardly what one would have expected from so experienced a teacher, and it is strange to find (p. 219), the inscription on the Duilian column referred to about B.C. 263, after Ritschl and Mommsen had pointed out its affected archaisms; to see (p. 222) the name Ahura-Mazda rendered by "the mighty spirit;" to meet (p. 258) with "savuanāman," the Sanskrit name for pronoun, translated by "name for everything, universal designation;" to hear the Phœnician alphabet still spoken of as the *ultimate* source of the world's alphabets, etc. Such mistakes, however, can be corrected, but what can never be corrected is the unfortunate tone which Professor Whitney has adopted throughout. His one object seems to be to show to his countrymen that he is the equal of Bopp, Renan, Schleicher, Steinthal, Bleek, and others—ay, their superior. In stating their opinions, in criticizing their work, in suggesting motives, he shrinks from nothing, evidently trusting to the old adage, *semper aliquid hæret*. America has possessed, and still possesses, some excellent scholars, whom every one of these German and French *savants* would be proud to recognize as his peers. Mr. Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language* are a recognized standard work in England; Professor March's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar* has been praised by everybody. Why is there no trace of self-assertion or personal abuse in any of their works? It is curious to observe in Professor Whitney's works, that the less he has thought on

certain subjects, the louder he speaks, and where arguments fail him, *epitheta ornantia*, such as worthless, futile, absurd, ridiculous, superficial, unsound, high-flown, pretentious, disingenuous, false, are poured out in abundance. I believe there is not one of these choice counters with which, at some time or other, he has not presented me, though I am bound to say he has also most freely poured the soothing oil of praise over my bruised head. *Quand on se permet tout, on peut faire quelque chose.* But what has been the result? It has actually become a distinction to belong to the noble army of his martyrs, while, whenever one is praised by him, one feels inclined to say with Phœcion, οὐ δὴ ποὺ τὸ κακὸν λέγων ἑμαυτὸν λήληθα.

What such behaviour may lead to, we have lately seen in an encounter between the same American *savant* and Professor Steinthal, of Berlin.* In his earlier writings Professor Whitney spoke of Professor Steinthal as an eminent master in linguistic science, from whose writings he had derived the greatest instruction and enlightenment. Afterwards the friendly relations between the Harvard and Berlin professors seem to have changed, and at last Professor Steinthal became so exasperated by the misrepresentations and the overbearing tone of the American linguist, that he, in a moment of irritation, forgot himself so far as to retaliate with the same missiles with which he had been assailed. What the missiles used in such encounters are, we may judge from a few specimens given in the *Academy*, August 29, 1874. While dwelling on the system of bold misrepresentation adopted by Professor Whitney, Professor Steinthal calls him—"That vain man who only wants to be named and praised;" "that horrible humbug;" "that scolding flirt;" "that tricky attorney;" "wherever I read him, hollow vanity yawns in my face; arrogant vanity grins at me." Surely, mere words can go no further—we must expect to hear of tomahawk and bowie-knife. Scholars who object to the use of such weapons, whether for offensive or defensive purposes, can do nothing but what I have done—remain silent, select what is good in Professor Whitney's writings, and try to forget the rest.

Surely, students of language, of all people in the world, ought to know what words are made of, and how easy it is to pour out a whole dictionary of abuse without producing the slightest effect. A page of offensive language weighs nothing—it simply shows the gall of bitterness and the weakness of the cause; whereas real learning, real love of truth, real sympathy with our fellow-labourers, manifest themselves in a very different manner. There were philosophers of old who held that words must have been

* *Antikritik, Wie einer den Nagel auf den Kopf trifft*: Berlin, 1874.

produced by nature, not by art, because curses produced such terrible effects. Professor Whitney holds that language was produced δέσσει, not φύσει, and yet he shares the same superstitious faith in words. He bitterly complains that those whom he reviles, do not revile him again. He wonders that no one answers his strictures, and he is gradually becoming convinced that he is unanswerable. Whatever Mr. Darwin, jun., may think of Professor Whitney as an ally, I feel certain that Mr. Darwin, sen., would be the last to approve the spirit of his works, and that a few pages of his controversial writings would make him say—*Non tali auxilio.*

I now proceed to examine some of the extracts which Mr. Darwin, jun., adopts from Professor Whitney's article, and even in them we shall see at once what I may call the spirit of the advocate, though others might call it by another name.

Instead of examining the facts on which my conclusions were founded, or showing, by one or two cases, at least, that I had offended against the strict rules of logic, there appears the following sweeping exordium, which has done service before in many an opening address of the counsel for the defendant:—

"It is never entirely easy to reduce to a skeleton of logical statement a discussion as carried on by Müller, because he is careless of logical sequence and connection, preferring to pour himself out, as it were, over his subject, in a gush of genial assertion and interesting illustration."

Where is the force of such a sentence? It is a mere pouring out of assertions, though without any interesting illustration, and not exactly genial. All we learn from it is, that Professor Whitney does not find it entirely easy to reduce what I have written to a skeleton of logical sequence, but whether the fault is mine or his, remains surely to be proved. There may be a very strong logical backbone in arguments which make the least display of Aldrich, while in others there is a kind of whited and sepulchral logic which seldom augurs well for what is behind and beneath.

There is a very simple rule of logic, sometimes called the Law of Excluded Middle, according to which either a given proposition or its contradictory must be true. By selecting passages somewhat freely from different parts of Professor Whitney's Lectures, nothing would be easier than to show that he has violated again and again that fundamental principle. In his earlier Lectures we are told, that "to ascribe the differences of language and linguistic growth directly to physical causes . . . is wholly meaningless and futile" (p. 152). When we come to the great variety of the American languages, we are told that "their differentiation has been favoured by the influence of the variety of climate and mode of life." On page 40, we read that a great genius "may now and then coin a new word!" On page 123, we are told "it is not true that a genius can impress a marked effect

upon language." On page 177, M. Renan and myself are told that we have committed a serious error in admitting dialects as antecedent feeders of national or classical languages, and that it is hardly worth while to spend any effort in refuting such an opinion. On page 181, we read, "a certain degree of dialectic variety is inseparable from the being of any language," &c., &c., &c.

I should not call this a fair way of dealing with any book, but it may be useful as a recommendation of caution to captious critics.

The pleading is carried on by Mr. Darwin as follows:—

"In taking up the cudgels, Müller is *clearly* impelled by an overmastering fear lest man should lose 'his proud position in the creation' if his animal descent is proved."

I should in nowise be ashamed of the fear thus ascribed to me, but whether it was an overmastering fear, let those judge who have read such passages in my Lectures, as the following:—

"The question is not whether the belief that animals so distant as a man, a monkey, an elephant, and a humming bird, a snake, a frog, and a fish could all have sprung from the same parents is monstrous, but simply and solely whether it is true. If it is true, we shall soon learn to digest it. Appeals to the pride or humility of man, to scientific courage, or religious piety, are all equally out of place."

I am next charged with maintaining the extraordinary position that if an insensible graduation could be established between ape and man, their minds would be *identical*.

Here all depends on what is meant by *mind* and by *identical*. Does Mr. Darwin mean by "mind" something substantial—an agent that deals with the impressions received through the senses, as a builder deals with his bricks? Then, according to his father's view, the one builder may build a mere hovel, the other may erect a cathedral, but through their descent they are substantially the same. Or does he mean by "mind," the mode and manner in which sensations are received and arranged, what one might call, in fact, the law of sensuous gravitation. Then I say again, according to his father's view, that law is substantially the same for animal and man. Nor is this a conclusion derived from Mr. Darwin's premisses against his will. It is the opinion strongly advocated by him. He has collected the most interesting observations on the incipient germs, not only of language, but of æsthetics and ethics, among animals. If Mr. Darwin, jun., holds that the mind of man is not substantially identical with the animal mind, if he admits a break somewhere in the ascending scale from the Protogenes to the first Man, then we should be driven to the old conclusion—viz., that man was formed of the dust of the ground, but that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Does Mr. Darwin, jun., accept this?

Next it is said, that by a similar argument the distinction between black and white, hot and cold, a high and a low note might be eliminated. This sounds no doubt formidable—it almost looks like an argument. But let us not be frightened by words. Black and white are no doubt as different as possible, so are hot and cold, a high and a low note. But what is the difference between a high and a low note? It is simply the smaller or larger number of vibrations in a given time. We can count these vibrations, and we also know that, from time to time, as the velocity of the vibrations increases, our dull senses can distinguish new tones. We have therefore here to deal with differences that used to be called differences of degree, as opposed to differences in kind. What applies to a low and a high note, applies to a low and high degree of heat, and to the various degrees of light which we call by the names of colours. In all these cases, what philosophers call the substance, remains the same, just as, according to evolutionists, the substance of man and animal is the same. Therefore, if man differs from the animal no more than a high note differs from a low, or, *vice versâ*, if a high note differs no more from a low than man differs from an ape, my argument would seem to stand in spite of the shower of words poured over it. I myself referred to the difference between a high and a low note for a totally different purpose, *viz.*, in order to call attention to those strange lines and limits in nature which, in spite of insensible graduation, enable us to distinguish broad degrees of sound which we call keys; broad degrees of light, which we call colours; broad degrees of heat, for which our language has a less perfect nomenclature. These lines and limits have never been explained. Why we should derive pleasure from the exact number of vibrations which yield C, and then have painful sensations till we come to the exact number of vibrations which yield C sharp, remains as yet a mystery. But as showing that nature had drawn these sharp lines across the continuous stream of vibrations, whether of sound or light, seemed to me an important problem, particularly for evolutionist philosophers, who see in nature nothing but “insensible graduation.”

The next charge brought against me is, that I overlook the undoubted and undisputed fact that species do actually vary in nature. This seems to me begging the whole question. I know of individuals only, varying in nature: “species” is a thing of human workmanship, and it depends entirely on the disputed definition of the term, whether species vary or not. In one sense, Mr. Darwin’s book *On the Origin of Species*, may be called an attempt to repeal the term “species,” or, at all events, an attempt at giving a new definition to that word which it never had before. No one appreciates more than I do the service he has rendered in calling forth a new examination of that old and

rusty instrument of thought. Only, do not let us take for granted what has to be proved.

The dust of words grows thicker as we go on, for I am next told that the same line of proof would show "that the stature of a man or boy was identical, because the boy passes through every gradation on attaining the one stature from the other. No one could maintain such a position who grasped the doctrines of continuity and of the differential calculus." It seems to me that even without the help of the differential calculus, we can put a stop to this argument. If a boy arrives by insensible gradation or growth at the stature of man, is the man different from the boy? The stature may be, the colour of his hair may be likewise! but again, what philosophers used to call the substance, or the individuality, or the personality, or what we may call the man, remains the same. If evolutionists really maintain that the difference between man and beast is the same as between a grown-up man and a boy, the whole of my argument is granted, and granted with a completeness which I had no right to expect. Will Mr. Darwin, sen., endorse the concessions thus made by Mr. Darwin, jun.?

In order to show how the simplest matters can be complicated by a free use of scholastic terms, I quote the following sentence, which is meant as an answer to my argument:—

"According to what is called the Darwinian theory, organisms are in fact precisely the result of a multiple integration of a complex function of a very great number of variables; many of such variables being bound together by relationships amongst themselves, an example of one such relationship being afforded by the law, which has been called 'correlation of growth.'"

. Next follows a rocket from Mr. Whitney's armoury:—

"As a linguist," he says, "Professor Müller claims to have found in language an endowment which has no analogies, and no preparations in even the beings nearest to man, and of which, therefore, no process of transmutation could furnish an explanation. Here is the pivot on which his whole argument rests and revolves."

So far, the statement is correct. And what is the reply? No facts again, but simply an assertion that I do not argue the case with moderation and acuteness, on strict scientific grounds, and by scientific methods, in setting up language as the specific difference between man and animals. Many other writers, in fact, have adduced other differences as *the* correct ones.

There is a good deal of purely explosive matter in these vague charges of want of moderation and acuteness. But what is the kernel? I represented language as the specific difference between man and animals, without mentioning other differences which others believe to be specific. It would seem to show moderation rather than the absence of it, if I confined myself to language. to

the study of which I have devoted the whole of my life; and perhaps a certain acuteness in not touching on questions which I do not pretend to have studied, as they ought to be. But there were other reasons, too, which made me look upon language as the specific difference. The so-called specific differences mentioned by others fall into two classes—those that are implied by language, as I defined the word, and those which have been proved untenable by Mr. Darwin and others. Let us read on now, to see what these specific differences are :—

“ Man alone is capable of progressive improvement.”	Partly denied by Mr. Darwin, partly shown to be the result of language, through which each successive generation profits by the experience of its predecessors.
“ He alone makes use of tools or fire.”	The former disproved by Mr. Darwin, the latter true.
“ He alone domesticates other animals.”	Denied, in the case of the ants.
“ He alone possesses property.”	Disproved by every dog-in-the-manger.
“ He alone employs language.”	True.
“ No other animal is self-conscious.”	Either right or wrong, according to the definition of the word.
“ He alone comprehends himself.”	True, implied by language.
“ He alone has the power of abstraction.”	True, implied by language.
“ He alone possesses general ideas.”	True, implied by language.
“ He alone has sense of beauty.”	Disproved by sexual selection.
“ He alone is liable to caprice.”	Disproved by every horse, or monkey, or mule.
“ He alone has the feeling of gratitude.”	Disproved by every dog.
“ He alone has the feeling of mystery.”	<i>Cela me passe.</i>
“ He alone believes in God.”	True.
“ He alone is endowed with a conscience.”	Denied by Mr. Darwin.

Did it show then such want of moderation or acuteness if I confined myself to language, and what is implied by language, as the specific difference between man and beast ?

The next attack is so feeble that I should gladly pass it by, did I not know from past experience that the very opposite motive would be assigned to my doing so. I had stated that if there is a *terra incognita* which excludes all positive knowledge, it is the mind of animals. How, then, I am asked, do you know that no animal possesses the faintest germs of the faculty of abstracting and generalizing, and that animals receive their knowledge through the senses only? I still recollect the time when any philosopher who, even by way of illustration, ventured to appeal to the mind of animals, was simply tabooed, and I thought every student of the history of philosophy would have understood what I meant by saying that the whole subject was transcendent. However, here is my answer:—I hold that animals receive their knowledge through the senses, because I can apply a crucial test, and show that if I shut their eyes, they cannot see. And I hold that they are without the faculty of abstracting and generalizing, because I know of no crucial test to prove that they can abstract and generalize. Those who have read my Lectures, and were able to reduce them to a skeleton of logical statement, might have seen that I had adduced another reason—viz., the fact that general conceptions are impossible without language (using language in the widest sense, so as to include hieroglyphic, numerical, and other signs), and that as no one has yet discovered any outward traces of language among animals, we are justified in not ascribing to them, as yet, the possession of abstract ideas. This seems to me to explain fully “why the same person (viz., my poor self) should be involved in such profound ignorance, and yet have so complete a knowledge of the limits of the animal mind.” If I had said that man has five senses, and no more, would that be wrong? Yet having myself only five senses, I could not possibly prove that other men may not have a sixth sense, or at all events a disposition to develop it. But I am quite willing to carry my agnosticism, with regard to the inner life of animals, still further, and to say again what I wrote in my Lectures (p. 46):—

“I say again and again, that according to the strict rules of positive philosophy, we have no right either to assert or to deny anything with reference to the so-called mind of animals.”

But there is another piece of Chinese artillery brought out by Mr. G. Darwin. As if not trusting it himself, he calls on Mr. Whitney to fire it off—“The minds of our fellow men, too,” we are told, “are a *terra incognita* in exactly the same sense as are those of animals.”

No student of psychology would deny that each individual has immediate knowledge of his own mind only, but even Mr. G. Darwin reminds Mr. Whitney that, after all, with man we have one additional source of evidence—viz., language; nay, he even doubts

whether there may not be others too. If Mr. Darwin, jun., grants that, I willingly grant him that the horse's impression of green—nay, my friend's impression of green—may be totally different from my own, to say nothing of Daltonism, colour-blindness, and all the rest.*

After this, I need hardly dwell on the old attempts at proving, by a number of anecdotes, that animals possess conceptual knowledge. The anecdotes are always amusing, and are sure to meet with a grateful public, but for our purpose they have long been ruled out of court. If Mr. Darwin, jun., should ever pass through Oxford, I promise to show him in my own dog, Waldmann, far more startling instances of sagacity than any he has mentioned, though I am afraid he will be confirmed all the more in his anthropomorphic interpretation of canine intelligence.

Now comes a new appeal *ad populum*. I had ventured to say that in our days nothing was more strongly to be recommended to young and old philosophers than a study of the history of philosophy. There is a continuity, not only in Nature, but also in the progress of the human mind; and to ignore that continuity, to begin always like Thales or Democritus, is like having a special creation every day. Evolutionists seem to imagine that there is evolution for everything, except for evolutionism. What would chemists say, if every young student began again with the theory of a phlogiston, or every geologist with Vulcanism, or every astronomer with the Ptolemaic system. However, I did not go back very far; I only claimed a little consideration for the work done by such giants as Locke, Hume, Berkeley, and Kant. I expressed a hope that certain questions might be considered as closed, or, if they were to be re-opened, that at least the controversy should be taken up where it was left at the end of the last debate. Here, however, I failed to make any impression. My appeal is stigmatized as "an attempt to crush my adversaries by a reference to Kant, Hume, Berkeley, and Locke." And the popular tribune finishes with the following brave words:—"Fortunately we live in an age, which (except for temporary relapses) does not pay any great attention to the pious founders, and which tries to judge for itself."

I never try to crush my adversaries by deputy. Kant, Hume, Berkeley, and Locke may all be antiquated for all I know; but I still hold it would be useful to read them, before we declare too emphatically that we have left them behind.

I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of quoting on this point the wise and weighty words of Huxley:—

"It is much easier to ask such questions than to answer them, especially

* Fiske, *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, Vol. I, p. 17.

if one desires to be on good terms with one's contemporaries; but, if I must give an answer, it is this: The growth of physical science is now so prodigiously rapid, that those who are actively engaged in keeping up with the present, have much ado to find time to look at the past, and even grow into the habit of neglecting it. But, natural as this result may be, it is none the less detrimental. The intellect loses, for there is assuredly no more effectual method of clearing up one's own mind on any subject than by talking it over, so to speak, with men of real power and grasp who have considered it from a totally different point of view. The parallax of time helps us to the true position of a conception, as the parallax of space helps us to that of a star. And the moral nature loses no less. It is well to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present, and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of those mighty men of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war, but who, while they yet lived, won splendid victories over ignorance."

Next follow some extraordinary efforts on Mr. Whitney's part to show that Locke, whose arguments I had simply re-stated, knew very little about human or animal understanding, and then the threadbare argument of the Deaf and Dumb is brushed up once more. Until something new is said on that old subject, I must be allowed to remain myself deaf and dumb.*

Then comes the final and decisive charge. I had said that "if the science of language has proved anything, it has proved that conceptual or discursive thought can be carried on in words only." Here again I had quoted a strong array of authorities—not, indeed, to crush free inquiry, but to direct it to those channels where it had been carried on before. I quoted Locke, I quoted Schelling, Hegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Schopenhauer, and Mansel—philosophers diametrically opposed to each other on many points, yet all agreeing in what seems to many so strange a doctrine, that conceptual thought is impossible without language (comprehending by language hieroglyphic, numerical, and similar symbols). I might have quoted many other thinkers and poets. Professor Huxley seems clearly to have seen the difference between trains of thought and trains of feelings. "Brutes," he says, "though, from the absence of language, they can have no trains of thoughts, but only trains of feelings, yet have a consciousness which, more or less distinctly, foreshadows our own." And who could express the right view of language more beautifully than Jean Paul?—

"Mich dünkt, der Mensch würde sich, so wie das sprachlose Thier, das in der äussern Welt, wie in einem dunkeln, betäubenden Wellen-Meere schwimmt, ebenfalls in dem vollgestirnten Himmel der äussern Anschauung dumpf verlieren, wenn er das verworrene Leuchten nicht durch Sprache in Sternbilder abtheilte, und sich durch diese das Ganze in Theile für das Bewusstsein auflösete."

Having discussed that question very fully in my Lectures, I shall attempt no more at present than to show that the objections

* See Kilian. *Über die Rassenfrage der Semitischen und Arischen Sprachvölker*, 1874.

raised by Mr. Darwin, jun., entirely miss the point. Does he really think that those men could have spent all their lives in considering that question, and never have been struck by the palpable objections raised by him? Let us treat such neighbours, at least like ourselves. I shall, however, do my best to show Mr. Darwin that even I had not been ignorant of these objections. I shall follow him through every point, and, for fear of misrepresenting him, quote his own words:—

“(1.) Concepts may be formed, and yet not put before the consciousness of the conceiver, so that he ‘realises’ what he is doing.”

Does that mean that the conceiver conceives concepts without conceiving them? Then, I ask, whom do these concepts belong to, where are they, and under what conditions are they realized?

“(2.) Complex thoughts are doubtless impossible without symbols, just as are the higher mathematics?”

Are lower mathematics possible without numerical symbols, and where is the line which separates complex from simple thought? Everything would seem to depend on that line which is so often spoken of by our critics. There ought to be something in that line which would at once remove the error committed by Humboldt and others. It would define the limit between inarticulate and articulate thought; it might possibly be the very frontier between the animal and the human mind, and yet that magic line is simply conceived, spoken of freely, but never realized, *i.e.*, never traced with logical precision. Till that is done, that line, though it may exist, is to me as if it did not exist.

“(3.) We know that dogs doubt and hesitate, and finally determine to act without any external determining circumstance.”

How this argument fits in here, is not quite clear to me; but, whatever its drift may be, a perusal of Professor Huxley’s excellent paper, *The Hypothesis that Animals are Automata*, will supply a full answer.

“(4.) Professor Whitney very happily illustrates the independence of thought from language, by calling up our state of mind when casting about, often in the most open manner, for new designations, for new forms of knowledge, or when drawing distinctions, and pointing conclusions, which words are then stretched or narrowed to cover.”

Language with us has become so completely traditional, that we frequently learn words first and their meaning afterwards. The problem of the original relation between concepts and words, however, refers to periods when these words did not yet exist, but had to be framed for the first time. We are speaking of totally different things. But even if we accepted the test from modern languages, does not the very form of the question supply the answer? If we want *new* designations, *new* forms of knowledge,

do we not confess that we have old designations, though imperfect ones; old forms of knowledge which no longer answer our purpose? Our old words, then, become gradually stretched or narrowed, exactly as our knowledge becomes stretched or narrowed, or we at last throw away the old word, and borrow another from our own, or even from a foreign language.

"It is a proof," Mr. Darwin says, "that we realized and conceived the idea of the texture and nature of a musical sound before we had a word for it, that we had to borrow the expressive word '*timbre*' from the French."

But how did we realize and conceive the idea before we had a word for it? Surely, by old words. We called it quality, texture, nature—we knew it as the result of the presence and absence of various harmonics. In German, we stretched an old word, and called it *Farbe*; in English, *timbre* was borrowed from the French, just as we may call a pound *vingt-cinq francs*; but the French themselves got their word by the ordinary process—viz., by stretching the old word, *tympanum*.

"(5.) If Müller had brought before him some wholly new animal he would find that he could shut his eyes, and call up the image of it readily enough without any accompanying name."

All this is far away from the real field of battle. No doubt, if I look at the sun and shut my eyes, the image remains for a time. By imagination I can also recall other sensuous impressions, and, in an attack of fever, I have had sensuous impressions resuscitated without my will. But how does that touch conceptual knowledge? As soon as I want to know what animal it is which I conjure up or imagine to myself, I must either have, for shortness sake, its scientific name, or I must conceive and realize its ears, or its legs, or its tail, or something else, but always something for which there is a name.

I have thus, in spite of the old warning, *Ne Hercules contra duos*, gone through the whole string of charges brought against me by Mr. Darwin and Professor Whitney; and I hope I have shown that I was not unprepared for their combined attack. I take no notice of mere skirmishing with blank cartridge, as when Professor Whitney assures me that I have never fathomed "the theory of the antecedency of the idea to the word in the minds of those who hold that theory." Surely, that is the theory which everybody holds who forms his idea of the origin of language from the manner in which we acquire a traditional language ready made, or, later in life, learn foreign languages. It has been my object to show that our problem is not, how languages are learnt, but how language is developed. We might as well form our ideas of the origin of the alphabet from the manner in which we learn to write, and then smile when we are told that, in writing "F," we still

draw in the two upper strokes, the two horns of the *cerastes*, and that the connecting line in the "H" is the last remnant of the lines dividing the sieve, both hieroglyphics occurring in the name of Chufu or Cheops.

Philosophy is a study as much as philology, and though common mon sense is, no doubt, very valuable within its proper limits, I do not hesitate to say, though I hear already the distant grumbling of *Jupiter tonans*, that it is generally the very opposite of philosophy. One of the most eminent and most learned of living German philosophers—Professor Carriere, of München—says in a very friendly review of Professor Whitney's "Lectures on Language"—

"Philosophical depth and precision in psychological analysis are not his strong points, and in that respect the reader will hardly find anything new in his Lectures."

He goes on to say that—

"The American scholar did not see that language is meant first for forming, afterwards for communicating thought. Wordmaking, he says with great truth, is the first philosophy—the first poetry of mankind. We can have sensations, desires, intentions, but we cannot think, in the proper sense of the word, without language. Every word expresses the general. Mr. Whitney has not understood this, and his calling language a human institution is very shallow."

Against Professor Whitney's view that language is arbitrary and conventional, and against the opposite view that language is instinctive, Professor Carriere quotes the happy expression of M. Renan, "*La liaison du sens et du mot n'est jamais nécessaire, jamais arbitraire, toujours elle est motivée.*" Here the nail is lit on the head. Professor Carriere highly commends Professor Whitney's Lectures, and he does by no means adopt all my own views; but he felt obliged to enter a protest against certain journalistic proceedings which in Germany have attracted general attention.

In conclusion, if I may judge from Professor Whitney's Lectures, unless he has changed very much of late, I doubt whether he would prove a real ally of Mr. Darwin in his views on the origin of language. Towards the end of his article, even Mr. Darwin, jun., becomes suspicious. Professor Whitney, he says, makes a dangerous assertion when he says that we shall never know anything of the transitional forms through which language has passed, and he advises his friend to read a book lately published by Count G. A. de Goddesand Liancourt and F. Pincott, called *Primitive and Universal Laws of Language*, in which he would find much information and enlightenment on the real origin of roots. There is an unintentional irony in that advice which Professor Whitney will not fail to appreciate.

In his Lectures on Language, Professor Whitney protests strongly against Darwinian materialism. But, as he confesses

himself half a convert to the *Bow-wow* and *Pooh-pooh* theories, thus showing how wrong I was in supposing that those theories had no advocates among comparative philologists in the nineteenth century; nay, as now, after he has discovered at last that I am no believer in *Ding-dongism*, he seems inclined to say a kind word for the advocates of that theory—Heyse and Steinthal—who knows whether, after my Lectures on Darwin's *Philosophy of Language*, he may not be converted by Bleek and Haeckel?

All this, no doubt, has its humorous side, but it seems to me that it also has a very serious import. Why is there all this wrangling as to whether man is the descendant of a lower animal or not? Why cannot people examine the question in a temper more consonant with a real love of truth? Why look for artificial barriers between man and beast, if they are not there? Why try to remove real barriers, if they are there? Surely we shall remain what we are, whatever befall. When we throw the question back into a very distant antiquity, all seems to grow confused and out of focus. Yet time and space make little difference in the solution of these problems. Let us see what exists to-day. We see to-day that the lowest of savages—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens, or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower even than animals, possess this one specific characteristic, that if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English baby, while no amount of education will elicit any attempts at language from the highest animals, whether bipeds or quadrupeds. That disposition cannot have been formed by definite nervous structures, congenitally framed, for we are told that both father and mother clucked like hens. This fact, therefore, unless disproved by experiment, remains, whatever the explanation may be.

Let us suppose, then, that myriads of years ago there was, out of myriads of animal beings, one, and one only, which made that step which in the end led to language, while the whole rest of the creation remained behind;—what would follow? That one being then, like the savage baby now, must have possessed something of his own—a germ very imperfect, it may be, yet found nowhere else, and that germ, that capacity, that disposition—call it what you like—is, and always will remain the specific difference of himself and all his descendants. It makes no difference whether we say it came of itself, or it was due to environment, or it was the gift of a Being in whom we live and move. All these are but different expressions for the Unknown. If that germ of the Logos had to pass through thousands of forms, from the Protogenes to Adam, before it was fit to fulfil its purpose, what is that to us? It was there *potentiâ* from the beginning; it mani-

fested itself where it was, in the paulo-future man; it never manifested itself where it was not, in any of the creatures that were animals from the beginning, and remained so to the end.

Surely, even if all scholastic philosophy must now be swept away, if to be able to reduce all the wisdom of the past to a *tabula rasa* is henceforth to be the test of a true philosopher, a few landmarks may still be allowed to remain, and we may venture to quote, for instance, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, without being accused of trying to crush free inquiry by an appeal to authority. Language is something, it pre-supposes something; and that which it pre-supposes, that from which it sprang, whatever its pre-historic, pre-mundane, pre-cosmic state may have been, must have been different from that from which it did not spring. People ask whether that germ of language was "slowly evolved," or "divinely implanted," but if they would but lay a firm grip on their words and thoughts, they would see that these two expressions, which have been made the watchwords of two hostile camps, differ from each other dialectically only.

That there is in us an animal—ay, a bestial nature—has never been denied; to deny it would take away the very foundation of Psychology and Ethics. We cannot be reminded too often that all the materials of our knowledge we share with animals; that, like them, we begin with sensuous impressions, and then, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, proceed to the General, the Ideal, the Eternal. We cannot be reminded too often that in many things we are like the beasts of the field, but that, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, we can rise superior to our bestial self, and strive after what is Unselfish, Good, and God-like. The wing by which we soar above the Sensuous, was called by wise men of old the *Logos*; the wing which lifts us above the Sensual, was called by good men of old the *Daimonion*. Let us take continual care, especially within the precincts of the Temple of Science, lest by abusing the gift of speech or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back, through our own fault, to the dreaded level of the Gorilla.

MAX MÜLLER.



SERMON WRITTEN FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

DECEMBER 21st, 1874,

By J. W. COLENSO, D.D., BISHOP OF NATAL.*

"For I am JEHOVAH, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."—Mal. iii. 6.

“ONE generation passeth away and another generation cometh,” saith the Preacher, “but the earth abideth for ever.” To him it seemed that man’s habitation, with its “everlasting hills,” its deep foundations, was in perfect contrast to his own mutability, to man’s mortal state so full of chances and changes, to his short span of life, when lo! he is gone, and his place on earth knows him no more. He did not dream of the time when this little insect, as it seemed, creeping upon the surface of the great globe, would measure back its past history, and contemplate its substance as being moulded and formed from age to age, as passing from fluid to solid, as crumbling away from above and heaving up from beneath, would be able to say—

“Here rolls the deep where grew the tree.”

But, not to speak of the more gigantic changes in the earth which geological science discloses, how great an alteration does man himself, through his untiring industry, effect upon its surface by his dwelling upon it! If we compare the face of civilized and cultivated lands with that of a wild, though beautiful, desert, it

* “MY DEAR SIR, I send, as you request, the Sermon which I meant to preach at the Abbey, and place it at your disposal if you like to print it.

Yours truly,

The Editor of

“THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.”

J. W. NATAL.”

would seem as if the *earth* were changed and variable, but man ever the same, wherever his power, and industry, and energy, his real being, is developed. Out of the mere animal, as he appears in lower states, comes surely forth at last the ability to change the den in the forest into gorgeous palaces and gardens of Eden.

The individual man, no doubt, is frail and transitory. His time upon earth is short and uncertain. Even while it lasts, who can depend upon the tenure of his powers? Who can build upon the purposes, even the intentions, of so capricious a being, liable to so many influences, wants, passions, and desires? So unreasonable, too, is he, often so inconsistent, that demonstration itself sometimes fails to convince him, and when convinced he is not persuaded. Against stupidity, as one has said, the gods themselves contend in vain. "Put not your trust in princes," truly, "nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them."

Yet, while the individual man is changeful and transitory, while even States, Nations, Churches, grow old, decay, and die, there is permanence somewhere, there is a steady progression in the race. For Humanity is God's child, and reflects more or less the image of its Heavenly Father, the brightness of His invisible glory, not only in its moral qualities, in respect of which it is expressly made after His likeness, but in its steady, continual progress towards that ideal perfection, of which it catches glimpses in its brighter moments, in its unchangeable desires, its unceasing longings after Him who is the source of all life and being, and without whom its deepest yearnings cannot be satisfied. And each one of us has in his heart the Word of God, by which we are begotten to a higher spiritual life—that living Word which abideth for ever. And, while our flesh is grass and fades like the flower of the field, the spirit proves its heavenly birth, its immortality, its sharing in the Divine nature, by its fixed, unwavering love of righteousness, its thirst after truth, its demand for justice, its power of appreciating "whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report," its inmost sense of the beauty of holiness.

For our God and Father is "JEHOVAH"—that is, the Living One, who "changeth not," as even the Hebrew prophet of old could say in the text. And how much more certainly can we say this, who, through that light which the Gospel of Jesus Christ has cast upon the whole of human history, have learned to know Him as the same gracious Friend and Father of all human beings in all ages—"the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!" What a fearful world indeed would this be if He, on whose will all its powers wait, from whom they all proceed, were changeful and capricious! In such a world virtue would be impossible: there would be no knowledge of the eternal laws of God, no love, no hope, no faith such as would carry men on to acts of noble duty. "The pillared

firmament itself would be but rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble."

Consistency in a human character is the very summit and crown of perfection, and perfect consistency is perhaps more than human, while on the other hand no shining qualities, no giant powers, can atone for the want of a certain measure of it. But it is only trust in the Divine consistency, in the unchanging love of God—His love to all His children, not to some only, singled out here and there, with the partiality of a feeble, foolish, earthly parent—that can enable His saints to say with undoubted confidence, "I know in whom I have believed." To doubt the permanence of that love—to doubt the "faithfulness" of our Creator—is the cruellest pang to those who love Him, who desire to trust in Him; the thought, which suggests such a doubt, is the fiercest of the enemy's fiery darts. But it is really only our own changeableness which lays us open to this temptation. Zion saith, "The Lord hath forsaken me and my God hath forgotten me," because Zion knows that her own garments are defiled, that she is unfit for the searching eyes of a Holy God. But, though any of us may in like manner have destroyed ourselves, yet in Him is our help found. He is still the same gracious Being: JEHOVAH, the Living One, He changeth not." He is our Father still, and with a Father's rod will He correct us, if needful—it may be, with severe chastisement in this world or in the next—but He will not utterly cast us off. Let no one, therefore, however self-condemned, think that God has ceased to care for him, has ceased to love him, has ceased to will his salvation, has ceased to call him with voices innumerable, and in a thousand merciful ways, to return and be reconciled and be at peace, and by His own gracious help to purify himself even as He is pure. But for this infinite patience of God, of Him with whom there is "no variableness nor any shadow of turning," which of us indeed would be present in His courts to-day?—infinite patience, unchanging pity, towards the sinner, but unceasing wrath,—a "devouring fire"—ever burning against the evil in which he perseveres, laying up for himself a store of wretchedness in this world or in another.

But those, who indeed believe that the Divine Being is unchangeable, will surely hold that God is still revealing Himself to the hearts and to the intellects of men as He did in the days of old—that He still speaks to them just exactly as He did two or three thousand years ago—that not only may every humble heart that trembles at His word be daily and hourly conscious of a blessed Presence around and within, but He is still pouring out light from above, and especially upon the great men and good of every age, whom He has set to be the guides and teachers of His people. They will

not believe that once, indeed, or in times long gone by, God vouchsafed to dwell with men on earth, but now he is only to be found in ancient writings, or by the use of mysterious signs and symbols. They will not believe that to one favoured nation only the Living God revealed Himself, in order that in each future age of the world to the end of time, a few fortunate souls might be saved, while all others will be left uncared for in that which concerns their highest interests, to live unloved, and die unblest, and be plunged at last into woe unutterable.

No! the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the Father of the spirits of all flesh. His ear is ever open to every child of man, while every human heart, with all its desires and aspirations, its strength and its weakness, is known to Him in whom we all "live, and move, and have our being." He originates and cherishes those aspirations. He knows and compassionates those weaknesses, supporting the latter, feeding the former, with His own Divine life and virtue, by His Spirit which helps our infirmities and "makes intercession for us, according to the will of God, even with groanings that are not uttered,"—with sighs and longings of the human spirit, those secret, silent prayers of the heart, which are heard of none but God. He is "JEHOVAH," the Living One. His true worshipper. His obedient, loving child, neither expects nor desires a miracle to be wrought on his behalf. He submits himself to the laws of the universe. He accepts his Father's workmanship, his Father's laws, as holy, just, and good, even though they may cross the path of his natural wishes, even though they may necessitate on his part loss and suffering. Yet still he prays for grace to do and suffer, according to the will of God, whatever may betide him. He prays, and his Father hears him, and sustains him with inward strength, with that peace which the things of this world, pleasant or painful, can neither give nor take away, with that consolation which the sympathy of the very God who made him alone can give.

Is this nothing? Is prayer nothing, which opens the way for us into this unutterably blessed fellowship? Must we be able, by means of our petitions, to influence the Almighty to stop the storm, the fire, and the pestilence? Must we, in our ignorance, have the affairs of the universe regulated to suit our convenience, or else there is no access for us to the Heart of the universe—to Him from whom all motherly tenderness, as well as all fatherly power and wisdom, all life, all love, proceeds? No! the conviction that every law of our nature, whether physical or intellectual, moral or spiritual, will inevitably take its course—that no prayers nor entreaties of all the human race upon their knees, in sackcloth and ashes, will avail to alter the state of the earth or the atmosphere—to quiet the raging of the elements, or to move them from their

state of seeming repose, or to break asunder the adamantine chain which couples wilful sin with woe—this conviction is not antagonistic to the Christian idea of prayer; it only sweeps away the superstitions which have crept around it, and which attained such giant height in the ages miscalled “ages of faith”—the ages of miracles—that, according to the notions then current, earth was not solid, nor water fluid; gravitation was suspended, fire had no power to burn, when the saints willed or prayed for it otherwise.

Let us be thankful that we do not live in such a world as they imagined, where all would be capricious, uncertain, changeable—where the blessed order which now reigns in each domain of this mighty universe, and with reference to which we know our steps must be guided, would be exchanged for doubt and uncertainty, confusion and chaos. Let us study thankfully our Father's laws in nature, with a view to order our steps accordingly, while yet we dwell in this His world. Let us take submissively the just consequences of our sins, the inevitable penalty of all our wrong-doing and error, which the eternal laws of the moral and spiritual world may inflict upon us. Yet still there will remain for us a sphere in which we live, not by bread, but by His Word—in which we may seek and find Him, if we seek Him with all our heart—in which our prayers, our sad confessions, our penitential thoughts, our earnest desires, will, according to the laws of the spiritual world, assuredly be heard and answered with blessing, with fresh supplies of life and strength, by which we may do God's will more faithfully—of that heart-joy, in the midst of all our chastenings, with which a stranger doth not intermeddle—of that peace which passes all understanding. And so we may reach a station, even in this life, from which we shall look out with longings, that nothing in this earth can satisfy, towards the place and time when, in some way now inscrutable to us, we shall see our Father's face, and His Name shall be in our foreheads, when buried loves shall arise in glory, and all the disappointments of holy yearnings for the welfare, the enlightenment, the salvation of our kind, shall receive a full compensation, and be blissfully reversed.

Most Christians will now admit, with respect to God's ancient people Israel, His earliest witnesses on earth—at least, His most prominent, most outspoken, witnesses—that not for their own sakes did He choose or favour them, nor for the sake of their fathers, but because, in His unsearchable wisdom, it seemed best for all mankind that one nation—that one nation—should be the special depositories of His Word. Thus was He made known as the Patron, the God of nationalities, the author of social and national, as well as domestic, life. Not for their sakes, as they supposed, but for His own Name's sake, and to further this gracious design

of His, did He bear with them all along—chastening them, when needful, or blessing them out of the plenitude of His Divine bounty. As Moral Governor of the world, he announced repeatedly, by the mouth of His servants, who spoke what their hearts recognized rightly as the Word of God, that He would “by no means spare the guilty.” Therefore, any expectations of theirs, that because they were God’s people they would not reap as they had sown, were futile.

Even so with us. Are we Christians not the “people of God” above all others? Though amongst us there are so many divisions, and one section of Christendom is continually anathematizing another—all others—for differences of creed, sometimes merely for differences of form, of Church government or worship, yet surely the disciples of Jesus have, in the teachings and in the life of their Lord, a revelation of God’s Name more full and clear, more human, more divine, than has fallen to the lot of the remainder of the world—a revelation which ought to bind them together as children of one Heavenly Parent, as brethren, sisters, followers of one Master, as taught and guided by one and the self-same Spirit. But whether Christians recognise their relation to each other or not, their religious privileges are exceedingly great; and they are ready enough, indeed, to build upon them, to feel safe and sheltered in the ark of God’s Church, to utter in their own persons the words in which Jehovah’s worshippers of old expressed their trust in Him, or what they conceived to be their claims upon Him.

But is our God and Father, after all, a capricious being, a respecter of persons? Is any superior knowledge we may possess of His Name—that is, of His Nature and Character—a permission for us to break His laws with impunity? Will the destroying angel pass over our consecrated homes because the Name of God, as revealed in Christ, is written upon them, because the signs and symbols of Christian fellowship are there? Surely not, and the very question would seem superfluous, but for a notion which seems to lurk even amongst the most sincere, that the knowledge of God, which we enjoy, is anything but an immense gift, bringing with it an immense responsibility—a notion that He loves *us* better than others, and will deal more tenderly with us on account of our Christian privileges. This notion produces in the Christian Church the same bitter fruits which it did in the Jewish—of Pharisaic pride, contempt of others, indifference to true holiness, neglect of that inward preparation of heart and purity of life which God looks for. Our Lord, indeed, said, “Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” But it is a perversion of the whole spirit of His teaching to take the words “little flock,” as if they excluded the

whole family of man, and expressed the partial tenderness of God towards a few individuals. The whole family of man is but a little flock under His Almighty care; and it is His good pleasure concerning every member of it, that somehow or other, somewhere or other, some time or other, in this world or in the next, they should receive from His hands the kingdom—the empire over nature, over the world and the flesh, and whatever hidden powers of evil may war against them. Rather, let us look on every spiritual privilege, all light, knowledge, or power bestowed on us Christians, as treasures committed to us for the sake of every human being with whom we are brought into connexion, not as marks of distinction, of honour, of special dearness to God. Yet may we take refuge in our Father's love under the heavy burden of these our responsibilities; and, if we earnestly desire it of Him, He will answer our prayer, that they may not have been given to us in vain.

It may seem, indeed, sometimes to us as if almost the whole earth were lying still in darkness and the shadow of death—as if Christianity had failed of its object, and only a very small section of mankind were as yet even called into the Church, or privileged to hear the Gospel of God's Love. But we must reflect that many intermediate states of progress, of dawning enlightenment, may be best for the race—why, we know not, but He who made them knows—that the Holy One, who holds the balances of all the earth in His hands, holds them even—that He looks not to reap where He has not sown, and gathers not where He has not strawed—that in the infinite cycles yet to come there is room for all His great designs to be accomplished. The patience and love of the All-Wise Parent, the Faithful Creator, bears with their perverseness as with our own less pardonable shortcomings. The well-meaning, zealous missionary may exclaim, "They perish! they all perish!" But God has not left them to the mercies of the missionary, nor to be saved or lost eternally, according as the wealthy, luxurious, easy-going Christian spares more or less from his couch or his board. Many irritable persons cannot tolerate the waywardness, the foolishness, of children; but the wise parent looks indulgently upon them, and chooses the right, the best, time for correction, for instruction. Even so the contempt and dislike with which many look upon inferior races, inferior in knowledge and in habits, and not to be raised at once to a higher level by a few clothes and a few months' teaching, has nothing answering to it in the heart of the Father of all, to whom we are all but children, our highest, wisest utterances but as the lisps of the nursery, yet listened to by Him with indulgence and approbation as the promise of future progress.

Those who cherish feelings of contempt and aversion for men of

lower race than themselves, and even carry them out into practice, must assuredly suffer loss in their own souls thereby. The stronger cannot trample on the weaker without being themselves deteriorated morally by so doing. Many there are who consign the whole continent of Africa, and many regions of the earth besides, to temporal perdition in this way, and seem to think themselves exonerated from the exercise of justice and mercy towards all "natives" on this account. At least, though they do not really think this in its full and literal extent, they snatch up the notion to throw at us when we are troublesome about our natives; and we, alas! by living amongst them, and doing what little we could for them, have contracted—yes, really an affection for these black people, for these uncivilized, ignorant, unconverted heathens, which, makes it hard for us to think that there is no chance for them in the long run, no share for them, as well as for us, in the Fatherly mercies of God in the world beyond the grave. Possibly the habits of white people may not always be wholesome and good for blacks. It may be questioned whether these latter are intended to labour so continuously as they are expected to do in the service and for the benefit of the former. It may be a subject well worthy of consideration whether, as the white man, by his vices, too often destroys the native races with whom he comes in contact, there may not be ground for hoping that he, the white man, may himself progress fast and far enough in virtue to allow the children of the sun, in some parts of the torrid zone, to survive his advent among them.

But surely the empire of a nation like ours over so many weaker communities, less intellectual, less advanced morally, than herself, means something more than the amount of property, of material wealth, which she can squeeze out of the subject peoples. We were most of us, I suppose, brought up in the idea that the mission of England was to spread the Gospel to the extremest corners of the earth. But some will say, "Since many current notions have vanished in these days out of our beliefs, why labour and suffer to spread our opinions, our faint hopes rather, among the heathen? Perhaps the religion of each race may suit that race best in their respective places in the moral and intellectual scale, and Christian missions may be quite a mistake." To this it may be replied, that Christian missions, if properly conducted, seem to play a very important part in the civilization of man. How, for instance, is slavery—the slave-trade—to be combated—that great open sore of humanity, as some one calls it—without such teaching as true Christianity affords—not the system contained in creeds and articles, but the moral system derived from a belief in God's Fatherly relation to the spirits of all flesh, which seems to be peculiar to the Gospel of

Christ? The savage races oppress and slay and torture each other even to extirpation: but so do the mere selfish traders or conquerors of the (so called) superior race. It seems, too often, as if mere power governed—not right or righteousness. But, if England or any other powerful nation extended her empire over the earth, to enforce justice, to practise mercy, to show care and pity for the weak and helpless, to redress the wrongs of the down-trodden and oppressed, and to raise the lower races in the scale of humanity, she gives thereby a reason for the existence of her colonial empire, which satisfies the conscience of mankind. At present this ideal is far enough from being realized in the distant outposts of our dominions; and the exertions, which the mother country is making to put down slavery and other barbarous practices, must seem as rank enthusiasm to many mere colonial minds. Nevertheless, it is such acts as these, the fruits of the Spirit of Christ living and working in the heart of our nation, which show that our religion is a reality, and not a mere name, and which help us to believe in the Fatherhood of God, of whose Mighty Love towards the whole human race that feeble love of ours is telling. In the presence of some of the greater sorrows, which from time to time afflict humanity, it is, indeed, very hard to say, “I believe in God the Father of all: I believe that He is Love, and Pity, and Righteousness, as we men understand the words, and that we have all, as children, such claims upon Him as we have always supposed.” But the passionate love of justice and righteousness, which he has planted in the bosom of His children, is a witness for His own gracious character. The fact that *we* should feel distressed, ashamed, humiliated, if we knew that one single act of wrong would be left upon earth unrectified, is a sign that our Father thinks and feels as we do, and that His righteous judgment shall appear in His own due time. “He is JEHOVAH, He changeth not; therefore the sons of men are not consumed.”



“SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.”

III.—THE IGNATIAN EPISTLES.

THE letters bearing the name of Ignatius, with which we are immediately concerned, profess to have been written by the saint as he was passing through Asia Minor on his way to martyrdom. If their representations be true, he was condemned at Antioch, and sent to Rome to suffer death in the amphitheatre by exposure to the wild beasts. The exact year of the martyrdom is uncertain, but the limits of possibility are not very wide. The earlier date assigned is about A.D. 107, and the later about A.D. 116. These letters, with a single exception, are written to different Churches of Asia Minor (including one addressed more especially to Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna). The exceptional letter is sent to the Roman Church, apprising the Christians of the metropolis that his arrival among them may soon be expected, declaring his eagerness for martyrdom, and intreating them not to interpose and rescue him from his fate. His language supposes that there were at this time members of the Roman Church sufficiently influential to obtain either a pardon or a commutation of his sentence. The letters to the Asiatic Churches have a more general reference. They contain exhortations, friendly greetings, warnings against internal divisions and against heretical doctrines. With some of these Churches he had been brought in personal contact; with others he was acquainted only through their delegates.

Of the three forms in which the Ignatian letters have been handed down to us, one may be dismissed from our consideration

at once. The Long Recension, preserved both in the Greek original and in a Latin translation, may be regarded as universally condemned. In the early part of the last century an eccentric critic, whose Arian sympathies it seemed to favour, endeavoured to resuscitate its credit, and one or two others, at long intervals, have followed in his wake; but practically it may be regarded as dead. It abounds in anachronisms of fact or diction; its language diverges widely from the Ignatian quotations in the writers of the first five centuries. Our author places its date in the sixth century, with Ussher; I should myself ascribe it to the latter half of the fourth century. This however is a matter of little consequence. Only, before passing on, I would enter a protest against the argument of our author that, because the Ignatian letters were thus interpolated "in the sixth century," therefore "this very fact increases the probability of much earlier interpolation also."* I am unable to follow this reasoning. I venture to think that we cannot argue back from the sixth, or even the fourth century, to the second; that this later forgery must not be allowed to throw any shadow of suspicion on the earlier Ignatian letters; and that the question of a prior interpolation must be decided by independent evidence.

The two other forms of the Ignatian letters may be described briefly as follows:—

(1). The first comprises the seven letters which Eusebius had before him, and in the same form in which he read them—to the Ephesians, Magnesians, Trallians, Romans, Philadelphians, Smyrnæans, and Polycarp. It is true that other Epistles confessedly spurious are attached to them in the MSS; but these (as will appear presently) do not properly belong to this collection, and were added subsequently. This collection is preserved not only in the original Greek, but also in Latin and Armenian versions. Fragments also are extant of Coptic and Syriac versions, from which last, and not from the original Greek, the Armenian was translated. The discovery of these epistles, first of all by Ussher in the Latin translation, and then by Isaac Voss in the Greek original, about the middle of the seventeenth century, was the death-blow to the Long Recension. Ussher's dissertations had the honour of giving it the happy despatch. It is usual to call this recension, which thus superseded the other, the Short Greek; but this term is for obvious reasons objectionable, and I shall designate these Epistles the *Vossian*.

(2). The second is extant only in a Syriac dress, and contains three of the Epistles alone—to Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and to the Romans—in a still shorter form. These Syriac Epistles were

* S. R., I. p. 263.

discovered among the Nitrian MSS in the British Museum, and published by Cureton in 1845. I shall therefore call these the *Curetonian Epistles*.

Cureton's discovery stirred up the Ignatian dispute anew. It was soon fanned into flames by the controversy between Bunsen and Baur, and is raging still. The two questions are these: (1) Whether the Vossian or the Curetonian Epistles are prior in time; in other words, whether the Vossian Epistles were expanded from the Curetonian by interpolation, or whether the Curetonian were reduced from the Vossian by excision and abridgment; and (2) when this question has been disposed of, whether the prior of these two recensions can be regarded as genuine or not.

The question respecting the Ignatian letters has, from the nature of the case, never been discussed exclusively on its own merits. The pure light of criticism has been crossed by the shadows of controversial prepossession on both sides. From the era of the Reformation onward, the dispute between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism has darkened the investigation; in our own age the controversies respecting the Canon of Scripture and the early history of Christianity have interfered with equally injurious effects. Besides these two main questions which are affected by the Ignatian letters, other subjects indirectly involved have aided the strife and confusion. The antagonism between Papal and Protestant writers materially affected the discussion in the sixteenth century, and the antagonism between Arianism and Catholicity in the eighteenth. But the disturbing influence of these indirect questions, though not inconsiderable at the time, has not been lasting.

In the present paper I shall not attempt to treat of the Ignatian question as a whole. It will simply be my business to analyse the statements and discuss the arguments of the author of *Supernatural Religion* relating to this subject. I propose, when I resume these papers again, to say something of the apostolic Fathers in reference to early Christian belief and to the New Testament Canon; and this cannot be done with any effect until the way has been so far cleared as to indicate the extent to which we can employ the Ignatian letters as valid testimony.

The Ignatian question is the most perplexing which confronts the student of earlier Christian history. The literature is voluminous; the considerations involved are very wide, very varied, and very intricate. A writer therefore may well be pardoned if he betrays a want of familiarity with this subject. But in this case the reader naturally expects that the opinions at which he has arrived will be stated with some diffidence.

The author of *Supernatural Religion* has no hesitation on the subject. "The whole of the Ignatian literature," he writes, "is a

mass of falsification and fraud.”* “It is not possible,” he says, “even if the Epistle [to the Smyrnæans] were genuine, which it is not, to base any such conclusion upon these words.”† And again :—

“We must, however, go much further, and assert that none of the Epistles have any value as evidence for an earlier period than the end of the second, or beginning of the third, century, even if they have any value at all.” ‡

And immediately afterwards :—

“We have just seen that the martyr-journey of Ignatius to Rome is, for cogent reasons, declared to be wholly fabulous, and the Epistles purporting to be written during that journey must be held to be spurious.” §

The reader is naturally led to think that a writer would not use such very decided language unless he had obtained a thorough mastery of his subject; and when he finds the notes thronged with references to the most recondite sources of information, he at once credits the author with an “exhaustive” knowledge of the literature bearing upon it. It becomes important therefore to inquire whether the writer shows that accurate acquaintance with the subject, which justifies us in attaching weight to his dicta, as distinguished from his arguments.

I will take first of all a passage which sweeps the field of the Ignatian controversy, and therefore will serve well as a test. The author writes as follows :—

“The strongest internal, as well as other evidence, into which space forbids our going in detail, has led the majority of critics to recognize the Syriac Version as the most genuine form of the letters of Ignatius extant, and this is admitted by most of those who nevertheless deny the authenticity of any of the Epistles.” ||

No statement could be more erroneous, as a summary of the results of the Ignatian controversy since the publication of the Syriac Epistles, than this. Those who maintain the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles, in one or other of the two forms, may be said to be almost evenly divided on this question of priority. While Cureton and Bunsen and Ritschl and Ewald and Weiss accept the Curetonian letters, Uhlhorn and Denzinger and Petermann and Hefele and Jacobson and Zahn still adhere to the Vossian. But this is a trifling error compared with what follows. The misstatement in the last clause of the sentence will, I venture to think, surprise anyone who is at all familiar with the literature of the Ignatian controversy. Those, who “deny the authenticity of any of the Epistles,” almost universally maintain the priority of the Vossian Epistles, and regard the Curetonian as later excerpts.

* P. 269.

† P. 270.

‡ P. 274.

§ P. 274.

|| P. 263, seq.

This is the case, for instance, with Baur* and Zeller† and Hilgenfeld‡ and Merx§ and Scholten||. It was reserved for a critic like Volkmar¶ to entertain a different opinion; but, so far as I have observed, he stands alone among those who have paid any real attention to the Ignatian question. Indeed, it will be apparent that this position was forced upon critics of the negative school. If the Ignatian letters, in either form, are allowed to be genuine, the Tübingen views of early Christian history fall to the ground. It was therefore a matter of life and death to this school to condemn them wholly. Now the seven Vossian Epistles are clearly very early;** and, if the Curetonian should be accepted as the progenitors of the Vossian, the date is pushed so far back that no sufficient ground remains for denying their genuineness. Hence, when Bunsen forced the question on the notice of his countrymen by advocating the Curetonian letters as the original work of Ignatius, Baur instinctively felt the gravity of the occasion, and at once took up the gauntlet. He condemned the Curetonian Epistles as mere excerpts from the Vossian; and in this he has been followed almost without exception by those who advocate his views of early Christian history. The case of Lipsius is especially instructive, as illustrating this point. Having at one time maintained the priority and genuineness of the Curetonian letters, he has lately, if I rightly understand him, retracted his former opinion on both questions alike.††

But how has our author ventured to make this broad statement, when his own notes elsewhere contain references to nearly all the writers whom I have named as belonging to this last category, and even to the very passages in which they express the opposite opinion? To throw some light on this point, I will analyse the author's general statement of the course of opinion on this subject given in an earlier passage. He writes as follows:—

"These three Syriac Epistles have been subjected to the severest scrutiny, and many of the ablest critics have pronounced them to be the only authentic Epistles of Ignatius, whilst others, who do not admit that even these are genuine letters emanating from Ignatius, still prefer them to the version of seven Greek Epistles, and consider them the most ancient form of the letters which we possess.¹ As early as the sixteenth century however, the strongest doubts were expressed regarding the authenticity of

* *Die Ignatianischen Briefe, &c., Eine Streitschrift gegen Herrn Bunsen*, Tübingen, 1848.

† *Apostelgeschichte*, p. 51. He declares himself "ganz einverstanden" with Baur's view.

‡ *Apostol. Väter*, p. 189; *Zeitschrift* (1874), p. 96 seq.

§ *Meletemata Ignatiana* (1861).

|| *Die ält. Zeugn.* p. 50.

¶ *Evangelien* (1870), p. 636.

** Volkmar himself, in the passage to which the last note refers, supposes that the seven Epistles date about A.D. 170.

†† For the earlier opinion of Lipsius, see *Aechtheit d. Syr. Recens. d. Ign. Briefe*, p. 159; for his later opinion, *Hilgenfeld's Zeitschrift* (1874), p. 211 seq.

any of the Epistles ascribed to Ignatius. The Magdeburg Centuriators first attacked them, and Calvin declared [p. 260] them to be spurious,¹ an opinion fully shared by Chemnitz, Dallæus, and others, and similar doubts, more or less definite, were expressed throughout the seventeenth century,² and onward to comparatively recent times,³ although the means of forming a judgment were not then so complete as now. That the Epistles were interpolated there was no doubt. Fuller examination and more comprehensive knowledge of the subject have confirmed earlier doubts, and a large mass of critics recognize that the authenticity of none of these Epistles can be established, and that they can only be considered later and spurious compositions."⁴

The first note ⁽¹⁾ on p. 259 is as follows:—

"Bunsen, Ignatius v. Ant. u. s. Zeit, 1847; Die drei ächt. u. d. vier unächt. Br. des Ignat., 1847; Bleek, Einl. N. T., p. 145; Böhringer, K. G. in Biograph., 2 Aufl., p. 16; Cureton, The Ancient Syriac Version of Eps. of St. Ignatius, &c., 1845; Vindiciæ Ignat., 1846, Corpus Ignatianum, 1849; Ewald, Gesch. d. V. Isr., vii. p. 313; Lipsius, Aechtheit d. Syr. Recens. Ign. Br. in Illgen's Zeitschr. f. hist. Theol., 1856, H. i., 1857, Abhandl. d. deutsche-morgenl. Gesellschaft, i. 5, 1859, p. 7; Milman, Hist. of Chr., ii. p. 102; Ritschl, Entst. altk. Kirche, p. 403, anm.; Weiss, Reuter's Repertorium, Sept. 1852." [The rest of the note touches another point, and need not be quoted.]

These references, it will be observed, are given to illustrate more immediately, though perhaps not solely, the statement that writers "who do not admit that even these [the Curetonian Epistles] are genuine letters emanating from Ignatius, still prefer them to the version of seven Greek Epistles, and consider them the most ancient form of the letters which we possess." The reader therefore will hardly be prepared to hear that not one of these nine writers condemns the Ignatian letters as spurious. Bleek * alone leaves the matter in some uncertainty, while inclining to Bunsen's view; the other eight distinctly maintain the genuineness of the Curetonian letters.†

As regards the names which follow in the text, it must be remembered that the Magdeburg Centuriators and Calvin wrote long before the discovery of the Vossian letters. The Ignatian Epistles therefore were weighted with all the anachronisms and impossibilities which condemn the Long Recension in the judgment of modern critics of all schools. The criticisms of Calvin more especially refer chiefly to those passages which are found in the Long Recension alone. The clause which follow contains a direct misstatement. Chemnitz did not fully share the opinion that they were spurious; on the contrary he quotes them several times as authoritative; but he says that they "seem to have been altered in many places to strengthen the position of the Papal power, &c."‡

* P. 142 (Ed. 1862).

† The references in the case of Lipsius are to his earlier works, where he still maintains the priority and genuineness of the Curetonian letters.

‡ See Pearson's *Vindiciæ Ignatiæ*, p. 28 (Ed. Churton).

The note⁽³⁾ on p. 260, runs as follows:—

“By Bochartus, Aubertin, Blondel, Basnage, Casaubon, Cocus, Humfrey, Rivetus, Salmasius, Socinus (Faustus), Parker, Petau, &c., &c.; cf. Jacobson, *Patr. Apost.*, i. p. xxv.; Cureton, *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*, 1846, appendix.”

Here neither alphabetical nor chronological order is observed. Nor is it easy to see why an Englishman R. Cook, Vicar of Leeds, should be Cocus, while a foreigner, Petavius, is Petau. These however are small matters. It is of more consequence to observe that the author has here mixed up together writers who lived before and after the discovery of the Vossian Epistles, though this is the really critical epoch in the history of the Ignatian controversy. But the most important point of all is the purpose for which they are quoted. “Similar doubts” could only, I think, be interpreted from the context as doubts “regarding the authenticity of any of the Epistles ascribed to Ignatius.” The facts however are these.* Bochart condemns the Ignatian Epistle to the Romans on account of the mention of “leopards,” of which I shall speak hereafter, but says nothing about the rest, though probably he would have condemned them also. Aubertin, Blondel, Basnage, R. Parker, and Saumaise, reject all. Humfrey (1584) considers that they have been interpolated and mutilated, but he believes them genuine in the main. Cook (1614) pronounces them “either suppositious or shamefully corrupted.” F. Socinus (A.D. 1624) denounces corruptions and anachronisms, but so far as I can see, does not question a nucleus of genuine matter. Casaubon (A.D. 1615), so far from rejecting them altogether, promises to defend the antiquity of some of the Epistles with new arguments. Rivet explains that Calvin’s objections apply not to Ignatius himself but to the corruptors of Ignatius, and himself accepts the Vossian Epistles as genuine. Petau, before the discovery of the Vossian letters, had expressed the opinion that there were interpolations in the then known Epistles, and afterwards on reading the Vossian letters, declared it to be a *prudens et justa suspicio* that these are the genuine work of Ignatius.

The next note⁽³⁾ p. 260, is as follows:—

[Wotton, *Præf. Clem. R. Epp.*, 1718]; J. Owen, *Enquiry into original nature, &c.*, *Evang. Church: Works*; ed. Russel, 1826, vol. xx. p. 147; Oudin, *Comm. de Script. Eccles.*, &c., 1722, p. 88; Lampe, *Comm. analyt. ex Evang. Joan.*, 1724, i. p. 184; Lardner, *Credibility, &c.*, *Works*, ii. p. 68 f.; Beausobre, *Hist. Crit. de Manichée, &c.*, 1734, i. p. 378, note 3; Ernesti, *N. Theol. Biblioth.*, 1761, ii. p. 489; [Mosheim, *de Rebus Christ.* p. 159 f.]; Weismann, *Introd. in Memorab. Eccles.*, 1745, p. 137; Heu-

* The reader will find the opinions of these writers given in Jacobson’s *Patres Apostolici*, i. p. xxvii; or more fully in Pearson’s *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*, p. 27 seq., from whom Russel’s excerpts, reprinted by Jacobson, are taken.

mann, *Conspect. Reipub. Lit.*, 1763, p. 492; *Schræckh*, *Chr. Kirchengesch.*, 1775, ii. p. 341; *Griesbach*, *Opuscula Academ.*, 1824, i. p. 26; *Rosenmüller*, *Hist. Interpr. Libr. Sacr. in Eccles.*, 1795, i. p. 116; *Semler*, *Paraphr. in Epist. ii. Petri*, 1784, *Præf.*; *Kestner*, *Comm. de Eusebii H. E. condit.*, 1816, p. 63; *Henke*, *Allg. Gesch. chr. Kirche*, 1818, i. p. 96; *Neander*, *K. G.*, 1843, ii. p. 1140, [cf. i. p. 357, *anm.* 1]; *Baumgarten-Crusius*, *Lehrb. chr. Dogmengesch.*, 1832, p. 83, cf. *Comp. chr. Dogmengesch.*, 1840, p. 79; [*Niedner*, *Gesch. chr. K.*, p. 196; *Thiersch*, *Die K. im ap. Zeit.*, p. 322; *Hagenbach*, *K. G.*, i. p. 115 f.]; cf. *Cureton*, *Vind. Igr. append.*; *Ziegler*, *Versuch ein. prag. Gesch. d. kirchl. Verfassungsformen*, u. s. w., 1798, p. 16; *J. E. C. Schmidt*, *Versuch üb. d. gedopp. Recens. d. Br. S. Ignat. in Henke's Mag. f. Rel. Phil.*, u. s. w., [1795; cf. *Biblioth. f. Krit.*, u. s. w., *N. T.*, i. p. 463 ff., *Urspr. kath. Kirche*, II. i. p. 1 f.]; *H'buch Chr. K. G.*, i. p. 200.

The brackets are not the author's, but my own.

This is doubtless one of those exhibitions of learning which have made such a deep impression on the reviewers. Certainly, as it stands, this note suggests a thorough acquaintance with all the by-paths of the Ignatian literature, and seems to represent the gleanings of many years' reading. It is important to observe however, that every one of these references, except those which I have included in brackets, is given in the appendix to *Cureton's Vindiciæ Ignatiæ*, where the passages are quoted in full. Thus two-thirds of this elaborate note might have been compiled in ten minutes. Our author has here and there transposed the order of the quotations, and confused it by so doing, for it is chronological in *Cureton*. But what purpose was served by thus importing into his notes a mass of borrowed and unsorted references? And, if he thought fit to do so, why was the key-reference to *Cureton* buried among the rest, so that it stands in immediate connection with some additional references on which it has no bearing?

Moreover, several of the writers mentioned in this note express opinions directly opposed to that for which they are quoted. *Wotton*, for instance,* defends the genuineness of the *Vossian Epistles* very decidedly, and at some length, against *Whiston* whose Arianism led him to prefer the *Long Recension*. *Weismann* declares that "the authenticity and genuineness of the *Epistles* have been demonstrated clearly and solidly" by *Pearson* and others, so that no valid objections remain affecting the main question. *Thiersch* again, who wrote after the publication of *Cureton's* work, uses the three *Syriac Epistles* as genuine, his only doubt being whether he ought not to accept the *Vossian Epistles* and to regard the *Curetonian* as excerpts. Of the rest a considerable number, as for instance, *Lardner*, *Beausobre*, *Schroeckh*, *Griesbach*, *Kestner*, *Neander*, and *Baumgarten-Crusius*, with

* See *Jacobson, Patres Apostolici*, L p. xlvii., where the passage is given.

different degrees of certainty or uncertainty, pronounce themselves in favour of a genuine nucleus.

The next note⁽⁴⁾, which I need not quote in full, is almost as unfortunate. References to twenty authorities are there given, as belonging to the "large mass of critics" who recognize that the Ignatian Epistles "can only be considered later and spurious compositions." Of these Bleek (already cited in a previous note) expresses no definite opinion. Gfrörer declares that the substratum (*Grundlage*) of the seven Epistles is genuine, though "it appears as if later hands had introduced interpolations into both recensions" (he is speaking of the Long Recension and the Vossian). Harless avows that he must "decidedly reject with the most considerable critics of older and more recent times" the opinion maintained by certain persons that the Epistles are "altogether spurious," and proceeds to treat a passage as genuine because it stands in the Vossian letters as well as in the Long Recension.* Schliemann also says that "the external testimonies oblige him to recognize a genuine substratum," though he is not satisfied with either existing recension. All these critics, it should be observed, wrote before the discovery of the Curetonian letters. Of the others, Hase commits himself to no opinion; and Lechler, while stating that the seven Epistles left on his mind an impression unfavourable to their genuineness, and inclining to Baur's view that the Curetonian letters are excerpts from the others, nevertheless adds, that he cannot boast of having arrived at a decided conviction of the spuriousness of the Ignatian letters. One or two of the remaining references in this note I have been unable to verify; but, judging from the names, I should expect that the rest would be found good for the purpose for which they are quoted by our author.

I am sorry to have delayed my readers with an investigation which—if I may venture to adopt a phrase, for which I am not myself responsible—"scarcely rises above the correction of an exercise."† But these notes form a very appreciable and imposing part of the work, and their effect on its reception has been far from inconsiderable, as the language of the reviewers will show. It was therefore important to take a sample and test its value. I trust that I may be spared the necessity of a future investigation of the same kind. If it has wearied my readers, it has necessarily been tenfold more irksome to myself. Ordinary errors, such as must occur in any writer, might well have been passed over; but the character of the notes in *Supernatural Religion* is quite unique, so far as my experience goes, in works of any critical pretensions.

* P. xxxiv (Reprint of 1858).

† *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1875, p. 3.

In the remainder of the discussion our author seems to depend almost entirely on Cureton's preface to his *Ancient Syriac Version*, to which indeed he makes due acknowledgment from time to time. Notwithstanding the references to other later writers which crowd the notes already mentioned, they appear (with the single exception of Volkmar) to have exercised no influence on his discussion of the main question. One highly important omission is significant. There is no mention, from first to last, of the Armenian version. Now it happens that this version (so far as regards the documentary evidence) has been felt to be the key to the position, and around it the battle has raged fiercely since its publication. One who (like our author) maintains the priority of the Curetonian letters, was especially bound to give it some consideration, for it furnishes the most formidable argument to his opponents. This version was given to the world by Petermann in 1849, the same year in which Cureton's later work, the *Corpus Ignatianum*, appeared, and therefore was unknown to him.* Its bearing occupies a more or less prominent place in all, or nearly all, the writers who have specially discussed the Ignatian question during the last quarter of a century. This is true of Lipsius and Weiss and Hilgenfeld and Uhlhorn, whom he cites, not less than of Merx and Denzinger and Zahn, whom he neglects to cite. The facts established by Petermann and others are these:—(1). This Armenian version, which contains the seven Vossian Epistles together with other confessedly spurious letters, was translated from a previous Syriac version. Indeed fragments of this version were published by Cureton himself, as a sort of appendix to the Curetonian letters, in the *Corpus Ignatianum*, though he failed to see their significance. (2). This Syriac version conformed so closely to the Syriac of the Curetonian letters that they cannot have been independent. Either therefore the Curetonian letters were excerpts from this complete version, or this version was founded upon and enlarged from the pre-existing Curetonian letters by translating and adding the supplementary letters and parts of letters from the Greek. The former may be the right solution, but the latter is *a priori* more probable; and therefore a discussion which, while assuming the priority of the Curetonian letters, ignores this version altogether, has omitted a vital problem of which it was bound to give an account.

I have no wish to depreciate the labours of Cureton. Whether his own view be ultimately adopted as correct or not, he has rendered inestimable service to the Ignatian literature. But our author has followed him in his most untenable positions, which

* He mentions an earlier edition of this Version printed at Constantinople in 1788, but had not seen it; *Corp. Ign.* p. xvi.

those who have since studied the subject, whether agreeing with Cureton on the main question or not, have been obliged to abandon. Thus he writes:—

“Seven Epistles have been selected out of fifteen extant all equally purporting to be by Ignatius, simply because only that number were mentioned by Eusebius.”^{*}

And again:—

“It is a total mistake to suppose that the seven Epistles mentioned by Eusebius have been transmitted to us in any special way. These Epistles are mixed up in the Medicean and corresponding ancient Latin MSS with the other eight Epistles, universally pronounced to be spurious, without distinction of any kind, and all have equal honour.”†

with more to the same effect.

This attempt to confound the seven Epistles mentioned by Eusebius with the other confessedly spurious Epistles, as if they presented themselves to us with the same credentials, ignores all the important facts bearing on the question. (1). Theodoret, a century after Eusebius, betrays no knowledge of any other Epistles, and there is no distinct trace of the use of the confessedly spurious Epistles till late in the sixth century at the earliest. (2). The confessedly spurious Epistles differ widely in style from the seven Epistles, and betray the same hand which interpolated the seven Epistles. In other words, they clearly formed part of the Long Recension in the first instance. (3). They abound in anachronisms which point to an age later than Eusebius, as the date of their composition. (4). It is not strictly true that the seven Epistles are mixed up with the confessedly spurious Epistles. In the Greek and Latin MSS, as also in the Armenian version, the spurious Epistles come after the others;‡ and this circumstance, combined with the facts already mentioned, plainly shows that they were a later addition, borrowed from the Long Recension to complete the body of Ignatian letters.

Indeed our author seems hardly able to touch this question at any point without being betrayed into some statement which is either erroneous or misleading. Thus, summing up the external evidence, he writes:—

“It is a fact, therefore, that up to the second half of the fourth century no quotation ascribed to Ignatius, except one by Eusebius, exists, which is not found in the three short Syriac letters.”§

* P. 264.

† P. 265.

‡ The Roman Epistle indeed has been separated from its companions, and is embedded in the Martyrology which stands at the end of this collection in the Latin Version, where doubtless it stood also in the Greek, before the MS of this latter was mutilated. Otherwise the Vossian Epistles come together, and are followed by the confessedly spurious Epistles in the Greek and Latin MSS. In the Armenian all the Vossian Epistles are together, and the confessedly spurious Epistles follow. See Zahn, *Ignatius von Antiochien*, p. 111.

§ P. 262.

In this short statement three corrections are necessary. (1). Our author has altogether overlooked one quotation in Eusebius from Ephes. 19, because it happens not to be in the Ecclesiastical History, though it is given in Cureton's *Corpus Ignatianum*.* (2). Of the two quotations in the Ecclesiastical History, the one which he here reckons as found in the Syriac Epistles is not found in those Epistles in the form in which Eusebius quotes it. The quotation in Eusebius contains several words which appear in the Vossian Epistles, but not in the Curetonian; and as the absence of these words produces one of those abruptnesses which are characteristic of the Curetonian letters, the fact is really important for the question under discussion.† (3). Though Eusebius only directly quotes two passages in his Ecclesiastical History, yet he gives a number of particulars respecting the places of writing, the persons named, &c., which are more valuable for purposes of identification than many quotations.

Our author's misstatement however does not in this instance affect the main question under discussion. The fact remains true, when all these corrections are made, that the quotations in the second and third centuries are confined to passages which occur both in the Curetonian and in the Vossian Epistles, and therefore afford no indication in favour of either recension as against the other. The testimony of Eusebius in the fourth century first differentiates them.

Hitherto our author has not adduced any arguments which affect the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles as a whole. His reasons, even on his own showing, are valid only so far as to give a preference to the Curetonian letters as against the Vossian. When therefore he declares the whole of the Ignatian literature to be "a mass of falsification and fraud,"‡ we are naturally led to inquire into the grounds on which he makes this very confident and sweeping assertion. These grounds we find to be twofold.

(1). In the first place he conceives the incidents, as represented in the Epistles, to be altogether incredible. Thus he says:§—

"The writer describes the circumstances of his journey as follows:— 'From Syria even unto Rome I fight with wild beasts, by sea and by land, by night and day; being bound amongst ten leopards, which are the band of soldiers: who even when good is done to them render evil.'¹ Now if this account be in the least degree true, how is it possible to suppose that the martyr could have found means to write so many long epistles, entering minutely into dogmatic teaching, and expressing the most deliberate and advanced views regarding ecclesiastical government?"

* P. 164.

† Rom. 5, where the words *ἐγὼ γινώσκω νῦν ἔρχομαι μαθητῆς εἶναι* are found in Eusebius as in the Vossian Epistles, but are wanting in the Curetonian. There are other smaller differences.

‡ P. 269.

§ P. 267.

And again :—

"It is impossible to suppose that soldiers such as the quotation above describes would allow a prisoner, condemned to wild beasts for professing Christianity, deliberately to write long epistles at every stage of his journey, promulgating the very doctrines for which he was condemned. And not only this, but on his way to martyrdom, he has, according to the epistles, perfect freedom to see his friends. He receives the bishops, deacons, and members of various Christian communities, who come with greetings to him, and devoted followers accompany him on his journey. All this without hindrance from the 'ten leopards,' of whose cruelty he complains, and without persecution or harm to those who so openly declare themselves his friends and fellow-believers. The whole story is absolutely incredible."

To this objection, plausible as it may appear at first sight, a complete answer is afforded by what is known of Roman procedure in other cases.* As a matter of fact, Christian prisoners during the early centuries were not uncommonly treated by the authorities with this same laxity and indulgence which is here accorded to Ignatius. An excited populace or a stern magistrate might insist on the condemnation of a Christian; a victim must be sacrificed to the wrath of the gods, or to the majesty of the law; a human life must be "butcher'd to make a Roman holiday;" but the treatment of the prisoners meanwhile, even after condemnation, was, except in rare instances, the reverse of harsh. St. Paul himself preaches the Gospel apparently with almost as much effect through the long years of his imprisonment as when he was at large. During his voyage he moves about like the rest of his fellow-travellers; when he arrives at Rome, he is still treated with great consideration. He writes letters freely, receives visits from his friends, communicates with churches and individuals as he desires, though the chain is on his wrist and the soldier at his side all the while. Even at a much later date, when the growth of the Christian Church may have created an alarm among statesmen and magistrates which certainly cannot have existed in the age of Ignatius, we see the same leniency of treatment, and (what is more important) the same opportunities of disseminating their opinions accorded to the prisoners. Thus Saturus and Perpetua, the African martyrs, who suffered under Severus† (apparently in the year 202 or 203), are allowed writing materials, with which they record the extant history of their sufferings; and they too are visited in prison by Christian deacons, as well as by their own friends. They

* This objection is well discussed by Zahn, *Ignatius von Antiochien*, p. 278, seq. (1873), where our author's arguments are answered by anticipation substantially as I have answered them in the text. I venture to call attention to this work (which does not appear yet to have attracted the notice of English writers) as the most important contribution to the Ignatian literature which has appeared since Cureton's publications introduced a new era in the controversy. Zahn defends the genuineness of the Vossian Epistles.

† Ruinart *Acta Martyrum Sincera* p. 134 seq. (Ratisbon, 1859.)

owed this liberty partly to the humanity of the chief officers; partly to gratuities bestowed by their friends on the gaolers.* Even after the lapse of another half-century, when Decius seriously contemplated the extermination of Christianity, we are surprised to find the amount of communication still kept up with the prisoners in their dungeons. The Cyprianic correspondence reveals to us the confessors and martyrs writing letters to their friends, visited by large numbers of people, even receiving the rites of the Church in their prisons at the hands of Christian priests.

But the most powerful testimony is derived from the representations of a heathen writer. The Christian career of Peregrinus must have fallen within the reign of Antoninus Pius (A.D. 138—161). Thus it is not very far removed, in point of time, from the age of Ignatius. This Peregrinus is represented by Lucian, writing immediately after his death (A.D. 165), as being incarcerated for his profession of Christianity, and the satirist thus describes the prison scene:†—

“When he was imprisoned, the Christians, regarding it as a great calamity, left no stone unturned in the attempt to rescue him. Then, when they found this impossible, they looked after his wants in every other respect with unremitting zeal (οὐ παρέργως ἀλλὰ ξὺν σπουδῇ). And from early dawn old women, widows, and orphan children, might be seen waiting about the doors of the prison; while their officers (οἱ ἐν τέλει αὐτῶν) succeeded, by bribing the keepers, in passing the night inside with him. Then various meals were brought in, and religious discourses were held between them, and this excellent Peregrinus (for he still bore this name) was entitled a new Socrates by them. Moreover, there came from certain cities in Asia deputies sent by the Christian communities to assist and advise and console the man. Indeed they show incredible despatch, when any matter of the kind is undertaken as a public concern; for, in short, they spare nothing. And so large sums of money came to Peregrinus at that time from them, on the plea of his fetters, and he made no inconsiderable revenue out of it.”

The singular correspondence in this narrative with the account of Ignatius, combined with some striking coincidences of expression,‡ have led to the opinion that Lucian was acquainted with the Ignatian history, if not with the Ignatian letters. For this

* P. 141. “*Præpositus carceris, qui nos magni facere cœpit . . . multos fratres ad nos admittebat, ut et nos et illi invicem refrigeraremus*,” p. 144. “*Tribunus . . . jussit illos humanius haberi, ut fratribus ejus et ceteris facultas fieret introeundi et refrigerandi cum ois*.” † *De Morte Peregr.* 12

‡ See Zahn, *Ignatius*, p. 527. Lucian says of Peregrinus (now no longer a Christian, but a Cynic), c. 41, *φασὶ δὲ πάσαι σχεδὸν ταῖς ἐνδόξοις πόλεσιν ἐπιστολάς διαπέμψαι αὐτὸν, διαθήκας τινὰς καὶ παραινέσεις καὶ νόμους· καὶ τινὰς ἐπὶ τοῦτῃ πρεσβευτὰς τῶν ἐταίρων ἐχειροτόνησε νεκραγγέλλους καὶ νερτεροδρόμους προσαγορεύσας*. This description exactly corresponds to the letters and delegates of Ignatius. See especially *Pol.* 7, *χειροτονῆσαι τινα . . . ὅς δυνήσεται θεοδρόμος καλεῖσθαι*. The Christian bystanders reported that a dove had been seen to issue from the body of Polycarp when he was martyred at the stake (*Martyr. Polyc.* c. 16). Similarly Lucian represents himself as spreading a report, which was taken up and believed by the Cynic's disciples, that a vulture was seen to rise from the pyre of Peregrinus when he consigned himself to a voluntary death by burning. It would seem that the satirist here is laughing at the credulity of these simple Christians, with whose history he appears to have had at least a superficial acquaintance.

view there is much to be said; and, if it be true, the bearing of the fact on the genuineness of the Ignatian literature is important, since Lucian was born in Syria somewhere about A.D. 120, and lived much in Asia Minor. At all events it is conclusive for the matter in hand, as showing that Christian prisoners were treated in the very way described in these epistles. The reception of delegates and the freedom of correspondence, which have been the chief stumbling-blocks to modern criticism in the Ignatian letters, appear quite as prominently in the Roman satirist's account of Peregrinus.*

In the light of these facts the language of Ignatius becomes quite intelligible. He was placed under the custody of a maniple of soldiers. These ten men would relieve guard in turns, the prisoner being always bound to one or other of them day and night, according to the well-known Roman usage, as illustrated by the case of St. Paul. The martyr finds his guards fierce and intractable as leopards. His fight with wild beasts, he intimates, is not confined to the arena of the Flavian amphitheatre; it has been going on continuously ever since he left Antioch. His friends manage to secure him indulgences by offering bribes, but the soldiers are exorbitant and irritating in the extreme.† The more they receive, the more they exact. Their demands keep pace with his exigencies. All this is natural, and it fully explains the language here ascribed to Ignatius. A prisoner smarting under such treatment naturally dwells on the dark side of the picture, without thinking how a critic, writing in his study centuries afterwards, will interpret his fragmentary and impulsive utterances. In short, we must treat Ignatius as a man, and not as an automaton. Men will not talk mechanically, as critics would have them talk.

(2.) Having declared "the whole story" to be "absolutely incredible," on the grounds which I have just considered, our author continues:‡—

"This conclusion, irresistible in itself, is, however, confirmed by facts arrived at from a totally different point of view. It has been demonstrated

* As a corollary to this argument, our author says that the Epistles themselves bear none of the marks of composition under such circumstances. It is sufficient to reply that even the Vossian Epistles are more abrupt than the letters written by St. Paul, when chained to a soldier. The abruptness of the Curetonian Epistles is still greater—indeed so great as to render them almost unintelligible in parts. I write this notwithstanding that our author, following Cureton, has expressed a different opinion respecting the style of the Curetonian letters.

Our author speaks also of the length of the letters. The Curetonian Letters occupy five large octavo pages in Cureton's translation, p. 227. Even the seven Vossian Letters might have been dictated in almost as many hours; and it would be strange indeed if, by bribe or entreaty, Ignatius could not have secured this indulgence from one or other of his guards during a journey which must have occupied months rather than weeks. He also describes the Epistles as purporting to be written "at every stage of his journey." "Every stage" must be interpreted "two stages," for all the Seven Vossian Epistles profess to have been written either at Smyrna or at Troas.

† This, as more than one writer has pointed out, seems to be the meaning of *οἱ κριμασσομένοι χεῖρους γίνονται*.

‡ P. 268.

that Ignatius was not sent to Rome at all, but suffered martyrdom in Antioch itself on the 20th December, A.D. 115,³ when he was condemned to be cast to wild beasts in the amphitheatre, in consequence of the fanatical excitement produced by the earthquake which took place on the 13th of that month."⁴

The two foot-notes contain no justification of this very positive statement, though so much depends upon it; but the reader is there furnished with a number of references to modern critics. These references have been analysed by Dr. Westcott,* with results very similar to those which my analysis of the author's previous notes has yielded. In some cases the writers express opinions directly opposed to that for which they are quoted; in others they incline to views irreconcilable with it; and in others they suspend judgment. When the references are sifted, the sole residuum on which our author rests his assurance is found to be a hypothesis of Volkmar,† built upon a statement of John Malalas, which I shall now proceed to examine. The words of John Malalas are—

"The same king Trajan was residing in the same city (Antioch) when the visitation of God (*i.e.* the earthquake) occurred. And at that time the holy Ignatius, the bishop of the city of Antioch, was martyred (or bore testimony, *μαρτύρησε*) before him (*ἐπὶ αὐτοῦ*); for he was exasperated against him, because he reviled him."‡

The earthquake is stated by Malalas to have occurred on the 13th of December, A.D. 115. On these statements, combined with the fact that the day dedicated to St. Ignatius at a later age was the 20th of December, § Volkmar builds his theory. It will be observed that the cause of the martyr's death, as laid down by Volkmar, receives no countenance from the story of Malalas, who gives a wholly different reason—the irritating language used to the emperor.

Now this John Malalas lived not earlier than the latter half of the sixth century, and possibly much later. His date therefore constitutes no claim to a hearing. His statement moreover is directly opposed to the concurrent testimony of the four or five preceding centuries, which, without a dissentient voice, declare that Ignatius suffered at Rome. This is the case with all the writers and interpolators of the Ignatian letters, of whom the earliest is generally placed, even by those critics who deny their genuineness, about the middle or in the latter half of the second century. It is the case with two distinct martyrologies,|| which,

* *A Few Words on Supernatural Religion*, p. xx. seq., a preface to the fourth edition of Dr. Westcott's *History of the Canon*, but published separately.

† *Handbuch der Einleitung in die Apokryphen*, I. p. 49 seq., p. 121 seq.

‡ P. 276 (Ed. Bonn.).

§ In St. Chrysostom's age it appears to have been kept at quite a different time of the year—in June; see Zahn, p. 53.

|| The one first published by Ruinart from a Colbert MS, and the other by Dressel from a Vatican MS. The remaining Martyrologies, those of the Metaphrast, of the Bollandists, and of the Armenian version, have no independent value, being compacted from these two.

agreeing in little else, are united in sending the martyr to Rome to die. It is the case necessarily with all those Fathers who quote the Ignatian letters in any form as genuine, amongst whom are Irenæus and Origen and Eusebius and Athanasius. It is the case with Chrysostom, who, on the day of the martyr's festival, pronounces at Antioch an elaborate panegyric on his illustrious predecessor in the see.* It is the case with several other writers also, whom I need not enumerate, all prior to Malalas.

But John Malalas, it is said, lived at Antioch. So did Chrysostom some two centuries at least before him. So did Evagrius, who, if the earliest date of Malalas be adopted, was his contemporary, and who, together with all preceding authorities, places the martyrdom of Ignatius in Rome. If therefore the testimony of Malalas deserves to be preferred to this cloud of witnesses, it must be because he approves himself elsewhere as a sober and trustworthy writer.

As a matter of fact however, his notices of early Christian history are, almost without exception, demonstrably false or palpably fabulous.† In the very paragraph which succeeds the sentence quoted, he relates how Trajan had five Christian women burnt alive; the emperor then mingled their ashes with the metal from which the vessels used for the baths were cast; the bathers were seized with swooning-fits in consequence; the vessels were again melted up; and out of the same metal were erected five pillars in honour of the five martyrs by the emperor's orders. These pillars, adds Malalas, stand in the bath to the present day. As if this were not enough, he goes on to relate how Trajan made a furnace and ordered any Christians, who desired, to throw themselves into it—an injunction which was obeyed by many. Nor when he leaves the domain of hagiology for that of chronology, is this author any more trustworthy. For instance, he states that Manes first propounded his doctrine in the reign of Nerva, and that Marcion still further disseminated the Manichean heresy under Hadrian.‡ An anachronism of a century or more is nothing to him.

We have seen by this time what authority suffices, in our author's judgment, to "demonstrate" a fact; and no more is necessary for my purpose. But it may be worth while adding that the error of Malalas is capable of easy explanation. He has probably misinterpreted some earlier authority, whose language lent itself to misinterpretation. The words *μαρτυρεῖν*, *μαρτυρία*, which were afterwards used especially of martyrdom, had in the earlier ages a

* The authorities for these statements will be found in Cureton's *Corpus Ignatianum*, p. 158 seq.

† See Lipsius *Ueber das Verhältniss des Textes der drei Syrischen Briefe*, etc., p. 7.

‡ Pp. 268, 279 (Ed. Bonn.)

wider sense, including other modes of witnessing to the faith: the expression ἐν Τραιάνῳ again is ambiguous and might denote either "during the reign of Trajan," or "in the presence of Trajan." A blundering writer like Malalas might have stumbled over either expression.*

The objections of our author have thus been met and answered; and difficulties which admit of this easy explanation cannot, I venture to think, be held to have any real weight against even a small amount of external testimony in favour of the Epistles. The external testimony however is considerable in this case.† The Epistle of Polycarp, which purports to have been written so soon after this journey of Ignatius through Asia Minor that the circumstances of the martyr's death were not fully known there, speaks of his letters in language which is entirely applicable to the existing documents. Our author indeed declares this Epistle also to be spurious. But Irenæus, the pupil of Polycarp, bears testimony to the existence of such an Epistle; and I pledge myself to answer in a subsequent paper the objections urged against its genuineness by our author and others. Besides this, Irenæus, writing about A.D. 180—190, quotes a characteristic and distinctive passage from the Epistle to the Romans, not indeed mentioning Ignatius by name, but introducing the quotation as the words of a member of the Christian brotherhood. And again, in the first half of the next century Origen cites two passages from these letters, ascribing them directly to Ignatius. I say nothing of the later and more explicit references and quotations of Eusebius, important as these are in themselves. Our author indeed seems to consider this amount of testimony very insufficient. But even if we set Polycarp aside, it would hardly be rash to say that the external evidence for at least two thirds of the remains of classical antiquity is inferior. We Christians are constantly told that we must expect to have our records tested by the same standards which are applied to other writings. This is exactly what we desire, and what we do not get. It is not easy to imagine the havoc which would ensue, if the critical principles of the Tübingen school and their admirers were let loose on the classical literature of Greece and Rome.

External testimony therefore leaves a very strong presumption in favour of the genuineness of the Ignatian letters in one form or other; and before rejecting them entirely, we are bound to show that internal evidence furnishes really substantial and valid objections to their authenticity. It is not sufficient, for instance, to allege that the saint's desire for martyrdom, as exhibited in these Epistles, is extravagant, because we have ample testimony for

* The former explanation is suggested by Lipsius, *l.c.*; the latter by Zahn, p. 67.

† The testimonies to which I refer in this paragraph will be found in Cureton's *Corpus Ignatianum*, p. 158 seq.

believing that such extravagance (whether commendable or not) was highly characteristic of the faith and zeal of the early Christians when tried by persecution. Nor again, is it of any avail to produce some eccentricities of thought or language, because there is no *a priori* reason why St. Ignatius should not have indulged in such eccentricities.

Unless therefore really solid objections can be urged, we are bound by all ordinary laws of literary evidence to accept as genuine at all events the shortest form in which these Epistles are presented to us. In other words, the Curetonian letters at least must be received. And as these satisfy all the quotations and references of the second and third centuries (though not those of Eusebius in the first half of the fourth), perhaps not more is required by the external testimony. Against the genuineness of these it may be presumed that our author has advanced what he considered the strongest arguments which the case admits; and I have answered them. I am quite aware that other objections have been alleged by other critics; but it will be sufficient here to express a conviction that these have no real force against even the slightest external testimony, and to undertake to meet them if they are reproduced. Thus all the supposed anachronisms have failed. Bochart, for instance, was bold enough to maintain that the Ignatian Epistle to the Romans could not have been written before the time of Constantine the Great, because "leopards" are mentioned in it, and the word was not known until this late age. In reply to Bochart, Pearson and others showed conclusively, by appealing (among other documents) to the contemporary Acts of Martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas (who suffered when Geta was Cæsar, about A.D. 202), that "leopards" were so called more than a century at least before Constantine, while they gave good reasons for believing that the word was in use much earlier. I am able to carry the direct evidence half a century farther back. The word occurs in an early treatise of Galen (written about the middle of the second century), without any indication that it was then a new or unusual term. This passage, which (so far as I am aware) has been hitherto overlooked, carries the use back to within some forty years, or less, of the professed date of the Ignatian letters; and it must be regarded as a mere accident that no earlier occurrence has been noticed in the scanty remains of Greek and Roman literature which bridge over the interval. Of the institution of episcopacy again, it is sufficient to say that its prevalence in Asia Minor at this time, whatever may have been the case elsewhere, can only be denied by rejecting a large amount of direct and indirect evidence on this side of the question, and by substituting in its place a mere hypothesis which rests on no basis of historical fact.

On the other hand, the Epistles themselves are stamped with an individuality of character which is a strong testimony to their genuineness. The intensity of feeling and the ruggedness of expression seem to bespeak a real living man. On this point however it is impossible to dwell here; anyone who will take the pains to read these Epistles continuously will be in a better position to form a judgment on this evidence of style, than if he had been plied with many arguments.

But if the Curetonian letters are the genuine work of Ignatius, what must we say of the Vossian? Were the additional portions, which are contained in the latter but wanting in the former, also written by the saint, or are they later interpolations and additions? This is a much more difficult question.

As a first step towards answering this question, we may observe that there is one very strong reason for believing that the Vossian letters cannot have been written after the middle of the second century. The argument from silence has been so often abused, that one is almost afraid to employ it at all. Yet here it seems to have a real value. The writer of these letters, whoever he was, is evidently an orthodox Catholic Christian, and at the same time a strong controversialist. It is therefore a striking fact that he is altogether silent on the main controversies which agitated the Church, and more especially the Church of Asia Minor, in the middle and latter half of the second century. There is not a word about Montanism or about the Paschal controversy. It is difficult to believe that such a writer could have kept clear of these "burning" questions, if he had lived in the midst of them. Even though his sense of historical propriety might have preserved him from language involving a positive anachronism, he would have taken a distinct side, and would have made his meaning clear by indirect means. Again, there is nothing at all bearing on the great Gnostic heresies of this age. The doctrines of the Marcionites, of the Valentinians, even of the Basilideans, (though Basilides flourished under Hadrian), are not touched. On the contrary, the writer several times uses language which an orthodox churchman, writing in the second half of the second century or later, would almost certainly have avoided. Among other expressions he salutes the Church of the Trallians "in the *pleroma*"—an expression which could not escape the taint of heresy when once Valentinus had promulgated his system, of which the *pleroma* was the centre. Nor again, is it likely that such a writer would have indulged in expressions which, however innocent in themselves, would seem very distinctly to countenance the Gnostic doctrine of the inherent evil of matter, as for instance, where he says that he has not in him any "matter-loving (*φιλώλον*) fire (of passion),"* and the like. The bearing of these facts has

(so far as I remember) been overlooked, and yet it is highly important.

Having regard to these and similar phenomena, I do not see how it is reasonable to date the Vossian Epistles after the middle of the second century. But still it does not follow that they are genuine; and elsewhere I had acquiesced in the earlier opinion of Lipsius, who ascribed them to an interpolator writing about A.D. 140.† Now however I am obliged to confess that I have grave and increasing doubts whether, after all, they are not the genuine utterances of Ignatius himself. The following reasons weigh heavily in this scale. (1). Petermann's investigations, which have been already mentioned, respecting the Armenian version and its relation to a pre-existing Syriac version, throw a new light on the Curetonian letters. When it is known that there existed a complete version of the Vossian letters in this language, the theory that the Curetonian letters are excerpts becomes at least highly plausible, since the two sets of Syriac letters were certainly not independent the one of the other. (2). Notwithstanding Cureton's assertions, which our author has endorsed, the abruptness of the Curetonian letters is very perplexing in some parts. Subsequent writers, even while maintaining their genuineness, have recognized this difficulty, and endeavoured to explain it. It is far from easy, for instance, to conceive that the Ephesian letter could have ended as it is made to end in this recension. (3). Though the Vossian letters introduce many historical circumstances respecting the journey of Ignatius, the condition of the Church of Antioch, and the persons visiting or visited by him, no contradictions have yet been made out; but, on the contrary, the several notices fit in one with another in a way which at all events shows more care and ingenuity than might be expected in a falsifier. (4). All the supposed anachronisms to which objection has been taken in these Epistles fail on closer investigation. More especially stress has been laid on the fact that this writer describes Christ as God's "eternal Logos, not having proceeded from Silence";‡ and objectors have urged that this expression is intended as a refutation of the Valentinian doctrine. Pearson thought it sufficient to reply that the Valentinians did not represent the Logos as an emanation from Silence, but from an intermediate Æon; and when the treatise of Hippolytus was discovered, an answer seemed to be furnished by the fact that Silence held a conspicuous place in the tenets of the earlier sect of Sino-

* *Rom. 7.* In the Syriac version the expression is watered down (perhaps to get rid of the Gnostic colouring), and becomes "fire for another love;" and similarly in the Long Greek φιλοῦν τι is substituted for φιλόλογον. Compare *Rom. 6*, "neque per materiam educatis," a passage which is found in the Latin translation, but has accidentally dropped out, or been intentionally omitted, from the Greek.

† e.g. *Philippians*, p. 232 seq.

‡ *Magn. 8.* ὅς ἐστιν αὐτοῦ λόγος [αἰδῖος, οὐκ] ἀπὸ σιγῆς προελθών.

nians, and the Ignatian expression was explained as a reference to their teaching. But fresh materials for the correction of the Ignatian text, which Cureton and Petermann have placed in our hands, seem to show very clearly (though these editors have overlooked the importance of the facts) that in the original form of the passage the words "eternal" and "not" were wanting; so that the expression stood, "Who is His Logos, having proceeded from Silence." They are omitted in the Armenian version and in the passage as cited by Severus of Antioch;* while the paraphrase of the Long Recension seems to point in the same direction, though this is more doubtful. Severus more especially comments on the quotation, so that his reading is absolutely certain. Such a combination of early authorities is very strong evidence in favour of the omission. Moreover it is difficult to explain how the words, if genuine, should have been omitted; whereas their insertion, if they were no part of the original text, is easily accounted for. In the middle of the fourth century, Marcellus of Ancyra expressed his Sabellianism in almost identical language;† he spoke of Christ as the Logos issuing from Silence; and there was every temptation with orthodox scribes to save the reputation of St. Ignatius from complicity in heretical opinions, and at the same time to deprive Marcellus of the support of his great name. I call attention to these facts, both because they have been overlooked, and because the passage in question has furnished their main argument to those who charge these Epistles with anachronisms.

Of the character of these Epistles, it must suffice here to say that the writer at all events was thoroughly acquainted with the manner and teaching of St. Ignatius. As regards the substance, they contain many extravagances of sentiment and teaching, more especially relating to the episcopal office, from which the Curetonian letters are free, and which one would not willingly believe written by the saint himself. But it remains a question, whether such considerations ought to outweigh the arguments on the other side. At all events it cannot be shown that they exhibit any different type of doctrine, though the mode of representation may seem exaggerated. As regards style, the Curetonian letters are more rugged and forcible than the Vossian; but as selected excerpts, they might perhaps be expected to exhibit these features prominently.

For the reasons given I shall, unless I am shown to be wrong, treat the Curetonian letters as the work of the genuine Ignatius, while the Vossian letters will be accepted as valid testimony at all events for the middle of the second century. The question of the genuineness of the latter will be waived. I fear that my indecision

* Cureton's *Corp. Ign.*, p. 245.

† Euseb., *Eccl. Theol.* ii. 9, etc. See on this subject a paper in the *Journal of Philology*, No. ii, p. 51 seq.

on this point will contrast disadvantageously with the certainty which is expressed by the author of "*Supernatural Religion*." If so, I am sorry, but I cannot help it.*

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

NOTE.—The Author of "*Supernatural Religion*" has favoured me by replying in the *Fortnightly* to my first article. Pressure of work obliges me to defer the brief answer which alone the Reply seems to call for.

* The reader will probably have corrected for himself a misprint, "indicative mood" for "infinitive mood," on p. 187 of my second article; see p. 4 of the preceding article.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PURE SCIENCES.

II.—THE POSTULATES OF THE SCIENCE OF SPACE.

IN my first lecture* I said that, out of the pictures which are all that we can really see, we imagine a world of solid things; and that this world is constructed so as to fulfil a certain code of rules, some called axioms, and some called definitions, and some called postulates, and some assumed in the course of demonstration, but all laid down in one form or another in *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*. It is this code of rules that we have to consider to-day. I do not, however, propose to take this Book that I have mentioned, and to examine one after another the rules as Euclid has laid them down or unconsciously assumed them; notwithstanding that many things might be said in favour of such a course. This Book has been for nearly twenty-two centuries the encouragement and guide of that scientific thought which is one thing with the progress of man from a worse to a better state. The encouragement; for it contained a body of knowledge that was really known and could be relied on, and that moreover was growing in extent and application. For even at the time this Book was written—shortly after the foundation of the Alexandrian Museum—Mathematic was no longer the merely ideal science of the Platonic school, but had started on her career of conquest over the whole world of Phenomena. The guide; for the aim of every scientific student of every subject was to bring his knowledge of that subject into a form as perfect as that which geometry had attained. Far up on the great mountain of Truth,

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for October, 1874.

which all the sciences hope to scale, the foremost of that sacred sisterhood was seen, beckoning to the rest to follow her. And hence she was called, in the dialect of the Pythagoreans, "the purifier of the reasonable soul." Being thus in itself at once the inspiration and the aspiration of scientific thought, this Book of Euclid's has had a history as chequered as that of human progress itself. It embodied and systematized the truest results of the search after truth that was made by Greek, Egyptian, and Hindoo. It presided for nearly eight centuries over that promise of light and right that was made by the civilized Aryan races on the Mediterranean shores; that promise, whose abeyance for nearly as long an interval is so full of warning and of sadness for ourselves. It went into exile along with the intellectual activity and the goodness of Europe. It was taught, and commented upon, and illustrated, and supplemented, by Arab and Nestorian, in the Universities of Bagdad and of Cordova. From these it was brought back into barbaric Europe by terrified students, who dared tell hardly any other thing of what they had learned among the Saracens. Translated from Arabic into Latin, it passed into the schools of Europe, spun out with additional cases for every possible variation of the figure, and bristling with words which had sounded to Greek ears like the babbling of birds in a hedge. At length the Greek text appeared and was translated; and, like other Greek authors, Euclid became an authority. There had not yet arisen in Europe "that fruitful faculty," as Mr. Winwood Reade calls it, "with which kindred spirits contemplate each other's works; which not only takes, but gives; which produces from whatever it receives; which embraces to wrestle, and wrestles to embrace." Yet it was coming; and though that criticism of first principles which Aristotle and Ptolemy and Galen underwent waited longer in Euclid's case than in theirs, it came for him at last. What Vesalius was to Galen, what Copernicus was to Ptolemy, that was Lobatchewsky to Euclid. There is, indeed, a somewhat instructive parallel between the last two cases. Copernicus and Lobatchewsky were both of Slavic origin. Each of them has brought about a revolution in scientific ideas so great that it can only be compared with that wrought by the other. And the reason of the transcendent importance of these two changes is that they are changes in the conception of the Cosmos. Before the time of Copernicus, men knew all about the Universe. They could tell you in the schools pat off by heart, all that it was, and what it had been, and what it would be. There was the flat earth, with the blue vault of heaven resting on it like the dome of a cathedral, and the bright cold stars stuck into it; while the sun and planets moved in crystal spheres between. Or, among the better informed, the earth was a

globe in the centre of the universe, heaven a sphere concentric with it; intermediate machinery as before. At any rate, if there was anything beyond heaven, it was a void space that needed no further description. The history of all this could be traced back to a certain definite time, when it began; behind that was a changeless eternity that needed no further history. Its future could be predicted in general terms as far forward as a certain epoch, about the precise determination of which there were, indeed, differences among the learned. But after that would come again a changeless eternity, which was fully accounted for and described. But in any case the Universe was a known thing. Now the enormous effect of the Copernican system, and of the astronomical discoveries that have followed it, is that, in place of this knowledge of a little, which was called knowledge of the Universe, of Eternity and Immensity, we have now got knowledge of a great deal more; but we only call it the knowledge of Here and Now. We can tell a great deal about the solar system; but, after all, it is our house, and not the city. We can tell something about the star-system to which our sun belongs; but after all, it is our star-system, and not the Universe. We are talking about Here with the consciousness of a There beyond it, which we may know some time, but do not at all know now. And though the nebular hypothesis tells us a great deal about the history of the solar system, and traces it back for a period compared with which the old measure of the duration of the Universe from beginning to end is not a second to a century, yet we do not call this the history of eternity. We may put it all together and call it Now, with the consciousness of a Then before it, in which things were happening that may have left records; but we have not yet read them. This, then, was the change effected by Copernicus in the idea of the Universe. But there was left another to be made. For the laws of space and motion, that we are presently going to examine, implied an infinite space and an infinite duration, about whose properties as space and time everything was accurately known. The very constitution of those parts of it which are at an infinite distance from us, "geometry upon the plane at infinity," is just as well known, if the Euclidian assumptions are true, as the geometry of any portion of this room. In this infinite and thoroughly well-known space the Universe is situated during at least some portion of an infinite and thoroughly well-known time. So that here we have real knowledge of something at least that concerns the Cosmos; something that is true throughout the Immensities and the Eternities. That something Lobatchewsky and his successors have taken away. The geometer of to-day knows nothing about the nature of actually existing space at an infinite distance; he knows

nothing about the properties of this present space in a past or a future eternity. He knows, indeed, that the laws assumed by Euclid are true with an accuracy that no direct experiment can approach, not only in this place where we are, but in places at a distance from us that no astronomer has conceived; but he knows this as of Here and Now; beyond his range is a There and Then of which he knows nothing at present, but may ultimately come to know more. So, you see, there is a real parallel between the work of Copernicus and his successors on the one hand, and the work of Lobatchewsky and his successors on the other. In both of these the knowledge of Immensity and Eternity is replaced by knowledge of Here and Now. And in virtue of these two revolutions, the idea of the Universe, the Macrocosm, the All, as subject of human knowledge, and therefore of human interest, has fallen to pieces.

It will now, I think, be clear to you why it will not do to take for our present consideration the postulates of geometry as Euclid has laid them down. While they were all certainly true, there might be substituted for them some other group of equivalent propositions; and the choice of the particular set of statements that should be used as the groundwork of the science was to a certain extent arbitrary, being only guided by convenience of exposition. But from the moment that the actual truth of these assumptions becomes doubtful, they fall of themselves into a necessary order and classification; for we then begin to see which of them may be true independently of the others. And for the purpose of criticizing the evidence for them, it is essential that this natural order should be taken; for I think you will see presently that any other order would bring hopeless confusion into the discussion.

Space is divided into parts in many ways. If we consider any thing, space is at once divided into the part where that thing is and the part where it is not. The water in this glass, for example makes a distinction between the space where it is and the space where it is not. Now, in order to get from one of these to the other you must cross the *surface* of the water; this surface is the boundary of the space where the water is, which separates it from the space where it is not. Every *thing*, considered as occupying a portion of space, has a surface which separates the space where it is from the space where it is not. But now, again, a surface may be divided into parts in various ways. Part of the surface of this water is against the air, and part is against the glass. If you travel over the surface from one of these parts to the other, you have to cross the *line* which divides them; it is this circular edge where water, air, and glass meet. Every part of a surface is separated from the other parts by a line which

bounds it. But now suppose, further, that this glass had been so constructed that the part towards you was blue and the part towards me was white, as it is now. Then this line, dividing two parts of the surface of the water, would itself be divided into two parts; there would be a part where it was against the blue glass, and a part where it was against the white glass. If you travel in thought along that line, so as to get from one of these two parts to the other, you have to cross a *point* which separates them, and is the boundary between them. Every part of a line is separated from the other parts by points which bound it. So we may say altogether—

The boundary of a solid (*i.e.*, of a part of space) is a surface.

The boundary of a part of a surface is a line.

The boundaries of a part of a line are points.

And we are only settling the meanings in which words are to be used. But here we may make an observation which is true of all space that we are acquainted with: it is that the process ends here. There are no parts of a point which are separated from one another by the next link in the series. This is also indicated by the reverse process.

For I shall now suppose this point—the last thing that we got to—to move round the tumbler so as to trace out the line, or edge, where air, water, and glass meet. In this way I get a series of points, one after another; a series of such a nature that, starting from any one of them, only two changes are possible that will keep it within the series; it must go forwards, or it must go backwards, and each of these is perfectly definite. The line may then be regarded as an aggregate of points. Now, let us imagine, further, a change to take place in this line, which is nearly a circle. Let us suppose it to contract towards the centre of the circle, until it becomes indefinitely small, and disappears. In so doing it will trace out the upper surface of the water, the part of the surface where it is in contact with the air. In this way we shall get a series of circles one after another—a series of such a nature that, starting from any one of them, only two changes are possible that will keep it within the series: it must expand, or it must contract. This series, therefore, of circles, is just similar to the series of points that make one circle; and just as the line is regarded as an aggregate of points, so we may regard this surface as an aggregate of lines. But this surface is also in another sense an aggregate of points, in being an aggregate of aggregates of points. But, starting from a point in the surface, more than two changes are possible that will keep it within the surface, for it may move in any direction. The surface, then, is an aggregate of points of a different kind from the line. We speak of the line as a point-aggregate of one dimension, because, starting from

one point, there are only two possible directions of change; so that the line can be traced out in one motion. In the same way, a surface is a line-aggregate of one dimension, because it can be traced out by one motion of the line; but it is a point-aggregate of two dimensions, because, in order to build it up of points, we have first to aggregate points into a line, and then lines into a surface. It requires two motions of a point to trace it out.

Lastly, let us suppose this upper surface of the water to move downwards remaining always horizontal till it becomes the under surface. In so doing it will trace out the part of space occupied by the water. We shall thus get a series of surfaces one after another, precisely analogous to the series of points which make a line, and the series of lines which make a surface. The piece of solid space is an aggregate of surfaces, and an aggregate of the same kind as the line is of points; it is a surface-aggregate of one dimension. But at the same time it is a line-aggregate of two dimensions, and a point-aggregate of three dimensions. For if you consider a particular line which has gone to make this solid, a circle partly contracted and part of the way down, there are more than two opposite changes which it can undergo. For it can ascend or descend, or expand or contract, or do both together in any proportion. It has just as great a variety of changes as a point in a surface. And the piece of space is called a point-aggregate of three dimensions, because it takes three distinct motions to get it from a point. We must first aggregate points into a line, then lines into a surface, then surfaces into a solid.

Now at this step it is clear, again, that the process must stop in all the space we know of. For it is not possible to move that piece of space in such a way as to change every point in it. When we moved our line or our surface, the new line or surface contained no point whatever that was in the old one; we started with one aggregate of points, and by moving it we got an entirely new aggregate, all the points of which were new. But this cannot be done with the solid; so that the process is at an end. We arrive, then, at the result that *space is of three dimensions*.

Is this, then, one of the postulates of the science of space? No; it is not. The science of space as we have it deals with relations of distance existing in a certain space of three dimensions, but it does not at all require us to assume that no relations of distance are possible in aggregates of more than three dimensions. The fact that there are only three dimensions does regulate the number of books that we write, and the parts of the subject that we study; but it is not itself a postulate of the science. We investigate a certain space of three dimensions, on

the hypothesis that it has certain elementary properties; and it is the assumptions of these elementary properties that are the real postulates of the science of space. To these I now proceed.

The first of them is concerned with *points*, and with the relation of space to them. We spoke of a line as an aggregate of points. Now there are two kinds of aggregates, which are called respectively continuous and discrete. If you consider this line the boundary of part of the surface of the water, you will find yourself believing that between any two points of it you can put more points of division, and between any two of these more again, and so on; and you do not believe there can be any end to the process. We may express that by saying you believe that between any two points of the line there is an infinite number of other points. But now here is an aggregate of marbles, which, regarded as an aggregate, has many characters of resemblance with the aggregate of points. It is a series of marbles, one after another; and if we take into account the relations of nextness or contiguity which they possess, then there are only two changes possible from one of them as we travel along the series; we must go to the next in front, or to the next behind. But yet it is not true that between any two of them there is an infinite number of other marbles; between these two, for example, there are only three. There, then, is a distinction at once between the two kinds of aggregates. But there is another, which was pointed out by Aristotle in his *Physics* and made the basis of a definition of continuity. I have here a row of two different kinds of marbles, some white and some black. This aggregate is divided into two parts, as we formerly supposed the line to be. In the case of the line, the boundary between the two parts is a point, which is the element of which the line is an aggregate. In this case before us, a marble is the element; but here we cannot say that the boundary between the two parts is a marble. The boundary of the white parts is a white marble, and the boundary of the black parts is a black marble; these two adjacent parts have different boundaries. Similarly, if instead of arranging my marbles in a series, I spread them out on a surface, I may have this aggregate divided into two portions, a white portion and a black portion; but the boundary of the white portion is a row of white marbles, and the boundary of the black portion is a row of black marbles. And lastly, if I made a heap of white marbles, and put black marbles on the top of them, I should have a discrete aggregate of three dimensions divided into two parts; the boundary of the white part would be a layer of white marbles, and the boundary of the black part would be a layer of black marbles. In all these cases of discrete aggregates, when they are divided into two parts, the two

adjacent parts have different boundaries. But if you come to consider an aggregate that you believe to be continuous, you will see that you think of two adjacent parts as having the *same* boundary. What is the boundary between water and air here? Is it water? No; for there would still have to be a boundary to divide that water from the air. For the same reason it cannot be air. I don't want you at present to think of the actual physical facts by the aid of any molecular theories; I want you only to think of what appears to be, in order to understand clearly a conception that we all have. Suppose the things actually in contact. If, however much we magnified them, they still appeared to be thoroughly homogeneous, the water filling up a certain space, the air an adjacent space; if this held good indefinitely through all degrees of conceivable magnifying; then we could not say that the surface of the water was a layer of water and the surface of air a layer of air; we should have to say that the same surface was surface of both of them, and was itself neither one nor the other—that this surface occupied *no* space at all. Accordingly Aristotle defined the continuous as that of which two adjacent parts have the same boundary; and the discontinuous or discrete as that of which two adjacent parts have different boundaries.*

Now the first postulate of the science of space is that it is a continuous aggregate of points, and not a discrete aggregate. And this postulate—which I shall call the postulate of continuity—is really involved in those three of the six† postulates of Euclid for which Robert Simson has retained the name of postulate. You will see, on a little reflection, that a discrete aggregate of points could not be so arranged that any two of them should be relatively situated to one another in exactly the same manner, so that any two points might be joined by a straight line which should always bear the same definite relation to them. And the same difficulty occurs in regard to the other two postulates. But perhaps the most conclusive way of shewing that this postulate is really assumed by Euclid is to adduce the proposition he proves, that every finite straight line may be bisected. Now this could not be the case if it consisted of an odd number of separate points. As the first of the postulates of the science of space, then, we must reckon this postulate of Continuity; according to

* *Phys. Ausc.* V. 3, p. 227, ed. Bekker. Τὸ δὲ συνεχὲς ἐστὶ μὲν ὅπου ἐχόμενόν τι, λέγω εἶναι συνεχὲς ὅταν ταῦτὸ γένηται καὶ ἐν τῷ ἑκατέρου πέρας οἷς ἄπτονται, καὶ ὥστερ σημαίνει τόδεμα, συνέχεται. Τοῦτο δ' οὐχ ὅλον τε δύοιν ὄντων εἶναι τοῖν ἐσχατοῖν.

A little further on he makes the important remark that on the hypothesis of continuity a line is not made up of points in the same way that a whole is made up of parts. *VI.* 1, p. 231. Ἀδύνατον ἐξ ἀδιαίρετων εἶναι τι συνεχές, ὅλον γραμμὴν ἐκ στιγμῶν, ὥστερ ἡ γραμμὴ μὲν συνεχές, ἡ στιγμὴ δὲ ἀδιαίρετον.

† See De Morgan, in *Smith's Dict. of Biography and Mythology* Art. *Euclid*; and in the *English Cyclopædia*, Art. *Axiom*.

which two adjacent portions of space, or of a surface, or of a line, have the *same* boundary, viz.—a surface, a line, or a point; and between every two points on a line there is an infinite number of intermediate points.

The next postulate is that of Elementary Flatness. You know that if you get hold of a small piece of a very large circle, it seems to you nearly straight. So, if you were to take any curved line, and magnify it very much, confining your attention to a small piece of it, that piece would seem straighter to you than the curve did before it was magnified. At least, you can easily conceive a curve possessing this property, that the more you magnify it, the straighter it gets. Such a curve would possess the property of elementary flatness. In the same way, if you perceive a portion of the surface of a very large sphere, such as the earth, it appears to you to be flat. If, then, you take a sphere of, say a foot diameter, and magnify it more and more, you will find that the more you magnify it the flatter it gets. And you may easily suppose that this process would go on indefinitely; that the curvature would become less and less the more the surface was magnified. Any curved surface which is such that the more you magnify it the flatter it gets, is said to possess the property of elementary flatness. But if every succeeding power of our imaginary microscope disclosed new wrinkles and inequalities without end, then we should say that the surface did not possess the property of elementary flatness.

But how am I to explain how solid space can have this property of elementary flatness? Shall I leave it as a mere analogy, and say that it is the same kind of property as this of the curve and surface, only in three dimensions instead of one or two? I think I can get a little nearer to it than that; at all events I will try.

If we start to go out from a point on a surface, there is a certain choice of directions in which we may go. These directions make certain angles with one another. We may suppose a certain direction to start with, and then gradually alter that by turning it round the point: we find thus a single series of directions in which we may start from the point. According to our first postulate, it is a continuous series of directions. Now when I speak of a direction of starting from the point, I mean a direction of starting; I say nothing about the subsequent path. Two different paths may have the same direction at starting; in this case they will touch at the point; and there is an obvious difference between two paths which touch and two paths which meet and form an angle. Here, then, is an aggregate of directions, and they can be changed into one another. Moreover, the changes by which they pass into one another have magnitude, they constitute distance-relations; and the amount of change necessary to turn one of

them into another is called the angle between them. It is involved in this postulate that we are considering, that angles can be compared in respect of magnitude. But this is not all. If we go on changing a direction of start, it will, after a certain amount of turning, come round into itself again, and be the same direction. On every surface which has the property of elementary flatness, the amount of turning necessary to take a direction all round into its first position is the same for all points of the surface. I will now show you a surface which at one point of it has not this property. I take this circle of paper from which a sector has been cut out, and bend it round so as to join the edges; in this way I form a surface which is called a *cone*. Now on all points of this surface but one, the law of elementary flatness holds good. At the vertex of the cone, however, notwithstanding that there is an aggregate of directions in which you may start, such that by continuously changing one of them you may get it round into its original position, yet the whole amount of change necessary to effect this is not the same at the vertex as it is at any other point of the surface. And this you can see at once when I unroll it; for only part of the directions in the plane have been included in the cone. At this point of the cone, then, it does not possess the property of elementary flatness; and no amount of magnifying would ever make a cone seem flat at its vertex.

To apply this to solid space, we must notice that here also there is a choice of directions in which you may go out from any point; but it is a much greater choice than a surface gives you. Whereas in a surface the aggregate of directions is only of one dimension, in solid space it is of two dimensions. But here also there are distance-relations, and the aggregate of directions may be divided into parts which have quantity. For example, the directions which start from the vertex of this cone are divided into those which go inside the cone, and those which go outside the cone. The part of the aggregate which is inside the cone is called a *solid angle*. Now in those spaces of three dimensions which have the property of elementary flatness, the whole amount of solid angle round one point is equal to the whole amount round another point. Although the space need not be exactly similar to itself in all parts, yet the aggregate of directions round one point is exactly similar to the aggregate of directions round another point, if the space has the property of elementary flatness.

How does Euclid assume this postulate of Elementary Flatness? In his fourth postulate he has expressed it so simply and clearly, that you will wonder how anybody could make all this fuss. He says, "All right angles are equal."

Why could I not have adopted this at once, and saved a great

deal of trouble? Because it assumes the knowledge of a surface possessing the property of elementary flatness in all its points. Unless such a surface is first made out to exist, and the definition of a right angle is restricted to lines drawn upon it—for there is no necessity for the word *straight* in that definition—the postulate in Euclid's form is obviously not true. I can make two lines cross at the vertex of a cone so that the four adjacent angles shall be equal, and yet not one of them equal to a right angle.

I pass on to the third postulate of the science of space—the postulate of Superposition. According to this postulate a body can be moved about in space without altering its size or shape. This seems obvious enough, but it is worth while to examine a little closely into the meaning of it. We must define what we mean by size and by shape. Now, when we say that a body can be moved about without altering its size, we mean that it can be so moved as to keep unaltered the length of all the lines in it. This postulate therefore involves that lines can be compared in respect of magnitude, or that they have a length independent of position; precisely as the former one involved the comparison of angular magnitudes. And when we say that a body can be moved about without altering its shape, we mean that it can be so moved as to keep unaltered all the angles in it. Now it is not necessary to make mention of the motion of a body, although that is the easiest way of expressing and of conceiving this postulate; but we may, if we like, express it entirely in terms which belong to space, and that we should do in this way. Suppose a figure has been constructed in some portion of space; say that a triangle has been drawn whose sides are the shortest distances between its angular points. Then if in any other portion of space two points are taken whose shortest distance is equal to a side of the triangle, and at one of them an angle is made equal to one of the angles adjacent to that side, and a line of shortest distance drawn equal to the corresponding side of the original triangle, the distance from the extremity of this to the other of the two points will be equal to the third side of the original triangle, and the two will be equal in all respects; or generally, if a figure has been constructed anywhere, another figure, with all its lines and all its angles equal to the corresponding lines and angles of the first, can be constructed anywhere else. Now this is exactly what is meant by the principle of superposition employed by Euclid to prove the proposition that I have just mentioned. And we may state it again in this short form—All parts of space are exactly alike.

But this postulate carries with it a most important consequence. It enables us to make a pair of most fundamental definitions—those of the plane and of the straight line. In order to explain

how these come out of it when it is granted, and how they cannot be made when it is not granted, I must here say some thing more about the nature of the postulate itself, which might otherwise have been left until we come to criticize it.

We have stated the postulate as referring to solid space. But a similar property may exist in surfaces. Here, for instance, is part of the surface of a sphere. Now, if I draw any figure I like upon this, I can suppose it to be moved about in any way upon the sphere, without alteration of its size or shape. If a figure has been drawn on any part of the surface of a sphere, a figure equal to it in all respects may be drawn on any other part of the surface. Now I say that this property belongs to the surface itself, is a part of its own internal economy, and does not depend in any way upon its relation to space of three dimensions. For I can pull it about and bend it in all manner of ways, so as altogether to alter its relation to solid space; and yet, if I do not stretch it, or tear it, I make no difference whatever in the length of any lines upon it, or in the size of any angles upon it.* I do not in any way alter the figures drawn upon it, or the possibility of drawing figures upon it, so far as their relations with the surface itself are concerned. This property of the surface, then, could be ascertained by people who lived entirely in it, and were absolutely ignorant of a third dimension. As a point-aggregate of two dimensions, it has in itself properties determining the distance-relations of the points upon it, which are absolutely independent of the existence of any points which are not upon it.

Now here is a surface which has not that property. You observe that it is not of the same shape all over, and that some parts of it are more curved than other parts. If you drew a figure upon this surface, and then tried to move it about, you would find that it was impossible to do so without altering the size and shape of the figure. Some parts of it would have to expand, some to contract, the lengths of the lines could not all be kept the same, the angles would not hit it off together. And this property of the surface—that its parts are different from one another—is a property of the surface itself, a part of its internal economy, absolutely independent of any relations it may have with space outside of it. For, as with the other one, I can pull it about in sorts of ways, and, so long as I do not stretch it or tear it, I make no alteration in the length of lines drawn upon it or in the size of the angles.

* This figure was made of linen, starched upon a spherical surface, and taken off when dry. That mentioned in the next paragraph was similarly stretched upon the irregular surface of the head of a bust. For durability these models should be made of two thicknesses of linen starched together in such a way that the fibres of one bisect the angles between the fibres of the other, and the edge should be bound by a thin slip of paper. They will then retain their curvature unaltered for a long time.

Here, then, is an intrinsic difference between these two surfaces, as surfaces. They are both point-aggregates of two dimensions; but the points in them have certain relations of distance (distance measured always *on* the surface), and these relations of distance are not the same in one case as they are in the other.

Now these people, living in the surface, and having no idea of a third dimension, might, without suspecting that third dimension at all, make a very accurate determination of the nature of their *locus in quo*. If the people who lived on the surface of the sphere were to measure the angles of a triangle, they would find them exceed two right angles by a quantity proportional to the area of the triangle. This excess of the angles above two right angles, being divided by the area of the triangle, would be found to give exactly the same quotient at all parts of the sphere. That quotient is called the curvature of the surface; and we say that a sphere is a surface of uniform curvature. But if the people living on this irregular surface were to do the same thing, they would not find quite the same result. The sum of the angles would, indeed, differ from two right angles, but sometimes in excess, and sometimes in defect, according to the part of the surface where they were. And though for small triangles in any one neighbourhood the excess or defect would be nearly proportional to the area of the triangle, yet the quotient obtained by dividing this excess or defect by the area of the triangle would vary from one part of the surface to another. In other words, the curvature of this surface varies from point to point; it is sometimes positive, sometimes negative, sometimes nothing at all.

But now comes the important difference. When I speak of a triangle, what do I suppose the sides of that triangle to be?

If I take two points near enough together upon a surface, and stretch a string between them, that string will take up a certain definite position upon the surface, marking the line of shortest distance from one point to the other. Such a line is called a geodesic line. It is a line determined by the intrinsic properties of the surface, and not by its relations with external space. The line would still be the shortest line, however the surface were pulled about without stretching or tearing. A geodesic line may be *produced*, when a piece of it is given; for we may take one of the points, and, keeping the string stretched, make it go round in a sort of circle until the other end has turned through two right angles. The new position will then be a prolongation of the same geodesic line.

In speaking of a triangle, then, I meant a triangle whose sides are geodesic lines. But in the case of a spherical surface—or,

more generally, of a surface of constant curvature—these geodesic lines have another and most important property. They are *straight*, so far as the surface is concerned. On this surface a figure may be moved about without altering its size or shape. It is possible, therefore, to draw a line which shall be of the same shape all along and on both sides. That is to say, if you take a piece of the surface on one side of such a line, you may slide it all along the line, and it will fit; and you may turn it round and apply it to the other side, and it will fit there also. This is Leibnitz's definition of a straight line, and, you see, it has no meaning except in the case of a surface of constant curvature, a surface all parts of which are alike.

Now let us consider the corresponding things in solid space. In this also we may have geodesic lines; namely, lines produced by stretching a string between two points. But we may also have geodesic surfaces; and they are produced in this manner. Suppose we have a point on a surface, and this surface possesses the property of elementary flatness. Then among all the directions of starting from the point, there are some which start *in the surface*, and do not make an angle with it. Let all these be prolonged into geodesics; then we may imagine one of these geodesics to travel round and coincide with all the others in turn. In so doing it will trace out a surface which is called geodesic surface. Now in a particular case where a space of three dimensions has the property of superposition, or is all over alike, these geodesic surfaces are *planes*. That is to say, since the space is all over alike, these surfaces are also of the same shape all over and on both sides; which is Leibnitz's definition of a plane. If you take a piece of space on one side of such a plane, partly bounded by the plane, you may slide it all over the plane, and it will fit; and you may turn it round and apply it to the other side, and it will fit there also. Now, it is clear that this definition will have no meaning unless the third postulate be granted. So we may say when the postulate of Superposition is true, then there are planes and straight lines; and they are defined as being of the same shape throughout and on both sides.

It is found that the whole geometry of a space of three dimensions is known when we know the curvature of three geodesic surfaces at every point. The third postulate requires that the curvature of all geodesic surfaces should be everywhere equal to the same quantity.

I pass to the fourth postulate, which I call the postulate of Similarity. According to this postulate, any figure may be magnified or diminished in any degree without altering its shape. If any figure has been constructed in one part of space, it may be

reconstructed to any scale whatever in any other part of space, so that no one of the angles shall be altered, though all the lengths of lines will of course be altered. This seems to be a sufficiently obvious induction from experience; for we have all frequently seen different sizes of the same shape; and it has the advantage of embodying the fifth and sixth of Euclid's postulates in a single principle, which bears a great resemblance in form to that of Superposition, and may be used in the same manner. It is easy to show that it involves the two postulates of Euclid: "Two straight lines cannot enclose a space," and "Lines in one plane which never meet make equal angles with every other line."

This fourth postulate is equivalent to the assumption that the constant curvature of the geodesic surfaces is zero; or the third and fourth may be put together, and we shall then say that the three curvatures of space are all of them zero at every point.

The supposition made by Lobatchewsky was, that the three first postulates were true, but not the fourth. Of the two Euclidian postulates included in this, he admitted one, viz., that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, or that two lines which once diverge go on diverging for ever. But he left out the postulate about parallels, which may be stated in this form. If through a point outside of a straight line there be drawn another, indefinitely produced both ways; and if we turn this second one round so as to make the point of intersection travel along the first line, then at the very instant that this point of intersection disappears at one end it will reappear at the other, and there is only one position in which the lines do not intersect. Lobatchewsky supposed, instead, that there was a finite angle through which the second line must be turned after the point of intersection had disappeared at one end, before it reappeared at the other. For all positions of the second line within this angle there is then no intersection. In the two limiting positions, when the lines have just done meeting at one end, and when they are just going to meet at the other, they are called parallel; so that two lines can be drawn through a fixed point parallel to a given straight line. The angle between these two depends in a certain way upon the distance of the point from the line. The sum of the angles of a triangle is less than two right angles by a quantity proportional to the area of the triangle. The whole of this geometry is worked out in the style of Euclid, and the most interesting conclusions are arrived at; particularly in the theory of solid space, in which a surface turns up which is not plane relatively to that space, but which, for purposes of drawing figures upon it, is identical with the Euclidian plane.

It was Riemann, however, who first accomplished the task of analyzing all the assumptions of geometry, and shewing which

of them were independent. This very disentangling and separation of them is sufficient to deprive them for the geometer of their exactness and necessity; for the process by which it is effected consists in shewing the possibility of conceiving these suppositions one by one to be untrue; whereby it is clearly made out how much is supposed. But it may be worth while to state formally the case for and against them.

When it is maintained, then, that we know these postulates to be universally true, in virtue of certain deliverances of our consciousness, it is implied that these deliverances could not exist, except upon the supposition that the postulates are true. If it can be shown, then, from experience that our consciousness would tell us exactly the same things if the postulates are not true, the ground of their validity will be taken away. But this is a very easy thing to show.

That same faculty which tells you that space is continuous, tells you that this water is continuous, and that the motion perceived in a wheel of life is continuous. Now we happen to know that if we could magnify this water as much again as the best microscopes can magnify it, we should perceive its granular structure. And what happens in a wheel of life is discovered by stopping the machine. Even apart, then, from our knowledge of the way nerves act in carrying messages, it appears that we have no means of knowing anything more about an aggregate than that it is too fine-grained for us to perceive its discontinuity, if it has any.

Nor can we, in general, receive a conception as positive knowledge, which is itself founded merely upon inaction. For the conception of a continuous thing is of that which looks just the same however much you magnify it. We may conceive the magnifying to go on to a certain extent without change, and then, as it were, leave it going on, without taking the trouble to doubt about the changes that may ensue.

In regard to the second postulate, we have merely to point to the example of polished surfaces. The smoothest surface that can be made is the one most completely covered with the minutest cuts and furrows. Yet geometrical constructions can be made with extreme accuracy upon such a surface, on the supposition that it is an exact plane. If, therefore, the sharp points, edges, and furrows of space are only small enough, there will be nothing to hinder our conviction of its elementary flatness. It has even been remarked by Riemann that we must not shrink from this supposition if it is found useful in explaining physical phenomena.

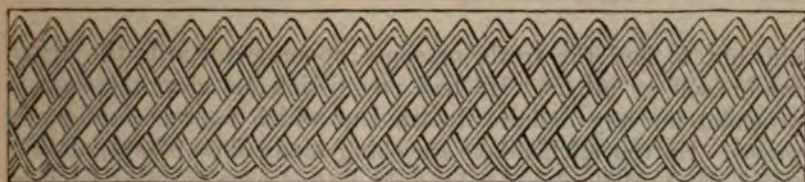
The first two postulates may therefore be doubted on the side of the very small. We may put the third and fourth together, and doubt them on the side of the very great. For if the property of

elementary flatness exist on the average, the deviations from it being, as we have supposed, too small to be perceived, then, whatever were the true nature of space, we should have exactly the conceptions of it which we now have, if only the regions we can get at were small in comparison with the areas of curvature. If we suppose the curvature to vary in an irregular manner, the effect of it might be very considerable in a triangle formed by the nearest fixed stars; but if we suppose it approximately uniform to the limit of telescopic reach, it will be restricted to very much narrower limits. I cannot perhaps do better than conclude by describing to you as well as I can what is the nature of things on the supposition that the curvature of all space is nearly uniform and positive.

In this case the universe, as known, is again a valid conception; for the extent of space is a finite number of cubic miles.* And this comes about in a curious way. If you were to start in any direction whatever, and move in that direction in a perfect straight line according to the definition of Leibnitz; after travelling a most prodigious distance, to which the parallaxic unit—200,000 times the diameter of the earth's orbit—would be only a few steps, you would arrive at—this place. Only, if you had started upwards, you would appear from below. Now, one of two things would be true. Either, when you had got half way on your journey, you came to a place that is opposite to this, and which you must have gone through, whatever direction you started in; or else all paths you could have taken diverge entirely from each other till they meet again at this place. In the former case, every two straight lines in a plane meet in two points, in the latter they meet only in one. Upon this supposition of a positive curvature, the whole of geometry is far more complete and interesting; the principle of duality, instead of half breaking down over metric relations, applies to all propositions without exception. In fact, I do not mind confessing that I personally have often found relief from the dreary infinities of homaloidal space in the consoling hope that, after all, this other may be the true state of things.

* The assumptions here made about the *Zusammenhang* of space are the simplest ones, but even the finite extent does not follow necessarily from uniform positive curvature; as Riemann seems to have supposed.

W. K. CLIFFORD.



THE AUTHOR OF "THORNDALE"

THE author of "Thorndale" should not be forgotten. A more thoughtful, graceful, and well-informed writer has not adorned our recent literature. Comparatively with some names occupying intellectual prominence, William Smith is peerless in the quality both of his thought and style, and it is strange therefore that he is not better known, and his writings more widely appreciated. This is the more strange that, as a writer, he is essentially *modern*, closely allied to all that is best in the present tendency of scientific culture, and inspired by its highest spirit of progressive hopefulness. The author of "Thorndale," of "Gravenhurst," and of the later Essays on "Knowing and Feeling: a Contribution to Psychology," is not merely a thinker of rare subtlety and richness of philosophical insight, but he is a thinker steeped in all the new scientific ideas, and capable of handling them with the easy, expansive grasp of a master. But then, as he himself said, he led "an obscure life under an obscure name."* Smith's nature was a deeply modest and retiring one. He shrunk from publicity of all kinds. He belonged to no clique, or school, or propaganda. His life was a life of thought for its own sake. The speculative child of his own age, he caught at all its hues of opinion, and faithfully reflected their "conflict" in his own mental activity; but this he did as a solitary thinker, with no

* "Gravenhurst," p. 272.

aim but to find the truth, or some opening towards the truth, for himself or others. He had no mission, no clear message to proclaim, no very definite doctrine of which he was confidently proud. He was all his days searching along lines of speculation, which he held firmly, and brought into clearer meaning; but he cannot be said to have worked out a system, and even his most confident conclusions are suggestive rather than dogmatic. He always steps with the modesty of an inquirer, and there is the whisper of expectancy in his fullest utterances. If he is imbued with the modern spirit, he has yet nothing of its aggressiveness. His is rather the chivalry of an older order of thought, which is deferential to all, and puts its own claims gladly behind others.

Yet there is too much real life of thought in "Thorndale" and other writings, to allow them to be forgotten. The singular purity and beauty of the author's style; the pensive if often baffled eagerness of his imaginative insight; his clear love of truth, and the rich light of higher feeling and devout enthusiasm, which never fails him, even when sounding the most perilous depths, must always make him a favourite with students of that "divine philosophy" which is

‘ Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.’

Lacking in mass and consistency of thought, he may never occupy the foreground, but he is almost certain to hold a higher niche in the Temple of Philosophy than he yet enjoys. Without any formal design of forwarding such a result, but rather merely to express my own pleasure in his books, and to criticize their main lines of thought, I propose to make them the subject of a brief study. I am encouraged especially to do this in connection with a memoir written by his widow, and recently printed "for private circulation." The Essays on "Knowing and Feeling"—the last and not the least interesting of his philosophical labours—appear as a prefix to this volume.*

The circumstances in which the memoir appears forbid anything like criticism, but I should be doing injustice to my own feelings as well as the feelings of all who have read it, if I did not, in a single word, advert to the charm and grace of its execution and the felicity of affectionate yet reticent feeling which breathes throughout its pages.

William Henry Smith was born at North End, Hammersmith, in the first month of 1808, in circumstances of apparent affluence. His father had early made a fortune "sufficient for his wants," and retired from business. He is described as a man of "strong natural

* The Essays are four in all, and three of them, just before the author's death, had appeared in this REVIEW.

intelligence," "peculiarly fond of quiet and of books, gentle yet law-giving, the recognized head of his home." His mother was of German extraction, with an inherited vein of mysticism, derived from a father devoted to the study of Jacob Boehme, "a woman of a quiet primitive type, full of ideal piety, wrapped up in the home and the family." Smith's early home at Hammersmith was evidently a happy one. There was a large garden where he played "under the scarlet and purple blossoms of the fuchsias," and at hand was the London Road, along which came at night no fewer than seven mail coaches, "the earth tingling with the musical tread of the horses," and the dark-red coaches gleaming with their vivid lamps in the distance. These and other things made a pleasantly exciting impression upon the boy's imaginative nature, so that he recalls them in after years in minute details in a notice of Mr. Knight's *Reminiscences*. His first sorrow came from his being sent to school, where he encountered many older boys, "who appeared to him—and probably were—boisterous and brutal." He could not "kneel night and morning beside his little bed without jeers and taunts and rough dissuasives." But he only prayed in consequence "the more resolutely. The unflinching spirit that throughout life followed after truth at any cost was even then awake in the lonely and sorrowful child." A change of school brought him relief from such coarse annoyances, but less efficient instruction. He went to Radley Hall, near Abingdon, now a High Church establishment, but then a "Dissenting school; the head master a Dissenter, who seemed to have little vocation for his office beyond failure in some former business." Here his quickness and cleverness soon placed him at the head of the school, and he seems to have done very much what he liked. He drove about in a pony carriage with the "amiable and popular wife" of the head master, and began the study of Byron, whose gloomy imaginative-ness wrought powerfully on his youthful mind. His devotional feelings, which opposition had only stimulated, here grew comparatively cold, and "retired out of sight" in the presence of the religious profession which pervaded the establishment.

In 1821 he went to Glasgow College. He was only fourteen, but his elder brother, to whom he was greatly attached, was there, and he accompanied him. Here he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself, and remembered ever afterwards his "introduction to Scotch collops and the ambrosial sweetness of the first glass of Edinburgh ale." A clever student (now a bishop) shared the lodgings of the two brothers. John Sterling was one of their intimate associates, and much eager conversing and debating went on in the happy student group. Now for the first time in contact with "Scotch metaphysics," Smith, as he used to say, "got thinking." It was one of his supreme enjoyments to hear Chalmers preach, and

the fervent eloquence of the Scotch divine, then at the height of his oratorical enthusiasm and reputation, remained one of his most vivid memories. He had no Episcopal prejudices to surmount in his admiration of the great Presbyterian preacher. He had been in the habit of attending the Independent Chapel at Hammersmith, although the family also attended the parish church once a day. He was then, and continued through life, something of a Voluntary, and, "as a matter of taste, preferred the simple Presbyterian service." The "old theological foundations," however, began to be shaken as early as his Glasgow career, and his admiration of Chalmers did not check his youthful doubts.

Unhappily, the death of his father in the beginning of 1823, and symptoms of delicate health, interrupted the course of his University studies. He passed from College to a lawyer's office—the office of Mr. Sharon Turner, "the Anglo-Saxon historian, who was by profession an attorney." Like so many with his tastes, he hated office drudgery, and often said afterwards that the years he thus spent were "the most tedious and profitless of his existence." The Byronic fever which had entered into his veins, seems at this time to have intensified and reached its crisis. His natural pensiveness deepened to despondency, and grew with his uncongenial circumstances. As he himself says :—

"The ivy grew everywhere. It spread unhindered on my path, it stole unchecked upon my dwelling, it obscured the light of day, and embowered the secluded tenant in a fixed and stationary gloom. . . . In this moody condition of my soul, every trifling disgust, every casual vexation, though disregarded of themselves, could summon up a dismal train of violent and afflicting meditations."—(Memoir, p. 146.)

The theological doubts which had begun in Glasgow, added in their darkening perplexity to his desponding humour, and he appears to have sought mental solace in a visit to Switzerland. Gradually, as with all healthy natures, the gloom disappeared ; but this period of his life is especially *undated*, and the steps by which he passed out of the shadow are not clearly to be traced. He has himself recorded that a man is *wiser* for having passed through the Byronic phase ; for having felt it, and risen above it ; and that "it is a sort of moral conversion when a youthful mind turns from a too exclusive admiration of Byron's genius to the pages of Wordsworth."

His career as a writer began apparently with his return to a healthier state. His first literary efforts associated him with his old fellow-student John Sterling, and his friend Maurice. Together, the three undertook the resuscitation of the *Literary Gazette*, and with such success that Colburn, the publisher, was glad to take it off their hands, and it thenceforth became merged in the *Athenæum*. Smith's papers appeared under the head of the "Wool-gatherer,"

and at once attracted attention from the delicacy and finish of their style. Sterling's father, the "Thunderer" of *The Times*, said of them that "such pure and elegant English had not been written since the days of Addison." At this time, also, he became associated, in the Union Debating Society, with Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. H. L. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling), Mr. Romilly (Lord Romilly, recently deceased), and Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Philip van Artevelde." He attended the debates, and took part in them. His brother-in-law, Mr. Weigall, remembers particularly one occasion, when John Stuart Mill was in the chair, and the debate was of unusual eloquence, that Smith spoke "chiefly in reply to Sir H. Taylor, very forcibly, but not with his usual gentleness."

To this period also belong his early poems "Guidoine," and "Solitude." He has himself described their fate in "Thorndale" by the lips of Luxmore, there sketched as "the Poet." It was his great ambition to be enrolled amongst the poets; and bitter, therefore, was his disappointment when, "after long and elaborate preparation, he found that all his melody and all his metaphors were unable to arrest the attention of the world. From the tribunal of public opinion," he adds, "there is here no appeal." And having dug a hole in his garden "in the dead of night," he deposited his unsold poems in a nameless grave. "Dust to dust!" he exclaimed, as he covered them up, and stamped the freshly-turned mould level with the surrounding soil. The Byronic moodiness was still lord of his heart. He was as yet too self-absorbed for healthy poetic work, or for the best work of any kind that was in him. The same excess of self-introspection is found in his first prose work, written about the same time, but not published till 1835—a "philosophical romance," under the name of "Ernesto." Passages are given in the memoir from this early romance, marked by the sweet, graceful flow of style that subsequently distinguished him, and his peculiar vein of saddened thoughtfulness indicating great truths, rather than clearly expressing them; but also by a certain juvenility and effusiveness, which may very well account for its neglect.

In 1836 and 1837 William Smith wrote several articles for the *Quarterly Review*, which were highly prized by Mr. Lockhart, at that time editor. He seems also immediately before then to have given a course of lectures at Kensington, which so much interested Mr. John S. Mill, that he wrote about them twenty years afterwards to the lecturer. In 1838 he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple, and although he cannot be said to have heartily taken to his profession, he always found "a most vivid interest in the history and philosophy of jurisprudence." This is everywhere apparent in his more elaborate writings, and conspicuously so in the first of them, published in the following year (1839), and which

was, at the same time, the first effort of his pen that fixed any degree of public attention upon his name. This was, "A Discourse on the Ethics of the School of Paley," a thin, scholarly-looking octavo of eighty-six pages in all. The volume is well known to students of ethics, and Professor Ferrier is said to have greatly admired it, although it may be doubtful how far he valued it as an "attack upon Cudworth's doctrine." It is only in a very indirect way that it can be said to meddle with Cudworth. The champion of intuitive morality more immediately in the view of the essayist, is evidently Butler, to whom he more than once distinctly alludes.

Smith's Ethical Theory will afterwards be noticed. In the meantime it may be said that this ingenious Essay has an interest independently of the theory which it advocates. Its polemic is certainly not its strong point. It cannot be said now, nor could it have been said in Smith's time, that any school maintains the moral sentiment in its fully developed form to be "a separate element in our mental constitution." All must allow for the growth of this sentiment. The essential question is as to the root whence it grows, and Smith does not fairly face this question. He has hardly, indeed, a clear perception of it. The great merit of his brief volume is the fulness with which he seizes the idea of moral growth, and the significance of those complex social influences which enter into the essence of this growth. The germ of much that has been said since on this subject, and on the whole subject of the organic development of man's higher nature (the adaptation of faculty to environment), is found in the treatise, as well as much of the modern attitude of science to religion, upon which recent expositors have fixed public attention. Altogether, this "Discourse on Ethics" belongs to the modern scientific school; there is little in any of their recent elaborations which it does not anticipate, while it is far more reverent and true in feeling than so much that has come from the same mint. Even this production, however, is not without traces of a certain thinness or juvenility, and a tendency to fine paragraphs, such as appear in the earlier "Philosophical Romance."

In the same year that Smith published his "Discourse on Ethics," he formed his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, which proved his most lasting and faithful literary connection, for even "Thorndale" although it did not appear in the magazine, may be said in some degree to be due to this connection. His articles, in all extending over a period of more than thirty years, reached the number of a hundred and twenty, "not one of them hastily or carelessly written." It is to be hoped that a selection of these articles, such as the publishers once proposed to the author, may yet be issued in a separate form.

Mr. Smith's life seems to have passed pleasantly at this time. He

had at length shaken himself free from the moodiness of his Byronic days; he was conscious of literary powers, which, if as yet undeveloped, had found a fruitful outlet; he was surrounded by many intellectual friends, and he was still living with a mother who loved him, and whom he fondly loved. His most conspicuous friends were John Sterling, Maurice, Mr. Grove (now Mr. Justice Grove), the author of "The Correlation of Physical Forces," and Mr. George Henry Lewes. Sterling writes an interesting letter to him on the eve of his departure from England to Madeira, in which he speaks, amongst other things, of some project of putting Smith forward for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow—a project to which Mr. J. S. Mill seems to have promised "friendly co-operation." But the project never went farther than the minds of his friends. Mr. Lewes speaks of him a few years later as one of the few men whom he knew "deservedly called *distinguished*—a genuine, individual nature. He was himself, and all his opinions and sentiments were his own, not echoes or compromises. In spite of his shyness, there was an affectionate expansiveness in his manner which irresistibly attracted me."

The loss of his mother in 1842 was a great grief, and left him without the comforts of a home. In this year, however, his first literary success may be said to have been achieved. His play of "Athelwold" was not only published, but attracted a very discerning appreciation. Mr. Mill sent him the highly favourable opinion of it by "the most superior woman I have ever known," who afterwards became his wife, and of whom all the world has since heard sufficiently. Serjeant Talfourd wrote in his somewhat high-flown manner to the same effect. The play seemed to him "to combine more freely dramatic power with more of poetical luxuriance and tenderness, than any of the dramas which have within the last few years sprung from the imagination of our national genius." But, more than all, Macready made application to the author for permission to act "Athelwold," which was done with decided success. The author was "enthusiastically called for," and everything seemed to promise a permanent popularity for the play; but it was near the end of the season, and after a brief run it was not again put upon the stage. Miss Helen Faucit, (now Mrs. Theodore Martin) personated the chief female character, Elfrida, and one particular moment of her impersonation was pronounced by Macready "the best thing she ever did." Macready's own rendering of the character of Athelwold was thought by the author very fine.

The autumn of 1843 was spent by Smith in Paris, and the summer of 1845 in Switzerland. In the following year "Athelwold" was reprinted along with a new play, "Sir William Crichton," and his two early poems whose neglect had so blankly

disappointed him. Talfourd again writes to him in enthusiastic commendation. He doubts whether the new play has enough of "stirring action," but

"with much of picturesque action and heroic character, it has the highest excellence of thoughtful beauty, of affections steeped in meditative sweetness; while I read it, to me

' There is that within
Makes all external scene, whate'er it be,
Mere dream and phantom—merely moving cloud
Athwart some pale and stationary thought.'

And those lines, which seem to me indicative of your true genius, seem also to me among the most beautiful ever written. If heaven gave me the choice, there are very few of which I had rather been the author."

In the spring of the year he also visited Italy, which he seems, however, to have traversed with too much rapidity. The marvels of ancient art filled him with irrepressible excitement, and "he went on from place to place regardless of fatigue." On his way home he tarried at Brussels, where his eldest brother had settled, surrounded by an interesting family. To one of his nieces here he confided the following verses, full of deeply pathetic meaning, in reference to some theological question which had arisen betwixt them.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

"There is a sweetness in the world's despair,
There is a rapture of serenity,
When severed quite from earthly hope or care,
The heart is free to suffer or to die.

"The crown, the palm of saints in Paradise,
My wearied spirit does not crave to win;
Breathe in Thy cup, O Christ, of agonies—
Breathe Thy deep love, and let me drink therein.

"To weep as Thou hast wept—I ask no more;
Be mine the sorrows that were known to Thee;
To the bright heavens I have no strength to soar,
But I would find Thee on Thy Calvary."

Some of his notes on art, reminiscent of the impressions gathered during his Italian tour, show an exquisite appreciation, and a finely descriptive touch. These are chiefly found in a tale under the name of "Mildred," which he published on his return from his tour.

For a brief moment, Smith is seen taking a part in public life. He appeared with Mr. John S. Mill, the Honourable Mr. Villiers, and others, at a great Anti-Corn Law meeting, and not only spoke with the happiest effect, but faced manfully the excited audience when they began to resent some of his cautious utterances against expecting too much from Repeal. He paused, and "by a very stirring appeal to their candour and sense of fair-play, secured again their good-will, and sat down, the great success of the

evening. His brother-in-law, Mr. Weigall, was convinced, from what he observed on this occasion, that if he could only have overcome his retiring habits, 'he would have won distinction in public life.'"

But his love of retirement was at this very moment about to prevail over every other feeling. He had made no way in his profession; his heart was not in it; a nature so abstracted and thoughtful as his could not fix itself upon those outward details and interests which were absolutely necessary to enable him to gain what is called business. The "love of thinking for its own sake" grew with him always more irresistible, and this, combined with a "passionate thirst for nature and beauty," and other considerations less significant, led him, in 1848 or 1849, to seek a quiet settlement amongst the lovely scenery of the English lakes. Here he spent his summers, while there were hospitable homes of brothers and sisters open to him for the winter. About two years after he had settled down to this solitary, but to him delightful life of study, he was surprised by a last effort to attract him to a more active career. The health of Professor Wilson began to fail in 1851, and he was advised to cease lecturing for a session. His thoughts directly turned to William Smith, as the man most qualified to take his place, and he sent him a confidential message to this effect. For an hour or two Smith hesitated; the offer presented temptations which he could not at once throw aside; he gave his morning's walk to its anxious consideration, but in the end declined. The spell of solitude, and of work according to his own will, was too powerful over him, and he was never heard to express any regret for his decision.

During the three following years (1851-4) he was busy with his own thoughts, working them into the form which they eventually took in "Thorndale." As one says who saw much of him during these years* his life was a "wistful perpetual argument, going on with incessant energy," and in the various attitudes of his mind he seemed now to impersonate one and now another of the characters in that remarkable book. "There was something of Clarence in him, something (at times much) of Cyril, occasionally glowing flashes of Seckendorf, and frequently the perfect tranquillity with which the Poet would admit on some most momentous subjects his profound ignorance." So he pondered and worked in his solitary retreat, varying his labours on "Thorndale" by a graceful article in *Blackwood*, till the autumn of 1856, when he began the acquaintanceship which was destined to ripen into the great happiness of his life, and give it a wholly new interest.

We feel ourselves precluded from entering upon the history of this fresh epoch in Smith's career by the form of the "Memoir"

* Dr Leitch.

before us. We may only say that, as the whole sketch is written with much felicity, this part is done with a peculiar grace and tenderness which leaves nothing to be desired. The first meeting with his future wife in his retirement at Keswick, the gradual growth of their friendship into a deeper feeling, cemented by common intellectual tastes, and the evident happiness (as revealed by his letters) which marriage brought him, are all told in the best manner. There needs no other evidence than the "Memoir" itself, that Smith found in the lady who became his wife—and who was already favourably known in literature as the translator of Freytag's "Debit and Credit"—a companion in all respects meet for even so beautiful a nature as his. He had passed the usual age of love-enthusiasm, but as with others so with him, "the thirst for affection was felt far more in manhood than in early years." Certainly he was as enthusiastic as his deep quiet nature could well be. He was "no more companionless." The loneliness of heart, which everywhere pierces the crust of discussion in "Thorndale" was filled up with warmth and light. Nothing can give a better idea of this than the following simple verses written in the summer following his marriage:—

"Thee, Nature, Thought—that burns in me
A living and consuming flame—
These must suffice; let the life be
The same, the same, and evermore the same.

"Here find I taskwork, here society—
Thou art my gold, thou art my fame;
Let the sweet life pass sweetly by,
The same, the same, and evermore the same."

His marriage took place in the beginning of 1861. "Thorndale" had been printed and published in the autumn of 1857. The success which attended this, in all respects his chief work, was no doubt gratifying to him, and helped his cheerfulness at this time. The depth yet delicacy of its thoughtfulness, the remarkable beauty of many descriptive passages, the subtle dramatic play of character and dialogue, and, above all, the passionate intensity of its longing after truth, gave the book a hold on the higher public mind, which it has in some degree retained. Mr. J. S. Mill sent his congratulations on its "decided success," and although not in his view "resolving many questions" (which it did not pretend to do), said that he regarded it as "a valuable contribution to the floating elements out of which the future moral and intellectual synthesis will have to shape itself." "Gravenhurst," which followed in 1862, showed the same qualities, but not in the same freshness or force. The dialogue is almost equally charming, and the topics varied and highly interesting, but the tone is here

and there more conventional, and the vein of thought less subtle, poetic, and original.

There is henceforth little to note in Smith's life. It flowed on in an even current of tranquil happiness. While his heart had found rest, his mind had reached the maturity of its powers, and as clear a "moral and intellectual synthesis" as it ever attained. He never recovered his early faith or the theology of his boyhood. This was impossible to so thoroughly thoughtful a nature as his—a thoughtfulness which never rested, and yet never despaired. The spirit of inquiry was too strong in him to enable him to go back over ground of the weakness of which he had satisfied himself; he had nothing of that impatience of reason, or doubt of its competency, which has driven minds as vigorous but far less true than his into the arms of blind authority; but his spirit of reverence and love was at the same time far too powerful to let him forego the thought of a Divine theory of the Universe, and the hope of a Divine destiny for man. Nothing is so easy as superstition on the one hand, or negation on the other. The former is an ever open refuge for the sharpest minds when once they begin to despair of thought. The latter is a bleak eminence, where any who have strength of wing and mere boldness or hardness of heart may rest. Smith was bold as any adventurer on the heights of thought ever was; but with all his courage there mingled a great depth of feeling. There was the fulness of a complete human spirit in him, which made him seek everywhere for a moral meaning and the light of an encompassing Reason and Love. After standing long in silence gazing at the stars, he would turn from their oppressive magnificence with such words as these, "Love must be better than hate in all worlds." The imperfections of his moral theory prevented him from realizing, or rather from verifying all the significance of his own aspiration; but the depth and sacredness of his higher feelings could never let him settle in the nakedness of a mere Philosophy of Nature.

His Essays on "Knowing and Feeling," partly published in the CONTEMPORARY in 1870, and completed in the present volume, were the last, and perhaps the most systematic exposition of his fundamental theories. They are written with all the exquisite felicity of his earlier style, and the argument and thought are perhaps more carefully arranged and compacted than was his wont.

Up to this time there had been no break in his happiness since his marriage. His health, if not strong, was good. He is described in 1868 as "well and strong," and amidst the society of friends and the enjoyment of nature filled with a "spirit of joy." "The seasons were all unusually fine; in autumn the hills were one sheet of golden bracken, such as we never saw

before or since; the leaves hung later on his beloved beech trees, and our mountain walks were longer than usual." For the first time, in the beginning of the following year, he showed some signs of weakness, a tendency to shivering fits and supervening fever. But these passed away, and he was busy with his Essays for the CONTEMPORARY. The summer of 1870 found him "well, and occupied thoroughly and energetically." From this time, however, his health began plainly to give way. His shivering fits recurred with a growing weakness. The tenth anniversary of his marriage at Brighton (March, 1871) was evidently shadowed by impending apprehension. "Ten years!" he said, "I used to think if I could have *ten* happy years! And I have had them." He was back in Borrowdale in the summer of that year, and at his "little desk in the old corner rapidly wrote the last article of his that ever appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine**—one on the 'Coming Race.' I remember his saying one day as he laid down the book, 'I should not wonder if it was written by Bulwer.'" He seemed then again in good health. His friend, Dr. Leitch, had pronounced him so. But almost immediately his former ailment returned, leaving him with strength enough to rise in the morning and carry on in form the habits of health, but evidently sapping, with persistent force, his constitution. He tried sea air at Brighton, and could still enjoy a short walk, although compelled for the most part to take exercise by driving. But gradually he wasted, and the end drew near. His early friend, Professor Maurice, visited him one day, and he was able to write of his enjoyment in the visit, and how "old age had improved" Maurice's expression. "His white hair, and the soft expression of his eyes made," he says, "a charming picture." But neither the devoted love of wife, the kind sympathy of friends, nor fresh air, nor the sight of sea and clouds, could bring back the swiftly vanishing strength; and quite peacefully he passed away on Thursday, the 28th March, 1872. He was buried in Brighton Cemetery "in a spot at present still secluded, and over which the larks sing joyously."

Let me now briefly try to estimate Smith's position as a thinker. Any formal review of his books at this date is, of course, out of the question. In using of an author the term "Thinker," I am aware of the disesteem into which this term has come with many sober-minded people, and not undeservedly. There are so many "Thinkers" now-a-days, and so many crudities of speculation palmed off upon a public greedy for sensation in religion and philosophy, no less than in other matters, that it is hardly to be wondered at if the "Thinker" has become something of a suspicious

* His last Essay of all appeared not in *Blackwood*, but in this REVIEW, in June, 1872—an article on Mr. Greg's "Political Essays."

character, to be kept at a distance from all well-regulated families. Still there are men who can only be described in this manner—whose business is, as Smith's professedly was, *thinking for its own sake*. Something besides, Smith always was. He was a remarkable literary artist. He had from the first a graceful and effective power of literary expression, which many men who devote themselves to thinking never acquire, and which make his books charming reading to all who have any cultivated intellectual taste. You cannot take them up and run the eye along the random page without lighting upon exquisite bits of writing, which give to the disciplined mind something of the same delighted surprise with which the disciplined eye ranges over sudden glimpses of beautiful landscape. But, withal, it is the thinker, even more than the writer, that is conspicuous in these books. The author loved to "think, to know;" and he only took pen in hand—in his books at least—when he had something to say out of the fullness of his own thoughts. "Thorndale" and "Gravenhurst," and the "Contribution to Psychology," grew up in this manner out of his incessant spirit of inquiry, and whatever may be judged the ultimate value of his theories, they were at least woven in his own mental loom—they were the characteristic product of his highest activity. He *was always asking himself questions*, and his books are the best answers he could give to them.

What, then, was his attitude as a thinker? How did he look at the world and man, and in what direction did he seek a solution of the questions which never ceased to recur to him?

From what I have already said, and from the chief bent of his mental associations, it is evident that he soon became dissatisfied with conventional orthodoxy, both in theology and philosophy. The former subject had a great attraction for him, but it was on its ethical or philosophical, and not on its historical side. There is neither in his works nor in his letters any trace of his acquaintance with the results of modern German criticism, or of the vital issues which it has raised as to the origin of the great spiritual movement of the first century. All his interest concentrated on still deeper problems—on the origin of the Universe itself, and the great ideas which seem to underlie its progress and destiny. His peculiar interest as a Thinker lies exactly here. He felt all the impulses of the modern scientific school, but sought at last to confine them by a Divine thought. It was these impulses which drove him forth from the old orthodox enclosures—but only to return to a higher temple in which to worship. Whether he succeeded in his aim is another matter. This can only be seen after a brief exposition of his views.

No one has more clearly or eloquently expounded the great modern idea of Evolution.

"It is the idea," he says, "which distinguishes the philosophy of our own era from all previous modes of speculation. I do not say that no trace of such an idea is to be found in classical or mediæval times. No great idea of this kind comes suddenly into existence; but it certainly occupies no prominent position in any current system, whether Greek or Oriental, or belonging to the later stages of the Roman Empire. A great cycle of events, a certain circular movement of all created things, ending where it began, was the favourite hypothesis of Indian philosophy, and of those Europeans who cared to carry their speculations over vast eras of time. Our mediæval thinkers were generally disposed to look upon this world as a system of things to be soon and abruptly terminated—as a system, in fact, rotten at the core, and which never could arrive to any enviable maturity. A generous impatience of the moral evil around them had led the great prophets and teachers of Judea to foretell the speedy destruction of the world. A noble rage destroyed what it could not reform. Earnest thinkers, who felt that there was a *better* destined for mankind, and saw no way to it on any line men were then travelling, hurried up the scene, closed the drama at once, and introduced a new order of things—a kingdom where a righteous God should reign in the hearts of all men. It was a noble ardour—a bold imagination which has marvellously aided *that slow progression to the same goal* which stands now revealed to us."—(*Thorndale*, 1st Edit., p. 411.)

The conception of the Cosmos as a constant series of ordered changes ever proceeding—nothing moving alone, but everything in connection—an endless interaction of forces only disappearing to reappear in new forms, everywhere pervades his writings. It lies at the back of all his thought, and he might seem for a time to be little more than other disciples of the modern school, who, having evoked this great imagination of the Cosmos, fall down and worship it, or at least see nothing beyond it capable of being either known or worshipped. But Smith, while he travelled without hesitation along the modern pathway, and accepted its guidance without misgiving, insisted at the same time, with reiterated argument, on a higher material than any mere synthesis. *There is the Cosmos*; but the Cosmos is unintelligible, apart from the Divine Idea in which it originates and which it manifests.

"What we call development is but another name for creation. All reality, all existence whatever, is finally known to us as no other than the manifestation in space and time of a Divine Idea. This is the 'last word' of all our sciences. Power or Force, in their last significance, are but names for this manifestation of *some whole*—some Idea; for you can form no conception of any power or force *per se*. Nothing of any kind in all the world about us exists of itself or by itself. It only exists as part of some whole. *A whole is always as necessary to the existence of the parts as the parts to the existence of the whole*; so that whole and parts can finally be represented to us only as the manifestation of a supermundane idea."—(*Thorndale*, p. 414.)

In short, while the modern notion of the Cosmos as a great growth, and of man as a growth within it, was the background of all his thought, the Divine Idea was again the background of the

Cosmos. Nature in all its ordered manifestations was only conceivable to him—only conceivable at all (in his view) as the expression of a prior Thought; and no other demonstration appeared to him necessary of the existence of that Thought. "Other arguments are needless, and when they are not fallacious they resolve themselves into this."

Here, therefore, Smith separated himself from a mere Nature-philosophy. There was to him not merely a unity in all things—a natural *Universum* from whose living bosom all things come forth, but there was a Divine Thought or Purpose everywhere revealed in the unity. "It is this unity," he says, "that brings us to the great truth that a Divine Idea lies at the origin of all things." To the old subtlety, never better put than by Hume—What *right* has thought or intelligence thus to stand at the head of all things? Must not the ordered creation already exist as a *condition* for the manifestation of Thought? And why should the human mind more than any other development of Nature be conceived as typical of the Divine? Smith virtually replied that a certain analogy betwixt the Divine mind and the human was inevitable. Only in this way, or by the use of such an analogy, can the world be explained, or made intelligible. I am *compelled to think* of it in its wholeness as existing in a prior Mind. There is no such thing as simple existence—all existence is *related*; the very idea of relation implies a whole. In other words, the parts are necessary to each other.

"What determines this whole? What is its nature? You cannot say that it is determined by the parts or the separate forces, for these cease to be anything at all when they cease to be expressions of the whole. And if they existed as separate forces, which is a mere imagination, they could not determine each other's mutual relation. The *whole must be necessarily conceived by us as a manifested idea*; and the forces of Nature are nothing else than the *power of manifestation*. The idea and the power of manifesting it form our conception of God."—(*Thorndale*, 1st Edit., p. 418.)

Should it be still urged, But we know nothing of origin or "creation:"—

"The very word is a mere coinage, resulting from a fanciful analogy drawn from the human artificer. . . . You give me as a cause, an idea, a thought, a conscious intelligence. Now we know nothing of the origin of worlds, but we do know something of the origin of thought; we have it as the consequent, and not as the antecedent of an established order of events."—(*Thorndale*, 1st Edit., pp. 420, 421).

To this he answered:—

"Things are essentially thoughts."

Relation is of the essence of every known thing, and relation already implies thought. The simplest space-relation carries us, so to speak, outside of itself, to some beginning in a thought.

"There is no beginning in Nature. We are compelled to begin with

an idea which is existent, and above Nature. Forces and the Idea, Power and Reason—are found in our last analysis to be inseparable.”—(*Thorndale*, p. 421.)*

It is unnecessary to quote further. Plainly Smith's argument is only another form, as he himself admitted, of the old argument from Design. His peculiarity is that he apprehends this argument solely on the side of reason or thought. The Cosmos, or *ordered* series of natural phenomena, is inconceivable, except on the supposition of Reason lying behind it as its explanation. The analogy is with him a purely intellectual one—Mind in man, and Mind in the world, represented if not as impersonal (for he disclaims this) yet as an abstract idea. Matter nowhere exists unrelated, or, as he says, *unorganised*. It rises before us *ordered*, and as such is the necessary expression of Reason. In confining himself to such a deduction, he supposes that he escapes the charge of anthropomorphism dreaded by all philosophers of the modern school. He himself says, indeed, that he cannot conceive intelligence without *personality*.† But he refuses to think of the Divine personality after the manner of man's personality. What the former may be he does not profess to understand, but he would not apply to it for a moment what psychology may teach of the nature of human personality.‡

Smith's peculiar theism is the natural sequel of his general doctrine in ethics and psychology. He recognizes no distinctive moral faculty. Morality with him is a pure growth under the pressure of social influences, from our primary feelings of *pleasure* and *pain*, or as he often says, of *good* and *evil*. The very readiness with which he interchanges these expressions points to his strong naturalism. Neither in his “Discourse on Ethics,” nor in his later Essays, does he seem to see the necessity of a Divine side to human nature as the root of morality. The Will, so far from being such a side, is not recognized as an original part of human nature at all. It is merely the *relation betwixt thought and action*—not any consciousness of self or power within, but a mere accumulated feeling flowing from our experience of movement. Quite

* He recurs to the same mode of argument in his latest Essays on “Knowing and Feeling.” Speaking of nature-development, he says—“This incessant *becoming*, how are we to deal with it? Am I to accept it as an ultimate fact, like being itself; for, indeed, every being (in the form it wears to us) was also a becoming? Am I to devise an ‘unknowable cause,’ and attribute to it our evolving series? Or may I not advance at once to the supposition that this evolving whole we have before us existed as a thought before it existed in space or as an actuality? May I not leap at once to this supposition, and deduce what I can from it? What *has been* determines what *is*, and what *will be*. But if the past determines the future, does not that whole that *is to be* determine every part of the series? And how can this be conceived but on the supposition that the whole pre-existed in thought? For myself, this obstinate conception occurs again and again, that the whole as it develops and will be developed in space and time determined all the parts of that whole, which it could only do on the supposition that it pre-existed in thought—the thought, therefore, of some Being capable of so thinking and so acting—not thinking or acting as a human being.”—(Pp. 91-2.)

† “Thorndale,” p. 422.

‡ *Ibid.*

consistently, therefore, he drops the old threefold division of Knowing, Feeling, and Willing, and confines himself to the two former. Morality, in short, does not start with our author from any Divine *inside* (call it self, or will, or the ego), but merely from Nature; and here, therefore, it was impossible for him to find any analogue of his Divine Idea. Not only does the human will not give any suggestion of Divine power, but the human conscience is no monitor of a Divine law. Both alike—will and conscience—are mere *natural growths*, consequent on the progress of civilization. No writer has ever written more loftily or beautifully of the moral aspects of humanity; but he appears to us all the same to have severed them from a living root. The blossom and the fruit are all there, but the trunk on which they have grown is uprooted from the Divine soil, in which alone it can find its true nutriment.

As a psychologist, Smith leaves himself a spiritual footing, but still an inadequate one. He is fully convinced of the substantive distinction of matter and of mind. The final unit of Consciousness or Thought is as irresolvable as the final unit of Extension, or the atom. "I am utterly unable," he says, "to conceive of thought as the function of a material and constantly fluctuating organization. I have no doubt myself of the immateriality of that which ultimately is conscious."* And, again, in the person of Sandford, in "Gravenhurst," "I have always spoken of mind and matter as different substances distinguished by their different properties."† But *growth* here, as elsewhere, is his favourite and governing idea; and the most part of his psychological Essays, as well as one of the most interesting sections of "Thorndale," are taken up with an elaborate analysis of "the development of the individual consciousness." He finds the start of this development in a complex root of feeling and of judgment. The unit of consciousness is not mere sensation, but *sensation-in-space*; or, in other words, a feeling of *space-occupancy*. The conscious being is from the first a being in relation, and this relation is nothing else than an element of judgment or cognition. Mere sensibility could never yield knowledge, or start mind into life.

"Sensation held together in the one consciousness—the *together and the different*, implying a judgment, a relation perceived that is the most elementary form of mind. . . . The relation perceived is a fundamental fact—fundamental as sensation itself with which it is connected—and is the foundation of all our knowledge."—(*Knowing and Feeling*, p. 9.)

By recognizing this element of cognition as primary in Consciousness, Smith separated himself from the ordinary school of Sensationalists, whose motto is "*Penser c'est sentir*." He believed,

* "Thorndale," p. 479.

† P. 301.

also, that he found here a standpoint against the pure Idealists, whose difficulty is to get to the outside of Consciousness at all, and verify an external world. *Space-occupancy* is already *subject-in-object*—not merely *inside* but *outside*. The external world can never be built up of mere “groups of sensibilities that have somehow, in imagination, transferred themselves to space,” and become coherent from association; but it is already present in the fundamental element of *relation* that enters into consciousness.

Beyond this double root of sense and judgment, which he considered of vital importance, Smith threw himself here, as elsewhere, into the arms of the modern school. His unit of consciousness, while embracing *two terms*, is not to be confounded with the full *subject* and *object* of Sir W. Hamilton, and other members of the Scottish school. The *self*, or *ego*, is not a primary constituent of the conscious being, but a development like all higher attributes of mind, resolving itself on examination “into a relation between the several terms of any one given state of consciousness.” He “cordially embraces,” on this as other points, his favourite modern doctrine. And applying this doctrine to the human consciousness—

“What,” he asks, “is the meaning of such terms as ‘primary’ and ‘fundamental,’ to which so much honour is by some attached? Are we to suppose that the first intellectual forms or conceptions, such as *issue* in their order from vital or physical antecedents, are especially authoritative, or in any way especially excellent? In other departments of nature we are accustomed to say that the lower appears first as the condition of the higher, the simpler as the condition of the more complex. It is the last development, and not the first, that should receive the highest honours; or rather it is that whole whose *harmonised development* is carried furthest that should be most honoured.”—(*Knowing and Feeling*, p. 17.)

Smith, in short, is an Evolutionist as to all the activities of mind as well as of matter. Only he recognizes the two spheres. These spheres do not appear to him translatable. Mind remains an indissoluble unit, unexplained by any combination of physical antecedents. But this unit is purely *intellectual*. It is not an original divine principle, or spiritual entity. It is a mere feeling of *relation*—the *combination of primary differences—here and there*. This is all the mind with which he starts, and which he considers *essential*.

His theistic doctrine stands fully explained in the light of such an analysis. Starting from so meagre a conception of mind in man, he could not, by *any direct process* of analogy, find a Supreme Mind in nature. The moral element was entirely wanting as a source of the Divine Idea. This idea was a final necessity of Thought—nothing more. The cosmic Whole is not a mere incidental collection of parts, but an *ordered unity*. In his own language, “the whole is one;” and this unity or totality is only conceivable as the efflux or expression of a prior mind. This argu-

ment appeared to him good, even if mind were supposably not distinct from matter. Because it is not spiritual consciousness which constitutes the point of similarity between the human and Divine—but the fact that “in whatever substance or substances God has created, a *certain state of consciousness* in me has elevated me to a consciousness of the harmony of the whole, and made me to understand this whole as essentially the Divine idea.”* While strongly disallowing Materialism himself, therefore, Smith did not think it inconsistent with Theism, and nothing gave him so much pain as the labourious attempts of some to prove that every Materialist must necessarily be an Atheist.†

This protest has our entire sympathy. No one has a right to fasten upon another the charge of Atheism. If any choose to take the title the affair is their own. No one has a right to fix a personal charge on mere grounds of consistency in reasoning. At the same time it is absolutely necessary, in arguments of this kind, to point out what appears to be the only solid and rational basis of the higher inference. And, notwithstanding all Smith's arguments, we are satisfied that the old motto is true, “*Nullus Spiritus, nullus Deus.*” It is not enough to recognize mind as well as sense, and to argue outwards towards a Divine mind. Unless we start with the Divine in man, we can never reach it in Nature. Unless we begin with a substantive spiritual entity, we can never find such an entity at all. Mind which is the mere growth of Nature, can never help us to pass beyond Nature. Even if we cannot conceive of Nature save as a *whole*, and of this whole save as a *Thought*, this is no evidence on any mere nature-basis of the existence of such a Thought. A mere necessary condition of mind in us can never warrant the assumption of a Supreme Mind outside of us. Such an inference is open at once to all the force of the Kantian criticism against the old *à priori* argument, and all the force of modern criticism, on the ground of anthropomorphism. Mind, abstract it as we will, is a human experience, and except on the ground of some special affinity with the Divine, has no right to stand at the head of Nature. Moreover, on the materialistic supposition, mind is not an entity or substance at all. It is a mere name for a congeries of psychological energies, appearing and disappearing within nature, and only known as united in a material synthesis. It is nothing more than “one of the springs and principles of the universe,” like heat or motion. “And what peculiar privilege” has the little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the whole Universe?”‡

None whatever on a materialistic basis. If man is not primarily a

* “Thorndale,” p. 433.

† Ibid., p. 482.

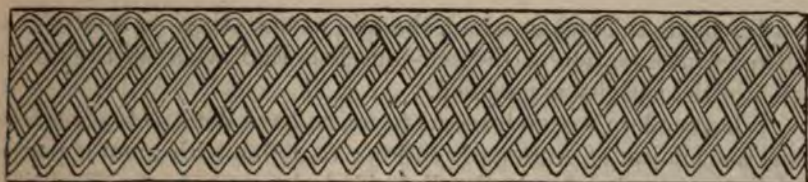
‡ Hume's Dialogue Concerning Natural Religion.

conscious Spirit, and thought the peculiar property of this Spirit, there can be no rational vindication to him of an Eternal Spirit or Mind. If he does not himself, in his essence of consciousness, transcend Nature, he can never find anything above Nature, whether Eternal Idea or Supreme Intelligence. For the dome of Nature, by hypothesis, encloses him, and there is no shaft in it piercing to an upper sky.

But I must bring this study to a close. It will be seen that while I highly estimate Smith's powers as a thinker, it is for the subtlety, beauty, and earnestness of his thought, rather than for its results. Ardent Theist, he appears to me to have left an incomplete basis, both psychological and ethical, for his Theism. While resisting sensationalism strenuously, and supposing himself to have cleared distinct spiritual room for a higher philosophy, he was yet drawn within the sensational vortex so strongly as to weaken and obscure his higher principles. This of course applies solely to his mode of reasoning. His personal belief seems to have grown brighter in his closing years. From the centre of his own happiness he looked steadfastly forward, not merely to a happier progression for man in this world (for the idea of human progress was always a vital element of his philosophic faith), but to a higher Future. The "*desire for immortality*" lit up with an increasing glow all his spiritual aspirations. If he never regained the faith of his religious youth, the Divine thought yet grew in him to a passionate yearning. "He believed in God—he hoped for immortality."

I could have wished to extend the study to other aspects of Smith's philosophy, and especially to bring into clearer light his advancing optimism. The very interesting discussions in "*Gravenhurst*" on good and evil, the true nature of religion, and on the progress of society, both in that volume and in "*Thorndale*," all merit attention. As I pass them under review, I feel how little justice has been done to the author. But imperfect and in some respects negative as my study may have been, it has been full of love and faithfulness. Differing from the thinker, one never ceases to admire the man, and his beautiful and earnest enthusiasm. And if there remains much in the thinker and writer that I have failed to touch, his main thoughts have yet been set forth. For it is his own saying in the last sentence of "*Gravenhurst*," "We have but two conceptions: the *world as a whole*, and *God as its Author*."

J. TULLOCH.



ON THE DOCTRINE OF HUMAN AUTOMATISM.

THE war between the Libertarians and the Necessitarians, the partisans of Free Will, and the upholders of Determinism, which has been waged for centuries in the provinces of Theology and Metaphysics with very little prospect of a definite result, has latterly been carried into the domain of Physiology; where the Determinist army has found a great accession of strength, not only in the number of the recruits who have joined its standard, but in the ability of their leaders, and the strength of its positions. From the confidence with which what are asserted to be the inevitable conclusions of Physiological science are now advanced in proof of the Determinist hypothesis,* it might be supposed that some new facts of peculiar importance had been discovered, or some more cogent deductions drawn from the facts previously known. But after an attentive re-examination of the whole question, I find nothing in the results of more recent researches to shake my early formed conviction of the existence of a fundamental distinction, not only between the rational actions of sentient beings guided by experience, and the automatic movements of creatures whose whole life is obviously but the working of a mechanism,† but also between those actions (common to man and intelligent brutes) which are determined by a preponderating attraction towards an object present to the consciousness, and those (peculiar,

* See Professor Huxley on "The Hypothesis that Animals are Automata," in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1874; and Professor Clifford on "Body and Mind" in the same journal for December.

† "On the Voluntary and Instinctive Actions of Living Beings," in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, No. 132 (1837).

as I believe, to Man) in which there is, at one stage or another, a distinct intervention of the self-conscious Ego, whereby the direction of the activity is modified.

What modern research seems to me to have done, is to elucidate the mechanism of Automatic action; to define with greater precision the share it takes in the diversified phenomena of animal life, psychical as well as motor; and to introduce a more scientific mode of thought into the physiological part of the inquiry. But in so far as those who profess to be its expositors ignore those facts of consciousness which John Stuart Mill has truly characterized as the only realities of which, philosophically speaking, we have any evidence, leading us to dwell exclusively on physical action as the only thing with which science has to do, and designating as "nonsense" the doctrine (based on the universal experience of mankind) that the mental states which we call volitions and emotions have a causative relation to bodily changes, they appear to me to grasp only one half of the problem, to see only one side of the shield. That the doctrine of the conservation of energy holds good in the animal body as completely as it does in the universe around, I should be among the last to dispute; that in the most powerful muscular effort which can be called forth by the human will, there is no more a creation of force than in an automatic convulsion, I believe as firmly as Professor Clifford; but just as a rider utilizes and directs the motor energy of his horse, so, I maintain, does the mind of man utilize and direct (within certain limits) the physical energy of his body, turning this to account not only in muscular movement, but also in those cerebral changes which serve as the bases of further mental operations.

What is the range and limit of the Automatic action of the body of Man, and what clue we gain from modern physiological research as to the manner in which it is controlled and directed by his mind, are the questions I propose to discuss in this paper; and it will, I think, be advantageous to enter upon the discussion historically, by tracing the principal stages in the development of the system of doctrine now generally accepted by physiologists.

Somewhat more than fifty years ago (1821), the publication of the discoveries of Charles Bell gave a new impetus to a study which had previously made but little progress for more than a century. It was by him that the principle was first placed on a valid experimental basis, that every one of the multitudinous fibres of which any single nerve-trunk is composed, runs a distinct course between its central and its peripheral terminations; and that its function consists in establishing a connection, in the one case, between an organ of sense and the central sensorium; or, in the other, between a motor centre and the muscle which it calls into contraction. The fibres of the former class he termed "sensory,"

and those of the latter "motor;" and he showed that while the ordinary spinal nerves contain fibres of both functions (separated, however, into distinct groups at their roots), there are nerves in the head which are sensory only, and others which are solely motor. It has since been proved, however, that between these two classes of nerve-fibres there is not really any essential difference, each serving, like a telegraph-wire, to convey "molecular motion" (the now fashionable mode of expressing a change of whose nature we really know nothing whatever) in either direction, and its function depending entirely upon its connections. The subsequent progress of inquiry, moreover, has made it clear that such "molecular motion," transmitted from a recipient organ to a nerve-centre, may there excite a motor response without any affection of the consciousness; and hence the "sensory" nerves of Bell are now more generally termed "afferent," or "centripetal."

The "nervous circle," as it was termed by Bell, composed of a sensory nerve, the nerve-centre to which it proceeds, and the motor nerve passing forth from that centre to the muscles, was distinctly recognized by him as furnishing the mechanism of those involuntary movements which are called forth by sensory impressions; as when the passage of a crumb of bread, a drop of water, or a whiff of acrid vapour into the larynx, excites the act of coughing;—the impression transmitted upwards by the sensory nerves to a certain part of the brain (including in this term, for the present, the whole aggregate of nerve-centres contained in the cranial cavity), making itself felt there, and calling forth, through the motor nerves that proceed to the muscles of expiration, a combined movement adapted to get rid of the source of irritation. This is a typical example of what is now termed *reflex action*, which may be regarded as the elementary form of nervous activity.

In such a low and almost homogeneous organism as that of the *hydra* (or fresh-water polype), however, every part seems equally capable of receiving impressions and of responding to them by contraction. As there are neither special sense-organs nor special muscles, there are no special nerves; and the movements by which it grasps the prey that may come within its reach, and draws it into its digestive cavity, are no more indicative of consciousness or will, than are those of the muscles of the gullet that carry down into the stomach the food which is brought within their grasp in the act of swallowing, or than the churning action of the stomach itself during the process of digestion. The continuance of these movements in the alimentary canal of higher animals, after it has been taken out of the body, is a clear proof of their purely *automatic* nature; and there is no reason to regard the prehensile actions of the *hydra*, or other animals of similar grade of organization, in any other light.

But with the development of a special muscular apparatus, and the limitation (with accompanying exaltation) of the sensory endowments of particular parts of the organism, we find a nervous mechanism interposed, the primary office of which is obviously "internuncial" merely.* Thus, in the humble Ascidian, rooted to one spot during all but its free embryonic stage of existence, and obtaining both its food and the oxygen required for the aeration of its blood by currents sustained by the vibration of the cilia that line its alimentary canal and respiratory sac, an action that resembles coughing is the only sign it gives of any but a purely vegetative existence. The orifice of the dilated pharynx which forms the respiratory sac, is fringed with short tentacles, from which nerve-fibres proceed to a ganglionic centre in their neighbourhood; and from this centre we find motor fibres ramifying over the muscular mantle in which the body is inclosed. And thus if the ciliary current should draw inwards a particle of unsuitable size or character, the contact of this with the guardian-tentacles excites a reflex contraction of the muscular sac, whereby a jet of water is squirted out that carries the offending particle to a distance. It is obvious that this act no more represents conscious intention on the part of the Ascidian, than the cough of the infant represents a desire to get rid of an uneasy sensation in its throat; in the one case as in the other, the adaptiveness of the action to the purpose it answers is simply that of a piece of mechanism; and we characterize it, therefore, as *automatic*.

It has been shown by Professor Huxley that Descartes, who distinctly recognized the purely mechanical nature of such actions, had made as near an approach as he could do to what we now regard as their true *rationale*, in attributing them to a reflexion of the "animal spirits" in the nerve-centres from the sensory to the motor-nerves; and he seems further to have been in advance of his successors in maintaining that the impressions which call forth reflex movements may do so without being consciously felt. It is difficult, however, to ascertain precisely the real meaning of Descartes, as of many writers who succeeded him; for the Latin *sentire* and its derivations obviously cover a very wide range of mental affections, from simple consciousness up to the highest forms of thought and feeling; and it is clear from the illustrations given by Descartes, that he sometimes meant rather *self-consciousness*—that is, the consciousness of one's consciousness—than

* As I find that the younger readers of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works are under the impression that the idea of progressive differentiation, especially in regard to the structure and attributes of the nervous system, is due to him, I think it but just to his predecessors in this line of inquiry to point out that it was perfectly familiar to them long before he entered upon it; as will be apparent to any one who may take the trouble to refer to the review of Dr. Marshall Hall's "Memoirs on the Nervous System" in the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for April, 1888.

those simple states of feeling, which, though they can be shown to have originally guided our movements, in consequence of their habitual recurrence cease to excite our notice and are not remembered. To this distinction I shall presently have occasion to return.

The next important stage in the progress of neurological inquiry, consisted in the determination and general recognition of the independent endowments of the Spinal Cord. To those who have been brought up in modern neurological doctrine, it seems scarcely credible that the grossest ignorance should have prevailed up to the end of the first third of the present century, in regard to the *centric* character of this organ; even Bell regarding it as a bundle of nerves—a conductor that brings the nerve-trunks issuing from it into continuity with the brain, which was assumed to be (with the exception of the sympathetic ganglia) the sole centre of the nervous system of Vertebrate animals generally, and of man in particular. And in like manner the knotted ventral nerve-cord of Articulated animals was represented by Bell's disciple, George Newport (and also by Professor Grant), as a mere conductor between the cephalic ganglia and the nerve-trunks. Yet Prochaska and Legallois had long before experimentally proved, not only that the spinal cord as a whole is a centre of reflex action quite independent of the brain, but that separated segments of the spinal cord may so act independently of each other. So, in the case of articulated animals, any one who had cut a worm or a centipede into pieces, and had witnessed the continued movements of each segment, might have drawn the inference that these movements were sustained by the independent endowments of the ganglionic centres which the segments severally contained. It had been further proved by Legallois that the respiratory movements continue after the removal of the whole brain proper; the nerve-centre on whose action their continuance depends, being that upward extension of the spinal cord into the cavity of the skull which is known as the medulla oblongata. Yet these facts were so generally ignored in physiological teaching, that, as I can myself remember, they were only vaguely referred to in proof of the persistence of a low degree of consciousness after the loss of the brain.

No one whose recollection goes back as distinctly as mine does, to the publication (in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1833) of Dr. Marshall Hall's "Researches on the Reflex Function of the Medulla Oblongata and Medulla Spinalis," can have a doubt that this memoir has been the basis of all our present more exact knowledge of "reflex action" generally. It is true that its author developed no principle which could not have been found in the writings of Prochaska, more obscurely in those of his predecessor, Unzer, and yet less distinctly and more remotely in those of

Descartes. But the ideas of these philosophers, having been in advance of their time, had never been received into the general body of physiological doctrine; and there can be little doubt of the originality of Dr. Marshall Hall's researches, although, by his indignant denial of having been *anticipated* by Prochaska, he provoked the imputation that he had *stolen* his ideas from that author. At any rate, it was by his persistence in calling attention to the demonstrative independence of the spinal cord and medulla oblongata as a centre (or rather series of centres) of nervous power, that the fact came to be universally accepted as a cardinal principle of physiology, and that the occurrence of "reflex action" *without any necessary excitement of consciousness* gradually obtained general recognition. Only those, however, who themselves took part in the controversy, will be likely to remember the strong opposition which the latter part of this doctrine encountered. The *purposive* character of the movements executed by a headless frog, as when its legs make efforts to push away the probe with which its cloaca is being irritated, or when one leg wipes away the acid applied to the surface of the other, was constantly adduced as a proof that the headless trunk *feels* the impression, and makes a conscious effort to get rid of it. And it is not even now possible to meet such an assertion with any direct disproof; the arguments on the other side being rather of the nature of cumulative probabilities. Thus—(1) as the separated head of the frog will itself show reflex action (the eyelid closing when its edge is irritated), the division of the head from the body would establish two distinct centres of consciousness, or two *egos*, if the performance of reflex action be accepted *per se* as an indication of the persistence of sensibility; while (2) the number of these centres may be further multiplied by dividing the spinal cord in the middle of the back, so that the reflex actions of the fore limbs are performed through the instrumentality of the anterior segment, and those of the hind limbs through the instrumentality of the posterior segment; and (3) cases are of no infrequent occurrence in the human subject, in which, the lower segment of the spinal cord having been entirely cut off by disease or accident from communication with the brain, reflex actions in the legs may be excited by tickling the soles of the feet, or the application to them of a heated plate, without the least consciousness on the part of the patient, either of the application of the excitant, or of the respondent motions it calls forth. And though it was at first urged that this last fact gives no assurance that the endowments of the spinal cord are the same in the frog as they are in man, yet there has been a growing disposition to recognize the uniformity of Nature in this and other particulars, and to accept the facts of human consciousness (or unconsciousness) as affording the best

data for the interpretation of such actions of the lower animals as are performed through a demonstrably similar instrumentality.

When once this principle is admitted, it becomes obvious that, however "purposive" may be the character of such actions, their performance from the first, without training or experience, may be regarded as valid evidence that they are determined by nothing else than a physical mechanism. No one doubts this in regard to that rhythmical succession of contractions and dilatations of the auricles and ventricles of the heart, by which the circulation of the blood is kept up; nor in regard to that regular sequence of respiratory movements which serves to maintain the aeration of the blood, alike in the waking state while the attention is completely engrossed elsewhere, and in the states of profound sleep and insensibility. And there are no co-ordinated muscular movements of which the "purposive" character is more obvious, than it is in the acts of coughing and sucking; the former of which we know experientially to be executed without any conscious intention, and to be capable of being excited in states of the profoundest coma that is compatible with the continuance of ordinary breathing; while the latter, although requiring a still more complex combination of the movements of respiration with those of swallowing, can be shown to be a purely "reflex" act, being at once excited by the impression made on the lips of a new-born mammal, even when, in the case of a puppy or guinea-pig, the whole of the brain-proper has been experimentally removed, or when the human infant has come into the world with its spinal cord and medulla oblongata intact, but without any higher nervous centre.

It was while the doctrine of reflex action without the necessary participation of sensation was thus fighting its way to a place in the general scheme of neuro-physiology, that another very important advance was made by investigations of an entirely different nature, which gave it a cogency and completeness to which it could not otherwise have laid claim;—I refer to the establishment of the essential distinction, alike in structure and in function, between the two forms of nerve-substance that are known in human anatomy as the "grey" and the "white" matter. The determination of this distinction, which is one of even more fundamental importance than that established by Bell between the motor and sensory nerves, was not the work of any one physiologist. It had long been known that the white portion of the brain, the white strands of the spinal cord, and the entire substance of the nerve-trunks, have a fibrous structure; and the advance of histological research (which sprang from the application of the principle of achromatism to the microscope) demonstrated that these fibres were ultimately resolvable into tubules of extreme minuteness. On the other hand, the "grey" matter which forms the convoluted layer of the surface

of the cerebrum, but which occupies the interior of the spinal cord and the ganglia of the sympathetic system, as it does of the ganglionic nerve-centres of Invertebrata, was found to be made up of cells or vesicles, certain extensions of which communicate with each other, whilst others become continuous with the fibres of the nerve-trunks. The difference in the relative supply of blood which these two forms of nerve-tissue respectively receive, is not less significant than that of their histological characters; this being especially manifest in the "grey" and the "white" portions of the brain. For, whilst the nerve-cells lie in the midst of a plexus of capillaries so close that no other tissue receives anything approaching to the same quantity of blood in a given space, the vascularity of the tubular component of the brain, spinal cord, and nerve-trunks is by no means remarkable. And it is easily proved experimentally, that, while an interruption to the circulation of the blood through the brain immediately suspends its functional activity, the conductivity of the nerve-trunks lasts for a considerable time after the general stoppage of the flow of blood through their vessels.

I can myself distinctly recollect the gradual spread of the belief in the physiological distinctness of these two forms of nerve-substance (of which the late Mr. S. Solly was one of the earliest upholders in this country) from a very limited circle to universal acceptance; the tubular being regarded, like the wires of the electric telegraph, as the *conductor* of nerve-force; whilst the vesicular or ganglionic was considered, like the battery which sends the charge, as the *originator* of nerve-force. We now know that this account of the matter is not strictly true; since the vesicular substance may serve also for the transmission, while the fibrous substance may, under certain circumstances, serve also for the origination, of that special form of "molecular motion" which constitutes the characteristic action of the nervous system. But in a broad, general way, the analogy is sufficiently correct; and the recognition of it soon led to important consequences. For Mr. R. D. Grainger showed, by a careful examination of the roots of the spinal nerves, that while some of them are continuous with the fibrous strands of the cord, which thus bring them into continuous connection with the cephalic centres, others lose themselves in its grey or vesicular nucleus, which, serving as their ganglionic centre, is the source of the independent power of the spinal cord; and he further pointed out that the relative proportions of this vesicular matter in the several parts of the spinal cord of different vertebrate animals is closely proportioned to the size of the trunks which proceed from them, and more particularly to the relative importance of the anterior and posterior members as instruments of locomotion. Taking up a suggestion thrown out by Mr. Grainger, I was myself led to re-examine,

under this new light, the facts previously ascertained in regard to the structure and actions of the nervous system of Invertebrate animals; with the result that these facts seemed to me not only to justify, but to require, the acceptance of the doctrine that every separate ganglion of the ventral cord of insects, centipedes, &c., is an independent centre of reflexion, the function of the cephalic ganglia (which are chiefly, if not entirely, the centres of the nerves of special sense), being to harmonise and direct their activity. This, again, now seems to be so self-evident a proposition as to need no demonstration; yet it had, like the doctrines already summarized, to fight its way to general recognition; and though accepted by most British physiologists, it seems not to have been known on the Continent until the publication, four years subsequently, of the classical memoir "On the Nervous and Circulatory Systems of the Myriapoda" (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1843), in which Mr. Newport gave in his adhesion to it.

The application of the doctrine of reflex action to Insects gave a definite physiological basis for the doctrine of Instinct. All who had carefully studied the remarkable habits of this class of animals, especially those of the social Hymenoptera, had been led to recognize their essentially *automatic* character; as especially indicated (1) by the almost invariable uniformity with which they are performed by all the individuals of the same type; (2) by the perfection with which they are performed from the very commencement of the life of the imago; and (3) by the impossibility, in many cases, of any training or guidance having been derived from parental experience, in the construction of habitations, the collection and storing up of food for the larvæ, and the like. Such actions can only be attributed to an innate or congenital tendency to particular "modes of motion" of the nervous system, dependent upon its mechanical arrangements; and to whatever extent insects learn from their own experience, or have the power of intentionally adapting their ordinary constructive operations to new conditions*—a question still under discussion—no one, I believe, who has really studied the subject, would hesitate in endorsing the sagacious remark of Macleay, that just as Intelligence (or the *intentional* adaptation of means to ends) is the essential characteristic of Vertebrate animals, culminating (of course) in Man, so Instinct (or the working-out of results by an *automatic* mechanism) is the essential characteristic of the Articulate series, culminating in Insects. And it is a curious confirmation of this view, that of all vertebrate animals, those which

* The account given by Mr. Belt in his *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, of the adaptations made by Ants, under contingencies brought about by human agency, and but little likely to have arisen under natural conditions, seems more indicative of their possession of intelligential power, than anything that had been ascertained by the elaborate observations of Huber.

most strongly display instinctive propensities—modified, however, by intelligence—are Birds, which have been appropriately termed “the insects of the vertebrated series.”

The nature of Automatism, and the share it takes in the ordinary life of Insects, &c., may be recognized in the following examples:—

“If the head of a *Centipede* be cut off whilst it is in motion, the body will continue to move onwards by the action of its legs; and if the body be divided into several pieces, the same will take place in the separate parts. After these movements have come to an end, they may be excited again by irritating any part of the nerve-centres or the cut extremity of the nervous cord. If the body be opposed in its progress by an obstacle over which the propulsive action of its legs can carry it, it mounts over it and moves directly onwards; but if the obstacle be too high to be thus surmounted, the cut extremity remains forced up against it, the legs still continuing to move. The only difference, therefore, between the crawling of the headless and that of the complete *Centipede*, consists in the direction given to the movements of the latter by the visual sense; the sight of an obstacle causing it to turn out of the way before reaching it.

“There is an insect termed the *Mantis*, allied to the crickets and grasshoppers, whose conformation fits it to lie in wait for its prey, rather than to go in search of it. Resting on its two hinder pairs of legs, it lifts up the front of its body, which is furnished with a pair of large and strong legs ending in sharp claws, in readiness to capture any unlucky insect that may come within their reach; and it is from the resemblance of this attitude to that of prayer, that the *Mantis* has acquired from naturalists the specific name of *religiosa*, and from the peasantry of the South of France, where it abounds, the designation of *prie-Dieu*. Now, if the head be cut off, the body still retains its position, and resists attempts to overthrow it, while the arms close around anything that is introduced between them, and impress their claws upon it. This they will continue to do when the front portion of the body to which they are attached is separated from the rest; while the hinder part will still remain balanced on the four legs that support it, not only resisting any attempt to overthrow it, but recovering its position when disturbed. Here, again, it is obvious that the nerve-centres in the head have only a *directive* action, derived from the guidance afforded by the senses, especially the visual.

“While the stimulus to the reflex movements of the legs in the foregoing cases appears to be given by the contact of the extremities with the solid surface whereon they rest, the appropriate impression, in the case of aquatic insects, can only be made by the contact of liquid. Thus the *cephalic ganglia* of the well-known water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginalis*, having been removed, the insect remained motionless so long as it rested on a dry surface; but when cast into water it executed the usual swimming movements with the greatest energy and rapidity, striking all its comrades to one side by its violence, and persisting in these for more than half-an-hour.”

The directing action of the cephalic ganglia would seem, for the reasons already stated, to be not less automatic than the reflex action of the ganglia of the trunk; but whilst we have every reason to regard the latter as *not* involving consciousness, all analogy would indicate that the former cannot exert itself without the excitement of sensation. When we see an insect moving directly towards an object from a distance (as when bees fly straight to

honey-yielding or pollen-yielding flowers, or make for the entrance of their hive at the approach of a summer shower), avoiding obstacles placed in its way, escaping from the hand that is coming down to crush, or the net that threatens to capture it; when, also, we see that it possesses organs, which, though framed on a different plan from our eyes, have a sufficient structural parallelism to justify the inference that they too have a visual function, it seems to me that the *onus probandi* lies on those who maintain that the motions of insects can be thus guided without sight of the objects which attract or repel them.

In this, as in other parts of the inquiry, the answer that is probably nearest the truth is that which we receive from our own consciousness when rightly interrogated. It was the sagacity of Hartley that first distinctly worked out the parallel (previously indicated by Descartes) between the *secondary* automatism which man acquires by habit, and the *original* or *primary* automatism of the lower animals. The act of walking, for example, though originally learned by experience under the guidance of sense-impressions, comes to be so completely automatic as to be kept up when once initiated by voluntary direction, not only without any conscious effort, but even without any consciousness of the movements we are performing, until our attention is called to them; so that, as is credibly asserted, soldiers fatigued by a long march will continue to plod onwards (as Indian punkah-pullers will go on alternately twitching and letting go their cord) in a profound sleep. But whilst the locomotive actions performed in this last condition resemble those of the decapitated centipede, in simply carrying the body forwards without avoidance of obstacles, those of a man who is awake, but whose attention is engrossed by some internal object of contemplation, are obviously guided by impressions received through his visual organs. Thus I have seen John S. Mill making his way along Cheapside at its fullest afternoon tide, threading his way among the foot-passengers with which its narrow pavement was crowded, and neither jostling his fellows nor coming into collision with lamp-posts; and have been assured by him that his mind was then continuously engaged upon his System of Logic (most of which was thought-out in his daily walks between the India office and his residence at Kensington), and that he had so little consciousness of what was taking place around him, as not to recognize his nearest friends among the people he met, until his attention had been recalled to their presence. Most of us, I suppose, have had experiences of the same kind. It has often happened to myself, that, having previously intended to take some special direction, I have found myself in the track which I have been for years accustomed to follow for six days in the week, through having committed myself to the guidance of my

bête, as Xavier de Maistre calls it, whilst my *âme* was otherwise engaged. Now in these and similar cases, *do we see*, or *do we not see* the objects whose impressions upon our retinae excite those molecular changes in our nerve-centres which direct our muscular action? I find it difficult to conceive that they act except through my consciousness, however faintly and transiently excited; but I would by no means assert it to be impossible. It is very important, however, to bear in mind the distinction between seeing and noticing, as also between hearing and apprehending. That we see and hear a great many things of which we take no distinct cognizance at the time for want of attention to them, is indicated by the fact that the remembrance of them surges up at some subsequent date, not unfrequently in dreams. And it seems to me more philosophical to regard the guiding action of visual impressions as exerted through the consciousness, however faintly it may be awakened, than to assert without a tittle of evidence that a bee does not see the flower or the entrance to its hive towards which it flies in a direct line, or that the chicken does not see the grain or insect at which it pecks. That the sensation may be "surplusage" where it prompts no higher psychical action, and that the physical change would equally take place without it, is doubtless an arguable proposition as regards the actions of animals whose life is purely automatic; but where the like actions (as in the case of Man) have had to be learned by experience, it seems to me inconceivable that such experience can be gained except consciously. The child learning to walk, who (as Paley says) "is the greatest posture-master in the world," is vividly conscious of the sense of loss of balance to which he is unaccustomed; and it is under the guidance of that sense that his movements are directed to the recovery of his equilibrium. But by the habitual recurrence of similar experiences, a "mode of motion" comes to be established in his nervous mechanism, which shapes that mechanism (according to the physiological law of nutrition) in accordance with it; and thus the adult, who has acquired the art of shifting his weight from one foot to another, without anything more than a slight and transient disturbance of his equilibrium, ceases to perceive what has become monotonous by the frequency of its repetition; and it is only when his equilibrium happens to be more seriously disturbed by a slip of his foot or a stumble over an unnoticed obstacle, that he becomes aware of the constant control exercised over his automatic movements by this delicate regulating balance.

All these facts distinctly point to a reflex action of the ganglionic centres of the organs of special sense, as the mechanism by which impressions on those organs call forth and direct the instinctive actions of the lower animals; and, as we shall presently see, they harmonize completely with the results of experiments made

upon the higher. Whether it be alone the "motion of molecules" (or physical change of any kind) that excites the respondent movement, or whether the sight, sound, smell, or other affection of the consciousness by the object which attracts or repels the Insect, be a necessary link in the chain of sequences, is a question which seems to me to have no essential bearing upon the automatism of Man; since the appeal to our own experience evokes the unhesitating response, that in him, at any rate (as presumably in the animals that most nearly approach him in structure), the higher forms of activity can only be excited in the first instance through the consciousness, though they too may become automatic by frequent repetition. The essential difference between what we are accustomed to term the instinctive actions of Insects, and the simply-reflex movements which we have seen to be executed by their headless trunks, or even by segments of those trunks, consists in their greater complexity and variety, and in the special controlling and directing power of the cephalic ganglia; and this may be equally exerted, whether the excitement of sensation (1) be a necessary link in the chain of sequences; or (2) be simply a concomitant, which must occur when the mechanism is in complete working order; or (3), as some maintain, is not really produced by impressions transmitted by the afferent nerves to the cephalic ganglia, any more than it is by the impressions which excite the separated ganglia of the ventral cord to reflex action. The first having been my former opinion, I was led to distinguish the actions automatically excited through the cephalic ganglia as *sensory-motor*; but I now quite admit that there is much to be said in favour of the second. For the denial of consciousness to Insects, however, I cannot see any other argument than that if "molecular motion" be competent to do the work, sensation would be a useless surplusage,—an application of the doctrine of final causes which can scarcely be admitted as having any scientific validity.

The study of the conditions of *instinctive* action having thus landed us in the conclusion of its dependence upon a mechanism of nerves and muscles excited to activity by external impressions, we apply the same method of inquiry to the conditions of that *rational* action with which we credit the higher Vertebrates, and of which we trace the dawnings among the lower.

It is now universally acknowledged that the meaning of that complex aggregate of ganglionic centres which makes up the brain of Man, can only be rightly understood by a careful study (1) of the comparative structure of the brains of the lower Vertebrata, and (2) of the history of embryonic development. And it is the distinct teaching of both alike, that so far from the Cerebrum being the fundamental portion of the brain (as its enormous relative size in man would seem to indicate) it is

originally a sort of offset from that axial cord which constitutes the primary and essential part of the nervous apparatus of vertebrates; the lower part of this axis being formed by the spinal cord, and the upper by the series of ganglionic centres which lie along the floor of the skull, and which represent (in their relation to the sensory and motor nerves of the head) the cephalic ganglia of insects. For in the lowest fishes there is scarcely even a rudiment of the cerebrum, the forward extension of the spinal axis constituting the whole brain. And alike, as it would seem, in all vertebrates, the foundation of the cerebral hemispheres is laid, not in these first-formed "cerebral [or rather cephalic] vesicles," which really represent the higher segments of the axial cord, but in a pair of minute "vesicles of the cerebral hemispheres," which are budded off from the most anterior of these. The proportion which the development of the Cerebrum, in the ascending series of vertebrata, bears to that of the axial cord, corresponds so closely with that which reason (so far as we can interpret its manifestations) bears to instinct, as to warrant the conclusion that, since we are justified in assuming that the axial cord (of which the cerebellum seems to be an appendage) furnishes the mechanism of Automatic action, the cerebrum is the instrument of the Intelligence. And experiment not only bears out this conclusion, but also demonstrates that a great number of actions which man requires long training to be able to perform—which training involves the conscious purposive effort of the Ego—are provided for in the lower animals by the automatic mechanism which they congenitally possess.

Among the lower vertebrates, the frog is the animal whose actions have been most thoroughly studied, and their mechanism most carefully investigated. These actions are for the most part very simple; the habits of the creature leading its natural life being for the most part such as mechanism will readily provide for. That to a very large extent they are purely automatic, can be demonstrated by experiments of the kind already cited. Thus, at the season of sexual excitement, the fore-legs of the male tend to close firmly upon anything that is placed between them (just as mechanically as the fly-trap of the *Dionæa* closes upon the unlucky insect that alights upon it), and will retain that clasp for weeks; and this although the spinal cord has been divided both above and below the segment from which the nerves of the fore-legs are given off. The clasping action may be excited by simply touching the thumb of either fore-foot, which at that season is considerably enlarged and furnished with a peculiar papillary structure; and thus it becomes obvious that this action no more indicates intention, than does the corresponding movement of the fore-legs of the Mantis. There are many other actions performed

by the agency of the spinal cord alone, which seem so purposive as to make it difficult for those to regard them in any other light, who have not been led by the considerations previously urged, to recognize the large share which pure automatism has in the life of this animal. If, again, its cerebellum be left in connexion with its spinal cord, the cerebrum and optic ganglia having been removed, it will execute all its locomotive movements as well as the complete frog would do, yet only in response to some stimulus. Thus if, as it sits upright in the usual attitude of a frog, the skin of its foot be pinched, it will jump; whilst, if thrown into water, it will swim, just like the brainless water-beetle already mentioned.

But if, instead of removing the whole of the brain, we take away (as in Göltz's experiments) only the cerebral hemispheres, leaving the whole axial cord uninjured, the condition of the frog is precisely assimilated to that of the pigeons from which the cerebral hemispheres were removed by Flourens, Magendie, and Longet, with results remarkably similar. Göltz's frog, like Flourens' pigeon, sits unmoved as if profoundly asleep, apparently seeing nothing and hearing nothing; but it will jump when irritated, and shows that its movements are guided (whether consciously or not) by the incidence of light on its eyes; for if a book be placed at some little distance in front, between the frog and the light, it will avoid the book, when excited to jump, by passing to the right hand or the left. And so Flourens' pigeon, when excited to walk by being pushed forwards, would avoid objects that lay in its way; and, according to the observation of Longet, if a lighted candle was made to describe a circle before its eyes, the head of the bird would move in a corresponding manner. Göltz's frog and Flourens' pigeon, moreover, while taking no notice of food, and making no effort to feed themselves, swallow food that is put into their mouths, and may be thus kept alive and vigorous for weeks or months, Göltz's frog croaking whenever a particular part of its back is stroked. The pigeon, moreover, gets upon its legs again when overthrown, and moves its wings in flight if thrown into the air, thus showing that the mechanism of its ordinary actions remains uninjured, though it does not spontaneously exert it. This is proved, in regard to the frog, by the curious observations of Göltz, which Professor Huxley has himself verified:—

"If put on the hand the frog sits there, crouched, perfectly quiet, and would remain so unless stimulated to action; but if the hand be inclined very gently and slowly, so that the frog would naturally slip off, the creature's fore-paws are shifted on to the edge of the hand, until he can just prevent himself from falling. If the turning of the hand be slowly continued, he mounts up with great care and deliberation, putting first one leg forward and then the other, until he balances himself with perfect

precision upon the edge, and if the turning of the hand is continued, over he goes through the opposite set of operations, until he comes to be seated in security upon the back of the hand."

Even this we are fully justified in attributing to the action of a mechanism: for we are continually ourselves making yet more elaborate adjustments of our muscular movements, to perform some action which—originally voluntary—has come to be "mechanical;" and this under circumstances which forbid the idea that the conscious will in any way directs those adjustments. I have already pointed out this in the case of ordinary walking; and the balancing power of a practised rope-dancer would seem, from the feats which he performs, to be exerted scarcely less automatically. So in that most entertaining and suggestive book, *The Autobiography of Robert Houdin, Conjuror*, the author tells us that he early in life trained himself to the performance of a number of his feats of dexterity, whilst reading a book with continuous attention; and that he thus gradually acquired the power of keeping *four* balls in the air, without a moment's distraction of his thoughts. And he further tells us that having a mind, while writing this passage of his memoir, to try to what extent he retained this power, after a disuse of it for thirty years, he found that he could still keep up *three* balls without any interruption of his reading. The purely automatic nature of an action performed under such circumstances, fully justifies our attributing it to a nervo-muscular mechanism; but there are these essential differences between the automatism of Goltz's frog or of Flourens' pigeon, and that of Houdin—that while the one was original, the others was acquired; and that while the one was set going by an external stimulus, the other was put in action by a conscious intention, of which we have every reason to regard the cerebrum as the instrument.

Of these differences it appears to me that Professor Huxley has lost sight, in his application to Man, of the conclusions he draws from the automatism of animals. In refusing to credit the spinal cord of the frog with the power of conscious self-direction, which a few physiologists still attribute to it, he takes his stand (quite rightly, as I think) upon the facts of human experience; which show that when any part of the spinal cord has been cut off from the brain by disease or injury, the portion of the body below the point of section loses its sensibility, and that whatever action its muscles may be excited to perform, such action is not only independent of the will, but incapable of being controlled by it. But when he argues from the fact that because certain actions of a Frog which appear to be purposive are really automatic, similar actions of Man which express the determinations of the conscious Ego, really result from the working of an unconscious mechanism,

he not only ignores, but distinctly repudiates, the very experience on which he previously built. For even if it could be shown that the spinal cord of Man can do all that the same organ does in the Frog—if, for example, on the application of an irritant to one of the legs of a paraplegic patient, the other leg were to be raised and crossed, so as to rub it off,—such a fact would give us no right to say that when either this or any other movement is executed in response to a conscious determination of the Ego, such conscious determination has nothing at all to do with it. All that could be legitimately inferred from it would be, that the automatic apparatus is competent to perform this feat, and that when the conscious Ego executes it by what we call the mandate of his will, he uses the automatic apparatus as its instrument.

The doctrine that the Ego puts the body in movement, not (as formerly taught) by its immediate voluntary control over the muscles, but by its power of making the automatic apparatus perform anything that lies within its capacity—whether original or acquired—accords with all the phenomena, physical, as well as psychical; whilst the doctrine of pure automatism, based entirely on the physical, is in direct opposition to the psychical. Let us take the act of coughing as an example; this being, perhaps, the most purpose-like of all the originally-automatic actions performed by adult man. We admire the combination of the closure of the glottis with explosive expiration, as perfectly adapted to get rid of any offending matter which has found its way into the air-passages; and at the same time we recognize the fact that this combination is made *for* us and not *by* us, and that, when the stimulus is present in sufficient force, we *must* execute it, however strong may be our desire to restrain it. But our experience also tells us that we can execute the same act by simply *willing* to do so; as, for instance, when we wish to give a signal, to clear our throat, or to cough-down a troublesome speaker. And if I assert, on the basis of every-day experience, that my conscious Ego can direct my automaton to execute this movement, it is surely no answer to say that because my automaton was competent to do it for itself, therefore my conscious Ego really had nothing to do with it. For supposing my air-passages to be free from any irritation, I do not cough unless I will to cough; and my will simply takes the place of the stimulus which the passage of a crumb of bread into my larynx would give. So Göltz's frog and Flourens' pigeon, though capable of performing the ordinary movements of locomotion when excited to do so, remain quiescent in the absence of such excitement, for want of a cerebrum to supply the place of the external stimulus by one proceeding from the conscious Ego. And although my *bête* may have come to be quite as capable as Göltz's frog or Flourens'

pigeon, of continuing to walk by itself when my *âme* is asleep or engaged elsewhere, it is none the less under subjection to my *âme* when the latter asserts its prerogative; the automatic movements of my *bête* being then governed by the consciously-formed determinations of my Ego.

The higher we ascend in the Vertebrate series towards Man, the more evident does it become that the ordinary course of action is determined rather by the intentional direction given through the cerebrum to the working of the automatic mechanism, than by its own unconscious operation; in other words, by reason rather than by instinct. And in man we find that everything is left to be learned by experience, save what is imperatively required for the maintenance of life—such as the rhythmical contractions of the heart, the peristaltic movements of the alimentary canal, the acts of swallowing and respiration, their combination in the act of sucking, and the like. Even the tendency to that sudden closure of the lids when danger is threatened to the eyes, which is among the most purely automatic of our protective actions, seems to be an acquired rather than a congenital instinct.

It is the very condition of such acquirement, however, that the human Ego is thus enabled to exercise a rational control over its automatism (as in ordinary walking), which those animals do not possess whose locomotion is purely mechanical; initiating, directing, regulating, and checking its actions, with such directness that many have maintained that because they were voluntary in the first instance, they must always remain so—a position which seems to me as unscientific as the doctrine I have already combated, that because actions adapted to a purpose are performed automatically by a frog, the actions which man executes with a determinate intention are really automatic. The human Ego can even turn to his own account certain parts of his originally-automatic mechanism. Thus, although his will does not extend so far into the *penetralia* of his organism, as to enable him to influence the motions of his heart or alimentary canal, and although, if he try ever so hard, he cannot suspend the act of breathing to the extent of asphyxiating himself, he can so regulate his expirations as to make them subservient to those vocal utterances, which express, by a mechanism that has to be trained to its work, the thoughts and feelings of his mind.

But when we have been thus led to recognize in the Cerebrum, not the original centre of the whole nervous activity of the body, but a superadded organ, in which our sensorial experiences are registered, through the instrumentality of which they give rise to the states of consciousness designated as emotions and ideas, and by whose downward action expression is given to the determinations of the Ego, it may still be plausibly maintained that the

whole series of "molecular motions" of which it is the seat, must take place in accordance with certain fixed and definite physical laws; and that it is utterly unscientific to suppose that Mind can intervene to modify them.

That there is a mechanism of thought and feeling, the action of which forms part of the life of the body, which gives rise to that succession of thoughts and feelings wherein the life of the mind may be said to consist, and which goes on, when left to itself, according to its original constitution, modified by the influences subsequently brought to bear upon it, can be doubted by no psychologist who is also a physiologist. The Cerebrum, as was first pointed out by Dr. Laycock, has a reflex action of its own, analogous to that of the lower centres, but determined as to its nature by the modifications superinduced upon its original mechanism by acquired habit; and this doctrine is but the physiological expression of the Herbartian psychology of *residua*. The response given by this mechanism, whether manifesting itself in bodily or in mental action, is as automatic as the act of walking, or any other sequence of movements which we execute with the like absence of conscious or designed exertion. We cannot help, for example, the recurrence of ideas called up by local or personal associations; nor can we help the feelings of pain or pleasure, of aversion or desire, which are inseparably connected in our minds with these ideas. It would be as unreasonable to say that we *can* help them, as it would be to say that we can prevent ourselves from feeling pain when a pin is run into our flesh, or pleasure in eating a good dinner when we are hungry.

But is this all? Have we *no* power to control and direct this automatic cerebral action, as the cerebral action itself directs and controls the action of the lower centres? Does the body of man constitute *his whole self*, or is there an *ego* to which that body is in any degree subservient?

To these questions it does not seem to me to be within the capacity of Physiology—limiting that term to man's corporeity—to give an answer. If we look at the whole of our mental no less than our bodily activity as dependent upon the reflex action of our cerebrum, we are undoubtedly landed in an automatism, far more varied indeed, but not less bound by the laws of physical causation, than the automatism of the Ascidian to which it is now fashionable to trace back our pedigree. But to say that this is the only way in which science permits us to regard it, is (as it seems to me) to disregard that on which all science is based—experience. Surely our own immediate mental experiences are as worthy of confidence, as are deductions drawn from phenomena outside ourselves, which we can only rightly interpret on the basis afforded by those very experiences; the test of the validity of such inter-

pretation being furnished by their conformity to our other immediate experiences. And if we are led by physiological evidence to recognize in the Cerebrum a power of directing and controlling the automatism of the axial cord, I do not see on what ground we are to reject the testimony of direct consciousness, that the automatism of the Cerebrum is itself directed and controlled by some higher power.

That we can form no conception of the nature of the causal relation between mental and bodily phenomena, is nothing to the purpose—as Professor Huxley himself distinctly admits in regard to the production of sensations and other mental changes by “modes of motion” of the nervous system. But if (to use his own appropriate terms) *neuroses* can give rise to *psychoses*, it is surely quite accordant with the great fundamental principle of interaction to affirm that conversely *psychoses* can give rise to *neuroses*; just as the electricity generated in a voltaic battery by chemical change, can itself produce chemical change. Professor Clifford, indeed, refuses to admit a causal relation either way, giving no other reason for his refusal than his inability to conceive how a “motion of molecules” can be produced in any other mode than by a motion of neighbouring molecules. But I am yet to learn that either in this or any other case, our deductions from experience are to be limited by our ability to supply their *rationale*.

As I am not without the belief that Physiology can throw some light upon the manner in which the Ego modifies the construction of the Cerebral mechanism, and controls and directs its automatic working, I hope to be able to show in a future paper through what agency we may (without any physiological improbability) regard this regulating power as exerted, by what means it may be attained, and what are the limits of its exercise.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.



THE SANCTITY OF DIRT.

AN ANSWER TO THE RIGHT HON. DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, M.P.

IN the address of Dr. Playfair to the Social Science Congress at Glasgow on sanitary reform,* there is much that is original and excellent, and for which every sensible man will be grateful. In the remarks that I am about to make I confine my attention to a portion of his address which is not excellent, not original, and

* "When the civilization of the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans faded, the world passed through dark ages of mental and physical barbarism. For a thousand years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath. No wonder that there came the wondrous epidemics of the Middle Ages, which cut off one fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, sweating sickness, and the terrible mental epidemics which followed in their train—the dancing mania, the mewing mania, and the biting mania. But even when the Middle Ages had passed away, and the sun of civilization was again rising over the gloomy darkness of these centuries, what a heritage of filth-produced disease still remained. . . . Go back only to the time previous to the Reformation, and you can have no difficulty in understanding why luxury and squalor produced the plagues of the times of the Tudors and Stuarts. . . . Filth, instead of being abhorred, was almost sanctified. The monks imitated the filthy habits of the hermits and saints of early Christian times, for the early fathers commended them. Even St. Jerome used to praise the filthy habits of hermits. He especially commends an Egyptian hermit, who only combed his hair on Easter Sunday, and never washed his clothes at all, but let them fall to pieces by rotteness. St. Anthony never washed his feet. St. Thomas à Beckett, when martyred, had under garments in a state which makes one shudder in the remembrance. And so the monks, up to the time of the Reformation, and indeed in part up to the present day, thought, or professed to think, that by antithesis, pollution of the body indicated cleanliness of the soul. Practically, indeed, it helped to it; because the odour of sanctity which infested these old monks and hermits, helped to keep them apart from the temptations of the world; for the world scarcely cared to come into too close contact with these odoriferous saints. But this association of filth with religion was unhappy in its consequences, for men ceased to connect disease with uncleanness, and resorted to shrines and winking virgins for cures of maladies which were produced by their own physical and moral impurities."—*Speech of the Right Hon. Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., at Glasgow, October 5th, 1874. Report of The Times, October 6th, 1874.*

which every truthful man must regret—his observations on the Middle Ages, and on the connection between their supposed filthiness and the Catholic religion then dominant. Mr. Hallam, in his supplementary volume on the Middle Ages, wonders that ecclesiastics have been so warm in defending those ages from the charge of ignorance; since the ignorance, whatever it may have been, was not caused, but rather mitigated, by the action of the Church. The same remark might perhaps be made with regard to mediæval filthiness. Why should an accusation of the nature of Dr. Playfair's rouse the zeal of a Catholic clergyman? Is it the duty of the Church to introduce sanitary reforms? Is she responsible for the dirtiness of her barbarous or semi-barbarous children? Did she invite into Europe the hordes of wild men who overthrew Roman civilization? Is it not enough that she converted them, mitigated their cruelty, taught them letters, and gradually formed them into the nations of modern times? Was it her business to cut and comb their hair, wash their bodies, and supply them with clean linen? I reply that, as a matter of fact, Dr. Playfair has blamed the Catholic Church for the dirt of the Middle Ages. The dirty millennium which he depicts is exactly coincident with her unrivalled supremacy in Europe. The state of things he imagines is pointedly said to have been "previous to the Reformation," as if that event set free, not only the thoughts of men, but the choked up fountains of water; and if dirt and disease still prevailed in Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries, they were but a "heritage of the centuries of gloomy darkness" when the Catholic Church bore sway. The fathers of that Church laid down filth-producing principles; the saints of that Church were filthy; and the monks were and are filthy. "Filth was associated with religion." "Filth was almost sanctified." These are definite and grave charges. They touch the Church, too, in a tender point. When she has been accused of superstition and idolatry, she has been accustomed to point to her works of charity, and to reply: "He that abideth in charity abideth in God, and God in him." But if Dr. Playfair's charges are well founded, a part at least of her defence would fail. The frightful epidemics of the Middle Ages would be upon her conscience. Should she say: "I did it in ignorance of science, I knew not the consequences;" such a plea would ill befit her claim of divine guidance. If her teaching directly leads to consequences disastrous to the human race, it can scarcely have come from a beneficent Creator. To have invented hospitals, and orphanages, and asylums is much; but to have spread pestilence through the nations and blighted them physically and mentally, more than cancels such benefits. The Catholic Church just now is attacked on many sides. I do not think, therefore, that I shall be accused of officious zeal if I

endeavour to check the spread of a new calumny—for calumny of the most reckless kind is certainly contained in Dr. Lyon Playfair's accusations.

Two matters have then to be investigated: First, were our mediæval ancestors really so dirty? Secondly, did the Church teach them to be dirty? These two questions are quite distinct. Men may have been dirty, and yet the Church free of all blame in the matter. They may have been clean in spite of the Church's teaching. Let us inquire into facts and principles. As to their dirtiness, Dr. Playfair makes a broad assertion: "For a thousand years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath." Is this true? If it is true, was it because the Church forbade or discouraged baths?

1. *Antecedent Improbability.*

Not a bath for a thousand years! In the whole of Europe! Not a man or woman! Ever! Here are startling assertions. As they were made by a scientific man in the presence of scientific men, most readers will suppose that they had been well considered before being written. But yet the words sound in my ears like an echo. "*Pas un bain en mille ans!*" wrote M. Michelet some years since in *La Sorcière*. I fear Dr. Playfair has taken his history at second-hand, and at a very untrustworthy source. Yet a little reflection should have raised a doubt in his mind. Dr. Playfair knew how fond the Romans were of baths. He has justly praised them for their "sanitary works," and "hygienic appliances." He would doubtless also have recollected, had he weighed the subject in his mind, that the Germans were accustomed to take warm baths immediately after rising* according to the testimony of Tacitus. And since the Catholic nations of mediæval Europe were composed in great measure of these two races, Dr. Playfair might naturally have inquired by what influences they were led to relinquish what they had hitherto prized. By the influence of their new religion, he says. But even supposing that their new religion had commanded them to abstain from warm water, is it not strange that it should have been so faithfully obeyed, that not a man or a woman ever violated the prohibition for a thousand years? This is certainly a triumph of the Church such as none of her panegyrists has yet dared to claim for her. If Dr. Playfair will look into John of Salisbury's *Nugæ Curialium* he will find that our ancestors were not without some acquaintance with ancient Greek and Roman manners, that if they had little science they had some cultivation in the arts, and some appreciation of the amenities of life. They sometimes strove to revive all the luxuries of

* Statim e somno lavantur, sopius calidâ. Tacitus. Germania, cap. XXII.

Pagan Rome. They even gave Horatian banquets. Did no one ever attempt to revive the Roman bath? Grant that it was looked on as a sin, yet was there no man or woman in Europe bold enough so far to rebel against the Church's laws as to indulge even once in the luxurious crime of a warm bath? O ye knights and soldiers, ye rich merchants and fine ladies, ye kings and queens of mediæval Europe, we had thought you, in spite of your faith, somewhat self-willed and rebellious, and requiring now and then to be coerced by the censures of the Church, for your obstinate clinging to tournaments, to usury, to concubinage, and adultery, and the rest; but we must make amends to you, for at least in the matter of warm baths—so says the latest scientific announcement—you were as guiltless as the angels in heaven!

Certainly the charge is antecedently improbable. Even could I discover no positive proof of the use of the bath in the Middle Ages, yet unless I could find clear evidence of the abolition of the ancient Pagan practice, together with clear legislation against its revival, I should not be able to persuade myself that the mere glorification of dirty saints had produced so remarkable a revolution. And even though the clearest denunciations of the sinfulness of baths were forthcoming, yet I should expect to find many instances recorded of the rebellion of human nature against such a discipline; and I should curiously seek, in the penitential codes, to know what punishment was inflicted on the rebels. Has Dr. Playfair consulted the writings of the fathers, the legislation of Councils and Popes, the penitential codes? Has he looked into monastic records or saints' lives? I think not. He only quotes examples of two Egyptian hermits, and one English saint of the 12th century. So much erudition he could easily have borrowed from Michelet; and it is a slender foundation on which to base so serious a charge as that which he has directed against the whole of Europe, and a thousand years of its history. I must, then, do what Dr. Playfair has not done. I must cast at least a glance into these various sources of information. I am no antiquarian. I have no note-books stuffed with curious details of mediæval life. I have never examined the question of European cleanliness; but having met some years since with M. Michelet's accusation against the Church, I have noted a few facts in my reading which I should otherwise have probably overlooked; and if my information is scanty, it would seem that any information may be of value when such statements as that of Dr. Playfair can be made before a scientific congress, and pass uncontradicted.

2. Baths never Abolished.

Dr. Playfair has not restricted his statement to warm baths, yet I will not seek to take advantage of that circumstance. To

sustain his charge against the Church, it would indeed be necessary to prove that she forbade her children to bathe in rivers or in seas; but I suppose Dr. Playfair would not venture on such a statement. "This country once gloried in her beautiful rivers," he says, "but they are now mere open ditches which pollute the districts through which they flow." No doubt! And all Europe in the Middle Ages was watered by pure streams, and mediæval youths, at least, could swim and wash in them. And was it forbidden to warm this water in the winter? Where is the evidence of this?

Again, what are we to say of medicinal springs and wells? Has Dr. Playfair, as a medical man, never looked into their history? Many, still in use, were known to the ancients. Has Dr. Playfair any proof to adduce that for a thousand years they ceased to be frequented, and were restored to humanity by modern science? Catholics, he thinks, when they were ill, "resorted to shrines and winking virgins" for their cure. But is there not a St. Anne's well at Buxton? Is there not a St. Anne's well at Great Malvern? Were these names given by modern Protestants or by ancient Pagans? There is a St. Winifred's well, too, in North Wales, and there are Lady wells everywhere. Indeed, it has been a custom to accuse Catholics of superstitiously connecting, not filth, but pure wells with religion. Which charge is to prevail? It is hard to have to bear both at once.

I will pass on to warm baths used specially for cleanliness. I suppose that Dr. Playfair alludes to these only, when he affirms that no man or woman ever used one in Europe for a thousand years. But when did this dirty millennium begin? when did the clean centuries come to an end?

The Rome of the Emperors had splendid bathing establishments, as it had splendid theatres for gladiatorial combats. The Church, from the conversion of Constantine, strove against the theatres, and they resisted all her efforts for a century. It was not until A.D. 404, when the Monk Almachus rushed between the combatants, and was slain in his attempt to stop the effusion of human blood, that they were finally abolished by a decree of the Emperor Honorius. But no martyr or confessor is honoured for denouncing the Roman baths, no decree of Emperor was issued to abolish them.

Towards the end of the 5th century St. Sidonius Apollinaris, who, before he was made Bishop of Auvergne or Clermont, had been Senator and Prefect of Rome, and whose father and grandfather had been Christians, writes verses in praise of the elegance of the baths in his villa in Gaul. He says that finer ones are not to be found at Baia. In a letter to his friend Domitius he enters into more details, and we find that water was brought from a

mountain summit, that the baths were both hot and cold, and especially that they were Christian. There are no immodest paintings on the walls, he says, nor combats of gladiators, but only a few elegant verses inscribed.*

Evidently, Christianity had purified but not abolished baths.

Nor did the advent of the Barbarians make any change.

Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus was principal Minister of Theodoric, and Prefect of Rome under Athalaric. He died in 562. His writings were esteemed second to none in the Middle Ages. Our own Bede calls him a doctor of the Church. This eminent Christian becomes quite eloquent in praise of the Roman aqueducts, which carry cleanliness through the city, as the muddy waters of the Nile carry fertility through Egypt; and he warns the city architect to keep them in good repair.† From a letter written by him as secretary to Athalaric, we find leave of absence given to an officer to go to the baths at Baia, which are minutely described and greatly extolled. Again, as secretary to King Theodatus, he gives leave to Count Vuinusiadus to visit the baths at Bormio, in order to cure his gout.‡

Cassiodore built a monastery, into which he retired in later life. Amongst other things, such as laboratories and observatories, he took care to construct baths, "with water so clear running through them"—these are his own words—"that it might serve for drinking as well as for bathing."§ This did not prevent him from having the reputation, and with some even the honours, of a saint.

St. Gregory of Tours, in his history, makes frequent mention both of public and monastic baths in Gaul.

Perhaps it may be said that these were the last remains of Paganism. But when, I ask, did these come to an end? The year 800, and the establishment of the Christian Empire of Charlemagne, bring us far into Dr. Playfair's millennium. Yet, on opening the works of Alcuin—our own Saxon Alcuin, the friend and adviser of Charlemagne and the master of the Palace school—I find a copy of Latin verses which that good priest wrote for his royal and noble pupils in praise of warm baths; and Eginhard, in his life of Charlemagne, tells us the nature and magnificence of the baths built by the Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle.

"He used to invite to take baths with him not only his sons, but his friends and courtiers, and sometimes even his soldiers and bodyguard, so that often a hundred and more were in the bath at once."—(*Eginhard, Vita Karoli*, sec. xii.)

Nor were baths merely an Imperial luxury. An author who lived some time between the 8th and the 10th century at Rennes,

* *Sidonius*, *Carmen* XVIII., Ep. lib. II. : 2. Ed. Sirmond.

† *Cassiodorus*, *Variarum*, lib. VII. n. 6 : Ed. Garetus.

‡ *Ibid.* lib. IX. 6 ; lib. X. 29.

§ *Ibid.* lib. div. lit. cap. 29.

in Brittany, in relating an incident connected with St. Melanius writes as follows :—

"It is the custom of Christians, who everywhere venerate the Lord's day in honour of his resurrection, on Saturday to take a bath, by which they cleanse and refresh their bodies after the labours of the week; and instead of their soiled clothes to put on clean ones, that they may enter the Church, which is the Palace of the heavenly King, more clean in body as well as in heart."—(*Bolland. Acta SS. tom. I. p. 334.*)

This is the language of a monk in the very darkest of the Dark Ages. This was, according to an eye-witness, the conduct of Christians in those days. Dr. Playfair says that no man or woman ever took a bath for a thousand years. The eye-witness says that in the 10th century Christians generally took a bath every Saturday. Could the same be said at the present day?

M. Viollet le Duc, a French architect, who is one of the highest authorities on mediæval subjects, tells us that—

"In the 12th century bath rooms were built in houses as at the present day, though they were probably more commodious than ours."

And he thus sums up the result of his architectural researches :—

"From all the quotations which I have given we may conclude that, during the Middle Ages, the use of baths as they are now taken, was very common; that there were public bathing establishments, in which there were vapour baths, and everything that belongs to the toilet, where refreshments could be had and where people could even spend the night; that in the castles and great houses there were rooms set apart for baths, nearly always in proximity of the bed-rooms; that the use of baths during the 16th and 17th centuries was much less common (*beaucoup moins répandu*) than it had been before that period, and was confined almost exclusively to the higher classes."—(*Dictionnaire de l'Architecture Française. Art: Eue.*)

M. Viollet le Duc's testimony refers more directly to France. Mr. Wright has made a special study of the *History of Domestic Manners and Customs in England*; and in his book on this subject he arrives at conclusions very different from those of Dr. Playfair. "We know," he writes, "from many sources, that washing and bathing were frequent amongst the Saxons." And again, of a later period :—

"The practice of warm bathing prevailed very generally in all classes of society, and is frequently alluded to in the mediæval romances and stories. . . . People sometimes bathed immediately after rising in the morning, and we find the baths used after dinner and before going to bed. A bath was also prepared for a visitor on his arrival from a journey."—(Pp. 59 and 260.)

It may well be doubted whether any candid historian of our own times will be able to write as favourably of the habits of cleanliness "in all classes of society."

3. Baths never Discountenanced.

Dr. Playfair is perhaps already sufficiently refuted, but let us now see whether the Catholic Church discouraged baths; whether she

taught principles on the sanctity of dirtiness, which make the use of the bath an imperfection, if not a sin.

And, first, I gladly admit that her doctrine is not that of ancient or modern Pagans. She did not teach that to have had a good wash makes one nearer heaven, like a Protestant clergyman at the late Church Congress at Brighton. She knew well that Dives, in spite of baths and fine linen, went to hell; and Lazarus, in spite of the dirt he contracted from lying in rags on the pavement, went to heaven. Yet she did not, on that account, teach that dirt is necessary to sanctity or a help to it.

The Latin Church—and it is of Europe that Dr. Playfair spoke—counts four great Doctors. The simplest way, therefore, to ascertain the Church's doctrine, since no Council has spoken on the subject, will be to let St. Ambrose and St. Jerome, St. Augustin and St. Gregory speak in her name.

St. Augustin tells us how, in his great sorrow at his mother's death, he had recourse to a bath, having heard that its Latin name was derived from a Greek word signifying refreshment; but that he found in it no relief. In the book of Confessions, where he relates this, he accuses himself of faults so slight that to others they would be imperceptible, but he does not accuse himself for taking baths, though the instance related was doubtless no solitary one.

In the rule he drew up for nuns, he writes:—

"Let the washing of the body and the use of baths not be too frequent, but keep to your old regulation of taking them *once a month*. But if any sickness demand a more frequent use, let it be done according to the prescription of the doctor; and even if the sick nun be unwilling in such matters she must obey her superioress. But, on the other hand, if she wish it, and it is judged hurtful by the doctor, she must not follow her own inclination."—(*S. Aug. Ep. 211.*, Ed. Ben.)

St. Jerome does not write about ordinary civil life, nor about monastic discipline, but in the directions which he gives to consecrated virgins and widows, living in the world, he certainly dissuades them from the luxury of Roman baths, served as they were by eunuchs, and public to all. Even though his counsels were taken in a stricter sense, they can neither be interpreted as opposed to cleanliness, which can be obtained without such means, nor can they be drawn into a general rule, since the saint often says that there is one rule for ascetics, another for seculars.

St. Ambrose does not write on this subject; but in commending the modesty of Susanna, he finds no fault with her for taking a bath.

St. Gregory writes as Pope, with authority, and he falls within the thousand years of evil note. This is his language:—

"It has been reported to me that some perverse men have been giving out that no one ought to take a bath on the Lord's day. Now, if the

bath is taken for mere luxury, I do not grant it to be taken on any day. But if it is taken for the requirements of the body, then I do not forbid it even on the Sunday. It is written: 'No man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it' (Eph. v. 29), and again: 'Make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences' (Rom. xiii. 14). He, therefore, who forbids the care of the flesh in its lusts, certainly permits the care of the flesh in its needs. Surely, if it is a sin to wash the body on the Lord's day, then it must be a sin also to wash the face. But if leave is given for a part of the body, why not for the whole, when it is needful?"—(*S. Greg. Ep. lib. XIII. 1.*)

This is the most authoritative declaration we have on the subject of baths. It is that of a Pope and a Doctor. Surely no one will pretend that the authority of St. Gregory was not great in the Middle Ages. He wrote the above when the old Roman civilization was coming to an end; and he lays down the principles which always governed the Church in her endeavours to reform the world—distinguishing between the Pagan luxury which he reprobates, and the natural cleanliness which he commends.

4. *Apparent Exceptions.*

No doubt, at the same time, Christian writers, while allowing and even praising cleanliness, have extolled those who, in certain exceptional circumstances, have endured dirt as a penance of the flesh. Let this not be misunderstood. They have never praised the love of dirt for its own sake. They have never praised the endurance of dirt from sloth and immortification. They have never recommended neglect of the person as a general mortification. But they exhort Christians, especially those who lead an ascetic life, not to be too delicate and fastidious. They have praised some who, by an exceptional impulse, and living apart from others, have mortified their flesh after this fashion, as in the case of St. Hilarion and Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre, and certain hermits and recluses. The case of St. Thomas of Canterbury, mentioned by Dr. Playfair, was an exceptional one. His biographers tell us of his luxurious habits in his youth; and they relate that when he changed all this, after being made Bishop, the weakness of his stomach still obliged him to live on delicate food and wine. Hence he was not judged to be an austere man, even by those who lived with him; and when they found at his martyrdom that his body was covered with a hair shirt, which had remained long unchanged, they were filled with admiration at the circumstance, which showed both his real spirit of mortification, and the humility with which he had so long concealed it.

5. *Monastic Baths.*

I have already said that greater indulgence was granted to seculars than to monks and nuns. To show, therefore, the full

extent of the mistake of Dr. Playfair, I will examine the constitutions of the religious orders of Europe.

Though St. Augustin wrote in Africa, yet his rule was greatly followed in Europe, not only by the Augustinians, but by others also, as Premonstratensians and Dominicans. We have already seen that he grants the use of the bath once a month, and oftener when necessary.

St. Benedict, the great monastic legislator, writes:—

“The use of baths is granted to the sick as often as they require it; but to those in good health, and especially to the young, it should not be granted too frequently (*tardius concedatur*).”

According to the addition made in the time of the Emperor Lewis, the frequency of the use was left to the judgment of the prior.

By St. Isidore's rule in Spain, baths were to be reserved for the sick, and then used without scruple. The rule of St. Cæsarius of Arles was exactly similar; so was that which St. Leander, in Spain, drew up for his sister. These rules were gathered together by St. Benedict of Anianum.

Lanfranc, when Prior of Bec, drew up a directory for every day in the year. From this we find that on the vigil of Christmas, and on the Wednesday in Holy Week, all the monks of the monastery took a warm bath. When he became Archbishop of Canterbury this directory was adopted in all the great Benedictine Abbeys in England.

No monastic rule was so austere in early days as that of the Irishman, St. Columbanus, and it was maintained very rigidly in many continental monasteries. Yet in the life of St. Godwin it is related, as the most natural thing in the world, that one morning when the Bishop St. Lambert had been kept out in the snow during a winter's night, the brethren hastened to prepare a bath for him and a change of clothes; this was in 680.*

Petrus de Honestis of Ravenna, who drew up his rule in the 12th century, writes that baths must not be refused to the brethren for the preservation or restoration of health, but only to those who ask them too often out of luxury.

St. Bernard, who may be considered the founder of the Cistercians, is the author of the saying:—“I ever liked poverty, but never dirt.”

6. *Mediæval Purifications.*

This would, perhaps, be the place to say something of certain purifications which were prescribed by the early penitential codes, and of the use of which we find traces all through the Middle Ages; but the nature of this subject prevents me from entering

* *Boll. Acta SS.* tom. 60., p. 710.

into detail. However, as Dr. Playfair has praised the purifications of the Levitical Code, I recommend the subject to his investigation. To put him on the track, I advise him to begin by reading the answers of St. Gregory to the questions of St. Augustin of England, as well as the Canons of the Greek Archbishop of Canterbury in the 7th century, St. Theodore. The result of his investigations will probably be to deride and reproach the Church for prescribing baths; but in any case he will see how wide of the truth he was when he reproached her for forbidding them.

I have shown the perfect liberty of the laity, and the modified Liberty of the monastic orders. I will now go a step further, and consider the state of the criminal classes in the Middle Ages.

7. Penitential Discipline.

It is well known how severe for many centuries was the penitential system of the Church, yet I have looked in vain through many collections of canons, made in different ages and countries, without finding abstinence from the bath imposed on the penitents, even for the greatest crimes. I say *imposed*, for it is once or twice recommended as a very severe penance for enormous crimes. Thus St. Dunstan has sketched a perfect penitent atoning for great sins, and among his austerities he mentions his not sleeping on a soft couch, or entering a warm bath.*

In the terrible penance imposed by St. Paulinus, of Aquileia, on Heistulf, who, after murdering his wife had falsely accused her of adultery, he has the choice of entering a monastery, or of doing a far severer penance in his own house. Amongst other things it is enjoined that he must never use a bath; but when this decision was received into the canon law, the gloss was added: "except for necessity."† It must be remembered that such penances, though imposed by the Church, were sanctioned by the civil power as adequate atonement for crimes against society; they must therefore be compared with modern prison discipline. Let those who have read what Howard found in modern prisons judge whether a bath "in case of necessity" was granted to the prisoner, and whether the Church of the Middle Ages is to be aspersed for encouraging filth by those who have but just cleansed the Augean stables of their own prisons.

Let it be also remarked that the use of baths must have been very common in those centuries, when it was considered one of the severest of all punishments to be deprived of them. In Dr

* The words will be found in Wilkins, and Haddan and Stubbs's *Councils*. A translation of this penitential has been made by Thorpe.

† See *Migne, Patrol.* tom. 99, p. 196.

Playfair's theory of the dirty ages it would have been a grievous penance to be compelled to take a bath.

8. *Care of the Poor.*

It may, perhaps, be asked what provision was made for the poor? If baths were accessible to the rich, if they were provided for monks and nuns by their monasteries, if they were forbidden to none, were any positive measures taken to put them in the reach of the poor?

I might, perhaps, ask in reply, What means are now used to procure baths for the labouring poor? They will be found very scanty; yet now that our towns and cities have grown so populous, now that our streams are poisoned with sewage and the refuse of factories, the want is far greater than in former times.

Besides, I am considering this question only as it regards the Church, and because it has been made a charge against her that she, by her teaching or her action, prevented cleanliness, or encouraged dirt. Having disproved this charge, I am not bound to show that the Church took positive action in the matter of baths. Water was generally accessible enough, and the means of warming it were not hard to procure. It is well known that the Church encouraged almsgiving, the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the visiting of the sick and of prisoners, and hospitality to the stranger and the homeless. These works were almost unknown in heathen times; they became frequent under the influence of the Church. But baths were common in heathen times, being the result, not of charity, but of natural care of self. It would seem then that the Church was not called to show herself zealous in such a matter. Might she not have left it to men's own self-love, or was it not at most a matter for the civil power?

And yet in so far as it is a work of charity to help those who cannot help themselves, or even those who neglect themselves, I have no doubt that a little research into the good deeds of our ancestors will prove that they did not reject the washing of the dirty from their list of works of mercy any more than the feeding of the hungry.

In the first place, I may argue from the ancient Catholic practice of washing the feet of the poor. Among Dr. Playfair's Scotch auditors there must surely have been some to whom the memory of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, occurred, when the President of the Health Department of the Glasgow Congress was declaiming against his ancestors. They may have remembered how she, and her good husband Malcolm, used every day in Lent to wash the feet of the poor and serve them at table before they

sat down to their own repast. No doubt it is one of the sophisms of the day that such works as these were not done for the sake of the poor, but as pompous displays of ascetic devotion. Let those who think thus go to the Life of St. Margaret, written by Theodoric, an eye witness. Let them there read how the holy Queen prepared dainties for the little orphans whom she had collected, how she set free the captives and restored them to their families, how she established hospitals and hostelries, how she sat by the road side to be accessible to the complaints of the poor, and they will probably modify their opinion about such acts as the washing of the feet. It was assuredly a ceremonial observance rather than a work of mercy, for if cleanliness had been the main motive, the Queen could have sent one of her menial attendants to do the work. But it was a ceremony intended by Him who first instituted it, as well as by those who have since observed it, to teach the duty of works of mercy to the poor, and—what is especially to my purpose—it indicated by its very nature that to procure cleanliness is one of those works of mercy.

It will not then be a digression to relate at least one example of the spirit taught by such ceremonies. Leprosy is said—I know not with what truth—to have originated, or at least spread, from dirty habits. Now if there was one form of disease which inspired our forefathers with compassion more than another it was this hideous leprosy. From St. Margaret of Scotland, her daughter Matilda—the “Good Queen Maud,” wife of Henry I. of England—had learnt that compassion, together with other virtues—

“She visited the sick and poor with diligence,
Clothes, meat, and bedding new and undefiled,
And wine and ale she gave withouten doubt,
When she saw need in countries all about.”*

Her younger brother David, afterwards King of Scotland, often related to St. Aelred his intimate friend and biographer, the following anecdote:—

“When I was a young man at the Court (of Henry), one night that I was in my lodgings, occupied, I forget how, with my friends, I was sent for to the Queen’s apartments. I found the house full of lepers, and the Queen standing among them. Putting off her mantle, and girding herself with a towel, she began to wash the feet of the lepers, and when she had dried them, taking them in both her hands she kissed them devoutly. I said to her: ‘Lady, what are you doing? Certainly, if the King knew this he would never press his lips to yours, defiled as they are with those lepers’ feet.’ She looked up with a smile, and said, ‘Who does not know that the feet of the King Eternal are more to be desired than the lips of a mortal king? I called you, dear brother, that I might teach you to act in the same way;

* Hardyng, quoted by Miss Strickland. The incident of the lepers is somewhat differently related by Miss Strickland, but she has been misled by Robert of Gloucester. There is no doubt that St. Aelred’s version is correct; since he had heard it frequently from David’s own lips, with whom he was most intimate. Aelred’s history has been overlooked by Miss Strickland.

Take then a basin, and do as you have seen me do.' At these words," continued David, "I was greatly alarmed, and replied that I never could suffer it; for as yet I knew not the Lord, nor was His spirit as yet revealed to me. So when she insisted (to my shame I tell it) I only laughed, and went away to my companions."*

This beautiful name, "the feet of Christ," was often given in the ages of faith to the poor; and, in washing the repulsive bodies of the lepers, our forefathers were strengthened by the thought that they were washing His feet. That they did wash the bodies as well as the feet of lepers is certain, and many such acts are in record in the *Lives of the Saints*, collected by the Bollandists. One example will be sufficient. In the life of Blessed Anfrid, Bishop of Utrecht in 1008, it is circumstantially related how he went to the river, drew water, warmed it, poured it into a tub, and then laid a poor leper in the bath, washed him with his own hands, placed him in his own bed, and next day dismissed him with a new suit of clothes.†

St. Radegund, who from being Queen of France became a nun, not only built a bath for the use of her community, but had one also for the use of poor women. Her biographer, St. Venantius, Bishop of Poitiers, and a contemporary, has left on record how every Thursday and Saturday, girding herself with a rough bathing towel, she washed the poorest and filthiest of the beggars, using soap, moreover, and giving them clean and new garments.‡

Conclusion.

Dr. Playfair several times in his lecture quoted Scripture. His interpretations were curious, but he is evidently familiar with the letter of the Bible. I am sorry he overlooked the following passage: "But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart and they defile the man . . . but to eat with unwashed hands defileth not a man" (Matt. xv. 18, 20). His lecture was in many respects admirable, and I thank him for it. His valuable scientific suggestions were illustrated from many ancient sources. But it is evident that he has yet to study both Catholic doctrine and mediæval history, and in holding up to obloquy and ridicule the religion of the majority of Christians and of his own ancestors, he has neither promoted the cause of science nor enhanced his reputation. It is unworthy of a liberal mind to pander to popular prejudices, and it is but stale wit, after all, to sneer at the monks, to whom England and Scotland owe both religion and civilization.

T. E. BRIDGETT.

* Miss Strickland is doubly wrong in saying that he who refused could not have been David "who would have given his aid right willingly," and that it must have been his elder brother King Alexander the Fierce. Fierce as was Alexander to some, St. Aelred, who knew him, says that he delighted in nothing more than "in washing, feeding, and clothing the poor."

† *Boll. Acta SS.* tom. XIII. p. 436.

‡ *Boll. Acta SS.* tom. XXXVII. p. 70.



CAN TRUTHS BE APPREHENDED WHICH COULD NOT HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED?

IN treating this subject, I desire rather to propound a question than to maintain a thesis. I feel, too, as if it were a matter rather for reflection than for argument,—one on which it is more possible to reach a sort of *persuasion* in one's own mind, than to offer cogent pleas to satisfy the minds of others. I bring it forward, therefore, rather in the hopes that metaphysicians with more trained instruments of thought than mine may be able to throw light upon it, than with any expectation that I can do so myself.

The question, then, is briefly this:—Can any truth be received—that is, accepted and assimilated—by the human intellect, which that intellect might not in the course of time have reached or wrought out for itself? Does not the power of apprehending a proposition imply and involve the power, by the processes of research and meditation, of constructing or divining it? Can anything which could not have been discovered by us be so revealed to us as to make it our own? or as I should prefer to express myself, do not the discernment, recognition, absorption by the mind of a truth, when once announced, indicate and postulate precisely the same faculties as those needed to originate it,—*i.e.*, to arrive at it by native mental operations? These are somewhat unscientific and unprecise expressions of my meaning, I am aware, but they may suffice to convey the essence of it.

It would seem that in matters distinctly within human cogni-

zance—whether information communicated by scientific inquirers, or truths established by the reasonings of the wise—the conclusion is certain, and the above questions may be answered confidently in the negative. What man has done man may do. Matters of positive knowledge, the facts of science, the operations of nature, and the laws or principles deducible from those operations can be *verified* by those to whom they are announced; the observations and experiments can be repeated, the results tested, and the informers cross-examined, by the recipients or hearers; the faculties and mental processes needed thus to test and verify are (with perhaps the exception of the scientific *imagination*) the same as those employed in the original discovery; and the results can only be truly accepted, embraced, stored away among our intellectual possessions, after and as a consequence of such verification. The same, it would appear, must be admitted in the case of ethical and philosophic truths. These are wrought out, meditated, harmonized, by patient thinkers, and are then laid before the mass of intelligent men for examination and acceptance; and only in as far as they are thus examined and *re-thought* (so to speak)—only, that is, in as far and when they have been subjected, in the minds of those to whom they are brought, to precisely the same operations as they had undergone (and as they originally sprang from) in the minds of the bringers—can they be regarded as *discovered*, or established, or qualified to take their rank as acquisitions or registered items of our mental wealth. In the domain of human knowledge, therefore, it may probably safely be assumed that whatever we can receive and comprehend we can also ascertain and discover.

If matters of this character are revealed to us *ab extra* or by superior beings, such revelation is nothing more than *anticipation*—the helping and hastening of the prompter—the giving us in complete form what, left to ourselves, we should have arrived at piecemeal and more tardily—or the announcement to us in infancy of matters which in our maturer intelligence we should have made out for ourselves. Science has already ascertained a vast amount of truth as to the constitution and laws of motion in the solar system; has almost discovered the mode and order of its evolution out of chaos, and of the development (though not the origination) of life upon this globe;—and these discoveries, as our instruments of observation and analysis are gradually perfected, will probably arrive at the stage of positive knowledge. If they had been announced to our ancestors long centuries ago, as a statement from without or from above, they would have been called a “revelation,” though, in fact, only an “anticipation” of future attainments. If announced to us on human authority, by an exceptional sage, a fitter term perhaps would be “precocity,”

prophecy, foresight, *forestalment* :—but, however named, is it not equally the case that they could only have been imbibed and apprehended because there was in the human faculty that which in its gradual growth and maturity would have elaborated them from its own inventiveness and accumulated materials of thought? Would they otherwise have been *conceivable* by it, or capable of assimilation and belief?

We now come to another class of truths—or, to speak more guardedly, of *propositions*—doctrines *probable*, but *unascertainable*—such, for example, as the existence of a Personal Creator and Ruler of the Universe, and a Life renewed or continued beyond the grave. It can scarcely be supposed that any future perfection either of our mental faculties or of our material instruments of vision will enable us to *solve* these problems—*i.e.*, strictly speaking, to arrive at *certainty* of proof (as distinguished from internal conviction) regarding them. If this certainty is ever attained, it must to all appearance be from positive information conveyed to us from higher and adequate authority. Higher powers might communicate it in the form of an assertion,—which is what in common parlance I believe is meant by “Revelation :”—or in the form of a *suggestion* of such a line of observation or ratiocination as would guide mankind to a conclusive or logical proof of the truth in question. If in the latter form, what is this virtually but a solution of the problem, in some hours of unexampled brightness and insight, by those very human faculties which, as the intellectual history of our Race assures us, have in all ages had such hours of abnormal penetration and brilliancy vouchsafed to them? And how, then, are we to distinguish such suggestions from those other apocalyptic flashes of imaginative insight which in all ages have constituted the initial step by which the mind of man has made its great advances, and achieved its best discoveries? If, on the other hand, the revelation of the conclusion, the merging of our doubts in certainty, the authoritative announcement of the truth, comes to us as an assertion from on high,—then, in what mode or language can that announcement be conveyed so as to dispense with or not to demand, by the very constitution of the human mind, that verification which precedes and clinches *certainty*, if not *conviction*? How are we to test the source and channel of the announcement? If the announcement be of such a nature as to need no such verification—as to convey and include its own credentials—as to be self-evident or *self-proving* as soon as made—does not that imply such an adaptation, such a native fitness and preparation for its reception in the very framework of the spiritual intelligence, as could scarcely fail in time to reach the goal and to discern the light? Finally, with regard to the matters referred to—the human mind has long been exercised upon these problems,

has long been weighing probabilities, nay, has for the most part long felt that the probabilities leaned by a vast preponderance towards the one scale, and only asked from Revelation a *confirmation* of its verdict and its hopes. And do not this ceaseless pre-occupation with the problems and approximation to their solution establish the existence of a strange devotion and aptitude within us to the subjects, which could scarcely fail to be crowned with success at last?

In fine, must not what is called "Revelation" be simply either *Anticipation*, or *Suggestion*, or *Confirmation*? Some favoured and highly-strung natures tell us that they have arrived at this confirmation by "spiritual discernment," and can feel not the shadow of a doubt about the matter. Very well. Is not that confident and unhesitating spiritual discernment the strongest conceivable testimony to that very special native "aptitude" of which I have spoken? The truth, they say, was revealed to them, "borne in upon their souls," vouchsafed to them in a sudden gleam of light, "in a dream, in a vision of the night," and so on; and the moment it thus flashed upon them, it wrote itself upon their mental framework by its own illumination. What is this phraseology but simply a more lofty and excited, or more poetical way of saying (as we often hear contemplative thinkers of soberer temperaments say) that the conception suddenly "*occurred* to them," flashed upon them, and was instinctively recognized at once as the true solution of the problem which had exercised their minds so long? And what in reality is this instantaneous *recognition*—this *εἴρηκα* cry—but the proof that the mind was capable of the discovery, and had long been on the brink of it? What, in fact, is this sudden "flashing" but a normal mode in which the patient working brain has in all ages discovered the truths it sought? And as to the character of the confirmation which ordinary minds desire to derive from "Revelation," is it not generally, when strictly analyzed, simply the increased confidence in their own conclusions which they feel in finding those conclusions echoed in positive and dogmatic language by other men; or, as they would say, by specially endowed or authorized minds who proffered "signs and wonders" in proof of their special endowments, authority, or knowledge—signs and wonders now no longer recognized as such proof among logicians? Or if this confirmation be alleged to lie (as it usually now is) in the essential loftiness or divine characteristics of the truth announced—what is this again but falling back upon *the assumed capacity of man's soul to recognize and discriminate and at once adopt the nobility and grandeur of this truth*, which yet it is at the same time supposed to be incapable of finding out?

No doubt, there are certain theological doctrines or specific

dogmas, believed by many to be revealed, which the human mind never could have arrived at by itself; but I think it will be found that these are precisely doctrines which can scarcely be properly said to be "received or apprehended;"—they rather lie on the surface of the mind than sink into it;—they are propositions about which civilized mankind is divided, which are different and discrepant, not to say contradictory, in various countries, and which numbers of qualified thinkers altogether repudiate, and consider can no more be accepted than they could have been discovered by the natural intelligence of men. They must, therefore, take rank as *opinions* not as *truths*; they could never have been discovered, and cannot be rightly said to be assimilated or imbibed; and are assented to rather than believed (without being in any proper sense comprehended) because assumed to have been told us by an authority it would be sinful and monstrous as well as dangerous to doubt.

Perhaps the fittest way of stating the position would be this:—No truth can, properly speaking, be apprehended and made a portion of our mental acquisitions, which cannot be verified when told to us; and any proposition which we can verify, we could discover—that is, what man can verify man could have reached and worked out for himself. Take a concrete case: The doctrine of the Incarnation, the Trinity, or the Atonement, it is conceded that the human mind could not have discovered for itself. It is, I apprehend, conceded also that these doctrines do not approve themselves to the mind as soon as announced, in virtue of any intrinsic and obvious fitness or inherent probability; for, if they did, this would indicate in them some quality which would have rendered them discoverable—arrivable at—likely to suggest themselves—as well as promptly approvable. No; they are believed (where they are believed truly) or accepted, where accepted, because they are held to have been announced by some superior authority who, it is assumed, must know the truth and intend to state it. Very well; then on what does this assumption rest? and how has the announcement been made? It must have been made either in plain words by some being whose supernatural power shown in action leads us to infer that his knowledge must be also supernatural and his truthfulness unimpugnable—inferences which it is now admitted, even by orthodox reasoners, do not necessarily follow from supernatural power;—or it must have been breathed or flashed into the mind in the shape of a sudden suggestion—in which case it is impossible for the mind to discern whether the suggestion did not arise spontaneously, or may not have come from below as well as from above—from a deceiving as well as from an enlightening spirit. Statements, therefore, which from their nature cannot be *verified*, could not, it is true, be *discovered*,

but neither can they be *accepted* definitively or confidently, because we cannot ascertain whether the source of them, however supernatural, be divine or devilish, or whether it may not be spontaneously human.

If we can *ascertain* that a proposition came to us from a super-human source, it must surely be by applying some *test* or *standard* which can *judge* the doctrine; judging it would seem to imply the means of verifying it; and the power of verifying it, as we have seen, implies the power of discovering it.

W. R. GREG.



THE MUNICIPALITY OF LONDON.*

A NEW Bill under this title has been proposed by the Metropolitan Municipal Association; and that body has attended as a deputation at the Home Office, to lay the subject before the Secretary of the State, preparatory to legislative action in the ensuing Session of Parliament. This is one of a series of schemes prepared by the same body with the view, as they think, of improving the local government of the Metropolis; and on this occasion they appear to have conceived a big idea, if not a practical one, to cover the whole field with one corporation, by giving to the antiquated central authority of the City of London a sort of indiarubber expansive power of extending itself to the extreme limits of the present Metropolis. There is a fable in the old story-book about a frog and an ox; and what became of the frog may be worthy of consideration by the association as a practical illustration.

This Bill also appears to us, as regards the ratepayers, to carry a sting in its tail, for the 111th section provides that "the costs, charges, and expenses, preliminary to and of and incidental to the preparing, applying for, obtaining, and passing of this Act shall be paid by the Municipal Council of London." That means that all the expenses of the agitation carried on for years by a self-constituted body of reformers are to be borne by the rate-

* See also article on "The Local Government of the Metropolis," in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for June, 1873, page 73.

payers. Public Acts do not usually contain such clauses, and to encourage agitation by passing such an enactment would be contrary to public policy. When the Gas Regulation Act of 1860 was passed with a clause as to expenses, because it related to private companies, the Court of Common Pleas afterwards held, in a suit for costs, that a parliamentary agent who had been employed by certain persons to obtain the Act could not maintain an action against the Metropolitan Board to recover his costs attending the passing of the Act. The Board was the local authority promoting the Act, and provision was made to enable it to raise the expenses by a rate.

THE SCHEME.

The Gogs and Magogs of the City are great antiquities; and it is wonderful that, in a great emporium such as London is, there should be such apparent respect and fondness for ancient offices and precedents. So much is this the fact that reform of the Corporation has been resisted, and a makeshift sort of progress has been from time to time announced as self-reformation. But, as a whole, the City was, and is, and will be "the City of London." At present the City authorities have given no utterance regarding the Bill.

There are certain clogs about the Bill which must render it wholly impracticable. The Corporation ought to be freed from all interference with judicial functions and appointments. All judges should be appointed by the Crown; and there ought to be stipendiary magistrates, to perform the duties of justices. Thus the Aldermen could be dispensed with.

The prisons, lunatic asylums, and licensing jurisdictions should be provided for by the Crown, and paid for out of the national exchequer, as more just to the local ratepayer.

Beyond these points there is a vast mass of functions very summarily disposed of in the Bill, but which can only be understood by close examination in detail. For this purpose there ought to be a digest of all the existing powers, so as to shew what can be omitted and what ought to be preserved, and to render the latter more distinct. It seems to us worse than trifling on such an occasion to present a clause such as that to repeal inconsistent Acts: "All Acts of Parliament in force in any city, borough, county, parish, or place in whole or in part included within the Metropolis, or any part of such city, &c., which shall be included respectively shall, so far as the same are inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, be repealed as regards such city, &c., or so much part thereof so included within the Metropolis, but not further." Those who know how such clauses are now treated by

lawyers will understand the extreme complexity of such legislation, and the impropriety of causing the expense of construing the innumerable laws affected by the clause, to fall upon the public in their endeavour to obtain a rule of action on any occasion.

The Bill proposes to constitute the Metropolis as a county with all its rights and privileges; and to be governed by one municipal body, having a corporate name, and exercising municipal authority throughout the Metropolis. Then appear the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., as the "Municipality of London."

The Metropolis would be divided into ten districts, and the districts divided into wards, as set out in the schedule, but subject to revision by the Secretary of State.

Into this body would merge the Corporations of the City of London and the City of Westminster, and the Metropolitan Board of Works. Vestries and District Boards would cease to exist. But the Lieutenancy of the City is saved, and all charters, rights, &c. and bye-laws are preserved in force. No such enactment as this ought to be made without strict investigation as to the contents of such documents.

All the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Acts are extended to the County and Municipality of London, as if the Metropolis had been comprised in the Act of 1835. This is another great absurdity; for during the last forty years nearly every town now governed by the Act of 1835 has obtained new statutes to amend and extend the powers conferred by that Act, and therefore without the substance of such amending laws the Metropolis would be but poorly served with the original statute merely.

Of course there are to be councillors to form the council of London, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Metropolitan Board are to form the first council, but until the subject has been more maturely considered it is useless to enter upon details as to elections, &c.

All the functions and powers, &c. now possessed by the existing bodies are transferred to the new Corporation, with all property and liabilities.

The police are absorbed, and three police magistrates may be appointed by Her Majesty for the district of the City of London to hold a court under the Metropolitan Police Acts. It is obvious, however, that this is a vain proposal, as the Metropolitan Police could not be managed otherwise than it is by the State, and under one controlling power. The preservation of order, and detection and repression of crime, ought to be far more than at present the function of Government, and not of local authorities; for under local administration culprits may escape when near the confines of local jurisdiction, whilst the general power would operate irrespective of limits.

THE CITY CORPORATION.

If we were to accept the speech of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer on the occasion of the presentation of the Lord Mayor, it is clear that the City authorities prefer to be left alone with reference to the granting of any new constitution for the Metropolis. His lordship said that the legal training and experience of the Lord Mayor might be useful to him during his term of office, in defending and maintaining the rights and privileges, it may be the existence, of the great Corporation over which he presides. The population outside the City, who dwell in numerous districts, and constitute a large portion of the Metropolis, were entitled to demand at the hands of the Legislature a grant of municipal institutions, a system of local government which should satisfy the people at large. But his lordship held that the Corporation and citizens of London were entitled to demand of the Legislature to answer these questions: Why were they to be assailed? Why were they to be interfered with in the exercise of those high functions, rights, and privileges, which they had enjoyed for so many centuries? They were entitled to ask what was their offence; what are the defects to be supplied; what are the errors to be corrected; what are the wrongs to be redressed; what is the charge against them as to the mode in which they have administered the affairs, and exercised the mighty powers which they possess for the benefit of the citizens of the Metropolis? When that demand has been made they may say to the Legislature: Compare the City of London now to what it was fifty years ago; behold its streets and its buildings; its halls, and its spacious offices; its bridges; its viaducts. Look also to the bountiful and abounding charities which have been established, and which exist in every portion of the City of London. Look also to the number and excellence of the schools that have been instituted. His lordship also enumerated the benefits derived from cleanliness, good ventilation, and pure water, all which the corporation had secured.

For these reasons he considered that the City should remain unaffected by what he termed "reforms," but that the rest of the Metropolis might obtain what was deemed suitable for its requirements.

The Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Mayor elect, prior to his complete investment in office, have expressed themselves to a similar effect, and it may be safely concluded that the City prefers to be left alone in its glory!

HOW WILL IT WORK?

From what has transpired, it appears impossible to consider the Bill as a practical measure. It is merely, as its authors put it, a tentative draft, upon which the opinions of the public and of the several public bodies may be elicited. In this view we desire to offer some observations, founded upon considerable experience in the details and general principles of local government.

Nearly twenty years have now elapsed since Sir B. Hall (subsequently known as Lord Llanover) accomplished the important task of abolishing numerous petty local agencies which had been long obstructing the progress of improvement in the Metropolis by the manner in which they managed local affairs under numerous insufficient statutes and within limited areas.

The Act of 1855 was preceded by a full inquiry by a Royal Commission, and the object of the new legislation was to consolidate the authorities acting in the several parishes, according to which the Poor-law was administered; also to revise and extend the powers under which they should be guided in cleansing, draining, road-making, lighting, and preventing overcrowding, &c. In addition to these merely local arrangements, a new body was created out of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, and it was, as the Metropolitan Board of Works, invested with large powers regarding main sewers, the making of intercepting sewers throughout the whole 117 square miles over which their jurisdiction extended, and effecting street improvements, whether of a metropolitan or local character. By subsequent general and special statutes such powers have been greatly increased, both in relation to the extent of the works demanded for the facility of traffic, and in regulating the finances and sources of revenue rendered necessary for such important works. Besides, the Board had, in 1856, to administer the Building Act. In 1866 the management of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade was given to them, and numerous other duties have been conferred as the local authority representing the general public, and having taxing powers over the whole Metropolis.

Such a body cannot be "merged" or absorbed by any minor authority; and though the present mode of electing members is generally admitted to be faulty, and the statutory powers of the Board may require amendment, yet all such improvements may be made quietly and in due form, without the fussy interference of any association of agitators, even though headed by dukes and lords, as owners of much metropolitan property.

A new Constitution will, no doubt, result from the necessity for the management of the gas and water on behalf of the public, by which much economy, combined with efficiency and comfort, will

be derived. Further advantage in these respects would arise from different arrangements regarding roads. At present much waste occurs from different modes of management and misapplication of material. The cost is also far from being equitably levied, inasmuch as, where the heaviest traffic occurs, the expenses must be very great; and although the population in the suburbs and other parts derive benefit from such expenditure, they do not pay rateably in respect to it.

Mr. Newton, in his speech at the Metropolitan Board in April, 1870, when the Bills of Mr. Buxton were being considered, wisely announced the principle which should regulate the government of London. "In respect of the wants of the Metropolis, it is clear that the authority over a matter in which the Metropolis has a common interest, should be in the hands of a body in which the Metropolis has a common representation. I know of nothing which more forcibly than this convinces me of the fact that the City should be confined to its own area, and should derive no emoluments from its position other than those which belong to it from its own property, and certainly no toll or tax except from the people within the City. So much, therefore, for the government of the whole of London, and in that, I think, you will see there are two conditions to be kept in mind—that, whatever powers and duties are delegated to this central authority, the whole of the Metropolis, having a common interest in them, should also have an equitable representation. We can refer to the greater Corporation all the great works and the representative duties in which the Metropolis is generally interested, leaving smaller things for more local institutions. Local self-government, to be efficient, depends upon the existence of two conditions—a minute local knowledge, and a community of interest. If these do not exist, we are governed by ignorance and contentions, and this we must bear in mind when we are asked to form corporations in each of the parliamentary boroughs."

THE BILLS OF 1870.

Some of the difficulties of the subject may perhaps be lessened by a review of the report made by the Select Committee of 1867, and the proposals for legislation in 1870.

There were three bills introduced by Mr. Buxton:—1. The Municipal Boroughs (Metropolis) Bill; 2. The Corporation of London Bill; 3. The County of London Bill.

The boroughs were to be nine separate bodies governed by a Warden and Council, and to supersede the present division into parishes and districts, with the Vestries and District Boards, of which there are thirty-nine. The same powers and duties to be

continued. The boundaries of the boroughs to correspond with existing parliamentary divisions.

The Metropolitan Corporation of London was to be a central authority for the Metropolis, and to continue the municipal government of the City of London, excluded from the Boroughs Bill. This body was to have jurisdiction over the whole Metropolis, and to take charge of whatever concerns London as a whole. The Corporation of the City proper to subside into an ordinary municipal body, having within its own area the same powers as those of the other boroughs proposed to be established.

The County of London Bill proposed to make a separate county of the Metropolis. This body would have taken the prisons jurisdiction. Appeals as to licensing and as to county rates would be made to this body.

In 1867 the Select Committee held this latter view. They were favourable to the formation of a county jurisdiction, with a separate Commission of the Peace, to hold general sessions, and district sessions for local business.

The constitution of the Metropolitan Board to remain, but its designation to be "Municipal Council." Owners of property to be represented, with the view of being also rated for the expense of permanent improvements. The Council was to have a "President," subject to the approval of the Crown. The supervision over water and gas, and the protection of the public interests in regard to railways and other undertakings affecting the general public, to be given to the Council.

For the local administrations there was to be a Common Council. All elections were to be taken at one period.

Upon a deputation from the Metropolitan Board attending before the Secretary of State in 1870, in accordance with a previously expressed desire to learn the views of the Board regarding future local government of the Metropolis, the then Chairman (Sir John Thwaites) informed him that the Board were of opinion that there ought to be one central municipal government, with jurisdiction over the whole Metropolis. There were many other points to be settled, such as the subordinate organisation of the local Boards, and their relation to the central authority, all of which would have to be considered in Select Committee, and upon which, doubtless, Her Majesty's Government would be desirous of obtaining information. The Secretary of State (Mr. Bruce) thought he gathered generally that there was a strong desire for one central authority, but he felt a difficulty as to how the powers should be apportioned as between it and the local bodies, the Metropolis being of too vast an extent to be dealt with under the Municipal Corporations Act. He therefore requested the views of the Board on the subject. In his opinion nothing would be more

fatal to good government than ten distinct corporations. It would have to be considered whether the number of parishes and districts into which the Metropolis was at present divided might not be advantageously reduced.

ELECTION OF LOCAL MEMBERS.

Whatever may be the ultimate constitution of local bodies for the administration of the local government of the Metropolis, it is most essential that general elections should be avoided, and that only one-third of the members at one time should be subject to a renewal of their tenure of office. There must be no break in the continuity of service.

To compel people to attend at election places to give votes is inconvenient, unsatisfactory, and expensive; and where soliciting of votes is permitted, this process is a nuisance. The system of election by voting papers, improved as it may be, appears to us greatly to be preferred; and if reference is made to the votes and proceedings of the House of Commons in 1855, the arrangement then proposed by Lord Ebrington for the elections under the Metropolis Local Management Act of 1855, but rejected by Sir B. Hall, will be found to be very suitable for the purpose. The present writer was instrumental in proposing that system. Subsequently the voting by papers has been commended by others as affording more satisfactory results than a poll election.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

In his able speech in 1870, Mr. Newton stated the importance of the government of the Metropolis in these terms:—"The number of its population, the value of its property, the varied interests of its people, all serve to show that its government should be of a well-defined and comprehensive character, when we consider that the health, the comfort, and the lives of a community so vast are dependent on sanitary measures, which can only be originated and carried out by competent authority; it is of paramount importance that the duties of that authority should be clearly defined. This is necessary as much in the interests of constituted authority as in the interest of the people governed. The exercise of authority, and the performance of prescribed duties, can never be satisfactory, even to those engaged in them, if the administrators be but imperfectly endowed with power, or have but a small degree of public confidence reposed in them. If power and confidence be wanting in a public body, there is sure to be hesitation, and even vacillation of conduct, and in the end indifference to, and neglect of public duties. Then arise objections on the part of the poorer

ratepayers, already overburdened, against excessive taxation; and on the other hand indignation is expressed by another class against the omission of necessary works, and the neglect of important duties." He therefore urged the Board to use their experience in the administration of public affairs, to guide the legislation on a subject of so much importance, and to defeat the schemes of those who interfered without definite or satisfactory views, as shown by their several Bills.

METROPOLITAN GAS.

Since the preceding pages were written, the Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved, in conjoint action with the City Corporation, to introduce during the ensuing Session certain Bills relative to the supply of Gas to the Metropolis. These Bills provide either for the purchase of the undertakings of the several Gas Companies or for the construction of new works. The Purchase Bill appears to us to be the most important, as thereby the question will be for ever settled whether this Metropolis is to be ruled by monopolists in a matter of such necessity as the supply of Gas, or to have a plentiful and efficient supply provided at cost price by public bodies constituted for the public good. In all towns where such legislation has prevailed, and the management has been vested in the public functionaries, the benefits have been at once apparent, both in the production of Gas of adequate purity and at a reasonable cost. At present, public Acts have to be made to provide public testers to find out whether the Companies keep up to the standard enacted by Parliament as requisite to be observed between the manufacturing bodies and the consumers, and the reports have to be made to the public authorities now promoting these Bills.

It is proposed that within one year after the passing of the Act the Metropolitan Board may, by notice, require any Company to sell, and any Company so required shall sell their undertaking to the Board, in the manner and subject to the terms and conditions prescribed by the Act.

The amount to be paid is to be a sum equal to the value of the share capital of the Company issued on or before 1st October, 1874, according to the market value of the same, estimated on the average during the three years next preceding such day, or during such shorter period as the same may have been in existence. In respect of share capital issued after such date, an agreed-on sum is to be paid if the capital has been raised *bonâ fide* and required for the purposes of the undertaking. Differences to be settled by arbitration.

W. NEWALL.



THE LAWS OF ENGLAND AS TO THE EXPRESSION OF RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

DR. NEWMAN, in his Letter to the Duke of Norfolk about Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, defends certain doctrines implied in the Syllabus by comparing them with the present state of the law of England. He says: "Mr. Gladstone's accusation of us avails quite as much against Blackstone's four volumes, against laws in general, against the social contract, as against the Pope." Whether this is true as regards the social contract (in which I do not believe) I do not care. Whether it is true as regards laws in general, is a question which I do not enter upon. That it is perfectly true as against "Blackstone's four volumes" I fully admit. In one part of his argument, Dr. Newman (as I think he usually is) is quite right. He establishes clearly enough (though not, of course, with professional and technical exactness) the proposition that there is some degree of resemblance between one of the doctrines of the Syllabus and part of the law of England. I do not know that he throws much light upon the question, whether in so far as they resemble each other both are right or both wrong. Whatever the Catholics may think of the prerogatives of the Pope, no one certainly thinks of attributing infallibility in any way whatever to the law of England, or to any part of it. That large parts of our law are objectionable upon every kind of ground, and that broad and deep alterations in it must be made before it becomes a fit expression of the deliberate and mature convictions of a great nation on the

matters to which it relates, is admitted by everyone. I propose to consider whether this is not the case in regard to the law relating to the expression of opinion on matters of religion.

I am far from being fanatically attached to the common phrases about liberty. I think that the popular theories upon the subject are much too widely stated by their most popular advocates. I do not join in the indignation which is sometimes shown against those who try to deter people from the expression of opinions adverse to Christianity, by denouncing such opinions as dangerous and immoral, and by imposing social penalties on their advocates. I do not see how a sincere believer in Christianity can act otherwise; and I think a sincere disbeliever should either have the discretion to be silent, or the courage to take the inevitable consequence of the expression of opinions at variance with the existing state of things. Moreover, I do not deny that there may be cases in which the maintenance of a particular opinion may be so mischievous to society, or may be so closely connected with breaches of social order, as to call for its suppression by law. Circumstances may be imagined, and have perhaps existed, in which it would be as foolish to allow people to teach that all property is robbery, or to permit them to maintain the Pope's right to depose kings, as to allow people to smoke a pipe in a powder magazine. In short, I have no general doctrine to lay down about persecution, except the obvious one that, for well known reasons, there is a strong presumption against it, which, whenever it is practised, or proposed to be practised, must be overcome by strong special reasons.

Looking at the present question from this point of view, I propose to consider the existing law of England as to the expression of disbelief in natural and revealed religion, and to submit a proposal for its amendment.

The laws which affect this matter in England are reducible to the three following heads:—1. The King's ecclesiastical law as to heresy; 2. The common law as to blasphemy and blasphemous libels; 3. Certain statutes bearing on the same subject, the most important of which is 9 & 10 Will. III. c. 35.

In order to understand these different branches of the law, and their relation to each other, fully, it is necessary to go back to the origin of that legislation against heresy which has played so great a part in the world, and to point out shortly the principal epochs in its history in other countries, as well as in our own. The first legislation against heretics was that of Constantine, who, after the Council of Nice, prohibited the assemblies of the Montanists, and probably the Manichees, and some other heretical sects, and confiscated their property. Many other laws of the same kind were enacted by his successors. They were peculiarly

severe upon the Manichees, who, in more ages of the world than one, would appear to have had a singular power of exciting bitter animosity. The following extracts from Justinian's code are curious in themselves, and set them in a clear light:—

“Manichæos seu Manichæas seu Donatistas meritissimâ severitate persequimur. Huic itaque hominum generi nihil ex moribus, nihil ex legibus commune sit cum cæteris. Ac primum quidem volumus esse publicum crimen quia quod in religionem divinam committitur in omnium fertur injuriam, quos bonorum etiam omnium publicatione consequimur. Ipsos quoque volumus amoveri ab omni liberalitate et successione quolibet titulo veniente. Præterea non donandi, non emendi, non vendendi, non postremo contrahendi enigam convicto relinquimus facultatem. In mortem quoque inquisitio majestatis extendatur. Nam iis in criminibus licet memoriam accusare defuncti non immerito et hic debet subire tale judicium. Ergo et suprema illius scripturo irritabit sive testamento, sive codicillo, sive epistola, sive quolibet alio genere reliquerit voluntatem qui Manichæus fuisse convincitur.”—(*Cod. Lib. 1. Tit. v. iv. v., A.D. 407.*)

An edict of 428 went still further:—

“Ariani” (and twenty-eight other sects named) et qui ad inam usque scelerum nequitiam pervenerint Manichæi nusquam in Romanorum locum conveniendi morandique habeant facultatem. *Manichæus autem de civitatibus pellendus et ultimo supplicio tradendus quoniam his nihil relinquendum loci est in quo ipsis etiam elementis fiat injuria.*

At the fall of the Empire religious controversy shared the fate of other forms of intellectual activity. A long period succeeded the irruptions of the barbarians, in which the crime itself could hardly be said to exist, and in which, therefore, there was no occasion to punish it.

When the speculations of the Arabian philosophers began to influence European theology, heresy revived, and the first great result produced by its revival was the extermination of the Albigenses, the establishment of the Inquisition for the detection and suppression of heresy, and the Imperial legislation of Frederic II. for the same object.* Though an Englishman was the commander of the Albigensian crusade, England remained free both from religious war and from the legal machinery contrived for its suppression. In our early history there are a very few faint indications of some sort of proceedings against heretics. Bracton, for instance, mentions a deacon who “apostatavit pro quâdam Judæa,” and was burnt in consequence by the sentence of a council at Oxford. Britton has some expressions bearing on the same subject. Mention is made in Hallam's *Middle Ages*, and elsewhere, of severities inflicted on small bodies of flagellants and other persons, who probably adopted some of the wild heresies common in the 13th century; but these cases are very vague and throw little light on the law.

* Milman, *Hist. Lat. Christ.* ii. 238.

The case of the apostate who was burnt stands alone, and the other cases indicate rather an irregular exercise of authority, and the effects of popular indignation, than any settled system of persecution. No such system, indeed, existed in this country till the latter end of the 14th century, unless, indeed, the ordinary proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Courts are to be regarded in that light.

The part which these Courts played in the history of the country has been but little understood. In order to appreciate it we must recollect that, till the days of the Lollards, unanimity in religious belief in England was complete. The Jews were the only recognized dissenters, and they were expelled from England in the reign of Edward I. and towards the end of the 13th century. Their return, as is well known, was authorised by Cromwell more than 350 years afterwards. The clergy, moreover, were in possession of almost all the knowledge, an enormous proportion of the property, and the largest share of the political power in the country. Thus the fact that the Spiritual Courts, or Courts Christian as they were called, could not, or rather did not, fine, imprison, or put people to death, in no degree diminished their influence. Spiritual censures in those days required little support from the secular arm. An excommunicated person was like a Hindoo put out of caste. His life became a burden to him, and his punishment was one from which he was glad to escape by submitting to any penance which the clergy chose to inflict. When the most powerful King in Europe, and one of the most vigorous monarchs who ever held rule in England, submitted to be publicly flogged in Canterbury Cathedral, in order to avoid ecclesiastical censures, it is plain enough that the clergy stood in no need of the prison and the gallows to enforce their decrees. Moreover, the clergy, regular and secular, were, as a rule, the only persons who could even read, and over them the power of the Ecclesiastical Courts was complete. From the earliest period, however, the Ecclesiastical Courts were assisted in one important respect by the temporal courts. If an excommunicated person was contumacious, the bishop sent an instrument called a *significavit*, or notification, to the Chancery, which was the King's *officina justitie*. Thereupon a writ was issued, called the writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, upon which the person excommunicated was arrested and imprisoned, till he was reconciled to the Church by penance and absolution. This, however, must in many cases have been unnecessary.

Heresy, apostasy, atheism, blasphemy—every form of dissent from orthodoxy—were always ecclesiastical crimes; and, when it is said that persecution in England began towards the end of the 14th century, all that is meant is that it was not till then that the clergy began to require the support of the civil power,

not only in enforcing submission to censures, but in the infliction of superadded temporal punishments. In the course of this article I shall have occasion to return several times to the history of these Courts, and to point out some curious and little-known features in their position.

The first great instance of the calling in of the secular arm in England was in the year 1381. Wycliffe was then dead, but the Lollards had spread their opinions all over England, and the effect was to weaken the moral influence of the clergy to such an extent as to cause them to call for the intervention of the royal power. Accordingly, an Act was passed, 5 Richard II., c. 5 (A.D. 1381). The preamble recites that divers evil persons go from county to county, and town to town, without licence, preaching daily, "not only in churches and churchyards, but also in parkers, fairs, and other open places," sermons containing heresies. These preachers will not obey the summons of the ordinaries, "nor care for their monitions, nor censures of the Holy Church, but expressly despise them." It is in consequence ordained that the sheriffs and other ministers of the King, upon a certificate from the bishops, are to arrest all such preachers, "and hold them in arrest and strong prison till they will justify them according to the law and reason of holy Church." This statute was only a moderate extension of the common law proceeding *de excommunicato capiendo*. It appears not to have been effective, for in the year 1400 a second statute was passed (2 Hen. IV., c. 15) of a very different character. This statute recites that—

"False and perverse people of a certain new sect, of the faith of the sacraments of the Church, and the authority of the same damnably thinking. . . . perversely and maliciously preach and teach . . . divers new doctrines and wicked, heretical, and erroneous opinions . . . and the ways of the Church, with the censures of the Church, do utterly contemn and despise."

It then enacted that no one shall preach without license, or "anything preach, hold, teach, or instruct, openly or privily, or make or write any book contrary to the Catholic faith or determination of the Holy Church." The Diocesan might try any person suspected according to the Canon Law (what this implied will be seen immediately), and if he refuse to abjure, or relapse, and was "sententially convict so that according to the Canons he ought to be left to the secular court," he was to be delivered to the sheriff or mayor, who were to attend the Court if required, and who "the same persons after such sentence promulgate shall receive and there before the people in an high place do to be burnt, that such punishment may strike fear in the minds of other." This was the famous statute *de heretico comburendo*. It was afterwards strengthened to some extent by an Act, 2 Hen. V. c. 7 (A.D. 1414), the most

important provision in which was that justices of the peace might inquire into heresies and commit heretics. Under these provisions various Lollards were burnt in the course of the 15th century, particularly William Sawtre in 1400, William Thorpe in 1409, and Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) in 1413.*

Perhaps the most remarkable point in this famous statute is that it contains no definition whatever of heresy. The matter is left entirely at large, and the ecclesiastical judges could define it as they pleased. They were to a certain slight extent checked in the abuse of this power by the Civil Courts, but the lengths to which they were prepared to go, and the necessity for some check upon them, is shown by two remarkable cases reported by Lord Coke.† John Keyser was excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury for a suit connected with the administration of the goods of a person deceased—a purely temporal matter, though no doubt within the jurisdiction of the Archbishop's Court. Keyser remained excommunicated for eight months, and—

“openly affirmed that the said sentence was not to be feared, neither did he fear it; and albeit the Archbishop or his commissary have excommunicated me, yet before God I am not excommunicated; and he said that he spake nothing but the truth, and so it appeared, for that he the last harvest standing so excommunicate had as great plenty of wheat and other grain as any of his neighbours, saying to them in scorn that a man excommunicated should not have such plenty of wheat.”

For this he was committed to Maidstone Gaol, because, said the Archbishop, “in respect of publishing the said words: *Dictum Johannem non immerito habemus de hæresi suspectum.*” The Court of King's Bench released him on *Habeas Corpus*, considering “upon mature deliberation and upon conference with divines,” that for such words Keyser was not to be suspected of heresy. Afterwards William Warner was imprisoned by the Bishop of London because he “held opinion and published *quod non tenebatur solvere aliquas decimas curatori sive ecclesiæ parochiali ubi inhabitabat.*” Warner sued the Bishop for false imprisonment, and recovered judgment against him—I hope with exemplary damages, but that does not appear.

The law stood thus till the Reformation, when the legislation of Henry VIII. put the whole subject of the punishment of heresy upon a new basis. It seems to me that from want of attention to the legal view of the subject the effect of his legislation has often been misunderstood. His first Act on the subject—25 Hen. VIII., c. 14 (A.D. 1533), which repealed 2 Hen. IV. c. 15, and confirmed 5 Richard II., c. 5, and 2 Hen. V., c. 7.—did not

* See their cases in 1 *State Trials*, 163—268. Oldcastle, like Friar Forest, was both hanged and burnt as a traitor and heretic.

† Coke's 3rd Institute, p. 42.

abolish the practice of burning for heresy; but, instead of leaving the initiative to the ecclesiastical judge, it provided that lay persons should be empanelled to present heretics to the ordinary on oath. Upon such presentments, which were to be founded upon the oaths of two witnesses, the ordinary might proceed to conviction and burning. But the Act recited that—

“It is not reasonable that any ordinary, by any suspicion conceived of his own fantasie, without due accusation or presentment, should put any subject of this realm in the infamy and slander of heresy to the peril of life, loss of name and goods.”

The Act did not define heresy positively, but declared negatively (with great verbosity) that—

“No manner speaking, doing communication, or holding against the said Bishop of Rome, or his pretended power or authority, &c., &c., or against any laws called spiritual laws made by authority of the See of Rome by the policy of men, &c., &c., shall be deemed, reputed, accepted, or taken to be heresy.”

The effect of this statute was that hardly anything could be affirmed about heresy, except that it was *not* heresy to deny the doctrines of the Roman Catholics.

This explains, in some measure, the famous Act of the six articles, 31 Hen. VIII. c. 14 (A.D. 1538). This Act lays down six opinions upon transubstantiation, and other subjects. Those who erred about transubstantiation were to be burnt as heretics, and those who erred on the other subjects to be hanged as felons. I may observe in passing that when this statute was passed Henry VIII. stood between the clergy on the one side, who, by the law as he found it, could define heresy at pleasure, and burn everyone who fell within their definition, and the body of the people, who were divided between furious supporters and at least as furious opponents of the clergy. A policy of absolute indifference, like that which we follow in India between Mahomedans and Hindoos, was impossible on every ground, but especially because there was no power to enforce it. If the heresy was to be a crime it had to be defined, and if it was to be defined and punished by law it was far better that the King should make the law, and inflict the punishment, than that it should be left to the clergy or to popular fanaticism to discharge that office. Henry VIII.'s definition of heresy was absurd enough, and everyone was interested in pointing out its absurdity; but any other definition would have been equally absurd, and it was difficult to do altogether without one. Some alterations in procedure were made by this Act, which it is not necessary to specify.

The whole of the ecclesiastical legislation of Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VIII., was repealed by 1 Edward VI., c. 12. Mary revived the Acts of Richard II.,

Henry IV., and Henry V.; and it was under their powers that the great persecution inseparably associated with her name took place. The only remark which they call for here is that Mary tried to carry into force and give full effect to the ancient ecclesiastical laws of the country, reinforced by the statutes made against the Lollards, as it was necessary that they should be if they were not to fall into desuetude. The horror which the attempt produced, the exaggerated odium which has ever since attached to "bloody Mary," the fierceness of the flame, never to be put out, which her faggots lighted in England, are no doubt exaggerated and misdirected, in so far as they have for their object a pious, narrow-minded woman who meant well; but they are neither exaggerated nor misplaced, in so far as they have for their object the claims of the clergy to be the stewards and dispensers of divine, immutable truth. If they were what they said they were, they were right to persecute. When regarded on their principles it became quite clear that they were not what they said they were.

Elizabeth's first Act on coming to the throne was to reverse absolutely the whole policy of her sister. By the memorable Act "to Restore to the Crown the Ancient Jurisdiction over the Estate Ecclesiastical and Spiritual," 1 Eliz. c. 1. (A.D. 1558), the three Acts of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., were repealed (s. 15), and the Queen was invested with power to institute what was afterwards known as the High Commission Court, "to visit, reform, redress, order, correct, and amend all such heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities whatsoever, which by any manner of spiritual or ecclesiastical power, authority, or jurisdiction," could be dealt with in any way. Almost the only limitation put upon the Commissioners was that they were not to

"determine or adjudge any matter or cause to be heresy, but only such as have heretofore been determined, ordered, or adjudged to be heresy by the authority of the Canonical Scriptures, or by the first four General Councils, or any of them, or by any other General Council, wherein the same was declared heresy by the express and plain words of the said Canonical Scriptures."

The effect of this Act was to establish a court, arbitrary and high-handed no doubt, but infinitely less formidable than the bishops and archbishops' Courts in the 15th century, and restricted, by the negative definition of heresy quoted above, within much narrower limits as to the opinions which they might condemn. Moreover, it must have been understood in Elizabeth's time that the repeal of the statutes against the Lollards had put an end to the punishment of death for heresy. No one in this reign suffered merely for his opinions. With all her weaknesses and faults, the Queen had very little bigotry in her nature,

and persecuted no doctrines except those which either attacked her person or her power, or disturbed, or were supposed to be likely to disturb, the public peace. If her reign could not be described as tolerant, her intolerance was at least worldly and practical. It aimed at the temporal prosperity of the nation, not at securing their orthodoxy.

James I., with many fine qualities, for which he has received no credit, had a taste for theology, and a delight in playing the part of a local Pope of an improved and modernized pattern. He piqued himself on his orthodoxy, and in particular took occasion to play a leading part in condemning and burning an Arian, or, as we should now call him, a Unitarian, whose opinions gave great scandal at the time. This was a man named Legatt,* whose "damnable tenets," twelve in number, caused him to be tried by the Bishop of London in his Consistory Court. He was duly convicted, and declared "an obdurate, contumacious, and incorrigible heretic." This conviction the Bishop certified into the Chancery, and thereupon King James, who had done his best to convict Legatt by arguments of his own, and had failed, issued a writ *de heretico comburendo*, although the statute of 2 Henry IV. had been repealed fifty-four years before. Some of the judges (Lord Coke dissenting,† as I think most persons would now admit, on conclusive grounds) advised the King that the writ could issue at common law, and apart from the statute. Legatt accordingly, "refusing all mercy, was burnt to ashes." The same course was taken about the same time with one Wightman, at Lichfield. It would be difficult to find any executions in the whole history of England more illegal, and in every way more shameful than these. The Marian persecutions were legal, and were in the nature of a serious act of war. Elizabeth's severities were inflicted for serious political reasons. Legatt and Wightman were burnt illegally, without the shadow of a political reason for it, solely in order to gratify theological bitterness and royal vanity. They were the last victims of the writ *de heretico comburendo*. The writ itself, and all proceedings upon and connected with it, was finally abolished by the 29th Charles II., c. 9 (A.D. 1678), from which time capital punishment for heresy, whether by statute or common law, has been unknown in England.‡ The Act which abolished this writ contained the following remarkable clause:—

* "Bartholomew Legatt, native county Essex, person comely, complexion black, age about forty years, of a bold spirit, confident carriage, fluent tongue, excellently skilled in the Scriptures. His conversation, for aught I can learn to the contrary, was very unblamable."—(Fuller, printed in 2 S. T. 727.)

† See 12 Coke, Rep. 93 & 56.

‡ Not in Scotland. See Aikenhead's case (A.D. 1696), 13 St. Tri. 917, &c. The case is also referred to in Lord Macaulay's *History of England*. The statutes under which Aikenhead suffered (he was hanged) were repealed by the statute referred to below, 55 Geo. III. c. 160 (A.D. 1813).

"Nothing in this act shall extend or be construed to take away or abridge the jurisdiction of Protestant archbishops or bishops, or any other judges of any Ecclesiastical Courts, in cases of atheism, blasphemy, heresy, or schism, and other damnable doctrines and opinions, but that they may proceed to punish the crime according to His Majesty's ecclesiastical laws by excommunication, deprivation, degradation, and other ecclesiastical censures not extending to death, in such sort and no other as they might have done before the making of this Act."

The unwritten ecclesiastical law as to heresy remains to this day in the state in which it was left by this statute. In order to appreciate its practical importance, it is necessary to go back to a state of things which is now forgotten, but which exercised a much more powerful influence on English history than many events which are much better remembered. I refer to the ordinary jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Court as it stood before the year 1640.

Students of law reports frequently come across statements that this or that is a matter of "ecclesiastical concern," or a matter "merely spiritual." Such, for instance, till the year 1855, would have been the proper mode of describing all defamation by words only which did not impute crime, &c., to the person defamed. The same is the case in the present day with all sexual immorality (with one or two exceptions) such as fornication and incest. Such expressions are in the present day practically equivalent to saying that the acts in question, however immoral, are not in the legal sense criminal. They are, however, vestiges of a state of things which can still be described, and which in its time was of the utmost importance.

From the very commencement of English history, down to the year 1640, England was covered with Ecclesiastical Courts, as indeed it still is. No one in these days is made aware of their existence, as since the establishment of the Probate Courts they have hardly anything to do of the least importance. Anciently, they were like modern Police Courts, presided over by college tutors. If we imagine all England to be one vast college, with tutors and deputy-tutors in the shape of the judges of Ecclesiastical Courts, dotted all over it at convenient intervals, charged with the duty of "convening" every one, no matter what might be his religious opinions or position in life, who used improper language, got drunk, was guilty of immorality in any of its forms, or showed the slightest disrespect in act or word to any ecclesiastical institution, or who did not go to church, or take the communion at proper intervals, we shall have a very complete idea of the old Ecclesiastical Courts. We must, however, understand their procedure in order to appreciate their full character. They proceeded in three ways—by accusation, denunciation, or inquisition *ex officio*. "Accusation" was where a specified accuser

"promoted the office of the judge"—i.e., instituted proceedings in his own name. "Denunciation" was where the judge proceeded on information given him by a person who did not (as the accuser did) make himself responsible for what he said. This mode of accusation, since the canons of 1603, can now be practised only by ministers' churchwardens under the name of Presentment, and has therefore become obsolete. "Inquisition *ex officio*" was where the judge, on his own knowledge or suspicion, convened or cited the party before him. On doing so, he had the right to administer to him an oath, called the *ex officio* oath, "to make true answer to such questions as should be demanded of him." The accused was then questioned as to his guilt. If he refused to answer, he was in contempt. If he swore falsely, he committed perjury. If he admitted any guilt whatever, penance was enjoined, and in case of obedience he was absolved. If he was contumacious he was excommunicated, and if the excommunication was signified by the bishop to the Chancery, a writ *de excommunicato capiendo* might issue, on which he would be imprisoned till he submitted.

Thus, with milder punishments and smaller powers, the Ecclesiastical Courts were an Inquisition. The system lasted in full vigour down to the year 1640, with an interruption, as it would seem, of about nine years (1546 to 1554), in the time of Edward VI. I believe it to have been one of the main causes of the passionate hatred with which the bishops and the clergy were regarded by the people at large in Charles the First's time. The Courts of High Commission and Star Chamber were, in fact, only specimens on the largest scale of what went on in every part of England. Laud's famous determination that "the discipline of the Church should be seen and felt, as well as talked of," was indeed no more than a determination to execute strictly, and on high and low alike, a law which must have been odious beyond conception. It is difficult now to realize, by an act of the imagination, a state of things in which the archdeacon or his official had a right to send for any one in his jurisdiction, and to examine him upon oath as to his chastity, his sobriety, or his religious opinions; but we have conclusive evidence that this was the daily business of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The preceding account is condensed from an extremely curious book, which attracted far less attention than it deserved, by the late Archdeacon Hale.*

The introductory essay describes the Courts. The precedents

* *A Series of Precedents and Proceedings in Criminal Cases extending from the Year 1475 to 1640, Extracted from Act-books of Ecclesiastical Courts in the Diocese of London, Illustrative of the Discipline of the Church of England.* To which is prefixed an Introductory Essay by William Hale, M.A., Archdeacon of London. Rivington, 1847.

are, in fact, a journal of their proceedings. Both the one and the other contains abundance of matter curious and interesting to the last degree. I will make a few extracts, which show the character of the system. Archdeacon Hale's collections range over 165 years. I will take an illustration or two from different parts of this period. A very large proportion of the offences consisted of acts of immorality. Thus:—"Johannes Godwin adulteravit cum eadem Rosa Williamson et erat deprehensus cum eadem per aliam mulierem et habet uxorem satis venustam." Rosa Williamson was the cause of six convictions, four of the parties being priests.*

A certain Cecilia —, "moram trahens apud le Pewterpote," was accused of improper conduct with one Beucham. She brought compurgators who swore that she was innocent. Beucham said he was married to her. She on the other hand declared, that two years before

"In mente suâ erat determinata eum habere in virum suum, et eâ intentione eum diligebat et non aliter, nec pro aliquâ aliâ causâ; sed dicit quod jam non ita bene eum diligit pro eo quod prodigaliter se habet in suis expensis, et in illicitis ludis expendit pecunias suas—viz.: at the dise et the cardis."

Nicholas Calf and Ralph Hustin conspired to call priests by very indecent names:—"Etiam sic dicendo.—'I wold ther never a prest in England.'" They were acquitted. Johannes Bowkyn, "Cobbelyr foveit opiniones hereticas tenendo candelam in manu suâ et dicendo—'As this candill doyth vaad, and gooeth out, lykwyse my soolle shall goo, and assend to hevyn,'" which seems a very odd opinion. One Elenor Dulok, among other things, expressed a wish "utinizavit (I suppose from *utinam*) se fuisse in inferno quamdiu Deus erit in coelo ut potuisset unis infernalibus vindicare se de quôdam Johanne Gybbes mortuo." James Annseter was admonished, under pain of excommunication, not to let his servants be rude to his wife (to whom he was unfaithful). Michael Mumford said to his parish clergyman, "Leve thy preaching, for it is nott worth a —."† Cases of bigamy are of frequent occurrence, and there are others (mostly involving immorality) which would now be prosecuted in the ordinary courts. Profane oaths, drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking were continually prosecuted. One of the strangest cases of all is against a Curate, who committed the double offence of absenting himself from a procession to go and see people hung,‡ and observing that "yt grieveth him to hear confessions, specially when any person uttereth—any particular matter—sounding to fylthyness."

* A.D. 1489.

† P. 83. A.D. 1509. The blank is in the original, so that it will never be known what the defendant thought of the sermons.

‡ P. 136. A.D. 1554. Tempore processionis presens fuit in publico spectaculo apud Tybourne dum quidam transgressores . . . mortem subierunt."

The cases do not appear to have diminished in frequency as long as the system lasted. Between November, 1639, and November, 1640, there were 30 sittings in the Court of the Archdeacon of London, the number of causes being more than 2,500. They were of much the same character as in earlier times. Thus, on the 18th January, 1630, John Strutt, Joseph Bridge, Joanne Goodman, and Amy Thorpe got drunk at William Chaundlin's ale-house. Strutt went to sleep in the fields, and did not get to evening church at all. Joanne Goodman went to church, but "lay down at the end of the chancell, and there lay asleep till the latter end of the sermon." Robert Lincoln countenanced his brother Charles in incontinence, and dissuaded him from marrying a woman whom the clergyman thought he ought to marry; moreover, he "scandalously abused the parson" in language which need not be reproduced, but which was not unnatural, considering what sort of a sister-in-law the clergyman wanted to inflict upon him. Practical joking was a crime in these Courts. Two women were prosecuted for going into a man's room "with intent to sew him up in a sheet." One of the latest presentments of all shows how unspeakably unpopular such proceedings must have been. "John King was prosecuted November 7, 1639, for refusing to let the churchwardens into his house (an inn) on Sunday, when they came to search for company in time of Divine Service."

Discipline of this sort is possible, and, as the experience of Scotland and other countries has shown, it is not necessarily unpopular when the power is in the hands of a body of elders and ministers who really represent the convictions of the people. In England, however, it is a wonder that people submitted to its exercise as long and as patiently as they did, when it was exercised by a body of men whose leaders ostentatiously claimed the very same sort of powers as those which had been denied to the Roman Catholic clergy, and the claim of which had led to their downfall, and that upon a title which rested on less plausible grounds.

The illustrations which I have given, will perhaps throw new light on the utterances of one of the last victims of the Star Chamber, who—

"Began to thunder it out against the bishops, and told them that they required three oaths of the King's subjects—namely, the oath of churchwardenship, and the oath of canonical obedience, and the oath of office, which are all against the law of the land, and by which they deceive and perjure thousands of the King's subjects in a year."—(3 S. T., 1325.)

The development given to the system by the Courts of High Commission and Star Chamber in Charles the First's time, was fatal to it, to him, and to his principal Ministers, as the most familiar passages in our history show. The exact legal results of the legislation of that

time are less clearly understood than their general effect. These results were as follows:—The Act of 1640 (16 Charles I., c. 11), which abolished the Court of High Commission, and the oath *ex officio* also provided (s. 4), in very broad words, that no Ecclesiastical Court should inflict any “pain, penalty, fine, amercement, imprisonment, or other corporal punishment” on anybody, for anything whatever. This swept away the whole coercive authority of the Ecclesiastical Courts over laymen, and left to them only whatever influence their spiritual censures might give them, and I think it is to be wished that the matter had been left on that footing. It was, however, not so left. On the Restoration, an Act was passed (13 Charles II., c. 12, A.D. 1661), which restored their “ordinary power and authority” to the Ecclesiastical Courts, and enabled them to use all “censures and coercions” which they might have used before 1640. The High Commission Court, and the *ex officio* oath, only were not to be revived. I have already pointed out the care with which this jurisdiction was reserved to the Ecclesiastical Courts when the writ *de heretico comburendo* was abolished by statute.

Summing up the whole of this long story, the result is that the Ecclesiastical Courts have to this day power to proceed criminally against any person whatever, clerical or lay, Protestant, Catholic, infidel, Jew, or anyone else—

“In cases of atheism, blasphemy, heresy, or schism, and other damnable doctrines and opinions, and they may proceed to punish the crime according to His Majesty’s ecclesiastical laws, by excommunication, deprivation, degradation, and other ecclesiastical censures not extending to death.”

Mere nonconformity, (going to chapel instead of church) is no doubt protected by the Toleration Act (1 Will. and Mary, c. 18), and the subsequent statutes, which extend its benefits to persons who were at first excluded from them; but the Toleration Act does not do away with the crime of heresy. Its object is much narrower. The preamble is in these words:—

“Forasmuch as some ease to scrupulous consciences in the exercise of religion may be an effectual means to unite their Majesty’s Protestant subjects in interest and affection.”

And it then goes on to enact that everyone, with certain exceptions (removed by subsequent legislation), who will take certain oaths, is to be freed from the penalties of certain statutes enumerated in the second section. I cannot find a word or an expression in it which tends to narrow or in any way affect the unwritten ecclesiastical law about heresy, or which would prevent the Courts from taking cognizance of the “damnable doctrines and opinions” specified in the 29 Charles II., s. 2.* The inference appears to be that the

* A faint doubt on this subject is suggested by Sir Robert Phillimore, *Eccles. Law*, 108, 4.

publication of any opinions which could be described as heretical, atheistical, or blasphemous, might be prosecuted in an Ecclesiastical Court and punished by excommunication. To take an instance, which can offend no one, as the author is dead: I think that Mr. Mill might have been prosecuted and excommunicated for his three Essays on Religion. It is natural to ask what would be the consequence of excommunication? Why should anyone fear it who is not a Christian? The answer is, because the Court can order the party to pay costs, and can enjoin upon him the performance of penance; or, as an alternative, imprisonment not exceeding six months, until the penance is performed, and costs paid, and their judgment can be executed by a writ *de excommunicato capiendo*. This can be done under 53 George III., c. 127, ss. 2 & 3. The object of this Act was to modernize the procedure of the Ecclesiastical Courts. It abolished excommunication as a mode of enforcing civil process, and substituted a writ *de contumace capiendo* for the old writ *de excommunicato capiendo*; but it carefully preserved the power of the Court to excommunicate in definitive sentences, and whilst it abolished all the other civil disabilities which formerly attached to excommunication (*e. g.*, a person excommunicated could not sue)* it substituted the power of inflicting six months' imprisonment as a mode of compelling compliance with the order of the Court to do penance. There are, no doubt, cases—as for instance prosecutions against clergymen—where this might be proper, and these cases were more likely to occur in 1813 than at present. The Ecclesiastical Courts then, and long afterwards, took cognizance of defamation, and now and then of gross immorality, such as incest. Their jurisdiction as to defamation was taken away by 18 & 19 Vict., c. 41† (A.D. 1855). The power might be meant to apply to such cases; but be this as it may, the incidental effect of this statute appears to me to be that Mr. Mill might have been called upon to retract publicly the opinions contained in his book, under pain of six months' imprisonment. The living authors who might be proceeded against in the same way, are numerous and well-known, but it would be invidious to name them.

A person accused of such an offence before an Ecclesiastical Court would be entitled to one defence, which it would not be very satisfactory to urge. It is a principle of law that the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts does not extend to any-

* Comyn's Digest, *Excommunication*.

† In the year 1849 or 1850, when I was at Cambridge, a man was ordered to do penance in a white sheet, in Fen Ditton Church, for some scandal which he had uttered about (I think) the clergyman. He blacked his face, got drunk, and went into church with a crowd of other drunken people, who pelted the clergyman back to his house with hassocks and Prayer-books amongst other things."

thing which is a temporal offence, and they might be restrained by prohibition from entertaining any charge which amounted to a charge of a temporal offence. Now, there can be no doubt that a large proportion of the offences of which the Ecclesiastical Court could take cognizance, as heresy, blasphemy, or atheism, would constitute crimes at common law. If, therefore, a person cited before an Ecclesiastical Court could convince one of the Courts at Westminster that he was accused of an offence for which he could be tried by a jury at the Old Bailey, the Ecclesiastical Court would be prohibited from proceeding in the case. However effective practically this right to pass from the frying-pan into the fire is, it is not a natural nor quite a satisfactory way of being protected against persecution.

I will now proceed to consider the provisions of the common and statute law as to the expression of religious opinions. The first statute now in force which bears upon the subject, and which treats the expression of a religious opinion as a temporal crime, is (I am disposed to think) older than the common law on the subject. It is the 1st Edward VI., c. 1, (A.D. 1547), and is entitled "An Act against such as shall unreverently speak against the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, commonly called the Sacrament of the Altar, and for the receiving thereof in both kinds." The last part of it, as to the receiving of the Sacrament in both kinds, is practically superseded by the Prayer-book and the 30th Article of Religion, which forms part of the Act of Uniformity. The first part, after setting forth at great length the King's anxiety for religious concord, "the great and highe mysteriyes" of the Sacrament, and much else, enacts that whoever "shall deprave, despise, or contemn the said most blessed Sacrament in contempt thereof, by any contemptuous words, or by any words of depraving, despising, or reviling," or "shall advisedly in any other wise contemn, despise, or revile the said most blessed Sacrament contrary to the effect and declaration aforesaid" (*i.e.*, the theological statements in the preamble) "shall suffer imprisonment of his or their bodies, and make fine and ransom at the King's will and pleasure."

The offence may be tried at the Quarter Sessions, and the justices are in such cases to issue a writ to the bishop of the Diocese, requiring him to attend personally, or by his chancellor, or some other deputy, to advise him on the trial of the offender. Offenders are to be prosecuted within three months.

It is a curious proof of the extreme scrupulousness of the Statute Law Revision Commissioners, that they did not venture to include this amongst the obsolete statutes, which it is their duty to repeal. It is duly printed as a statute, still in force in the revised edition of the Statutes. After much experience of Courts of Quarter

Session, I think the justices would be as much surprised at having to try such a case, as the bishop at being cited to come and advise them.

The next point to be noticed is the common law upon the subject of blasphemy and blasphemous libel. The common opinion as to the common law is that it is a system of immemorial antiquity, and no doubt certain parts of it are as old as English history. Of course, however, the great bulk of it as we now know it, consists of judicial decisions. These rest for the most part on principles which were always accepted, but have been gradually extended as they had to be applied to new states of fact; but there are some cases in which the judges have taken upon themselves distinctly and unequivocally legislative power—in which they have made law under pretence of declaring it. I know of no instance in which this has been done so boldly as in the case of the law as to blasphemy and blasphemous libel.

As I have already shown, blasphemy was regarded down to the year 1640 as a matter of ecclesiastical concern. There are numerous instances of prosecutions for it in Archdeacon Hale's precedents, and the Act of Charles II., abolishing the writ *de heretico comburendo*, puts the power of the Ecclesiastical Courts in this matter beyond a doubt. In days when Arians were liable to be burnt, a person who denied the authority of the Scriptures, the truth of the gospel history, or the being of God, would have been treated as a heretic of the very worst kind, and dealt with accordingly.* Some of the German sects had made considerable advances towards such opinions, but they did not become common in England till near the end of the 17th century. The first instance of a prosecution for blasphemy as a temporal offence with which I am acquainted, is the case of James Naylor, the Quaker, who acted rather the part of a madman than a blasphemer, in Bristol, in 1656. It is remarkable that he was tried and punished, not by any ordinary tribunal, though the Courts of the Protector were distinguished for their ability, and were not likely to be indulgent to blasphemy, but by a committee of the House of Commons, by whose orders he was cruelly whipped, burnt in the tongue, and imprisoned for three years, when he recanted, and admitted in effect that he had been mad. The case goes to show

* The *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, was published in 1571. It was written in the reign of Edward VI., and was intended as an ecclesiastical code to supersede the hopeless mass of canons, &c., which are still called the King's Ecclesiastical Laws. It met the fate of most attempts at codification in this country, but it is interesting as showing what was then understood to be the law. Its second head relates to heresy, the origin of which is ascribed to Satan. The first place amongst heretics is thus allotted: "*In quo genere teterrimi illi sunt qui sacras Scripturas ad infirmorum tantum hominum debilitatem ablegant et detrahunt.*" Claiming for themselves "*peculiarem quandam spiritum a quo sibi omnia suppeditari.*"

that blasphemy was not regarded at that time as an offence known to the ordinary courts of justice.*

Another occasion on which the question would appear to have been mooted, had reference to the first great English writer, so far as I know, who incurred the suspicion of atheism—Hobbes. It is stated in Somers's Tracts that—

"In 1666 the House of Commons entertained a Bill to punish atheism and profaneness, the penalties of which were distinctly understood to be levelled against Hobbes, whose book of the *Leviathan* and *de cive* had excited great and just reprehension."—(Vol. vii., 373.)

In reference to this, Hobbes published a pamphlet (printed in Somers's Tracts, and in the 4th volume of Sir W. Molesworth's edition of his English works) called "An Historical Narrative Concerning Heresy and the Punishment Thereof," which is in every respect admirably written. Whether on account of his arguments, or upon other grounds, the Bill was laid aside.

The creation by the temporal courts of the crime of blasphemy was of somewhat later date, and was part of a policy which the Court of King's Bench deliberately followed in the reign of Charles II. Its nature is indicated in the case of Sir Charles Sedley in 1663. When drunk, Sedley conducted himself in a most disgusting manner in Covent Garden. For one thing, "he stripped himself naked, and with eloquence preached blasphemy to the people." The judges upon this told him—

"Yet notwithstanding there was not then any Star Chamber, yet they would have him know that the Court of King's Bench was the *custos morum* of all the king's subjects, and that it was then high time to punish such profane actions committed against all modesty, which were as frequent as if not only Christianity but morality also had been neglected."—(17 S. T., 155, and see 1 Keble, 620.)

It is impossible not to approve of the action of the Court in this case, but in order to justify its conduct, it laid down a principle capable of the most formidable extension. Nor did the judges fail to extend it as opportunity occurred. Some years afterwards† a man named Taylor was convicted upon an information for applying vile language to Jesus Christ and for saying (*inter alia*) that religion was a cheat.

Lord Hale said that such words were not only an offence against God but a crime against the law; that Christianity is parcel of the laws of England, and therefore to reproach the Christian religion is to speak in subversion of the law. This doctrine, which has ac-

* The proceedings against Naylor are reported in 5 S. T., 801. *R. v. Atwood* (A.D. 1616), Cro. Jac. 421, is referred to by Starkie as an earlier case; but the report is miserably poor, it is ambiguous, and the marginal note seems to contradict the text. Moreover, it does not state the conclusion at which the Court arrived, and the words charged seem rather seditious than blasphemous.

† In 1676. See 3 Keble, 607.

quired great celebrity, has been repeated and acted upon in many later cases. The expression has hardly any specific meaning, and may at pleasure be either so much contracted as to mean little or nothing, or so much expanded as to give the ordinary courts of common law a censorship over all publications on religious subjects. It must also be observed that even if Christianity (however we understand the word) is part of the law of the land, it does not follow that the denial of its truth should be forcibly prevented, for the law of the land may, and notoriously does, require alteration in many particulars, and is in many instances founded on errors of different kinds. To point out those particulars and the proper way of reforming them is not a crime, but a laudable action.

It is difficult to give an accurate notion of the manner in which Lord Hale's principle has been applied, without going through the different cases which have been decided upon the subject.* Such a review would be out of place here, and could hardly fail to be wearisome. Moreover, I doubt whether any branch of the law is in such a fluid condition. The earlier cases are miserably reported. For instance, the report of "*R. v. Taylor*," in Keble, in which Lord Hale is said to have decided that Christianity was "parcel of the law," consists of a few lines, which read like, and obviously are, a hasty note of a judgment of some length. The later cases are all, with one or two exceptions, cases tried by single judges, whose views of the law have to be gathered from their directions to the jury. So far as I am aware, there are only two cases in which the matter has been discussed *in banco*, and the principles laid down on those occasions were exceedingly narrow, and were strictly confined to the special circumstances of the cases under consideration.

The fair result of the different cases may, I think, be expressed somewhat as follows:—

1. The application of abusive language to God, Jesus Christ, the Bible, Christianity in general, and perhaps to some other persons and things which are the objects of reverence amongst Christians, is a crime.

2. Language which would be criminal under (1), does not cease to be criminal merely because it is mixed up with and forms part of a serious argument against the truth of Christianity, or any Christian doctrine.

3. The question whether the simple denial of the truth of the doctrines of natural or revealed religion without the use of abusive or indecent language is or is not criminal at common law may possibly admit of some doubt. There is abundance of authority

* A full abstract of those which had been decided up to 1838 is to be seen in 2 *Starkie on Slander*, p. 129-154. The decisions since that time have been very few.

in favour of the affirmative, but it might perhaps be argued with fairness that much of the language used by the various judges who have tried cases of this character, was not necessary to the decision of the matters before them, and that the principles stated above, and numbered (1) and (2), are really wide enough to cover most, though not all of the convictions which have taken place from time to time for offences of this nature. It is not at all unlikely that in consideration of the strong feeling of the day in favour of practically unlimited freedom of discussion, judges might feel justified in leaving to the jury the question whether the object of the publication was serious and *bonâ-fide* discussion, or mere verging upon, and not unlikely to produce, a breach of the peace. I think that the general current of legal authority is as much opposed to this course as the general current of public opinion would be in its favour, but the case is eminently one of those in which the judges practically legislate *ex post facto*, by declaring the law upon the particular cases in which its application is required. It must, however, be observed that in whatever degree the common law recedes the unwritten ecclesiastical law would advance. To deny the truth of the Christian history, or the fundamental propositions of natural religion in language perfectly unobjectionable, and in the most complete good faith, is, beyond all question, heresy, whether it is or is not blasphemy or blasphemous libel at common law. If it is a crime at common law, the Ecclesiastical Court would be restrained from inquiring into it. If it is not, I do not see what is to prevent anyone who publishes such opinions, whatever his religion, his race, or his education may be, from being cited before an Ecclesiastical Court, and there enjoined to do penance and retract, or suffer six months' imprisonment.

This view of the existing law must be completed by reference to a statute which contains very much the most precise and definite provisions on the subject to be found in the whole range of the law. This is the Act 9 & 10 William III., c. 35, which is as follows:—

"Whereas, many persons have of late openly avowed and published many blasphemous and impious opinions contrary to the doctrines and principles of the Christian religion greatly tending to the dishonour of Almighty God, and may (*sic*) prove destructive to the peace and welfare of the kingdom. Wherefore, for the more effectual suppressing of the said detestable crimes, be it enacted, that if any person or persons having been educated in, or at any time having made profession of the Christian religion within this realm, shall by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking deny any one of the persons of the Holy Trinity to be God, or shall assert or maintain there are more Gods than one, or shall deny the Christian religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of divine authority," he shall, upon conviction, for the first offence "be adjudged incapable, and disabled in law . . . to have or enjoy any office or offices, employment or employments, ecclesiastical,

civil, or military, or any part in them, or any profit or advantage appertaining to them, or any of them."

And he is also to forfeit any office which he holds at the time of his conviction. In case of a second conviction the person convicted—

"shall from thenceforth be disabled to sue, prosecute, plead, or use any action or information in any court of law or equity, or to be guardian of any child, or executor or administrator of any person, or capable of any legacy or deed of gift, or to bear any office, civil or military, or benefice ecclesiastical, for ever within this realm; and shall also suffer imprisonment for the space of three years, without bail or mainprize from the time of such conviction."

By the 55 George III. c. 160 (A.D. 1813) this Act "so far as relates to persons denying as therein-mentioned respecting the Holy Trinity," was repealed, and the expression of Unitarian opinions ceased to be a crime. The rest of the statute, however, is at this day in full force, and might at any moment be applied to any one who denies the Divine authority of the Bible, or the truth of the Christian religion, in private conversation. Persons convicted under this provision would do well to keep silence upon such subjects for the future, unless they see their way to a change of their opinions, for the Court has no power, on a second conviction, to mitigate the judgment to be pronounced against them. Civil disabilities of the most ruinous kind and three years imprisonment must be their lot. Minimum punishments in nearly every case are now exploded in the ordinary course of English criminal justice. For every common offence—except only treason, murder, and certain crimes which I need not specify—the Court may, if so minded, award a single day's imprisonment, or less. In most cases, two years' imprisonment is the maximum which can be given, but for the most temperate admission made in private conversation—say by a father to a son—of disbelief in the Divine authority of Scripture, nothing less than three years' imprisonment, and civil infamy can upon a second conviction be awarded by law.

I am not aware that this Act has ever been put in force, but it has been treated by the judges as imposing cumulative penalties upon what was already an offence at common law, and it may perhaps be taken as a statutory indication of the meaning of the dictum, that Christianity is part of the law of the land. Lord Wynford made some remarks on it in 1822, which are worth quoting as an explanation of its objects. Its object, he said, is—

"to give security to the Government by rendering men incapable of office who entertained opinions hostile to the established religion. The only penalty imposed by that statute is exclusion from office" (this is altogether incorrect), "and that penalty is incurred by any manifestations of

dangerous opinions, without proof of the intention in the person entertaining it, either to induce others to be of that opinion, or in any manner to disturb persons of a different persuasion."

In other words, the object of the statute is the punishment of the expression of opinions supposed to be dangerous to society—however private, however temperate, may be the mode of expression, and however legitimate may be the occasion which calls for it. If a pious public servant, sorely tried by the controversies of the day, were to confide to the parish clergyman the fact that he had ceased to believe in the Divine authority of the Scriptures, and were to ask for arguments by which his former belief might be restored, he must, on a first offence, be dismissed and rendered incapable of public employment, and if he repeated his crime, he must, on conviction, be imprisoned for three years, and subjected to the incapacities specified. Mr. James Mill no doubt communicated his views on the subject of religion to his son. Whether this was an offence for which he might have been ruined by expulsion from the India House would depend on the question whether a post under the East India Company could properly be called a civil employment. Mr. John S. Mill might say what he pleased (subject to the law as to heresy, blasphemy, blasphemous libel, and despising the Sacrament), because he was not educated as a Christian, and never professed the Christian religion. Names of very distinguished living public servants, who might at any moment be utterly ruined (to the great injury of the public service) by the application of this Act, must occur to everyone. For obvious reasons I do not mention them here.

This completes the review which I undertook of the existing state of the law upon this subject. Its mere statement supersedes the necessity for any elaborate discussion of its merits and demerits. It is surely so plain as to need no proof that the law, as I have stated it, is in hopeless and direct opposition to the general current of principle and opinion in the present day. Nor is it difficult to see why this is so. The practical administration of the law generally reflects, not unfaithfully, the temper of the times; but the theory of the law alters at a much slower rate. The law of England was originally framed upon the theory that a certain set of theological doctrines were absolutely true, and that it was a crime to deny any of them. The extreme rarity of the crime, and the circumstance that it could hardly be committed by any one but a clergyman, caused it for some time to be treated with mildness. When the doctrines of the Church were seriously attacked, and when heresy came to be common amongst the laity, heresy was treated as a crime worthy of death, and serious (and for a time not altogether unsuccessful) attempts were made to put it down by main force. When the King and the Pope quarrelled, heresy did not cease to

be criminal, though the definition of it was narrowed, and though it was less frequently, and in most cases less severely punished. The intense unpopularity of the High Commission Court and of its smaller, but perhaps more irritating local representatives, led, as I have shown, to the abolition of the inquisitorial procedure, which was characteristic of it, but the theory of persecution remained untouched, though the practice of it was crippled. The Toleration Act, and the subsequent statutes which enlarged it, are all exceptions to the general rule of law, which is persecution; and the invention by the judges of the offences of blasphemy at common law, and blasphemous libel, and the enactment by the legislature of the statute of William III., were meant to supply, and to a certain extent have supplied and do supply, the place of the ecclesiastical procedure, which was swept away in 1640, and revived in the crippled condition in which it still exists in 1661.

Ought this state of things to continue? I am most earnestly of opinion that it ought not, and I rest that opinion not upon any abstract theory about liberty of conscience, but on several broad, patent, notorious facts. First, it is plain and notorious that the truth of Christianity, the Divine authority of Scripture, the existence of God, and the very possibility of a future life, are, as a matter of fact, denied by a large and increasing number of persons in good faith, upon intelligible grounds, and as any other opinions might be denied or affirmed. That there are in England many conscientious and respectable atheists and infidels of different kinds is as simple and notorious a fact as that there are in England many conscientious and respectables Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Jews. Moreover, the laws which I have stated have proved utterly incompetent to prevent the spread of these opinions; they are systematically defied with impunity, and if any man who holds, has held, or could hope to hold the office of Attorney General were to attempt to put them in force, the Ministry to which he belonged would either have to turn him out of his place or be themselves turned out of power. A penal law which cannot be enforced, and which the guardians of the law dare not enforce, is like a loaded fire-arm too old and rusty to be fired, lying about in a lumber-room. It may do no harm for years, but any accident may cause it to go off, and if it does, it will in all probability hardly do anything but mischief. Look at the different laws one by one which I have cited, and say which of them could ever be useful under any conceivable circumstances? Who could ever wish to see a man tried at the Quarter Sessions for "despising the Sacrament?" Would the Church of England survive the scandal of the prosecution of a layman for heresy, and his being sentenced to six months' imprisonment for refusing to do penance? The cruel and capricious statute of William III.—capricious because

it omits to punish atheism, cruel for reasons already stated—never has been and never could be put in force without exciting universal disgust. It exists only because it is forgotten. Prosecutions for blasphemy and blasphemous libel are the only other form under which those who reject Christianity can be punished. Have such prosecutions ever caused—can they ever cause—any results which the most ardent friend of Christianity can approve of? This may deserve a little consideration.

The prosecutions which have occurred may be divided into two principal classes—namely, prosecutions of persons guilty of blasphemy in the common sense of the word—that is, of leveling coarse abuse against things and persons regarded as sacred, and prosecutions of persons who have argued seriously and in good faith against Christianity. Whether the publication of a perfectly decent and respectful attack upon Christianity is or is not criminal—I am disposed to think that it is, though the point is not so perfectly plain as to prevent the judges from holding the contrary if they liked—I think no case of such a prosecution has occurred, at all events, for about 150 years.

Of prosecutions for blasphemy proper it is not necessary to say much. Such conduct is obviously wrong upon any theory as to the truth of religion. It cannot be otherwise than a breach of good manners and an act of disrespect to established institutions. I think, however, that it ought not to be prosecuted, unless indeed it is committed under circumstances likely to produce a breach of the peace, in which case I would deal with it on that ground only. By punishing mere coarseness of expression, a mischievous, irrational sensitiveness is encouraged. A man of sense ought not to be pained, and I think most English gentlemen would not, in fact, be pained by being coarsely abused. They would feel simple contempt for the person who called them names; and rational men, I think, would feel in the same way about blasphemy. That at all events is the state of mind which the law should encourage in this case as it does in others. Mere vulgar abuse of individuals is not actionable. Why should vulgar abuse of religion be punishable, unless of course it has a direct and obvious tendency to produce a breach of the peace?

Again, unequal justice is injustice, and it is surely inexpedient, and would appear to common apprehension to be unjust, to allow polished ridicule to go unpunished when coarse railing is treated as a crime. Ridicule, however, is too subtle and refined a matter for legal punishment if it were otherwise desirable to prevent it. I would invite any one who thinks that coarse abuse of religion should be punished, to read over again Gibbon's historical account of the doctrine of the Trinity, not far from the beginning of the twenty-first chapter of the *Decline and Fall*, ending with the ex-

pression—"Within these limits the almost invisible and tremulous ball of orthodoxy was allowed securely to vibrate." This celebrated passage was no doubt intended to produce, and has in fact produced, an amount of scepticism upon the subject to which it relates incomparably greater than that of any amount of coarseness and brutality. Yet to make it the subject of criminal prosecution would be perfectly monstrous, unless indeed a thoroughgoing persecution is directed against scepticism. To send a poor miserable labourer to gaol for writing offensive remarks about Christianity on a five-barred gate with a piece of chalk, whilst Gibbon is read by every educated man in the country, and edited by Milman and Guizot, is like punishing the throwing of stones and rewarding systematic poisoning.

The great objection, however, to treating mere blasphemy as a crime, is to be found in considering the second of the two classes of prosecutions mentioned above. Practically, prosecutions for the employment of coarse and disrespectful expressions are used in order to suppress serious arguments. People are prosecuted not because their publications are blasphemous, but because they are anti-Christian, and because, to a devout believer in Christianity, every pointed denial of its doctrine, every exposure of the weak side of any common opinion, appears blasphemous. In politics, it has long been recognized that if discussion is to be real it must be altogether unbridled and unrestrained, except by the silent checks of good taste and judgment. If a man thinks his antagonist foolish, absurd, and mischievous, he must be allowed to say so in the plainest terms. He will not be able to do justice to his views unless he can say what he likes. Wherever this license is extended to all alike, the same result inevitably follows—which is, that people learn that coarseness, hard words, and the calling of names are faults and weaknesses; that they put those who are guilty of them in the wrong, and expose them to mortifying and humiliating retorts. Language was far ruder and coarser than it now is, both in political and religious discussion, when the law both of political and blasphemous libel was a formidable reality instead of being a mere relic of the past. The coarseness and brutality of Paine greatly diminished his influence. If he had been as polished a writer as Bishop Watson, his antagonist, he would have produced far more effect than he did, though the effect which he certainly did produce was very considerable, and was not much diminished by the prosecutions directed against his publishers.

To these considerations, it must be added that the present law is so utterly opposed to the present state of feeling that in the course of the last forty years it has hardly ever been put in force, though during the last fifteen years Christianity, and even the

belief in God and a future state, have been combated with an energy, pertinacity, and plainness of speech altogether unexampled. When such books as Strauss' *Confession*, and *Supernatural Religion* (I confine my illustrations to deceased or anonymous authors) are read in all directions, and when periodicals—to which persons of the highest eminence avowedly contribute—publish continually articles denying the Divine authority of the Scriptures, and the truth of the Christian religion, the laws which forbid such discussions may be said to have broken down, and ought to be repealed—to recur to my former illustration—on the principle on which it is prudent to unload a blunderbuss too rusty to be fired.

If we look back upon what such prosecutions actually effected, I think the argument against them is as strong as if we look at the manner in which the law is now defined. That they did not check the open growth of scepticism, or preserve the institutions which they were intended to defend, is obvious from the result. They had one effect, however. They threw the open advocacy of anti-Christian opinions, and the publication of open attacks upon Christianity, into the hands of men who had nothing to lose in character and position—authors like Paine, and booksellers like Eaton or Carlile. They helped to complete the alliance between religious and political disaffection, and they forced serious and quiet unbelievers to take up a line of covert hostility to Christianity which was injurious to their own honesty and directness of purpose on the one hand, and doubly injurious to Christianity itself in the long run. It is impossible to imagine anything more paltry and wretched than the advantages which Christianity obtained by the law against blasphemous libels. *Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos*. I will recall a few of these miserable victories. In 1796, and again a few years later, the publishers of Paine's *Age of Reason* were prosecuted. The first of these was a man named Williams* against whom Lord Erskine delivered a tawdry piece of declamation which was much admired at the time. Williams's counsel, one Stewart Kyd, defended his client by justifying what Paine had said, in a speech which, though as injudicious as possible from the advocate's point of view, is in many parts forcible. Lord Kenyon summed up with touching horror, and is reported to have told the jury that the truth of Christianity† was originally established by discussion, and that persons acquainted with literature "have seen what *Julian*, *Justin Martyr*, and other apologists have written, and have been of opinion that the argument was in favour of these very publications," (*i. e.*, the books of the Bible). Williams was of course convicted and

* See his case, 26 S. T.

† P. 704.

sentenced to a year's imprisonment and hard labour, and bound over to be of good behaviour for life in his own recognizance of £1,000. Paine's *Age of Reason* has been republished again and again ever since, and may at this day be procured by any one who wishes to read it.*

This is one side of the story. Here is another side of it. In the notes to the report of the case, is published a wonderfully egotistical letter from Erskine to Mr. Howell, the editor of the *State Trials*, about the law and practice of retainers. In the midst of a number of paltry anecdotes about himself and his exploits, it contains this touching passage, which shows what sort of people used to be hit by prosecution for blasphemous libels :—

“ Having convicted Williams, as will appear by your report of his trial, and before he had notice to attend the Court to receive judgment, I happened to pass one day through the old Turnstile from Holborn into Lincoln's Inn Fields, when, in the narrowest part of it, I felt something pulling me by the coat, when, on turning round, I saw a woman at my feet, bathed in tears, and emaciated with disease and sorrow, who contrived almost to drag me into a miserable hovel in the passage, where I found she was attending upon two or three unhappy children with the confluent small-pox, and in the same apartment, not above ten or twelve feet square, the wretched man I had convicted was sewing up little religious tracts, which had been his principal employment in his trade. I was fully convinced that his poverty, and not his will, had led to the publication of this infamous book, as, without any kind of stipulation for mercy on my part, he voluntarily and eagerly engaged to find out all the copies in circulation, and to bring them to me to be destroyed.”

To the credit of his humanity and sagacity, Erskine represented these facts to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, by whom the prosecution of Williams had been instituted, and suggested to the eminent persons who composed it (Mr. Wilberforce, I am grieved to say, was one of the committee who considered the application) that it would be at once kind, wise, and highly popular to allow him to recommend the wretched man to mercy, on the ground of his ignorance, misery, and absence of any intention to offend. The committee unanimously refused to interfere, and Williams received the sentence I have mentioned, saying, “ I trust it may not be too great an indulgence that I may have a bed;” and received from Lord Kenyon the answer, “ I cannot order that.”

The last instance, so far as I know, of a prosecution of this sort, occurred in the summer of 1857, when a labourer was convicted before Mr. Justice Coleridge, at Bodmin, for scrawling profane remarks with chalk on gates and walls. He received a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment, which was afterwards reduced to either two or three by the Home Secretary. The vehement,

* I may observe that all the principal points of it are extracted and reprinted in the report of the trial, where I first read them when a boy many years ago, as I have no doubt is the case with many other persons.

and in many respects unjust and scandalous charges brought in connection with this case by Mr. Buckle against both Sir John Coleridge and the present Lord Coleridge, who was counsel for the Crown, are well known. Whatever might be thought of Mr. Buckle's articles, I doubt whether anyone could fail to regret that the prosecution ever took place at all. Considering the state of English literature, both in 1857 and since, there never was such an instance of straining at gnats and swallowing camels.

If successful prosecutions for these offences are wretched successes, unsuccessful ones are real defeats. Hone's acquittal upon three successive informations, tried before Justice Abbott and Lord Ellenborough, covered those who were concerned in the prosecution with disgrace, and exhibited to the world the spectacle of the Lord Chief Justice of England baffled, humiliated, and trampled in the dust in his own Court by an obscure keeper of a bookstall, who happened also to be a man of singular spirit, courage, and reading. The truth is, that in such prosecutions the judge is, and always must be, at a disadvantage. If he allows the defendant to say what he likes (which in practice he is always forced to do, under an awkward affectation of treating him with contempt), the trial produces a repetition of the offence, and ends either in a triumph for the defendant or in his martyrdom. If, on the other hand, he interferes, he plays the part of a persecutor and an oppressor. The defendant threatens (as Hone did) to sit down and make no defence at all, and the result always is that the judge has to give way. The law, in short, can never in practice produce any desirable result. It can effect nothing but scandal—the scandal of ruining and crushing some poor, helpless, defenceless creature who is not worth notice, or the scandal of producing a conflict between the law and a man of spirit and courage, in which the law must of necessity get the worst of the encounter.

I have only one further remark to make on this part of the subject. Let anyone read the autobiography of Mr. John Mill, compare it with his works, and ask himself whether every one of them does not show the clearest traces of a deep-seated hostility to religion, carefully instilled into the son by the father, and of a settled determination on the part of the son to sap the very foundations of religion, by means of a mode of attack which no law short of the Spanish Inquisition could possibly reach. Let him further ask, whether this state of mind was not produced in John Mill—a man who had a strong natural leaning to some parts of the Christian system—by the restraint as to the expression of his real opinions, which lay so heavily both on his father and on himself. Probably hardly any work of our day has done so much to shake the foundations of theology as Mill's *Logic*, and if read in the light of its author's *Autobiography*, it is

impossible not to believe that this result was intended. I well remember, many years ago, hearing of an Oxford student who said that he had read every word of it carefully, and that it contained not one word which was inconsistent with atheism. The remark was perfectly true. Read, again, the *Essay on Liberty*. The principles of the book, which has had astonishing popularity, appear to me, for reasons which I have elsewhere stated at large,* to be fatal to all government whatever. Look at the *Autobiography*, and I think it is clear that the book is like an invective against shoes written by a man whose shoes pinch. If the author had felt quite safe, legally and socially, in speaking his mind against Christianity, or the parts of it which he did not like, he would not have found it necessary to write what is, in terms, an attack on all government whatever. If anyone had said to him, "Why don't you speak out like a man? Why don't you expose the superstitions and falsehoods, as you consider them, under which we are all groaning, boldly and decisively, and with all the powers of your mind? Why will you write about logic, and metaphysics, and liberty, when you really care about politics and religion?" he would have replied, "I will not do what you suggest for two reasons. First, I will not put it in the power of any bigot, who thinks he would do God service by so doing, to deprive me of my place at the India Office and to send me to gaol; and in the next place, you will find in the long run that the zig-zag mode of approach is good in controversy as well as in sieges. The sap and the mine must in time take us into the heart of the place. If we try to storm the town now, we shall simply be knocked on the head." Is Christianity a gainer by this? Is it not obvious that the real alternative is between complete freedom and that thorough-going and effective persecution, which no one in these days would think of?

For these reasons it appears to me that the whole of the law which can possibly be applied to the punishment of the expression of religious opinions should be abolished. It might be effected by the following short Act, which I respectfully offer to any member of Parliament who cares to take the matter up:—

"Whereas certain laws now in force and intended for the promotion of religion are no longer suitable for that purpose, and it is expedient to repeal them,

Be it enacted as follows:—

"1. After the passing of this Act no criminal proceedings shall be instituted in any Court whatever, against any person whatever, for atheism, blasphemy at common law, blasphemous libel, heresy, or schism, except only criminal proceedings instituted in Ecclesiastical Courts against clergymen of the Church of England.

* See a book called *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*

"2. An Act passed in the 1st year of his late Majesty King Edward VI., c. 1, intituled 'An Act against such as shall unreverently speak against the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, commonly called the Sacrament of the Altar, and for the receiving thereof in both kinds,' and an Act passed in the 9th and 10th year of his late Majesty King William III., c. 35, intituled 'An Act for the more effectual suppressing of blasphemy and profaneness,' are hereby repealed.

"3. Provided that nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect the provisions of an Act passed in the 19th year of his late Majesty King George II., c. 21, intituled 'An Act more effectually to prevent profane cursing and swearing,' or any other provision of any other Act of Parliament not hereby expressly repealed."

J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN.



ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS:

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT SION COLLEGE ON JAN. 13TH, 1875.

AT a time when all Churches are or ought to be occupied with so many important questions, when so many interesting inquiries have arisen with regard to the origin and the interpretation of the Sacred Books, when the adjustment of science and theology needs more than ever to be properly balanced, when the framework of the English Prayer Book requires so many changes and expansions in order to meet the wants of the time, when measures for the conciliation of our Nonconformist brethren press so closely on the hearts and consciences of those who care for peace and truth, when so many social and political problems are crying for solution, I feel that I owe some apology for addressing a meeting like this on a subject so apparently trivial as the Vestments of the Clergy. But, inasmuch as the attention of Convocation, instead of being directed to the questions which I have named, has been for the last six months entirely concentrated on this and one other point no less minute, inasmuch as the clergy and laity throughout the country have been consulted on these two topics, and these alone, with a view to possible legislation, inasmuch as it has been announced in public journals that the same subject is to occupy the consideration of the Episcopal Bench, its discussion cannot be altogether out of place before a mixed audience like the present.

I will divide what I have to say into two parts :—The first, an antiquarian investigation into the origin of ecclesiastical vest-

ments; the second, some practical remarks on the present state of the controversy in England.

I. The antiquarian investigation of this matter is not in itself devoid of interest. It belongs to the general survey of the origin of usages and customs in the early ages of Christianity. The conclusion which I shall endeavour to establish is that the dress of the clergy had no distinct intention—symbolical, sacerdotal, sacrificial, or mystical; but originated simply in the fashions common to the whole community of the Roman Empire during the three first centuries.

There is nothing new to be said in favour of this conclusion. I have more than once urged it in Convocation and elsewhere, and the materials which I shall use to illustrate it are to be found in the most obvious sources both of Protestant and Roman Catholic writers. But it has nevertheless been, and is still, persistently denied. In spite of the assertion, to the contrary, of Cardinal Bona, Père Thomassin, Dr. Rock, and our own lamented Wharton Marriott, it has been asserted, both by the admirers and depreciators of clerical vestments, that they were borrowed in the first instance (to use Milton's phrase in his splendid invective against the English clergy) "from Aaron's wardrobe or the Flamen's vestry;" that they are intrinsically marks of distinction between the clergy and the laity, between the Eucharist and every other religious service, between a sacerdotal and an anti-sacerdotal view of the Christian ministry—that if they are abolished, all is lost to the idea of a Christian priesthood; that if they are retained, all is gained.

In face then of these reiterated statements, I shall not scruple to occupy a short space by proving that every one of them is not only not true, but is the reverse of the truth; that if they symbolize anything, they symbolize ideas the contrary of those now ascribed to them.

Let us for a moment, in our mind's eye, dress up a lay figure at the time of the Christian era, when the same general costume pervaded all classes of the Roman Empire, from Palestine to Spain, very much as the costume of the 19th century pervades at least all the upper classes of Europe now.

The Roman,* Greek, or Syrian, whether gentleman or peasant, unless in exceptional cases, had no hat, no coat, no waistcoat, and no trousers. He had shoes or sandals; he wore next his skin, first, a shirt or jacket, double or single; then a long shawl or

* As the vestments in question are chiefly those of the Latin Church, these remarks apply more to the dress of the Western than of the Eastern population of the Empire. But in general (as appears even from the New Testament alone, without referring to secular authorities) the dress even of the Syrian peasants was substantially the same as that of the Greek or the Roman.

plaid; and again, especially in the later Roman period, a cloak or overcoat.*

(1.) The first, or inner garb, as I have said, if we strip the ancient Roman to his shirt, was what is called in classical Greek, *chiton*; in classical Latin *tunica*; a woollen vest, which sometimes had beneath it another fitting close to the skin, called *subucula*, or *interula*, or, in the case of soldiers, *camisia*.† It is this name of *camisia*, which, under the name of *chemise*, has gradually superseded the others, and which has been perpetuated in ecclesiastical phraseology under another synonym derived from its white colour (for shirts, with the ancients as with the moderns, were usually *white*) and hence it came to be called an *alb*.

This is the dress which became appropriated specially to the Deacon. He, as the working-man of the clergy, officiated, as it were, in his shirt sleeves.

But as the homeliest garments are subject to the varieties of fashion, the *shirt*, the *chemise*, the *camisia*, whether of Pagan or Christian, had two forms.‡ The simpler or more ancient was an under-shirt with short sleeves, or rather with no sleeves at all, called in Greek § *exomis*, in Latin *colobium*. The more costly form may be compared to the shirt of Charles II., with fine ruffles. It was called the *Dalmatica*, from its birthplace Dalmatia—in the same way as the cravats of the French in the 17th century were called *Steinkirks* from the battle of that name; or the *Ulsters* of the present day from the Northern province of Ireland. The first|| persons recorded to have worn it are the infamous Emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus. It was thought an outrage on all propriety when Heliogabalus appeared publicly in this dress in the streets after dinner, calling himself a second Fabius or Scipio, because it was the sort of frock which the Cornelii or Fabii were wont to wear in their childhood when they were naughty boys. It was as if some English magnate were to walk up St. James's Street in his dressing-gown. But the fashion spread rapidly, and thirty years afterwards appears as the dress of Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, when led out to death—not, however, in that instance as his outer garment. It became fixed as the name of the dress of the deacon after the time of Constantine, when it superseded the original *colobium*; and although it quickly spread to the other orders, it is evident that it was, for the reasons above

* For the general dress, see, for the Greek, Bekker's *Charicles*, pp. 402—420; for the Roman, Bekker's *Gallus*, pp. 401—430; for the Syrian, Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, under *Dress*.

† S. Jerome, *Epist.* 64, *ad Fabioiam*. He apologizes for using so vulgar a word as *camisia*.

‡ Bona, 1, 14. Thomassin, *Vetus et Nova Disciplina*, II. 2, 49. That in Greece there was generally an under shirt and an outer shirt is proved in *Charicles*, p. 406.

§ *Charicles*, 415.

|| Bingham, VI. 4, 19.

given, particularly suitable to the inferior clergy, who, as having nothing over it, would seem to require a more elaborate shirt. This was the first element of ecclesiastical vestments, as deacons were the first elements of a Christian ministry.

In later times, after the invasion of the Northern barbarians, this shirt which must, perhaps, always have been worn over some thicker garment next the skin, was drawn over the fur coat, sheepskin, or otter skin, the *pellisse* of the Northern nations; and hence in the 12th century arose the barbarous name of *super-pellicium*, or *surplice*—the *overfur*. Its name indicates that it is the latest of ecclesiastical vestments, and though, like all the others, generally worn* both by clergy and laity, in doors and out of doors, is the most remote in descent from primitive times. Another form of this dress—also as its German name implies, dating from the invasion of the barbarians—was the *rochet* or *rocket*, “the little rock” or “coat” worn by the mediæval bishops out of doors on all occasions, except when they went out hunting; and which now is to them what the surplice is to presbyters. The lawn sleeves† are merely an addition to make up for the long flowing sleeves of the surplice.

But in both cases the fur coat within was the usual dress, of which the overfur was, as it were, merely the mask. Charlemagne in winter wore an otter-skin breastplate,‡ and hunted in sheepskin. The butcher of Rouen, who was saved alone out of the crew of the *Blanche-Nef*, wore a sheepskin. St. Martin, Apostle of the Gauls, and the first Bishop of Tours, when he officiated wore also a sheepskin—a fur coat (as it would seem with no surplice over it, and with no sleeves), and consecrated the Eucharistic elements with his bare arms, which came through the sheepskin, like those of the sturdy deacons who had brandished their sinewy arms out of the holes of their *colobium*.

(2.) The second part of the dress was a shawl or blanket, wrapt round the shoulders over the shirt, in Greek *himation*, in Latin, *toga*, or *pallium*. This also was usually white as the common colour of the ancient dress, which is still perpetuated in the white flannel robe of the Pope, but marked with a broad purple stripe. This is what appears, in the early portion of the 4th century, as the dress equally of ecclesiastics and laity. After the 4th century the Christians affected the use of black shawls (like the Geneva divines of the 16th century), in order to imitate the philosophers and ascetics. Of the general adoption of the black dress, an interesting illustration is given in the case of the Bishop Sisinnius, who chose to wear white, and when he was asked what command in Scripture he found for his white surplice, replied, “What

* Thomassin, II. 2, 48.

† Hody, *On Convocation*.

‡ Thomassin, II. 2, c. 48, 69.

command is there for wearing black ?* For reasons which will appear immediately, there are fewer traces of this part of the ancient dress than of any other in the vestments of the clergy. The only relic of the Roman *toga* or *pallium* remains in the *pall* of an Archbishop, which is only the string which held it together, or the broad stripe which marked its surface.

(3.) The third part of the ancient dress, and that from which the larger part of the ecclesiastical vestments are derived, was the overcoat, in Latin *lacerna* or *pænula*, in Greek *phaloné*. It ought perhaps to have been worn over the *toga*, but was sometimes for convenience worn instead of it, and at last, after the discontinuance of the *toga*†—which for practical purposes came to be much like our evening dress coat, and was thus, after the Empire, only worn on official occasions—the overcoat came to be the usual dress, as frock coats, shooting coats, and the like are worn in general morning society in England. What had once been regarded only as a rough soldier's garb, unsuitable within the city, came to be worn everywhere. It was for the most part like a poncho, or cape, or burnous,‡ but it consisted of several varieties.

There was the *birrus*, or scarlet cloak, worn by Athanasius, as a wealthy person, when he visited the mysterious lady§ in Alexandria, but not thought by Augustine suitable to his poverty. There was the *caracalla*, a long overall, brought by Antoninus Bassianus from France, whence he derived his name—and it was this which was corrupted into *casacalla*, *casaca*, and finally *cassock*. It had a hood, and was called in Greek ἀμφιβάλος, and as such appears in the account of the persecution of St. Alban,|| where, by a strange confusion, the name of Amphibalus has been supposed to represent the name of a saint. The word *cassock*, although highly esteemed has never reached so high a pitch of reverence.

The same form of dress was also called *casula*, a slang name used by the Italian labourers¶ for the *capote*, which they called "their little house," as "tile" is—or was a short time ago—used for a "hat," and as "coat" is the same word as "cote," or "cottage." It is this which took the name of *chasuble*, and was afterwards especially known as the outdoor garment of the clergy, as the *sagum* was of the laity, and was not adopted as a vestment for sacred services before the 9th century. Another name by which it was called was *planeta*, "the wanderer," because it wandered loosely over the body, as one of these overcoats in our day has been called "zephyr." This was the common overcoat of the wealthier, as the *casula* of the humbler classes.

* Bingham, vi. 4, 19; Socrates, vi. 20; Thomassin I. 2—24.

† Marriott, *Vestiarium*, p. xii.

‡ So it is translated in the Coptic Liturgy.

§ Marriott, p. lvi. p. 16.

|| Bede, H. E., I. 6.

¶ Columella, Isidore, Augustine; see Marriott, pp. 228, 202.

Another form of overcoat was the *capa*, or *copa*, "the hood"—also called the *pluviale*,* or "waterproof," to be worn in rainy weather out of doors. It was this cape, or cope, that St. Martin divided with the beggar at the gates of Amiens, and hence (according to one derivation of the word) the *capella*, or *chapel*, where the fragment of his *cape* was preserved. It is the vestment of which the secular use has longest retained its hold, having been worn by Bishops in Parliament, by Canons at coronations, and by lay vicars on other like occasions, till quite recently.

Another form of the same garb, though of a lighter texture, and chiefly used by ladies in riding, was the *cymar*, or *chimere*,† of which the trace still lingers in the bishop's satin robe, which so vexed the soul of Bishop Hooper, and which had to be forced on him almost at the point of the sword—but which now apparently is cast‡ aside by advocates of the modern use of clerical vestments.

The *mitre*, as worn in the Eastern Church, may still be seen in the museums of Russia, as the caps or turbans, worn on festive occasions in ancient days by princes and nobles, and even to this day by the peasant women. The division into two points, which appears in Western mitres, is only the mark of the crease which is the consequence of its having been, like an opera hat, folded and carried under the arm.

The *stole*§ (which, in Greek, is simply another word for the overcoat, or *penula*) in Latin, is the "orarium," or a simple handkerchief for blowing the nose, or wiping off the sweat from the face. These handkerchiefs, on State occasions, were used as ribbons, streamers, or scarfs; and hence their adoption by the deacons, who had little else to distinguish them. When Sir James Brooke first returned from Borneo, where the only sign of royalty was to hold a kerchief in the hand, he retained the practice in England.

Before we pass to any practical application, it may be remarked that this historical inquiry has a two-fold interest. First, the condition of the early Church, which is indicated in this matter of dress, is but one of a hundred similar examples of the secular and social origin of many usages which are now regarded as purely ecclesiastical, and yet more, of the close connection, or rather identity, of common and religious, of lay and clerical life, which it has been the effort of fifteen centuries to rend asunder. One of

* Marriott, p. 229.

† *Archæologia*, xxx. 17.

‡ See the recent account of the installation of the Bishop of Capetown.

§ Thomassin, I. 245. He is perplexed, and justly, by the difficulty of understanding how the "*stola*," which was the word for the whole dress, should have been appropriated to such a small matter as the handkerchief. An explanation is attempted in Marriott, 75, 84, 90, 112, 115, lxi.

the treasures* which King Edward III. presented to Westminster Abbey, were "the vestments in which St. Peter was wont to celebrate mass." What those mediæval relics were we know not, but what the actual vestment of St. Peter was we know perfectly well—it was a "fisher's coat cast about his naked body." In like manner, the Church of Rome itself is not so far wrong when it exhibits in St. John Lateran, the altar at which St. Peter fulfilled—if he ever did fulfil—the same functions. It is not a stone or marble monument, but a rough wooden table, such as would have been used at any common meal. And the churches in which, I do not say St. Peter, for there were no churches in his time, but in which the Bishops of the 3rd and 4th centuries officiated, are not copies of Jewish or Pagan temples, but of town-halls and courts of justice. And the posture in which they officiated was not that of the modern Roman priest, with his back to the people, but that of the ancient Roman prætor,† facing the people—for whose sake he was there. And the Latin language, now regarded as consecrated to religious purposes, was but the vulgar dialect of the Italian peasants. And the Eucharist itself was the daily social meal, in which the only sacrifice offered was the natural thanksgiving, offered not by the presiding minister, but by all those who brought their contributions from the kindly fruits of the earth.

We do not deny that in those early ages there were many magical and mystical notions afloat. In a society where the whole atmosphere was still redolent of strange rites, of Pagan witchcraft and demonology, there is quite enough to make us rejoice that even the mediæval Church had, in some respects, made a great advance on the Church of the first ages. What we maintain is, that in the matter of vestments, as in many other respects, the primitive Church was not infected by these superstitions, and is a witness against them. They are incontrovertible proofs that there was a large mass of sentiment and of usage, which was not only not mediæval, not hierarchical, but the very reverse; a mine of Protestantism—of Quakerism if you will—which remained there to explode, when the time came, into the European Reformation. They coincide with the fact which Professor Lightfoot has proved in his unanswerable, or at least unanswered, Essay (appended to his work on the Epistle to the Philippians), that the idea of a separate clerical priesthood was unknown to the early Church. They remain in the ancient Roman ritual, with other well-known discordant elements, a living protest against the modern theories which have been grafted upon it.

* Adam de Murimuth, Harl. MS. 565, vol. 206.

† It is enough to mention two proofs:—1. The attitude of the Pope in Pontifical masses in the Basilicas. 2. The arrangement of the early Catacombs and the earliest churches, where not the altar, but the Bishop's seat, is at the extreme east end.

Secondly, there is the interest of following out the transformation of these names and garments. How early the severance from secular to sacred use took place, it is difficult to determine; but it was gradually, and by unequal steps. It is said* that even to the 9th century there were Eastern clergy, who celebrated the Eucharist in their common costume. In the original Benedictine rule the conventual dress was so well understood to be merely the ordinary dress of the neighbouring peasants, that in the sketches of early monastic life at Monte Casino the monks are represented in blue, green, or black, with absolute indifference. But now the distinction between the lay and clerical dress, which once existed nowhere, has become universal. It is not confined to ancient or to Episcopal Churches. It is found in the Churches of Presbyterians and Nonconformists. The extreme simplicity of the utmost "dissidence of Dissent," has, in this respect, departed further from primitive practice than it has from any Pontifical or ritual splendour. A distinguished Baptist minister, one of the most popular preachers, and one of the most powerful ecclesiastics in this metropolis, was shocked to find that he could not preach in Calvin's church at Geneva without adopting the black gown, and naturally refused to wear it except under protest. But even he, in his London Tabernacle, had already fallen away from the primitive simplicity which acknowledged no difference of dress between the clergy and the laity,—for he as well as all other ministers (it is believed) has adopted the black dress, which no layman would think of using except as an evening costume. The clergy of the Church of England have either adopted the white surplice, once the common frock, drawn, as it has been seen, over the fur of our skin-clad ancestors, or else have, in a few instances, retained or restored the shreds and patches of the clothes worn by Roman nobles and labourers. The Roman clergy have done the same, but in a more elaborate form.

In all, the process has been alike. First, the early Christians, not the clergy only but the laity as well, when they came to their public assemblies, wore indeed their ordinary clothes, but took care that they should be clean. The Pelagians,† and the more ascetic clergy, insisted on coming in rags, but this was contrary to the more moderate and more general sentiment.

Next, it was natural that the colours and forms chosen for their Sunday clothes should be of a more grave and sober tint, as that of the Quakers in Charles the Second's time. "As there is a garb proper for soldiers, sailors, and magistrates,‡ so" says Clement of Alexandria, "there is a garb befitting the sobriety of Christians."

Then came the process which belongs to all society in every age and which we see actually going on before our eyes—

* Marriott, p. lvii.

† Thomassin, l. 2, 43.

‡ Marriott, p. xxv.

namely, that what in ordinary life is liable to the rapid transitions of fashion, in certain classes becomes fixed at a particular moment; and then—though again in its turn undergoing new changes of fashion—yet retains something of its old form or name; and finally engenders in fanciful minds fanciful reflections as far as possible removed from the original meaning of these garments.

Take for example the wigs of Bishops. First, there was the long flowing hair of the Cavaliers; then when this was cut short came the long flowing wigs in their places. Then these were dropped except by the learned professions; then they were dropped by the lawyers except in court; then the clergy laid them aside, with the exception of the bishops; then the bishops laid them aside with the exception of the archbishops; then the last archbishop laid his wig aside except on official occasions. And now even the archbishop has dropped it. But it is easy to see that, had it been retained, it might have passed like the pall into the mystic symbol of the archiepiscopate, patriarchate, or I know not what. Bands again sprang from the broad* white collars, which fell over the shoulders of the higher and middle classes—whether Cavalier or Puritan—Cromwell and Bunyan, no less than Clarendon or Hammond. Then these were confined to the clergy; then reduced to a single white plait; then divided into two parts; then symbolized to mean the two tables of the law, the two sacraments, or the cloven tongues; then from a supposed connection with Puritanism, or from a sense of inconvenience, ceased to be worn, or worn only by the more old-fashioned of the clergy; so as to be regarded by the younger generation as a symbol of Puritan custom or doctrine. Just so, and with as much reason, did the surplice in the middle ages, from its position as a frock or pinafore over the fur coat, come to be regarded as an emblem of imputed righteousness over the skins in which were clothed our first parents; just so did the crease in the turban or *mitra* come to be regarded as the cloven tongue; just so did the handkerchief with which the Roman gentry wiped their faces come to be regarded in the 5th century as wings of angels, and in the 7th as the yoke of Christian life. Just so have the ponchos and waterproofs of the Roman peasants and labourers come in the 19th century to be regarded as emblems of sacrifice, priesthood, Real Presence, communion with the universal church, Christian or ecclesiastical virtues, &c.

It is hardly necessary to answer detailed objections to a statement of which the general truth, as I have said, is acknowledged by all the chief authorities on the subject, as well as confirmed by the general analogy of the origin of the Christian usages. In fact, the Roman Church has at times even gloried in the secular origin

* In the Lutheran Church the same fate has befallen the *ruff*.

of its sacred vestments, and based their adoption on the grant by Constantine (in his forged donation) of his own Imperial garments to the Pope, and has then added that they were occasionally transferred back to the secular princes,—as when Alexander II. granted to the Duke of Bohemia the use of the mitre, and Alexander III. to the Doge of Venice the use of an umbrella like his own,—and that the Emperor wore the same pall or mantle that was used by Popes in the most sacred offices.*

The only indications adduced to the contrary are:—

1. The golden plate said to have been worn by St. John and St. James. But even if Professor Lightfoot had not amply proved that this is a mere metaphor, it would not avail, for a golden plate has never been adopted as part of the ecclesiastical ornaments.

2. The mention in the Clementine Liturgy that the bishop at a certain moment of the service puts on a white† garment. But this is an exception which proves the rule. Of all the liturgies, this is the only one which has any indication of dress—and the Clementine Liturgy is so saturated with interpolations of all kinds, some even heretical, that its text cannot be seriously used as an authentic witness.

3. Jerome, in his Commentary on Ezekiel (c. 44), says that “Divine religion has one habit in service, another in use in common life.” But he is speaking here of the trousers, etc., of the Jewish priests; and in all the allegorical interpretations he gives here, or in his letter to Fabiola, of the garments of the Jewish priesthood, there is not one which points to the sacerdotal character of the Christian ministry; and in this very passage, shortly before, he says, “Thus we learn that we ought not to enter the Holy of Holies with any sort of every-day clothing soiled from the use of life, but handle the Lord’s sacraments with a *clean conscience and clean clothes*.” It is evident that, so far as this is not metaphorical, it means only that (according to the description of the first stage of the process of adaptation given above) the clothes of Christians in public worship should not be dirty, but clean.

There may possibly be other apparent exceptions, as, no doubt, in later Roman writers there are contradictory statements. But the general current of practice and opinion during the early ages is that which is well summed up by the Jesuit, Sirmondus,‡ as by our own Bingham—“The colour and form of dress was in the beginning the same for ecclesiastics and laymen.”

Should there be any counter statements or counter facts

* Thomassin, I. 2, c. 45 ss. 52.

† *Λευκὴν ἐσθῆτα*, as in the next quotation from Jerome, probably means “clean, white gown.”

‡ See Marriott, p. 43; Thomassin, L. 2, 43.

scattered here and there through the ancient customs or literature of the Latin Church, it is no more than is to be expected from the heterogeneous forms which any large historical system embraces within itself. If even at this day, when the Roman Church has shrunk into its present narrow channel, dominated by a narrow and exclusive spirit, there exist, and even transpire, from time to time irreconcilable differences on the subject even of its most fundamental and characteristic dogma, much more is a diversity to be expected in earlier times, when its stream carried with it all the various and conflicting elements which since the Reformation have been divided amongst the different European Churches.

II. I now proceed to the practical remarks which this discussion suggests.

(1.) First, it is not useless to show that the significance of these dresses as alleged, both in attack and defence, rests on no historical foundation. It may be said, perhaps, that the fact of the secular origin of these garments does not exclude their importance when, in after times, symbolical significations were attached to them; and possibly it may be urged that the most unquestionably sacerdotal symbols were, in the first instance, drawn from homelier objects. But there is this wide distinction between the origin of the Christian ecclesiastical vestments and of those of other religions. The Christian dress, as we have indicated, was intended in its origin, not to separate the minister from the people, but to make him, in outward show and appearance, exactly the same. The Jewish high priest, and the priestly tribe were, on the contrary, as in other matters, so in their dress, from the very first intended to be thereby separated, at least in their public ministrations, as far as possible from the rest of the community. It would have been perfectly easy, had the Christian Church of the first and second centuries been possessed with the idea of carrying on the Jewish priesthood, to have adopted either the very dress worn by the Jewish priests, or some other dress equally distinctive. The Jewish priest was distinguished from his countrymen by his bare feet, by his trousers, by his white linen robe, by his sash thirty-two yards long,* by his fillet, by his tippet or ephod; the high priest by his breastplate, by his bells, and by his pomegranates; and these vestments were regarded as so indispensable to his office that the high priesthood was at last actually conveyed from predecessor to successor by the act of handing them on to each high priest; the possession of the vestments, in fact, conferred the office itself. Nothing whatever of the kind was done, or, we may add, even in the wildest flights of modern superstition has been done, with the vestments of the Christian clergy.

* Bähr's Symbolik, p. 68.

Neither trousers,* nor breastplate, nor bells, nor pomegranates, nor long winding sash, nor naked feet, have ever been regarded, and certainly were not in the early ages regarded, as part of the dress or undress of the Christian minister; nor was the act of ordination ever performed by the transfer of chasuble, or lawn sleeves, or cassock. The whole stress of the theological argument in favour of the importance of these dresses depends on proving that such as they may by anyone now be supposed to be in intention and in significance such they were in the early ages. It is alleged that, by parting with them, we part with a primitive doctrine of the Church. But, if the facts which I have stated are correct, the connection between these dresses and the sacerdotal theories with which they have been entangled is cut off at the very root. Unless it can be shown that they were sacerdotal in the 2nd or 3rd centuries it is wholly irrelevant to allege that they became sacerdotal in the 13th or the 19th centuries. Whatever sacerdotal, or symbolical, or sacramental associations have been attached to them may be mediæval, but certainly are not primitive; and if we wished to preserve the substance of the primitive usage, we should unquestionably officiate, not in the dresses which we at present wear in Roman, Anglican, and Nonconformist Churches, but in the every-day dress of common life—in overcoats, or smock-frocks, or shirt-sleeves, according as we belonged to the higher or inferior grade of the Christian ministry. I am not arguing in favour of such a return to primitive usage. In this, as in a thousand other cases, it is the depth of retrograde absurdity to suppose that we are to throw off the garb, or the institutions, or the language of civilization, in order to accommodate ourselves to the literal platform of the early ages. Mr. Matthew Arnold well observes that to declaim against Bishops in the House of Lords, or against the Privy Council, because St. Paul knew nothing of them, is just as unreasonable as it would be to declaim against the wearing of braces, because St. Paul wore no braces. And so, on the other hand, to insist on extinguishing the black coat or the black gown of the Nonconformist minister, or the white surplice of the Anglican minister, or the red stockings of the Roman cardinal, because they are not the ordinary every-day dress which is now worn, or would have been worn in early times, would be as superstitious as the vulgar objection to Church establishments. There may be reasons against ecclesiastical vestments of all kinds. But the fact of their being modern is not of itself against them, unless we insist on making them essential as containing ideas which they do not, and never were intended to symbolise.

* In Jerome's letter to Fabiola (Ep. 64), containing an elaborate exposition of the dresses of the Jewish priests, there is not a word to indicate that they were adopted by the Christian clergy.

(2.) But secondly, it may be said, partly by the opponents and partly by the advocates of these vestments, that, whatever may be the history of their origin, all that we have practically now to consider is the purpose to which they are at present applied. It was maintained not long ago by a distinguished political leader that to treat these badges with indifference would be no less absurd than to treat the Red Flag as merely a piece of bunting, whereas it really represents anarchy and revolution, and must be dealt with accordingly. I venture to think that this very illustration furnishes an answer to the allegations of importance on the one side or the other brought to bear upon this question. No doubt with the uneducated and ill-educated of all classes a superficial badge or colour often outweighs every other consideration. I myself remember, in Norfolk, when party feeling ran higher than in the rest of England, that the blue or orange colour of the electioneering flags was the one single notion which the lower classes had of the great Whig or the great Conservative parties for whom they were led to vote. An illiterate artizan on his death-bed would say, as a plea for the condonation of many sins, "At least I have been true to my colours." And on one occasion, when in a country town, by some accident, the blue and orange colours were interchanged, the whole mass of the voters followed the colour to which they were accustomed, although it was attached to the party which represented the exactly opposite principles. We cannot deny that in dealing with popular passion and prejudice on this as on other matters, it may be necessary to concede far more than either correct history or calm reason will justify. But I am now speaking as to "wise men"—as to the rulers and guides of the Church. Is it not worth while in all these cases to show how insignificant and how valueless is the form? Is it not our duty, in the first instance, to represent, at least to ourselves and the more educated, the real state of the case—to be fully persuaded that these things are of themselves, as St. Paul says, absolutely "nothing"—even if immediately afterwards, in condescension to weak brethren, we are inclined, as he was, to go a long way either in avoiding or in adopting them? Even in that very instance which I just now quoted of the Red Flag, on an occasion when its adoption might have led to the most terrible results both in France and in Europe, when on the 25th February, 1848, a raging mob, surging round the steps of the Hotel de Ville of Paris, demanded that this crimson banner should be adopted instead of the tricolor, that calamity, as it certainly would have been, was averted, even with that savage multitude, by the eloquent appeal of one man to the indisputable origin of its first appearance in the history of France. "The Tricolor," said Lamartine, "has made the tour of the world with our glories and our victories; but the Red Flag

has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, trailed in mire and defiled with blood." He alluded, of course, to the fact that the Red Flag was originally the badge of martial law, and yet more to the first distinct occasion of its adoption, on that dark day—among the most disgraceful in the annals of the first French Revolution—which witnessed the execution of one of the noblest of Frenchmen under the insults of a furious populace who waved the red flag before him, dragged it through the mud, and drew blood with it from his venerable face. By that calm historical allusion, though fully appreciated perhaps only by a few, Lamartine was able to disperse pacifically and reasonably a movement which, had he fired at the flag with shot and shell as a symbol of anarchy, would probably have deluged Paris with blood. If, in like manner the Comte de Chambord could be convinced that the white flag represented in its origin, not legitimate monarchy, but the white plume of a Huguenot chief, he might be persuaded to abandon that which, as it would seem, no force of arms will ever enable him to relinquish, or the country to adopt.

In all such cases it is our duty, whether as opponents or upholders of these forms, to see things as they really are, and not to adopt the passionate and ill-informed expressions of those whom we ought to guide, and whose guidance we ought to be the last to accept.

(3.) Thirdly, I would remark that in point of fact, it is not so much any theory concerning these dresses which arouses popular indignation, as the circumstance that they are unusual, startling, and therefore offensive; and also that they are regarded as borrowed from the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore viewed with suspicion, not unnaturally, as the outward signs and tokens of a system which is believed to have been the cause of infinite mischief and misery to England three hundred years ago, and to be the curse of Spain, Italy, and France at this moment. And this ground of indignation, apart from any sacerdotal or sacrificial associations, is further borne out by the fact that it is actually the ground on which these particular vestments are adopted by those who wear them. I am not aware that in any instance there has been an attempt on the part of our English clergy, either to wear what they may imagine to have been actually worn in the 2nd and 3rd centuries, or to wear what is worn in the Greek, the Coptic, or the Armenian Church, or even in the time of Edward VI. in England. They are imported, as we may see by newspaper advertisements, simply from the magazines of France and of Belgium, according to the last fashions of Brussels or Paris. They represent, therefore, in their actual adoption, merely the usages of these foreign modern Churches, and nothing else. Indeed,

we may say they are copied with almost Chinese exactness of imitation, even to their rents and patches. Let me select an instance which does not belong at present to the disputed category, but which therefore will the better illustrate what I am urging—the modern practice of cutting off the surplice at the knees. This, assuredly not copied from either Jewish or primitive ceremonial, is the exact copy of the modern Roman surplice, but of that garment under peculiar conditions. I have been assured, on good authority, that originally the Roman surplice reached to the feet, but that the lower part was of lace; then that the lace, being too expensive, was cut away, and so left the surplice in that state, of which this economical curtailment has been adopted as the model of English usage. Whether this be so or not, the fact that these modern garbs are the imitation of other garbs equally modern is universally admitted.

We do not say that this peculiarity is calculated to render them less odious to popular feeling; but it at once clears away a mass of useless declamation, either for or against, which we find in speeches, petitions, and pamphlets. And it is more important to notice this, because the dislike to untimely innovations or foreign costumes rests on a larger basis than concerns the particular clothes which have been introduced during the last ten years. A surplice adopted suddenly where a gown has hitherto been worn, has provoked an opposition quite as violent, and has been defended with a tenacity quite as exaggerated, as has been shown with regard to the more fanciful vestments of our later days. The cope, which, according to some of the fine-drawn distinctions, both of enemies and of friends, is not supposed to be “sacrificial,” would produce quite as much consternation in a rustic parish, or even in a country cathedral, as the chasuble, which is alleged to be “sacrificial.” It is the foreign, unusual, defiant, and, if so be, illegal introduction of these things which constitutes their offence.

III. Taking these practical principles as our guide, we proceed to ask what, under our actual circumstances, is the best course to pursue with regard to these usages.

(1.) First, it would seem to be the duty of everyone, who is a voice and not merely an echo, to proclaim their absolute indifference and triviality, when compared with matters of serious religion. It was said by a great divine, some thirty years ago, that it was the peculiar blot of factions or parties in the Church of England to have fought, as for matters of importance, for this or that particular kind of dress. The remark is true. Thrice over has the English Church been distracted by a vestarian controversy—first, at the Reformation, when Bishop Hooper refused to wear a square cap because God had made heads round; secondly, in the controversy between Laud and the Puritans; and,

thirdly, in our own time, beginning with the Exeter riots of 1840, and ending with the present emergency. No such controversy, as far as I am aware, has ever distracted either the Church of Rome, or the Church of Luther, or the Church of Calvin. It is high time to see whether we could not now, once and for ever, dispel the idea that the Kingdom of God, or "the workshop of Satan," consists in the colour of a coat, or the shape of a cloak, or the use of a handkerchief. Viewed merely in a doctrinal point of view, no more deadly blow could be struck at the ceremonial, and what I may venture, without offence, to call the Etruscan theory of religion, than to fill the atmosphere with the sense of the entire insignificance of dresses or postures. To speak of them as of importance, even in attacking them, is itself a species of Ritualism. To speak of them as of no significance, is the true translation of the great maxim of the Apostle—"Circumcision availeth nothing, nor uncircumcision."

(2.) Secondly, if this absolute adiaphorism could be made to take possession of the popular mind, our course would be very much cleared. We might then view more calmly the legal aspect of the question, as depending on the validity and the meaning of the Ornaments Rubric. Into the mysteries of that rubric I will not enter further than to say that its ingenious obscurity is a singular example, either of the disingenuousness or of the negligence with which the Prayer Book was reconstructed during the passionate period of the Restoration; and as to its legal meaning, I have nothing to add to the lucid exposition of the Dean of Bristol, than whom there is no more competent authority on English ecclesiastical law.

But supposing that the Supreme Court should once and again decide that the rubric forbids the use of these vestments, the fact of their historical insignificance would, one should think, be a consolation to those who, willing to obey the law, would thus be constrained to give up what the usage of some years has no doubt endeared to them. They would feel then that they were not surrendering any principle, but merely a foreign custom, which having been introduced, let us hope, with the innocent motive of beautifying public worship, they abandoned as good citizens and good Churchmen, when the law declared against it; and that, in so doing, they were parting with a practice which had no other intrinsic value than what belongs to an antiquarian reminiscence of that early age of the Church when there was no distinction between clergy and laity, between common and ecclesiastical life, and that the only historical association legitimately connected with it was the most anti-sacerdotal—the most Protestant—that Christian antiquity has handed down to us.

And on the other hand, if the Supreme Court should decide that

the rubric requires these vestments to be worn, then again, to those who have hitherto objected to them, it would be no less a consolation to know that such a requirement did not enforce the use of anything which symbolised a doctrine either of the Real Presence or of the priesthood, but was simply the last English, or, if so be, the last Parisian development of the shirts and coats and rugs of the peasants and gentry of the 3rd century. And in this (very unlikely) contingency, two considerations occur which might mitigate what to some persons would appear to be a serious grievance. The first is that if these clothes should by the Supreme Court of Appeal be declared legal, the probability is that the interest attaching to them would almost entirely cease. Half the excitement they now produce both in those who defend and those who attack them, is from the belief that they are, more or less, contrary to the law. Whatever the Supreme Court of Appeal takes under its patronage, loses, in the eyes of many zealous clergy, its special ecclesiastical value. When, for example, the Credence Table was legalized and shown to be not an appendage to an altar, but a sideboard on which the dishes were placed, in order to be tasted before being set on the table, with the view of seeing whether they contained poison, that part of the church furniture ceased to be a bone of contention. Even the cope has comparatively lost its interest since it was commanded by the Privy Council and worn by the Dean of Ripon; just as it may be fairly doubted whether the significance of the eastward position can stand the shock given when it is found that one of the solitary witnesses to it in the past generation was the old Bishop Maltby, the Whig of Whigs, the Protestant of Protestants, the recipient of the famous Durham letter. There is a story of a distinguished prelate now deceased, for the accuracy of which I will not vouch, and the courtesy of which I will not defend, but which may serve to illustrate the probable action of the law. A clergyman, who had contended in his village church for various points of ceremonial, at last ventured to ask, with fear and trembling, whether "his lordship could allow the choristers to appear in surplices." "By all means," said the bishop, "let them appear in surplices—it will help to degrade that vestment." What he meant, of course, was that the surplice would then lose its peculiar sacerdotal significance; and certainly the legalizing of any dress by the Protestant Legislature of England would immediately place such dress on a footing and in a light which would admit of no misconception as to what was intended or not intended by it.

And secondly, if the law should be thus pronounced, it would then in all probability become a matter of practical consideration whether an ancient and difficult rubric, thus suddenly revived,

could be expected to be universally put in force throughout the country, and would thus open the door to the intervention of that principle which is so well laid down in Canon Robertson's book, *How shall we Conform to the Liturgy?* and in the succession of admirable articles in the *Quarterly Review* on the same subject—namely, that, in the matter of these ancient rubrical observances, common sense and charity and the discretion of the Ordinary must come in to modify and accommodate rigid rules which otherwise would produce a dead-lock in every office of the Church.

In point of fact, the cope, even since the recent decision in its favour, has, except in a few special cases, been hardly worn at all. There has not been, if I am rightly informed, throughout the whole Church, more than three or four instances of deference to this reanimated ghost. And with regard to a much larger assortment of clerical vestments, but resting on the same authority as the cope—namely, the Canons of 1604—it may be safely asserted that not one clergyman in ten thousand ever wears or thinks of wearing any of them. Those canons command every clergyman, in walking or travelling, to appear in “a gown with a standing collar,” or in “a tippet of silk or sarcenet,” and on no account to wear a cloak with long sleeves, and especially “not to wear light-coloured stockings.” This 74th Canon is everywhere disregarded, and though it contains the sensible remark that “its meaning is not to attribute any holiness or special worthiness to the said garments” (the very principle for which we have been contending), “but for decency, gravity, and order;” yet it is not less precise in its enactments than the 58th and 24th Canons, and must stand or fall with them. I quote it on this occasion to show how completely and irrevocably custom has been allowed to override a rule, which is not, indeed, properly speaking, the law of the Church (being only a canon and not a statute), but by which, nevertheless, it has been often attempted in these matters to provide that the laws of the Church shall be regulated.

And this perhaps is the place for considering the question whether, supposing that the existing rubric or the existing law fail either from obscurity or obsolescence to control our present usage, it is desirable to pass a new legislative enactment which shall lay down precisely what clothes are or are not to be worn by the clergy, inside or outside their official ministrations. The same principle of the intrinsic indifference of these things which we have laid down will help us here to a right solution. If we can once resolve that the question of clerical, as of all dress, is simply a matter of custom and fashion, or, as the 74th Canon says, of “decency, gravity, and order,” then we may safely venture to say that to enumerate any catalogue or wardrobe of such clothes either in an Act of Parliament, or even in a canon, would be

entirely unworthy of the dignity of an Act of the Legislature or even of the Convocations. It would be unworthy, and (unless it entered into details which would be absolutely ridiculous) it would soon be utterly useless. For who can now say exactly what it is which constitutes a legal cope or chasuble, or the legal length of a surplice, or "guards, and welts, and cuts," or "a coif, or wrought night cap?" And the total failure of the canon just cited proves how inevitably such rules fall into hopeless desuetude after a few years. Nor would such enumeration be necessary. One advantage of the deep obscurity of the Ornaments' Rubric, has been that it has shown us how possible it is for a Church (except in occasional excitements) to exist without any rule at all on the subject. Not a single garment is named by name in that rubric, nor in any part of the Prayer Book from beginning to end;* and yet on the whole a comely and decent order has been observed in the English Church, only with such change as the silent lapse of time necessarily brings with it. And it should be observed that in the Irish Church before its recent calamities, in the American Episcopal Church, and in the Established Church of Scotland, not even the shadow of the Ornaments Rubric exists, nor anything analogous to it. Custom, and custom alone, has provided the surplice, the black gown, the blue gown, as the case may be. To this easy yoke, and to this safe guide of custom and common sense, we also might safely commit ourselves.

(3.) This leads us to another obvious conclusion. If there be no intrinsic value in these vestments, then, whether the law forbids them or enforces them, the same duty is incumbent on all those who regard the substance of religion above its forms, namely, that on no account should these garbs, whether legal or illegal, be introduced into churches or parishes where they give offence to the parish or the congregation. The more any clergyman can appreciate the absolute indifference of such things in themselves, the more will he feel himself compelled to withdraw them the moment he finds that they produce the opposite effect to that which he intended them to have. On the necessity of such a restriction, with the utmost desire to tolerate as large an amount of diversity in the Church as is consistent with its practical coherence, I, for one, have never wavered; and it is a satisfaction to believe that many even of those whose opinions rather incline them to these peculiar usages, would more or less concur. On this ground—and on this ground alone—the summary process unanimously adopted by the Legislature in the Public Worship Act, appeared to be not only justifiable, but imperatively required. Quarrels

* The only exception is not in the Prayer Book itself, but in the single office of the consecration of a Bishop, and in that there is no mention of lawn sleeves or chinera, but only of the "rochet."

produced in parishes by such trivial causes ought to be stifled instantly and at once. The game, however delightful, of maintaining these vestments, is not worth the burning the candle of discord even for a single moment in a single parish. And, on the other hand, as regards those congregations, if there be any, where no offence is given, it seems to be "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," whilst we freely allow (and no one is disposed to curtail the legal liberty) the preaching and practising of the most extravagant—the most uncharitable—the most senseless doctrines, on whatever side, to stumble at permitting a few congregations here and there to indulge themselves in the pleasure of a few colours and a few shapes to which we know with absolute certainty that no religious significance is intrinsically attached; and of which any significance, that may be imagined to be attached to them by those who use them, can be equally or better expressed by garments of quite another make, and by ceremonies of quite another kind.

If we are really desirous of resisting the malady of reactionary hierarchical sentiment, let us grapple not with these superficial and ambiguous symptoms, but with the disease itself. The refusal to acknowledge State interference with Church affairs, whether on the part of Roman Ultramontanes, Scottish Free Churchmen, or English Liberationists; the exciting speeches of so-called Liberal candidates to miscalled Liberal constituents on behalf of what they choose to call spiritual independence; the attempts from time to time by legal prosecution, or angry declamation, to stifle free critical inquiry in the Church of England; the refusal to acknowledge the pastoral character of our Wesleyan or Nonconforming brethren; the tendency to encourage a material rather than a moral and spiritual view of Christian ordinances—all these endeavours, conducted with however conscientious a desire to do good, and however justified by certain elements in the Church of England, or in human nature—are more hostile to the true spirit of the Reformation, and lead more directly towards the worst errors of the Church of Rome, than any evanescent fashions of clerical costume, which perish with the using. Even to the most extreme Puritan and to the most extreme Calvinist, I venture to quote again, in justification of an exceptional toleration in these trivial matters, the saying of the great John Calvin himself, "*They are tolerabiles ineptiæ.*" I venture also to cite the principle which guided my course in the Ritual Commission, and which was expressed in the Second Report of that Commission,* in a document which, I

* It may be interesting to observe that the remedy proposed in the Second Report of the Royal Commission is substantially the same as that embodied in the Public Worship Act. It may also be noticed that it contains the appeal from the Bishop's decision to

am happy to say, obtained also the signature of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. It referred, not indeed to vestments, but to two kindred subjects:—

“The Church of England has always contained within it two parties, one caring much for outward observance and ceremonial, the other careless about or even hostile to them; and these two historical parties represent two classes of minds which always have, and probably always will, exist, and proclaim their existence, in a free country. If, therefore, the Church of England is to remain the national establishment of a free country, room for both must be found in it, as far as is consistent with general uniformity ‘in such matters as may be deemed essential.’ Within such limits a variety and elasticity of outward observance appears to us to be desirable.

“We will not join in any recommendations which have for their single object the attainment, in the services of the Church, of a rigid uniformity in matters not essential.

“*The present Report to your Majesty is concerned only with two matters,—the use of incense and of lighted candles. We venture to submit that we cannot consider either the retention or the suppression of these articles amongst the matters to be deemed essential. They have in themselves, and in their origin, no doctrinal significance; and the interpretations put upon them, as well by those who adopt them as by those who object to them, are of the most uncertain and conflicting kinds. We therefore think that they should be restrained only when they give offence to the parishioners; and, so far as the recommendation proposed in the Report is intended to secure this object, we concur in it, and we believe the remedy suggested to be effectual and sufficient.*”

(4.) Finally, it would be a clear gain to the interests of practical, moral, spiritual religion, if by granting all feasible toleration to these innocent archaisms in a few eccentric places, the majority of Churchmen could be left free to pursue the improvements which the Church and nation so urgently need, and which have hitherto been defeated by the disproportionate and inordinate attention devoted both by friends and enemies to this insignificant point. What is really wanted, both for the good of the Church and as the best corrective to the superstitious and materializing tendency which many of us deplore, is not an attempt to restrain particular external usages, except, as before remarked, when they give offence to the parishioners; but, regardless of any threats, to aim at such improvements as would be desirable, even if there were not a single Ritualist in existence; to develop the Protestant elements of the Church, which are stunted and dwarfed from the fear of offending those who, whilst they demand for themselves a liberty which Liberal Churchmen have always endeavoured to gain for them, have hitherto too often refused to concede the slightest liberty to others.

the Archbishop, and that this appeal, which caused such excitement during the passing of the Public Worship Bill, was, in the Royal Commission, supported by the late Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley), the late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce), the present Archbishop of Canterbury (as Bishop of London), the present Bishop of Carlisle, the ex-Bishop of St. David's, Lord Hatherley, and others.

The real evils of this tendency, whether in the English or in the Roman Catholic Church, which threatens to swallow up the larger, freer, more reasonable spirit which existed in both Churches fifty years ago, are obvious. The encouragement of a morbid dependence on the priesthood; a vehement antagonism to the law; excessive value attached to the technical forms of theology and ritual; a revival of a scholastic phraseology which has lost its meaning; a passion for bitter controversy and for exaggeration of differences—all these evils are for the most part beyond the reach of legal or ecclesiastical tribunals, and can only be met, as they can be fully met, first by fearless and dispassionate argument, but secondly and chiefly by the encouragement of a healthier tone in the public mind and clerical opinion, as at once a corrective and a counterpoise. What is needed is not to exterminate, but to act independently of, the party which has so often obstructed improvement by mere clamour and menace. The controversy concerning the lesser points of ceremonial has too much diverted the public attention from the substance to the accidents. The adherents of these vestments, which, as I have before said, are the smallest of the evils complained of, count amongst their ranks the wise and the foolish, the serious and the frivolous. Let them, in their own special localities, when they do not impose their own fancies upon unwilling listeners or spectators, by these colours and forms, do their best and their worst. Let them add, if so be, the peacocks' feathers which the Pope borrowed from the Kings of Persia, or the scarlet shoes which he took from the Roman Emperors. Let them freely have, if the law allows it, the liberty of facing to any point of the compass they desire—with Mussulmans to the east, with the Pope* to the west, with Hindoos to the north, or with old-fashioned Anglicans to the south. This is no more than is deserved by the zeal of some; it is no more than may be safely conceded to the scruples of all who can be indulged without vexing the consciences of others. But then let those also who take another view of the main attractions of religion be permitted to enjoy the liberty which, till thirty years ago, was freely permitted. Let the rules which, if rendered inflexible, cripple the energies of the Church and mar its usefulness, be relaxed by some machinery such as was in use in former times, before the modern creation of the almost insuperable obstructions of the majorities of the four Houses of Convocation. Let each Bishop or Ordinary have the legal power, subject to any checks which Parliament will impose, of sanctioning what is almost universally

* The Pope, it is true, does not always face to the west, because the orientation of Roman churches is uncertain. But he faces, according to the primitive practice, always to the people, which in English churches is usually to the west.

allowed to pass unchallenged. Let us endeavour to abate those prolongations and repetitions which have made our services, contrary to the intention of their framers, a byword at home and abroad. Let us endeavour to secure that there shall be the option of omitting the questionable though interesting document whose most characteristic passages one of the two Convocations has virtually abjured. Let us permit, openly or tacitly, the modifications in the rubrics of the Baptismal, the Marriage, the Communion, and the Ordination Services, which ought to be an offence to none, and would be an immense relief to many. Let us seek the means of enabling the congregations of the National Church to hear, not merely, as at present, the lectures, but the sermons of preachers second to none in our own Church, though at present not of it. Let some such as this be the programme of Church defence and of Church improvement by those who dread the advance of Roman and Ultramontane illusions. Let us be firmly persuaded that error is most easily eradicated by establishing truth, and darkness most permanently displaced by diffusing light; and then whilst the best parts of Ritualism and of the High Church party will be preserved to the Church by their own intrinsic excellence, the worst parts will be put down, not by the irritating and often futile process of repression, but by the pacific and far more effectual process of enforcing the opposite truths, of creating in the Church a wholesome atmosphere of manly, generous feeling, in which all that is temporary, acrid, and trivial will fade away, and all that is eternal, reasonable, and majestic will flourish and abound.

A. P. STANLEY.



REVIEW OF OBJECTIONS TO "LITERATURE AND DOGMA."

IV.

WE said, in "Literature and Dogma," that all our criticism of the Four Evangelists who report Jesus had this for its governing idea: *to make out what, in their report of Jesus, is Jesus, and what is the reporters.* We then went on to remark as follows:—

"Now, this excludes as unessential much of the criticism which is bestowed on the New Testament. What it excludes is those questions as to the exact date, the real authorship, the first publication, the rank of priority of the Gospels—questions which have a great attraction for critics, which are in themselves good to be entertained, which lead to much close and fruitful observations of the texts, and in which very high ingenuity may be shown and very great plausibility reached, but not more; they cannot really be settled, the data are insufficient. And for our purpose they are not essential."

And we concluded by saying:—

"In short, to know accurately the history of our documents is impossible; and even if it were possible, we should yet not know accurately what Jesus said and did; for *his reporters were incapable of rendering it, he was so much above them.*"

As to the character of the documents, however, we added this:—

"It must be remembered that of none of these recorders have we, probably, the very original record. The record, when we first get it, has passed through at least half a century, or more, of oral tradition, and through more than one written account."

Nevertheless we thought that in the Fourth Gospel we found, after all these deductions had been made as to the capacity of the Gospel-reporters and the quality of the Gospel-documents, a special clue in one most important respect to the line really taken by Jesus in his teaching. A Gospel-writer, with his head full of the external evidence from miracles, would never, we said, have invented the insistence on internal evidence as what, above all, proves a doctrine. "Wherever we find what enforces this evidence, or builds upon it, there we may be especially sure that we are on the trace of Jesus; because turn or bias in this direction the disciples were more likely to omit from his discourse than to import into it; they were themselves so wholly pre-occupied with the evidence from miracles." But we find in the Fourth Gospel a remarkable instance upon the internal evidence for the doctrine promulgated by Jesus. Here, then, we certainly come, we said, upon a trace, too little marked by the reporters in general, of the genuine teaching of Jesus; and this gives a peculiar eminency and value to the Fourth Gospel.

All this is contested; some of it by one set of critics, some of it by another. Critics like the *Westminster Reviewer* will not allow that Jesus was over the heads of his reporters. The author of "Supernatural Religion" (who has had the kindness to inform me that he is not identical with the *Westminster Reviewer*), far from thinking that the Fourth Gospel puts us in a special way on the trace of Jesus, declares that it "gives a portrait of Jesus totally unlike that of the Synoptics," contrasts "the dogmatic mysticism and artificial discourses of the one" with "the sublime morality and simple eloquence of the other," assigns, in short, the entire superiority to the Synoptics. On the other hand, the critics in the opposite camp—critics of so-called orthodox views—will by no means allow that in our four gospels we have not the very original record, or that they went through the period of incubation and of gradual rise into acceptance, which we suppose. From the end of the first century of our era there was, according to these critics, a Canon of the New Testament, and our four gospels formed the gospel-part of it.

But, above all, it is contested, and in the most practical way possible, that inquiries as to the exact date, the real authorship, the first publication, the rank of priority, and so forth, of our four gospels, can with any truth be called, as we have called them, unessential, or that the data are insufficient, as we have said they are, for ever really settling such questions. Whoever reads German will know that there exists a whole library of German theological works addressed to these questions; and that, far from being treated as questions which cannot really be settled, they are in general settled in these works with the greatest vigour and rigour. Gradually these works are getting known here, partly by

translation, partly by their influence upon English writers. The author of "Supernatural Religion" has nourished himself upon them, and has thrown himself with signal energy, and with very considerable success, into that course of inquiry which these works pursue. He occupies a volume and a half with this line of inquiry, and he has at any rate succeeded, one can see, in giving unbounded satisfaction to the Liberal world, both learned and unlearned. To the professional Biblical critics on the Liberal side he is almost the ideal of what an "able critic" in Biblical matters, a "profound critic," ought to be. He huddles up, as we have seen, into a page a declaration of adherence to "an infinitely wise and beneficent Being," and to "the true and noble faith which is the child of Reason;" and the claims of religion being thus satisfied, with all the difficult and troublesome questions which they open, he is free to devote his volume and a half to what, in the eyes of these critics, is the real matter of Liberal Biblical criticism—a negative examination of the current notions about the date and authorship of the Bible documents. And if the professional theological critic of the *Westminster Review* is delighted, and pronounces that here the right line is indeed taken, the bulk of what may be termed the lay world of Liberalism is not less moved to admiration. Its members say to one another, with an air of thankful conviction: "Surely, Superstition is at last doomed; it can never survive this blow!" Liberal philosophers, Liberal editors, Liberal newspapers, and the scientific gentlemen in strong force besides (some of the latter being inclined, however, to substitute the word *Christianity* for the word *Superstition*), have with wonderful unanimity been moved to blend their voices, ever since the book called "Supernatural Religion" became known to the public, in this new and strange kind of Hallelujah Chorus.

What, then, is the reader of "Literature and Dogma" to think? That on these points, which we treated as not admitting of complete settlement, we can, on the contrary, attain full and absolute certainty? That the Fourth Gospel, which we treated as affording a special clue to the line of evidence insisted on by Jesus, is, on the contrary, a guide utterly misleading? And, finally, that the investigations which we treated as unessential are, on the contrary, all-important, and that it behoves him to go eagerly into them?

In determining his answer to these questions, he will do well to keep in mind what is the one object we set before him in the present inquiry: *to enjoy the Bible and to turn it to his benefit*. Whatever else he may propose to himself, in dealing with the Bible, this remains his one proper object. In another order of interest, the poetry of Homer supplies a useful illustration for our present purpose. Elaborate inquiries have been raised as to the date,

authorship, and mode of composition of the Homeric poems; some writers have held, too, and have laboriously sought to prove, that there is a hidden, mystical sense running all through them. All this sort of disquisition, or at any rate some department of it, is almost sure to catch at one time or other the attention of the reader of Homer, and to tempt and excite him. But, after all, the proper object for the reader of the Homeric poems remains this: to enjoy Homer, and to turn it to his benefit. In dealing with Homer and his critics, we say, this is found true and very needful to be borne in mind; with an object where the interest, whether it is engaged with the disquisitions or with the poetry, remains always what may be called an intellectual one. How much more does it hold true of the Bible, where the interest changes, according as we make it consist in discussing the Bible's mode of composition, or in feeling and applying the Bible, from intellectual to practical, and *vice versa*.

Therefore our reader has still his chief work with the Bible to do after he has settled all questions about its mode of composition, if they can be settled. This makes it undesirable for him to spend too much time and labour on these questions, or indeed on any collateral questions whatever. And he will observe, moreover, that as to the rules with which he starts in setting himself to feel and apply the Bible, he is practically just in the same position when he has read and accepted our half dozen lines about the composition of the Gospels, as when he has read the volume and a half devoted to it in "Supernatural Religion." For the result is the same: that the record of the sayings and doings of Jesus, when we first get it, has passed through at least half a century, or more, of oral tradition, and through more than one written account. So, too, he is practically in the same position when he has read and accepted our half dozen pages about miracles, as when he has read the half volume in which the author of "Supernatural Religion" professes to establish a complete induction against them. For the result reached is in both cases the same: that miracles do not really happen. But this conclusion we suppose our reader to have had forced upon him by his own reflection and experience; therefore he does not require to have it demonstrated to him as a case of complete induction, nor indeed do we believe that it can be so demonstrated, or that it can be irresistibly pressed upon any mind which has not been led to it by its own experience and reflection. So, too, we suppose our reader to be willing enough to admit what we say of the condition in which the Gospel-record reaches us; for our book is addressed to those inclined to reject the Bible, and to attribute to its personages and documents not too much authority, but too little.

When, however, our reader has accepted what we say about the

untrustworthiness of miracles and the looseness of the Gospel-record, his real work has still to begin. Whereas, when the author of "Supernatural Religion" has demonstrated the same thing to him in two volumes, his work is over; or, at most, he has still to edify himself with the page, saying how "from Jewish mythology we rise to higher conceptions of an infinitely wise and beneficent Being," or, perhaps to retire into the "one unassailable fortress" of the Duke of Somerset. With us, at this stage, on the contrary, his work only begins; his work is to learn to enjoy and turn to his benefit the Bible, as the Word of the Eternal. It would be inexcusable in us, therefore, to give him more preliminary trouble than we can help, by the elaborate establishment of conclusions where he is with us already, or which he is quite disposed to take from us on trust.

No, for the reader whom "Literature and Dogma" has in view, learned discussions of the date, authorship, and mode of composition of this or that Bible-document, whether complete certainty can be attained in them or whether it cannot, are, as we called them, unessential. Even the question of the trustworthiness of the Fourth Gospel is not an essential question for him. For the value of the Fourth Gospel, as we think, is that whereas Jesus was far over the heads of all his reporters, he was in some respects better comprehended by the author of this Gospel than by the Synoptics; the line of internal evidence which Jesus followed in pressing his doctrines is better marked. But still the all-important thing to seize in Jesus is his method, and his secret, and the element of mildness and sweet reasonableness in which they both worked; and these are perfectly well given in the Synoptics. In the Synoptics are the great marking texts for all three. For the method: "Cleanse the *inside* of the cup; what comes from within, that defiles a man." For the secret: "He that will save his life shall lose it; he that will lose his life shall save it." For the sweet reasonableness and mildness: "Learn of me that I am mild and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." So that if we lose the Fourth Gospel, we do not lose these; all we lose is a little lifting up of the veil with which the imperfection of the reporters, and their proneness to demand miracles, to rely on miracles, have overspread the real discourse and doings of Jesus.

Nevertheless, according to that buoyant and immortal sentence with which Aristotle begins his *Metaphysics*, *all mankind naturally desire knowledge*. When discussions about the Canon of the New Testament are so rife, the reader of "Literature and Dogma" may well wish to know what he may most reasonably think touching the origin and history of those documents to which he is so often referred by us. More particularly may he wish to know this about that wonderful document which has exercised such a potent

fascination upon Christendom, the Fourth Gospel. Luther called it "the true Head-Gospel:" it is hardly too much to say that for Christendom it has been so. The author of "Supernatural Religion" speaks contemptuously of its dogmatic, mysterious, and artificial discourses; but its chief rejectors have spoken of it with more respect. Strauss is full of admiration of the Fourth Gospel, for the artistic skill of its composition; Baur, for its spiritual beauty. The reader of "Literature and Dogma" cannot but be interested in getting as near as he can to the truth about such a document, the object of criticisms so diverse.

We will take him, then, by the same road which we travelled ourselves, when we sought to ascertain how stood the truth about the New Testament records, so far as it could be known. We shall suppose him to come to this inquiry as we did ourselves, absolutely disinterested, with no foregone conclusion at the bottom of our minds to start with, no secondary purpose of any kind to serve, but with the simple desire to see the thing, so far as this might be possible, as it really was. We had not, indeed, so much at stake in the inquiry as some people. For whenever the Gospels may have been written, and whether we have in them the very words of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, or not, we did not believe the reporters capable of rendering Jesus perfectly; he was too far above them.

Sir Henry Maine gives it as his opinion that the English law of evidence, by its extreme strictness, has formed English people to be good judges of evidence. In England, then, the evidence as to the Canon of the Gospels ought to be well judged. Two things, however, must everywhere, if they are found present, impede men in judging such questions well. One is, a strong bias existing, before we try the questions, to answer them in a certain manner. Of Biblical criticism with this bias we have abundance in England. In examining the evidence as to the literary history of the New Testament, this criticism does not, in fact, seek to see the thing as it really is, but it holds a brief for that view which is most convenient to the traditional theology current amongst us. We shall not blame this criticism; the position of the critic, the circumstances under which he writes, are perhaps such as to make his course inevitable. But his work, produced under such conditions, cannot truly serve men's need, cannot endure long; it is marked with death before it is born. Great learning it may have, or great ingenuity, or great eloquence; but the critic is all the time holding a brief, and these advantages are then, in fact, of use only to serve the side for which his brief is held. To be seriously useful, they should be employed simply to draw forth the truth of the things investigated, as it really is.

The other obstacle to a sound judgment of the evidence respecting the Canon arises when people make too much of a business of such inquiries, give their whole life and thoughts too exclusively to them, and treat them as if they were of paramount importance. One can then hardly resist the temptation of establishing certainties where one has no right to certainty; of introducing into the arrangement of facts a system and symmetry of one's own for which there are no sufficient data. How many a theory of great vigour and rigour has in Germany, in the Protestant faculties of theology, been due to this cause! A body of specialists is at work there, who take as the business of their lives a class of inquiries like this question about the Canon of the Gospels. They are eternally reading its literature, reading the theories of their colleagues about it; their personal reputation is made by emitting, on the much-canvassed subject, a new theory of their own. The want of variety and of balance in their life and occupations impairs the balance of their judgment in general. Their special subject intoxicates them; they are carried away by theorizing; they affirm confidently where one cannot be sure, and, in short, prove by no means good and safe judges of the evidence before them.

In France and England people do not, certainly, in general, err on the side of making too great a business of this particular specialty. In general we too much neglect it, and are in consequence either at the mercy of routine, or at the mercy of the first bold innovator. Yet it remains true, and a truth never to be lost sight of, that in the domain of religion, as in the domain of poetry, the whole apparatus of learning is but secondary, and that we always go wrong with our learning when we suffer ourselves to forget this. The reader of "*Literature and Dogma*" will allow, however, that we did not there intrude any futile exhibition of learning to draw off his attention from the one fixed object of that work—religion. We did not write for a public of professors; we did not write to interest the learned and curious; we wrote to restore the use and enjoyment of the Bible to plain people, who were in danger of losing it. We hardly subjoined a reference or put a note, for we wished to give nothing of this kind except what a plain reader, busy with our main argument, would be likely to look for and to use. He will trust us, therefore, if we take him into this subject of the criticism of the Canon, not to bury him in it, not to cozen him with theories of vigour and rigour, not to hold a brief for either the Conservative side or the Liberal; not to make certainties when there are none; but to put him in a way of forming a plain judgment upon the plain facts of the case, so far as they can be known.

Thus he will see the grounds for what we said in "*Literature*

and Dogma" about the Canon of the Gospels, and about the Fourth Gospel's peculiar character, without having himself to plunge into the voluminous literature of the subject. In our search for a sure standing-ground in the use of the Bible, we have had to go through a great deal of this literature in our time; of how much of it may we not exclaim with Themistocles: *Give me, not to remember, but to forget!* If Goethe could say that all which was really worth knowing in all the sciences he had ever studied would go into one small piece of paper, how much more may one say this of the harvest to be gathered from the literature now in question! That may be no reason for neglecting it, indeed; light and adjustment often come insensibly to us from labours of which the direct positive result seems small. Nevertheless, in these days of multifarious studies soliciting us, let us keep a wholesome dread, and let the reader of "Literature and Dogma" share it with us, of spending too much of our life and time over the wrong ones. We have quoted in "Literature and Dogma" the day's prayer given in a short sentence of the "Imitation:" *Utinam per unum diem bene sinus conversati in hoc mundo*; "would that for one single day we may have lived in this world as we ought!" He who adds to that sentence this other from the same book: *Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est*; "grant that the knowledge I get may be the knowledge that is worth having!"—and sets the two sentences together before him for his daily guidance, will not have prayed amiss.

But let us come to the Canon. And as the New Testament follows the Old and depends upon it, and since about the Old Testament, too, we had in "Literature and Dogma" a great deal to say, our reader may wish, before going into the question of the New Testament, to see brought together, in the shortest possible summary, what he is to think of the Canon of the Old.

The Law and the Prophets are often mentioned in the New Testament, but we also find there a threefold division of the Old Testament Scriptures: *Law, Prophets, Psalms*.^{*} And the Greek translator of the lost Hebrew book of the wisdom of the Son of Sirach, or, as we call it, Ecclesiasticus, who writes in the latter half of the second century before Christ, speaks of *the law, and the prophecies, and the rest of the books*.[†] Here we have the Bible of the Old Testament Scriptures; and, indeed, the writer calling himself Daniel—whose date is between the translator of the book of Ecclesiasticus, and this translator's grandfather, who composed it—in a passage wrongly translated in our version, designates the body of Old Testament Scriptures by a word answering to our very word

^{*} Luke xxiv. 44.

[†] ὁ νόμος, καὶ αἱ προφητεῖαι, καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ τῶν βιβλίων. Prologue to Ecclesiasticus, in the Septuagint.

*Bible.** Can we trace, without coming down below the Christian era to listen to late and untrustworthy Jewish traditions, how this Bible came together?

We can. In the Second Book of the Maccabees, dating probably from much the same time as our Greek Ecclesiasticus, the writer, telling the Egyptian Jews of the purification of the Temple at Jerusalem after the Maccabean victories and of the revival of Jewish religion, says that Nehemiah—who with Ezra had accomplished the famous restoration of Jewish religion three centuries before—that Nehemiah, as was related in his writings and commentaries, *founding a library, brought together in addition the things concerning the kings and the prophets, and David's things, and letters of kings about offerings.*† Offerings to the Temple are here meant, such as those of King Seleucus which the Maccabean historian mentions in his next chapter.‡ At the re-building of the Temple, gifts of this kind from friendly foreign kings had a peculiar importance; the letters concerning them could not, however, merit a permanent place in the Bible, and they dropped out of it. But the other writings which Nehemiah is said to have "brought together in addition" to the stock of already recognized Scriptures, or the Law, answer to that second instalment of Scriptures which did really from Nehemiah's time onwards obtain authority at Jerusalem. They comprise the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings, for the "things concerning the kings;" the books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve Minor Prophets, for the "prophets;" and the collection of the Psalms—called in general after the famous name of the royal Psalmist, David—for "David's things."

But the Maccabean historian then proceeds:—"In like manner also Judas (Maccabeus) brought together in addition all the things that were lost by reason of the war we had, and they remain with us."§ Now, this further addition to the stock of recognized Scriptures corresponds to the third instalment of Scriptures, some of them of then recent date, like the Book of Daniel, others much older, like the Book of Job, which was received and authorized at Jerusalem. It comprehended exactly the same books, and no more, which our Bibles add to the books said to have been "brought together" by Nehemiah, and to the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. But the order of the later books in the Hebrew Bible was by no means the same as ours, and to this we shall return presently.

The Law itself, the Thora, the first of the three great divisions

* Daniel ix. 2.

† καταβαλλόμενος βιβλιοθήκην, ἐπισυνήγαγε τὰ περὶ τῶν βασιλέων καὶ προφητῶν καὶ τὰ τοῦ Δαυὶδ, καὶ ἐπιστόλας βασιλέων περὶ ἀναθημάτων.

‡ II. Maccabees iii. 3.

§ II. Maccabees, ii. 14. ὥσαύτως δὲ καὶ Ἰούδας τὰ διαπεπτωκότα διὰ τὸν πόλεμον τῶν γεγονότα ἡμῖν ἐπισυνήγαγε πάντα, καὶ ἔστιν παρ' ἡμῖν.

of the Hebrew Bible, whom shall we call as evidence for it? The founder of the second division, Nehemiah himself. He has told us how at Jerusalem, after the restoration, "the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water-gate, and they spake unto Ezra, the scribe, to bring the book of the law of Moses, and Ezra, the priest, brought the law, and he read therein from the morning until mid-day, before the men and the women and those that could understand; also day by day, from the first day unto the last day, he read in the book of the law of God."* This book was Israel's history from its first beginning down to the conquest of the Promised Land, as this history stands written in the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. To that collection many an old book had given up its treasures and then itself vanished for ever. Many voices were blended there, unknown voices speaking out of the early dawn; in the strain there were many passages familiar as household words, yet the whole strain, in its continuity and connection, was to the mass of the people at that time new and affecting. "All the people wept when they heard the words of the law."† And the Levites, in stilling them, gave in one short sentence the secret of Israel's religion and of the religion of the Bible: "Mourn not, nor weep," they said; "*the joy of the Eternal is your strength.*"‡

This revival of religion in Jerusalem, under Ezra and Nehemiah, had its counterpart in a former revival, two centuries earlier, under King Josiah. In his discovery of the book of the law, and his solemn publication of it to the people, we have the original consecration of a written historic record embodying the law; we have the nucleus of our existing Bible. In repairing the Temple, "Hilkiah, the priest, found a book of the law of the Lord by the hand of Moses. Then Hilkiah delivered the book to Shaphan; Shaphan the scribe told the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath given me a book, And Shaphan read it before the king. And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the law, that he rent his clothes. And the king went up into the house of the Lord, and all the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and the priests and the Levites, and all the people great and small, and he read in their ears all the words of the book of the Covenant that was found in the house of the Lord. And he caused all that were present in Jerusalem and Benjamin to stand to it."§ Here we have, in all probability, Deuteronomy; as a summary and an edifying redaction, from the point of view of the time then present, of the chosen people's early history and of its covenant with God. Around Deuteronomy the rest of the Pentateuch and the

* Nehemiah, viii. 1, 2, 3, 18. † Nehemiah, viii. 9. ‡ Nehemiah, viii. 9, 10.

§ II. Chronicles, xxxiv. 14, 15, 18, 19, 30, 32. See also II. Kings, xxii., xxiii.

story of Joshua's conquest gathered. Many old books of the Hebrew nation contributed, as we have said, their contents to them. Of some of the books we have still the names; but when once their substance had been secured for ever in the Thora, their function was at an end, and they perished. Among the devout Jews of the captivity, severed from the Holy Land and the Temple services, this first instalment of the Bible, this "volume of the book" of which a Psalmist of the exile speaks, became firmly established. It came back with them at the Return, a consecrated authority.

Do we inquire for the original nucleus of the Thora itself, for the Law as in its earliest written form it existed, in the primitive times when writing was scarce and difficult, and documents were short, and readers were few? This also we can find. It was the "book of the law," consisting probably of the Decalogue, and of some other portions besides the Decalogue of what we now find in Exodus, "put in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord."* It was the "testimony," thus laid up before the Lord and guarded by the priests and Levites, which was given to the kings at their accession and solemnly accepted by them.†

The arrangement of the Hebrew Bible corresponds with this its history and confirms it. Only we must add that from each of the two earlier collections the last book was taken, and was employed to serve as an introducer to the collection which followed. Thus the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, stood alone as the Thora; and this first great instalment of the Bible Samaria, as is well known, received from Jerusalem, but would receive nothing more. The Book of Joshua stood at the head of the second instalment of the Bible, the eight books of Prophets, *Nebiim*, as they were called. For prophecy and the prophet were the force and glory of Israel's religion; and the Books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings, which we call historical, were at Jerusalem prized chiefly as the records of many a word and deed of prophets anterior to the age of literary prophetic compositions, and went by the name of *earlier Prophets*. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the book of the Minor Prophets, were called the four *later Prophets*.

The third instalment of the Bible had the name of Ketubim, translated by Jerome *Hagiographa*, but simply meaning *writings, Scriptures*. There are the "remaining writings" mentioned by the translator of Ecclesiasticus. They were nine in number, and the twenty-two books of the now completed Canon thus answered to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet. At their head was placed the last book of the second formation of authorized Scriptures—"the things of David," the Psalms. This admirable

* Deuteronomy, xxxi. 26. † II. Kings, xi. 12; Deuteronomy, xvii. 18.

book with its double merits, merit prophetic and religious, and merit poetic and literary, might well serve to usher in and commend a series of mixed character. Early works of the highest poetical value, not hitherto included in the Canon, such as the Book of Job, this series adopted and saved; early works, also, of the highest ethical value, such as the Book of Proverbs. It adopted contemporary works like the Book of Daniel—works which reflected and powerfully engaged, as we can see by the prominence of the Book of Daniel at the Christian era, the feelings of the time. It adopted works like the Book of Ezra, which glorified Jerusalem and deeply interested the Temple-hierarchy, whose sanction made the books canonical. But in gravity and indispensableness for the proper religion of the Old Testament, this late instalment of “the remaining writings,” cannot certainly, after we leave the Psalms, in general quite rank with the two earlier instalments of Law and Prophets. Simply to recite the last names in the Hebrew Canon is to mark sufficiently this somewhat lower character of the final gleanings. The last books in the Hebrew Bible are not, as in ours, the Minor Prophets; they are Esther, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles.

During the two centuries between Judas Maccabeus and the fall of Jerusalem, materials for a fourth instalment of Scriptures accumulated. In the deep spiritual agitation of those times, religious books which met the needs of the moment, and which spoke a modern language easy to be read and to be understood, were greatly in request. Particularly was this the case among the Greek Jews, and at a distance from Jerusalem. The hierarchy at Jerusalem had its authorized list; but at Alexandria or in the provinces additional Scriptures were freely read and became popular. The additions to Daniel and Esther, the book of Baruch, the book of Tobit, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus—all the books which we find in our Apocrypha—were Scriptures of this class. Into the Greek Bible, the Bible for the great world and in the then universal language, they made good their entrance. Other new Scriptures, which did not make their way into the Greek Bible, we find elsewhere. The Æthiopian Bible preserved the book of Enoch. Some of these books were earlier than books admitted to the Hebrew Canon. Some, like the book of Wisdom, were very late, and existed in Greek only. But they answered to the wants of their time. *Resurrection*, the great word of the New Testament, never appears in the canonical books of the Old; it appears in the Apocrypha. Many of these works were edifying and excellent; we can trace in the New Testament their popularity and their strong influence; indeed, the book of Enoch is quoted in the New Testament as a genuine Scripture. At the Christian era, then, these books were knocking, we may say, for admission into the Hebrew

Canon. And, undoubtedly, if Christianity had not come when it did, and if the Jewish state had endured, the best of them would have been (and with good reason) admitted. But there came the end of the Jewish state, the destruction of Jerusalem; and the door was shut.

For the stronghold on Mount Moriah was now gone; the Bible of the ancient people remained the one stronghold of its religion. It is well known with what rigidity Rabbinism established itself in this stronghold. At first it even bethought itself of sacrificing what might seem weak points, like the Book of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon; they were retained, however, and the worship of the letter of Scripture, which then set in with full force, was extended to them also. But it extended not to Scriptures outside the Hebrew Canon, as this Canon had been for the last time formally approved in the days of Judas Maccabeus. The enlarged Greek Bible was the Bible of Christians, and Greek was the language of Christianity. Rabbinism now deplored the day when the Bible had been translated into Greek. It retranslated it into Greek in an anti-Christian sense; it sternly rejected the Greek additions; it mocked at the ignorant Christians who received them. But the Greek Bible, with all its books, had become dear to Christians, and were by the Christian Church preserved. Learned men, like Origen and St. Jerome, knew well the difference between the books of the Apocrypha and the books of the Hebrew Canon; but this difference was by the mass of Christians unregarded or unknown, and the Latin Bible inevitably reproduced the books of the Greek. The African Synods, at the end of the fourth century, mark the time when the distinction between the Apocrypha and the Hebrew Canon had become so generally obliterated in the West, that the books of both were stamped by the Church as having one and the same canonical authority.

At the Reformation, Protestantism reverted to the Hebrew Canon. But the influence of the Vulgate, and of the Greek Bible, still shows itself in the order of the books. The Greek, and the Vulgate following it, had adopted, in place of the old and significant tripartite division into Law, Prophets, and Writings, a division into prose books and poetical books, the prophets being counted with the latter; and in arranging the books of each class, the order of date was followed.* This innovation our Bibles retain; and therefore our Old Testament ends with the last of the poetical books, Malachi, instead of ending with the last of the *Ketubim*, Chronicles.

* The Maccabees only, though a prose book of history, is in the Vulgate printed by itself at the end of the poetical books.

Thus we have summarized, for the benefit of the reader of "Literature and Dogma," the history of the Canon of that Old Testament to which we are so often sending him. The points in the history of the Canon of the New Testament require to be treated with more of detail, for our positions have here to be made good against objectors.

We know how the Scriptures of the Old Testament are appealed to in the New. They are appealed to as an authority established and recognized, just as the Bible is now appealed to by us. But when did the New Testament, in that form in which we possess it, come to be recognized as *Scripture* like the Old Testament? Clearly the documents comprising it appeared at different times, and were not first published to the world as one authorized whole called the New Testament. Clearly there was a time when they had not acquired the authority they possessed afterwards; when people preferred, for instance, to any written narrative, the oral relations of eye witnesses. One of the earliest and most important witnesses to the written narratives, Papias, is a distinct witness, at the same time, to this preference for oral relations. "I did not consider," he says, speaking in the first half of the second century after Christ, about the year 140, "I did not consider things from books to be of so much good to me, as things from the living and abiding voice."* And he goes on to mention his communications with those who had actually heard "the disciples of the Lord." For Papias, then, there was manifestly not yet a body of Scriptures answering to our New Testament, and having like authority with the Old. And no man can point to any exact moment and manner in which our body of New Testament Scriptures received its authority. But we can point to a moment after which we find our present New Testament Canon in possession of undisputed authority in the Church of the West, and before which we do not.

We have mentioned the African Synods. The two Synods of Carthage—the first of them held in the year 397 of our era, the second in the year 419—deliver the Canon of the New Testament as we have it now. All its books,† and no others, are *canonical*; that is, they furnish the rule of faith, they form a class by themselves, they are authorized for public use. And so, as every one knows, they have continued. For the Eastern Church, a similar

* See Papias in Eusebius, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, iii. 39. οὐ γὰρ τὰ ἐκ τῶν βιβλίων τοσούτον με ὠφελεῖν ὑπελάμβανον, ὅσον τὰ παρὰ ζώσης φωνῆς καὶ μενούσης. The latter words are commonly taken to mean merely the voice of living speakers, but they almost certainly contain a reminiscence of I. Pet., i. 23, and of Isaiah, xl. 8, and mean speakers who had heard the voice of Jesus.

† The earlier Synod mentions the Epistles to the Hebrews apart, though as Paul's; the second Synod drops this distinction, and speaks of Paul's "Fourteen Epistles." The New Testament Canon of the two Synods is in other respects the same.

authoritative enunciation of our Canon of the New Testament is first found in the Festal Letter of St. Athanasius, of which the date is, probably, 365. But an absence of fixed consent as to certain books goes on showing itself among Greek Christians for long afterwards. Our business, however, is at present with our own Western Christianity.

St. Jerome died in 420, the year after the second Synod of Carthage. His Biblical labours and learning are celebrated; he knew more about the Bible than any of his contemporaries. Cavillers he had, as have all men who bring new criticism to disturb old habits; but his orthodoxy was undoubted. His Biblical publications were undertaken at a Pope's request; and the first instalment of them, a corrected Latin version of the Four Gospels, appeared in the year 383 with a prefatory letter addressed to the Pope himself. This great churchman has left us his remarks on several of the works which the African Synods were presently to include in the Canon of the New Testament, and which have stood there ever since, possessing in the eyes of Christendom a like sacredness and authority with the rest of the Canon. In reading him, we are to bear in mind the character of the speaker. It is as if Dr. Pusey, with the reputation for learning and orthodoxy which we know him to have, and commissioned, besides, by the Heads of the Anglican Church to revise the Bible, was speaking of the Canon. St. Jerome, then, says of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—"The custom of the Latin Christians does not receive it among the Canonical Scriptures."* Of the Apocalypse he says:—"The Greek Churches use the same freedom in regard to John's Apocalypse."† Of the so-called Second Epistle of Peter he says:—"It is denied by most to be his."‡ Of the Epistle of James he says:—"It is asserted to have been brought out by somebody else under his name."§ Of the Epistle of Jude he says:—"Inasmuch as the author appeals to the Book of Enoch, which is apocryphal, the Epistle is rejected by most."|| Of the three Epistles attributed to St. John, Jerome says—"He wrote one epistle which is acknowledged by all churches and scholars, but the remaining two are asserted to be by John the Elder."¶

Now, all Jerome's sympathies were with what was orthodox, ecclesiastical, regular. The works on which he has here been remarking seemed to him good and edifying; they had been much used, and had inspired attachment. The tendency in the

* *Latinorum consuetudo non recipit inter scripturas canonicas.*

† *Nec Græcorum quidem ecclesiæ Apocalypsin Joannis eadem libertatē suscipiunt.*

‡ *Secunda a plerisque ejus esse negatur.*

§ *Ab alio quodam sub nomine ejus edita asseritur.*

|| *Quia de libro Enoch, qui apocryphus est, in ea assumit testimonium, a plerisque rejicitur.*

¶ *Reliquæ autem duæ Joannis presbyteri asseruntur.*

Church was to admit them to canonicity, as the African Synods presently did. Jerome wished them to be admitted. He helped forward their admission by arguments in favour of it, some of them not a little strained. But what we want the reader to observe is the entire upset which Jerome gives to our popular notion of the Canon of the New Testament; to the notion of a number of sacred books, just so many and no more, all alike of the most indisputable authenticity, and having equal authority from the very first. It is true, they were about to get invested with this character, but through the authority of the Church, and because, while this authority was on the increase, learning and criticism, amidst the invasions and miseries of the general break-up which was then befalling Europe, languished and died nearly out. Already the African Synods, which may be said to have first laid down authoritatively for our Western Europe the Canon of the New Testament, imagined that Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus were by Solomon, although Wisdom was composed in Greek hardly half a century before the Christian era. St. Augustine, who died ten years after St. Jerome, was far too accomplished a man not to know well enough, although his studies had not lain in this special direction, how, in general, the Canon of the New Testament had arisen, and how great was the difference between the evidence for some books and for others. But the authority of the Church was enough for him. In a sentence, which for Paul would have been inconceivable, he shows us how the idea of this authority had by his time grown: "*I receive the Gospel itself*," he says, "*only upon the authority of the Catholic Church.*"* The Reformation arrived, and, to Protestants, the authority of the Church ceased to appear all-sufficient for establishing the canonicity of books of Scripture. Then grew up the notion that our actual New Testament intrinsically possessed this character of a Canon, the notion of its having from the first been one sure and sacred whole as it stands, a whole with all its parts equipollent; a kind of talisman, as we have elsewhere said, that had been handed to us straight out of heaven.

Therefore the other day, when there was published for the use of the young a Bible in which some parts of the Scriptures were taken and others left out, the Dean of Carlisle wrote an indignant letter in blame of this audacious attempt, as he thought it, to make distinctions in what was all alike the Word of God. To very many his blame will have seemed perfectly just; nay, all that mechanical employment of Scripture texts which is so common in the religious world, and so unhesitating, is due to just such a notion of Scripture as the venerable Dean's. Yet how evidently

* *Ego evangelio non crederem, nisi me catholicae ecclesiae auctoritas commoveret.*

is the notion false? Four hundred years after Christ we have the last representative of Biblical learning before the setting-in of mediæval ignorance—we have the Dr. Pusey of his time, a great churchman, orthodox, learned, trusted—declaring, without the least concealment, the essential difference in authority between some documents in our New Testament and others! For manifestly the difference in authority is great between a document like the so-called Second Epistle of Peter, *rejected by most*, and a document like the Epistle to the Romans, which everyone accepted. And the more we ascend to the times before St. Jerome—to the primitive times, as they are called—the more does this difference between the documents now composing the Canon become visible. Churchmen like Eusebius and Origen testify as clearly as Jerome to the non-acceptance, in their time, of books now in the Canon, and do not, as Jerome, plead for their acceptance. So that really, when one comes to look into the thing, the common notion about the Canon is so plainly false, that to take it for granted, as the Dean of Carlisle does, and to found indignant denunciations upon it, will one day be resented as an outrage upon common sense and notorious facts. It is like the Bishop of Lincoln's allegation that "episcopacy was an institution of God Himself," an allegation which might make one suppose that in Genesis, directly after God had said, *Let there be light* (or, perhaps, even before it), he had pronounced, *Let there be bishops*. There are plenty of true reasons for the existence of bishops without invoking false ones; and the time will come when thus to invoke the false ones solemnly and authoritatively will shock public opinion.

As to the Canon of the New Testament, then, we see that consent determined it; that after the beginning of the fifth century this consent may be regarded as established in favour of the books of our actual Canon; that before the fifth century it was not yet fully established, and the most eminent doctors in the Church did not hesitate to say so. Consent depended on the known or presumed authenticity of books as proceeding from apostles or apostolic men, from the Apostles of Christ themselves, or from their personal followers. Some books of our Canon had not this consent, even in Jerome's time; and of its not being certain in primitive times that these books are what they are now commonly said to be we have thus the clearest evidence. If the Christian Church of the fourth century had believed it to be absolutely certain that the Johannine Apocalypse was by the Apostle John, or the second Petrine Epistle by the Apostle Peter, no churchman would have rejected them. Some books, then, in our New Testament Canon, there plainly are of which the authenticity is doubtful.

We have given cases in which the want of consent is grave.

It is grave when we find it in churchmen; it has its weight even when it is found in heretics. Marcion rejected St. Paul's Epistles to Timothy and Titus, while he admitted the others. It is something against the genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles that a fervent admirer of St. Paul, in the first half of the second century, should not have received them. It is possible that Marcion may have rejected these epistles because they did not suit him. It is possible; but we know that he and his party complained of the adulteration of the rule of Christianity, and professed to revert to what was genuine; it may be, therefore, that Marcion rejected the Pastoral Epistles because they really were not genuine. It is a case in which the internal evidence for or against the authenticity of the documents in question becomes of peculiar importance. The Alogi, again, heretics of the second century, rejected the Fourth Gospel. The authenticity of this Gospel, therefore, cannot be said to have such a security in general consent as the authenticity of the First Gospel, which not even heretics challenged.

Now to be indignant with those who, under such circumstances, ask to be satisfied about the authenticity of books in the New Testament Canon, is really unreasonable. We have for the books in the Canon, it is sometimes said, as good evidence as we have for the history of Thucydides; why not require the history of Thucydides to prove its authenticity? This will not bear a moment's examination. The history of Thucydides tells us itself, in the most explicit way possible, the name of its author, and what he was, and what he designed in writing his work. Its authenticity no one has challenged. To forge it under the name of Thucydides no one had any interest. But not one of our Four Gospels says anywhere who its author was. Heretics challenged the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, and we have seen how documents now in the Canon, which purport to be by this or that Apostle, were gravely suspected in the Church itself. St. Paul himself, in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, warns his converts not to let themselves be "troubled by letter as from us," thus indicating that forgery of this kind was practised as to epistles. As to gospels and acts it was practised too. Tertullian mentions a detected case of it—forged Acts of Paul, authorizing a woman to baptize. The practice of forgery and interpolation was notorious, and the temptation to it was great. One explicit witness is as good as twenty, and we will again take for our witness a great churchman, the ecclesiastical historian Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, who died in the year 340. He says that scriptures were current "put forth by the heretics in the name of the Apostles, whether as containing the Gospels of Peter and Thomas and Matthias, or those also of any others besides

these, or as containing the Acts of Andrew and John and the other Apostles."*

The Gospels give us the sayings and doings of Jesus himself, and are therefore of the highest importance. How far back can we certainly carry the chain of established consent in favour of our four canonical Gospels? Let us begin with St. Jerome, whom we have already quoted, and from him let us go backwards. For St. Jerome our canonical four are already established: "Four Gospels whereof the order is this: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John."† That was at the end of the fourth century. In the earlier part of the same century, for Eusebius likewise, whom we have just now cited to show the existence of spurious gospels, the canonicity of our four was established. Let us follow back the chain of great churchmen to the third century and to Origen. He died A.D. 254. For him, too, our four canonical Gospels are "alone undisputed in the Church of God upon earth."‡ Let us ascend to the second century. Irenæus wrote in the last quarter of it, and no testimony to the Four Gospels of our Canon can be more explicit than his. "Matthew it was who, among the Hebrews, brought out in their own language a written Gospel, when Peter and Paul were preaching in Rome, and founding the Church. Then, after their departure, Mark, the disciple and interpreter of Peter, he too delivered to us in writing what Peter preached; and Luke, moreover, the follower of Paul, set down in a book the Gospel preached by Paul, Then John, the disciple of the Lord, who also lay on his breast, John too published his Gospel, living at that time at Ephesus, in Asia."§ And for Irenæus this number of four, which the Gospels exhibit, has something fixed, necessary, and sacred, "like the four zones of our world, and the four winds."

Here then, about the year 180 of our era, we have from a great churchman the most express testimony to the Four Gospels of our Canon. Higher than this we cannot find a great churchman who gives it us. Ignatius does not give it, nor Polycarp, nor Justin Martyr. But a famous fragment, discovered by Muratori, the Italian antiquary, in the monastery of Bobbio in North Italy, and

* Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, iii. 25. γραφὰς . . . ὀνόματι τῶν ἀποστόλων πρὸς τῶν αἱρετικῶν προφερομένας, ἥτοι ὡς Πέτρου καὶ Θωμᾶ καὶ Ματθαίου ἢ καὶ τινων παρὰ τούτους ἄλλων ἐναγγέλια περιεχοῦσας, ἢ ὡς Ἀνδρέου καὶ Ἰωάννου καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀποστόλων ἀράξεις.

† *Præfat. ad Damasum*. Quatuor Evangelia quorum ordo est iste: Matthæus, Marcus, Lucas, Johannes.

‡ Quoted by Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, vi. 25. τῶν τεσσάρων εὐαγγελίων, ἃ καὶ μόνα ἀναντίρρητά ἐστιν ἐν τῇ ὑπὸ τὸν οὐρανὸν ἐκκλησίᾳ τοῦ θεοῦ.

§ Quoted by Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.*, v. 8. ὁ μὲν δὲ Ματθαῖος ἐν τοῖς Ἑβραίοις τῇ ἰδίᾳ αὐτῶν διαλέκτῳ καὶ γραφὴν ἐξήνεγκεν εὐαγγελίου, τοῦ Πέτρου καὶ τοῦ Παύλου ἐν Ῥώμῃ εὐαγγελισσομένων καὶ θεμελιούντων τὴν ἐκκλησίαν. μετὰ δὲ τὴν τοῦτων ἐξοδὸν, Μάρκος ὁ μαθητὴς καὶ ἑρμηνευτὴς Πέτρου, καὶ αὐτὸς τὰ ὑπὸ Πέτρου κηρυσσόμενα ἐγγράφως ἡμῖν παραδεδωκε, καὶ Λουκᾶς δὲ, ὁ ἀκόλουθος Παύλου, τὸ ὑπ' ἐκείνου κηρυσσόμενον εὐαγγέλιον ἐν Βίβλῳ κατέθετο ἔπειτα Ἰωάννης ὁ μαθητὴς τοῦ κυρίου, ὁ καὶ ἐπὶ τὸ στήθος αὐτοῦ ἀναπεσὼν, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐξέδωκε τὸ εὐαγγέλιον, ἐν Ἐφέσῳ τῆς Ἀσίας διατρέψας.

published by him in the year 1740, carries us, perhaps, to an age a little higher than that of Irenæus. The manuscript containing this fragment is said to be of the eighth century, and is in barbarous Latin. The monastery at Bobbio was founded by St. Columban, and it has been alleged that the barbarisms in our fragment are due to the Irish monks who copied it from the original. Others have assigned to these barbarisms an African source; others have supposed that the fragment is a translation of a Greek original, Greek having been the language of the Roman Church at the time when the author of the fragment lived. However this may be, the important matter is that the fragment—called, from its finder and first publisher, the *Fragment of Muratori*, the Canon of *Muratori*—gives us with tolerable nearness its own date. It says that the *Pastor* of Hermas, a work received as Scripture by many in the early Church, was written “quite lately, in our own times, while Pius, the brother of Hermas, was filling the episcopal chair in Rome.” Pius died in the year 157 of our era. If we believe what the author of the fragment here tells us, we have only to ask ourselves, therefore, what “quite lately in our own times” means. And the words can hardly, one must allow, mean a time more than thirty years back from the time of the person uttering them. This would give us the year 187 as the latest date possible for the original of the fragment in question; and as there is no reason why we should put it at the latest date possible, it seems fair to assign it to a time rather before A.D. 187 than after it; that is, to a date rather earlier than the date of the testimony of Irenæus.

But the author of “*Supernatural Religion*” will not allow the Canon of Muratori to be authentic, any more than he will allow to be authentic two fragments of Claudius Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, quoted in the *Paschal Chronicle*, which show that Apollinaris, about the year 170 of our era, knew and received the Fourth Gospel. The author of “*Supernatural Religion*” has a theory that the Fourth Gospel, and, indeed, all the canonical Gospels, were not recognized till a particular time; and this theory the Canon of Muratori and the fragments of Apollinaris do not suit—so he rejects them. There is really no more serious reason to be given for his rejection of them. True, Eusebius gives a list of some works of Apollinaris, and the work on the *Paschal* controversy, from which the two fragments are taken, is not among them; but Eusebius expressly says that there were other works of Apollinaris of which he did not know the titles. True, Greek was the language of the Roman Church in the second century, but must we think a document forged sooner than admit that a single Roman Christian may have chanced to write in Latin, or that a document written in Greek may have got translated? No; the one real reason which the author of “*Super-*

natural Religion" has for rejecting these three pieces of evidence is, that they do not suit his theory; and this leads us to say a word as to the difference between the practice which we impose on ourselves in dealing with evidence, and the practice followed by critics with a theory.

For we suppose the reader of "Literature and Dogma," formerly indisposed to the Bible, but now convinced that (to use Butler's famous phrase with a slight alteration) *there is something in it*, nay, that there is a great deal in it—we suppose him to find that there is a hot controversy about the age and authenticity of many of the chief documents of the New Testament, and to wish to know what to think about them. Soon he will perceive that the controversy is in general conducted by people who, in the first place, think that for every question which can be started the answer can be discovered, and who, in the second place, have a theory which all things must be made to suit. Evidence is dealt with in a fashion that no one would ever dream of who had not a theory to warp him. In the so-called Epistle of Barnabas, a work of the end of the first century, the words *many called, but few chosen*, are quoted with the formula *as it is written*,* implying that they are taken from Scripture. The Greek words are the very same that we find in St. Matthew, and no one without a theory to warp him would doubt that the writer of the epistle quotes—not, indeed, necessarily from our Gospel of St. Matthew, but from a collection of sayings of Jesus. Dr. Volkmar, however, maintains that what is here quoted as Scripture must be a passage of the Apocrypha: *There be many created, but few shall be saved*.† Strauss applauds him, and says that "beyond all doubt;" this is so. And why? Because, to cite a third well-known critic, Dr. Zeller, "if in a work of earlier date than the middle of the second century we find a passage quoted as *Scripture*, we may be sure that either the quotation is not from the New Testament, or else the work is not genuine, because *Scripture* is not used for the New Testament till long after the middle of the second century." That is to say, because the New Testament is not *generally* called Scripture till after the middle of the second century, that it should *occasionally* have been called so before is impossible. But the New Testament did not begin in one day to be called Scripture by an Order in Council. There must have been a time when to have it called so was comparatively rare, a time, earlier still, when it was exceedingly rare; but at no time, after the written sayings of Jesus were first published, can it have been *impossible* for a Christian to call them Scripture.

The innovating critics are certainly the most conspicuous

* *ὡς γέγραπται*.

† II. Esdras, viii. 3.

offenders in this way, but the conservative critics are not to be trusted either. Neander rejects, like the author of "Supernatural Religion," a fragment of Apollinaris, and rejects it for the very same reason—that it fails (though from a different cause) to suit him. Bunsen (unaware that by the Epistle to the Alexandrians, named in the Canon of Muratori and stigmatised as apocryphal, the Epistle to the Hebrews is probably meant) lays it down that "it is quite impossible this epistle could have been omitted," and supposes that "there is in the middle of this barbarous translation or extract of the Greek original, a chasm, or omission, respecting the Epistle to the Hebrews." What may we not put in or leave out when we take license to proceed in this fashion?

Sick of special pleading both on one side and on the other, the reader of "Literature and Dogma," after a brief experience of the impugnors of the Canon and its defenders, will probably feel that what he earnestly desires, and what no one will indulge him in, is simply to be permitted to have the fair facts of the case, and to let them speak for themselves. Here it is that we sympathise with him and wish to aid him, because we had just the same earnest desire ourselves after a like experience. And we treat the evidence about the Canon with a mind resolutely free and straightforward, determined to reject nothing because it does not suit us, and to proceed as we should proceed in a literary inquiry where we were wholly disinterested. In the first place, we confess to ourselves that a great many questions may be asked about the New Testament Canon to which it is impossible to give an answer. In the second place, we own that it is something in favour of a fact that it has been asserted, and that tradition delivers it. Men do not, we acknowledge, in general, use language for the purpose of falsehood, but to communicate a matter faithfully. Of course, many things may be said which we yet must decline to receive, but we require substantial reasons for declining, and not fantastic ones. The second Petrine epistle calls itself St. Peter's. But we find the strongest internal evidence against its being his; we know that epistles were forged, and we find that its being his was in the early Church strongly disputed. On the other hand, a writer at the end of the first century quotes words of Christ as Scripture, and a writer towards the year 175 gives a list of works then received in the Catholic Church as apostolical. We see no strong natural improbability in their having done so; there is no external evidence against it, no suspicious circumstance; and the criticism which, because it finds what they say inconvenient, pronounces their words spurious, interpolated, or with a drift quite other than their plain apparent drift, we call fantastic.

So we receive the witness of the fragment of Muratori to the canonicity, about the year 175, of our four canonical gospels, and

of those only.* We receive the witness of Claudius Apollinaris, a year or two earlier, to the same effect. He denies that St. Matthew assigns the Last Supper and the Crucifixion to the days which the Judaizing Christians supposed, and to which St. Matthew certainly does assign them; but to make him do so, says Apollinaris, is to make "the gospels be at variance." Whatever we may think of his criticism, let us own that almost certainly the Bishop of Hierapolis has here in his eye the three Synoptics and St. John.

But he is really our last witness. Ascending to the times before him, we find mention of *the gospel*, of *gospels*, of *memorabilia* † and *written accounts* ‡ of Jesus by his Apostles and their followers. We find incidents given from the life of Jesus, sayings of Jesus quoted. But we look in vain in Justin Martyr, or Polycarp, or Ignatius, or Clement of Rome, either for an express recognition of the four canonical Gospels, such as we have given from churchmen who lived later, or for a distinct mention of any one of them. No doubt the mention of an Evangelist's name is unimportant if his narrative is evidently quoted, and if we recognize, without hesitation, his form of expression. Eusebius quotes words about John baptizing in Ænon, near to Salim, and continues his quotation: "For John was not yet cast into prison." Whether Eusebius expressly mentioned the Fourth Gospel or not, we should be sure that here he was quoting from it. But the case is different with "sayings of the Lord." These may be quoted either from oral tradition or from some written source other than our canonical Gospels. We have seen from Papias how strong was at first the preference for oral tradition; and we know that of written sources of information there were others besides our canonical Gospels. Learned churchmen like Origen and Jerome still knew them well; they mention them, quote from them. The Gospel of the Hebrews, or according to the Hebrews, the Gospel according to the Ægyptians, the Gospel according to the Twelve Apostles, are thus mentioned. There were the writings of which we quoted some way back a list from Eusebius. The Gospel of the Hebrews was of great antiquity and currency; it was held to be the original of our Matthew, and often confounded with it. The Ebionites are said indifferently to receive no Gospel but that of *the Hebrews* and to receive no Gospel but that of *Matthew*. Jerome found in Syria, and translated, an Aramaic version of this old

* The Fragment begins with a broken sentence relating to the Second Gospel, and continues: *Tertio, evangelii librum secundum Lucam*. It gives St. John's Gospel as the fourth, and there can be no room for doubt that it named Mark and Matthew before coming to Luke.

† ἀπομνημονεύματα ὑπὸ τῶν ἀποστόλων αὐτοῦ καὶ τῶν ἐκείνοις παρηκολουθησάντων.

‡ συγγράμματα.

Gospel of the Hebrews, which he was at first disposed to think identical with our Matthew; afterwards, however, he seems to have observed differences. From this Gospel are quoted incidents and sayings which we do not find in the canonical Gospels, such as the light on Jordan at Christ's baptism, already mentioned by us in this review; the appearance of the Lord after his resurrection to James, expressly recorded by Paul, but not in our Gospels; the words of Jesus to his startled disciples after the *Handle me and see* of our gospels: "For I am not a bodiless ghost." * We know that this Gospel of the Hebrews was used by the first generation of Christian writers after the apostolic age, by Ignatius, Justin Martyr, and Hegesippus. From it, or from other old gospels attributed to Peter or James, come other sayings and stories strange to our Gospels, but in the earliest times current as authentic; like the story of the birth of Jesus in a cave, mentioned by Justin, and familiar to Christian art; or like the saying of Christ, *Be ye approved bankers*, † quoted in the pseudo-Clementine Homilies and the Apostolical Constitutions, quoted by the Church historians Eusebius and Socrates, by Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Ambrose, and Jerome.

Well, then, how impossible, when the Epistle of Barnabas simply applies the verse of the 110th Psalm, *The Lord said unto my Lord*, as Jesus applied it—when it quotes simply as "Scripture" the words *Many called, but few chosen*—how impossible to affirm certainly that it refers to our canonical Gospels and proves that by the end of the first century our Gospel-Canon was established! Yet this is what Tischendorf does all through his book on the Canon. Wherever he finds words in an early writer of which the substance is in our canonical Gospels, he assumes that from our canonical Gospels the writer took them, and that our Canon must already have existed. We will not speak of Tischendorf without remembering the gratitude and respect which, by many of his labours, he has merited; but his treatment of the question proposed by him: *When were our Gospels composed?* is really, to any one who reads attentively and with a fair mind, absurd. It is as absurd on the apologetic side, as Dr. Volkmar's treatment of the quotation in the Epistle of Barnabas, *Many called, but few chosen*, is on the attacking side. The writer of the Epistle of Barnabas gives no reference at all for his application of the words of the 110th Psalm; for the words *Many called, but few chosen*, he refers simply to Scripture, and he refers, let us add, to the apocryphal Book of Enoch as *Scripture* too. In the first case, he may have been quoting oral tradition merely; in the second he was quoting

* οὐκ εἰμι δαιμόνιον ἀσώματον.

† γίνεσθε τραπεζίται δόκιμοι, οἱ γίνεσθε δόκιμοι τραπεζίται. In Jerome's Latin: "Estote probati nummularii."

some written and accepted authority, but what we cannot possibly say.

In the times with which we are now dealing there is no quotation from any one of our Evangelists with his name, such as in Irenæus, and from his time forward, is usual. There is no quotation from the narrative of any one of the Synoptics in which the manner of relating or turn of phrase enables us to recognize the author. Sayings and doings of Jesus are quoted, but there is nothing to prove that they are quoted from our Gospels. Moreover, almost always, however briefly they may be quoted, they are not quoted quite as they stand in our Gospels. But it is supposed that they are quoted from memory, freely and loosely. The question then arises, is a *Canon* habitually quoted in this way? If our Four Gospels had existed in the time of Clement of Rome or of Justin Martyr as the canonical four, of paramount authority and in the state in which we now have them, would these writers have quoted them in the loose fashion in which, as is now alleged, they quote them?

Here we will give, for the benefit of the reader of "Literature and Dogma"—who by this time is convinced, we hope, that we endeavour to let the facts about the Gospel-Canon fairly and simply speak for themselves—we will give for his benefit a piece of experience which on ourselves had a decisive effect. The First Epistle attributed to Clement of Rome is, as every one knows, of high antiquity and authority. It probably dates from the end of the first century. Jerome tells us that it was publicly read in church as authorized Scripture; it is included in the Alexandrian manuscript of the New Testament, and one may say that it was within an inch of gaining, and not undeservedly, admission to our Canon. A good while ago, in reading this Epistle with the disputes about the Canon of the Gospels perplexing our mind, we came upon a quotation of the beginning of the fifty-first Psalm. We read on, and found that as much as the first sixteen verses, or nearly the whole Psalm, was quoted. The Bible of Clement of Rome was the Greek Bible, the version of the Seventy. "Well then, here," said we to ourselves, "is a good opportunity for verifying the mode of quoting the Canonical Scriptures which is followed by an early Christian writer." So we took the Septuagint, and went through the first sixteen verses of the fifty-first Psalm. We found that Clement followed his canonical original with an exactness which, after all that we had heard of the looseness with which these early Christian writers quote Scripture, quite astonished us. Five slight and unimportant variations were all that we could find—variations so slight as the omission of an *and* in a place where it was not wanted. One knows, from Origen and his labours of reformation, into how unsure a state the text of the

Greek Vulgate had in the second century fallen; so that this exactitude of Clement was the more surprising.

Now, shortly before we came upon the fifty-first Psalm, we had remarked, in the thirteenth chapter of Clement's epistle, a cluster of sayings from the Sermon on the Mount. We turned back with eagerness to them, and compared them with the like sayings in St. Matthew and in St. Luke.* Neither in wording nor in order did the Epistle here correspond with either of these Gospels; the difference was marked, although in such short, notable sayings, there seems so little room for it. We turned to a longer cluster of quotations from the Sermon on the Mount in Justin Martyr's first apology. It was with Justin Martyr precisely as with Clement; the wording and order in what he quoted differed remarkably from the wording and order of the corresponding saying in our Gospels. The famous words, *Render to Cæsar, &c.*, were quoted by Justin; words so famous might well have been expected to be current in one form only, and their tallying in Justin with our Gospels would not at all prove that Justin quoted them from our Gospels; but even the words, as he quotes them, run differently from the version in our Gospels. So that these early writers quoted canonical Scriptures correctly enough when they were Scriptures of the Old Testament, but when they were Scriptures of the New, they quoted them in quite another fashion.

We examined a number of other passages, and found always the same result, except in one curious particular. Certain prophetic passages of the Old Testament were quoted, not as they stand in the Septuagint, but exactly, or almost exactly, as they stand in our Gospels; at least, the variations were here as slight as those of Clement quoting from the Greek the fifty-first Psalm. Thus Justin quotes the passage from Micah, *And thou, Bethlehem, &c.*, almost exactly as it is given in St. Matthew, although in the Septuagint it stands otherwise; and the passage from Zechariah, *They shall look on him whom they pierced*, as it is given in St. John, although in the Septuagint it stands otherwise. But this one point of coincidence, amid general variation, indicates only that passages of prophecy, where the Greek Bible did not well bring out the reference to Christ, were early corrected among Christians, so as to let the reference appear; and that the Messianic passages are given in this corrected form both in our Gospels and in Justin. For it is in these passages that a literal, or almost literal, correspondence between them occurs, and in no others.

This satisfied us, and we were henceforth convinced that at the

* We give the passage from Clement, which the reader can compare with Matthew and Luke for himself. *ἐλεεῖτε ἵνα ἐλεηθῇτε· ἀφιετε ἵνα ἀφεθῇ ὑμῖν. ὡς ποιεῖτε, οὕτως ποιηθήσεται ὑμῖν· ὡς διδοτε, οὕτως δοθήσεται ὑμῖν· ὡς κρίνετε, οὕτως κριθήσεται ὑμῖν. ὡς χρηστεύεσθε, οὕτως χρηστευθήσεται ὑμῖν· ὃ μέτρον μετρεῖτε, ἐν αὐτῷ μετρηθήσεται ὑμῖν.*

end of the first century, and nearly up to the last quarter of the second century, there existed beyond doubt a body of Canonical Scripture for Christian writers, and that they quoted from it as men would naturally quote from Canonical Scriptures, and that their occasional variations from it, though they are sometimes more, sometimes less, are yet no greater than such as may be naturally explained as loose quoting, quoting from memory. But this body of Canonical Scripture was the Old Testament. Their variations from our Gospels we found to be quite of another character, and quite inexplicable in men quoting from a Canon, only with some looseness occasionally. And we felt sure, and so may the reader of "Literature and Dogma" feel sure, that either no Canon of the Gospels, in our present sense, then existed, or else our actual Gospels did not compose that Canon.

However, the author of "Supernatural Religion," who has evidently a turn for inquiries of this kind, has pursued the thing much further. He seems to have looked out and brought together, to the best of his powers, every extant passage in which, between the year 70 and the year 170 of our era, a writer might be supposed to be quoting one of our Four Gospels; and it turns out that through all of them there is the same sort of variation, inexplicable in men quoting from a real Canon, and quite unlike what is found in men quoting from our Four Gospels later. This, we say, the author of "Supernatural Religion" has done; and here, at any rate, if not against miracles, he may claim to have been successful in establishing his complete induction. [We call him a learned and exact writer from the diligence and accuracy with which he has conducted this investigation; he deserves the title, and we take the liberty to maintain it. His construing of Greek and Latin may leave something to be desired; his conception of the Bible and its religion seems to us quite inadequate; his rejection of evidence which does not suit his purpose makes him, as it makes so many another critic, besides him—both among those who attack popular Christianity, and among those who defend it—an untrustworthy guide. But this, which it is the main object of his book to show—that there is no evidence of the establishment of our Four Gospels as a Gospel Canon, or even of their existence as they now finally stand at all, before the last quarter of the second century, nay, that the great weight of evidence is against it—he has shown, and in the most minute and exhaustive detail. We should say, with unnecessary detail; because a critic, whose eyes and mind were open, would satisfy himself with much less. But the mass of Englishmen enjoy pounding away at details long after it ceases to be necessary; what they hate is having to face the new ideas which await them when the detail-hunt is done with, and to re-arrange and re-settle their minds. Probably, for making an impression on the public, the style in which

the author of "Supernatural Religion" has done his work is well calculated. We attach, too—for reasons which we shall give when we have to sum up the case as to the New Testament Canon, after we have dealt with the Fourth Gospel—much less importance to the point he seeks to prove than he and, perhaps, most people do. But his point, we say, he has proved. No fineness of accomplishment, no pursuit of the author of "Supernatural Religion" into side-issues, no discrediting of him in these, will avail to shake his establishment of his main position, where the facts are for him and he has collected them with pertinacious industry and completeness.

The upshot of all this for the reader of "Literature and Dogma" is, that our original short sentence about the record of the life and words of Jesus holds good. *The record, we said, when we first get it, has passed through at least half a century, or more, of oral tradition, and through more than one written account.* Our reader may take this as true, and now go on to his main business—the learning how to profit by the life and words contained in the record. But no, not quite yet; before we may thus set him free, another, a final task is imposed on us—the establishment of what we have said about the Fourth Gospel. With what joy shall we release him, after that, from a kind of disquisition always trying to get itself rated above its real importance, and to interest us beyond our real needs! "Don't go too far in your books, and overgrasp yourself. Alas, you have no time left to peruse your diary, to read over the Greek and Roman history; come, don't flatter and deceive yourself; look to the main chance, to the end and design of reading, and mind life more than notion. I say, if you have a kindness for your person, drive at the practice and help yourself, for that is in your own power."

What would Marcus Aurelius have said if he could have seen the lists of references in "Supernatural Religion?"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



NECESSARY TRUTH.

[IN ANSWER TO MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN.]

I MAKE use of my first leisure moment, to defend certain articles of mine against the criticisms of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, published in the December issue of this REVIEW. The articles in question appeared respectively in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1871, October, 1871, July, 1873, January, 1874, and July, 1874; and for brevity's sake I will call them Articles I., II., III., IV., V. They form part of a projected series—as yet far from being concluded—the purpose of which is to establish securely on argumentative ground, against the antitheists of this day, the existence of that Personal and Infinitely Perfect Being, whom Christians designate by the name “God.” Now, among the earliest and most essential steps in this argument, is the thesis, that certain truths are cognizable by mankind as “necessary;” and it is against the arguments whereby I have purported to prove this thesis, that Mr. Stephen directs his assault. Without further preface, then, I proceed to set forth, with as much clearness as I can make consistent with due brevity, the arguments which I have drawn out in the above-named articles; and I will notice Mr. Stephen's replies as I proceed. I hope my readers will excuse an appearance of egotism, which has painfully struck me on reading over again what I have here written, and which I have not had sufficient literary skill to avoid. At last my purpose is mainly one of self-defence; and I think it will appear on examination, that I have hardly spoken oftener of *myself*, than Mr. Stephen has spoken of “Dr. Ward.” Now, therefore, to begin.

He who denies the cognizableness of necessary truth, must assume one of the three following positions:—

1. He may admit that our existent faculties declare as certain the existence of necessary truth; but he may add that we have no reasonable ground for regarding our existent faculties as trustworthy.

2. He may admit that our faculties are cognizable as trustworthy, but may deny that they testify as certain the existence of necessary truth.

3. He may deny that our faculties testify as certain the existence of necessary truth; and he may add that it does not much matter whether they do or no, because there is no reasonable ground for regarding them as trustworthy.

This last is Mr. Stephen's position; and I have, therefore, to make good against him two distinct theses. I have to show (1) that we have fully sufficient reason for regarding that as certain, which our faculties so declare; and (2) that they indubitably declare as certain the existence of necessary truth. I commence with the former of these two theses.

Nothing can be more intelligible in theory, than the position of those who deny the trustworthiness of our faculties. I will call them by their recognized name "philosophical sceptics." I will so call them—not at all intending to use the name invidiously, for I am engaged in dry and passionless argument—but merely for the convenience of having a name, which may designate certain thinkers to whom I shall not unfrequently refer.* And the position, I say, taken up by sceptics is most intelligible. "Suppose it were admitted," they say, "that our faculties testify ever so unmistakably the existence of necessary truth, what inference could reasonably thence be drawn? What imaginable proof can be given of the thesis, that the utterance of our faculties corresponds with objective truth? Professor Huxley has suggested, as one easily supposable hypothesis, that some powerful and malicious being may have power over us and find his pleasure in deluding us; and that he may often enjoy this amusement, as in other ways, so also by means of compelling our faculties to testify what is entirely false. What imaginable *disproof* can be given of this supposition? But apart from it altogether, there are ten

* Mr. Stephen having spoken (p. 58) of "those who think as he does," protests in a note against my giving him the "nickname" of "phenomenist." He adds that he "dislikes" my "habit of coining words." I really think it far more convenient and intelligible to speak of "phenomenists," than to speak of "those who think as Mr. Stephen does." And indeed I believe that those philosophers themselves, who otherwise "think as Mr. Stephen does," will for the most part differ from him here. It is becoming a more and more common complaint, that so much confusion of thought finds entrance into philosophical discussions, through words of every-day use being employed to express important philosophical ideas. No word can endure the rough handling of every-day use, without acquiring considerable ambiguity of sense. What would Mr. Stephen himself think, if it were proposed to abolish technical *legal* terms?

thousand physical causes supposable, which may possibly lead our faculties to this or that avouchment, while in no kind of way do they warrant the *truth* of what is avouched. Indeed this is a case, if ever there were one, on which the burden of proof lies on the other side. The so-called orthodox assume that, by some law of nature totally unknown, the phenomena of the human reason move in such sequence, that its utterances invariably correspond with objective truth. Nothing can be a more arbitrary assumption than this; and yet it is constantly taken for granted without one vestige of proof."

Now, an obvious reply to such reasoning is always put forth by the philosophers who repudiate scepticism. We thus address sceptical philosophers: "Why, in every syllable you say, you are taking for granted the very fact which you deny. You are arguing; or, in other words, you are making use (in fact very vigorous use) of your *reasoning faculty*. Yet how can you even guess that this faculty is not a mere instrument of delusion? If you are sincere in saying that you entirely distrust your faculties, your only consistent course is profound and motionless intellectual inactivity." As far as I happen to know, this retort has never been met by any rejoinder which possesses even the semblance of plausibility.

The illustration to which I have myself commonly had recourse in assailing scepticism, has been the faculty, not of reasoning, but of memory. Thus I argue (I. 45) that on the sceptical view—not only all knowledge of *necessary* truths is rendered impossible, but (quite as thoroughly and effectively) all knowledge of *experimental* truths also. The physical scientist tells me that he has just been witnessing a very important experiment. How do you know, I ask him, how can you even guess, that you have witnessed any experiment of the kind? You reply, that you have the keenest and most articulate *memory* of the fact. Well, I do not doubt at all that you have that present *impression*, which you call a most clear and articulate memory. But how do you know—how can you legitimately even guess—that your present *impression* corresponds with a past *fact*? See what a tremendous assumption this is, which you, who call yourself a cautious man of science, take for granted. You are so wonderfully made and endowed—such is your bold assumption—that in every successive case your clear and articulate *impression* and *belief* of something as past corresponds with a past *fact*. At all events do not take so vast a conclusion for granted; give some kind of *reason* for your acceptance of it.

In truth, the distinction is fundamental, between our knowledge of our *present* and our *past* experience. "I am conscious of a most clear and articulate mental *impression*, that a very short time

ago I was suffering cold;" this is one judgment: "a very short time ago I was suffering cold;" this is another and fundamentally distinct judgment. That I know my present *impression*, by no manner of means implies that I know my past *feeling*. Let men once admit the sceptical negation, and it follows that they have not the slightest means of knowing, or even reasonably guessing, anything of any kind whatever, except the facts of their immediately present consciousness. Their knowledge is less than that possessed by the brutes. I have pressed this consideration very frequently, in the articles criticised by Mr. Stephen; and I think that he should have encountered instead of ignoring it.

Professor Huxley (quoted by me in I. 45, note) has fallen into a fallacy, which I could never have expected to find in so able a writer, and which a little reminds one indeed of what Englishmen call an Irish bull. He says that "the general trustworthiness of memory" is one of those "hypothetical assumptions, which cannot be proved or known with that highest degree of certainty which is given by immediate consciousness; but which nevertheless are of the highest practical value, inasmuch as the conclusions drawn from them are always *verified by experience*." ("Lay Sermons," p. 359.) How can Mr. Huxley know, or even reasonably guess, that any one avouchment of memory was ever even once "*verified by experience*?" Because he trusts his present act of memory. But why does he trust his present act of memory? He answers, because he *remembers* that his past acts of memory have been verified by experience. He trusts his present act of memory, because he knows that the past avouchments of his memory have been verified by experience; and he knows that the past avouchments of his memory have been verified by experience, because he trusts his present act of memory. The blind man leads the blind around a "circle" incurably "vicious." *By what avouchments can he be deceived out*

My direct opponent, in my various articles, has been Mr. Mill; and I have, therefore, several times pressed this argument against the particular position which he assumed. On one occasion (IV. 28) I have used the same method of reasoning, against what I understand to be the foundation of Mr. Herbert Spencer's speculations. That philosopher considers that no full trust can reasonably be placed in the avouchment of our existent faculties; and he holds this, because he thinks that we may very possibly inherit faculties which have been denaturalized and artificialized by ancestral experience. I never could understand how Mr. Spencer would profess to show, that our *primitive* faculties deserve that credence, which he denies to our *inherited* faculties.

What, then, is that doctrine which the opponents of scepticism

regard as the foundation of all knowledge? This was the question which I treated in the first of the articles criticised by Mr. Stephen. The doctrine which I maintained may be thus stated, with sufficient completeness for the present purpose. "Whatever our existent faculties (if rightly interrogated and interpreted) declare to be certain, is thereby instinctively * known to us as certain."

Now it would of course be a contradiction almost in terms, if I professed to adduce direct arguments for this thesis; because the very fact of adducing arguments would imply that our *reasoning faculties can be trusted*: which is part of the very conclusion to be proved. But I drew attention in my articles to various mental experiments, which any one may try for himself, and which are sufficient (I think) to convince him that the above-named thesis is true. The most irresistible, perhaps, of these experiments may be practised on that very faculty of memory to which I have already appealed. I experience, *e.g.*, that phenomenon of the present moment, which I thus express: I say that I remember distinctly and articulately to have been much colder a few minutes ago when I was out in the snow, than I am now when sitting near a comfortable fire. Under these circumstances I find myself under the absolute necessity of knowing, that a short time ago I *had* that experience which I now remember. My act of memory is not merely known to me as a present *impression*, but carries with it also immediate evidence of representing a fact of my *past experience*. I will ask Mr. Stephen himself, whether, if he were in the position which I have described, he would not be as absolutely certain of having experienced the past cold, as of experiencing the present warmth; and whether he would not account the former certitude to be fully as reasonable as the latter. He says, indeed (p. 73), that "every assertion which we make should be coupled either expressly or tacitly with some such qualification as this: 'as at present advised, subject to further and better instructions, and upon the assumptions hereinbefore stated, I am of opinion, &c. &c.'" Would he seriously apply this doctrine to the case I have put? While sitting comfortably before the fire, would he so limit his belief in the past? Would he say no more to himself than this: "As at present advised, subject to further and better instructions, and upon the assumptions hereinbefore stated, I am of opinion that I have quite recently been out in the cold"? If he would not dream of so limiting his certitude—as I am sure he would not—what principle can he suggest on which such

* As to this word "instinctively," I said (IV. 18, note) that I used it "as expressing the irresistible and (as it were) piercing character of the conviction to which I refer." "Let any reader consider," I added, "the keen certitude with which he knows that he experienced those sensations of ten minutes back, which his memory vividly testifies."

certitude may be called reasonable, except the principle involved in my thesis?

Those who care for further details of what I have said, will find them in I. throughout; in III. 7—26; and in IV. 24—29. The space, however, within which my present remarks must necessarily be confined, obliges me to content myself with replying to Mr. Stephen's objections.

Firstly, he objects (p. 45) that, according to my thesis, "a man has existent cognitive faculties, and he has also other faculties by which he instinctively knows."* I am quite unable to answer this objection, because I am quite unable to understand it. Let me again take for my instance that particular "existent cognitive faculty," which we call memory. Mr. Stephen says apparently that, according to my thesis, a man has an existent memory; and has also another memory, by which he instinctively knows that his former memory is true in its avouchment. I may fairly ask my critic to elucidate further this dark saying.

2. "When all is said," asks Mr. Stephen (p. 46) "what does it mean, except that people have certain ways of gaining knowledge, which from the nature of the case they are obliged to trust?" Surely he has not here even approached the real point. The question which has to be asked is this: "Can I *reasonably* trust those faculties, which I am in some sense *obliged* to trust?" If this question be not answerable in the affirmative, what would be the inevitable inference? That no such thing is attainable, as knowledge or even reasonable guess-work; that we know nothing whatever, except the phenomena of our immediately present consciousness; and that all which we have fondly imagined to be science, whether mental or physical, is but the baseless fabric of a vision.

3. "All our knowledge comes to us through faculties, each and all of which are constantly liable to error, which we cannot in all cases detect" (p. 73). If this statement means anything inconsistent with the thesis which I am now defending, it must mean, that our existent faculties, when duly interrogated and interpreted, can declare as certain what is untrue. Now, as Mr. Stephen professes to be answering "Dr. Ward," surely, instead of saying that "he cannot understand how" his "assertion can be denied," he ought to have examined the reasons I have adduced for entirely denying it. One of these reasons was a *reductio ad absurdum*, which I have already set forth, and which I will here briefly re-

* As I am writing for the same periodical in which Mr. Stephen's article appeared, I may assume that my readers have that article at hand. If they are interested in this controversy, I hope that (in justice to both sides) they will have Mr. Stephen's article before them together with mine. In the text I refer to the whole paragraph of pp. 45, 6.

capitulate. Mr. Stephen's statement utterly overthrows the possibility, whether of knowledge or even of reasonable guess-work. Take any phenomenon of the immediate past which my memory most keenly testifies,—I cannot reasonably even guess whether this is not one of those instances, in which my memory has fallen into an undiscoverable error; or, in other words, I cannot reasonably even guess, whether any such experience ever befell me.

But I also gave a direct reply to the arguments, which ordinarily are adduced for the purpose of showing that our faculties may declare as certain what is not really so. I fear I cannot do justice to myself under this head, without extracting the whole passage (I. 52—54). I have made a few verbal changes; but otherwise it ran as follows:—

“Phenomenists are very fond of adducing this or that instance, in which they allege that our faculties declare as certain what is not really so. I see a straight stick in the water, and my faculties (they urge) pronounce as certain that the stick is crooked; or if a cherry is placed on my crossed fingers, my faculties pronounce as certain that my hand is touched by *two* substances. All these superficial difficulties are readily solved, by resorting to a philosophical consideration, which is familiar to Catholics, though (strangely enough) I do not remember to have seen it in non-Catholic works. I refer to the distinction, between what may be called ‘undoubting,’ and what may be called ‘absolute’ assent.

“By ‘absolute’ assent I understand an assent so firm, as to be *incompatible* with the co-existence of doubt: but by ‘undoubting’ assent I mean no more than that with which *in fact* doubt does not co-exist. Now, the mere undoubtingness of an assent does not at all imply any particular *firmness*; but arises from mere accident. For instance. A friend, coming down to me in the country, tells me that he has caught a sight of the telegrams as he passed through London, and that the Versailles government has possession of Paris.* I had long expected this, and I assent to the fact without any admixture of doubt. In an hour or two, however, the morning paper comes in; and I find that my friend's cursory glance has misled him, for that the army has only arrived *close up* to Paris. The extreme facility with which I dismiss my former ‘undoubting’ assent, shows how very far it was from being ‘absolute.’ Its true analysis, in fact, was no more than this: ‘there is an *à priori* presumption that Paris is taken.’ But as no particular motive for doubt happened to cross my mind, I was not led to reflect on the true character of the assent which I yielded.

“Now, to apply this. Evidently my cognitive faculties do not declare any proposition to be certainly true, unless they yield to that proposition ‘absolute’ assent. But a moment's consideration will show, that my assent to the crookedness of the stick or the duplicity of the cherry—may accidentally indeed have been undoubting—but was extremely far from being absolute. Its true analysis was: ‘there is an *à priori* presumption, that the stick is crooked or that there are two objects touched by my fingers.’ The matter may be brought to a crucial experiment by some such supposition as the following.

“I am myself but youthful, whether in age or power of thought; but I have a venerable friend and mentor, in whose moral and intellectual endowments I repose perfect confidence. I fancy myself to see a crooked

* This was of course written in 1871.

stick, or to feel two touching objects; but he explains to me the physical laws which explain my delusion, and I surrender it with the most perfect facility. He proceeds, however—let us suppose, for the purpose of probing the depth of my convictions—to tell me, that I have no reason whatever for knowing that I ever experienced a certain sensation, which my memory most keenly declares me to have experienced a very short time ago: or again, that as to the particular trilateral figure which I have in my thoughts, I have no reason whatever for knowing it to be triangular, and that he believes it to have *five* angles. Well, first of all I take for granted that I have not rightly understood him. When I find that I *have* rightly understood him, either I suspect him (as the truth indeed is) to be simulating; or else I pluck up courage and rebel against his teaching; or else (if I am too great an intellectual coward for this), I am reduced to a state of hopeless perplexity and bewilderment, and on the high road to idiocy. There is one thing at all events which I cannot do. I cannot compel myself to doubt that, which my existent faculties testify as certain. So great is the distinction between merely ‘undoubting’ and ‘absolute’ assent; between my faculties testifying that there is an *à priori* presumption for some proposition, and their testifying that it is *certainly true*.”

Surely here again it was Mr. Stephen’s business to answer this, and not to ignore it. He was called on by my arguments to allege some clear instance, in which our faculties declare as certain what is untrue; and he has not even attempted any such allegation.

4. “All our knowledge includes an element of memory or anticipation, each of which is in the highest degree fallible” (p. 73). I cannot understand why Mr. Stephen should have placed in the same category two things so different as “memory” and “anticipation.” No one of any school has even hinted, that mere “anticipation” can form a reasonable ground of certitude.

As to memory—I will beg my readers to look back with some care to what I said just now, on the distinction between “absolute” and merely “undoubting” certitude. I at once admit, that by no means unfrequently there is an “undoubting” declaration of memory, which turns out to be delusive; but such declarations always regard the supposed experience of some time back. It is not, however, from such experiences as these, that I have ever drawn my illustration. That on which I have begged my readers to fix their attention carefully, is such memory as we all have of the *immediate* past. On the one hand, such memory is always accompanied by the keenest instinctive certitude of our having gone through that experience which memory testifies; while on the other hand, no one attempts to allege that its avouchment is ever untrue. I deny altogether, that the keen instinctive certitude to which I refer is ever felt by a sane man, without there being full warrant for such certitude. It is for Mr. Stephen to prove the reverse if he can.

In his last paragraph of all, my critic almost admits that the practical result of his principle is what I maintain it to be. “It is

surely possible," he says, "that death may resemble waking from sleep; and that many things which now appear to all of us truths, and to some of us necessary truths, may turn out after all to have been necessary fictions, which fuller knowledge will enable us to lay aside. Dreams," he adds, "are often founded on realities; but when we wake, the reality is seen to be altogether unlike what in our dreams we were compelled to believe it to be." Yet even in this statement Mr. Stephen shrinks from the full legitimate outcome of his scepticism. On what possible ground is he justified in assuming, that the "dream" of this life—or rather of this immediately present instant—is in the slightest degree "founded upon realities?" I have said "of this immediately present instant:" because, from the sceptical stand-point, he has no reasonable ground whatever for even guessing, that his dream of this instant has so much as the faintest resemblance to that which was his dream an instant ago, or to that which will be his dream an instant hence.

I have now, then, by defending my first thesis, laid (I hope) a sufficient foundation for defending my second. I am to maintain against Mr. Stephen, that certain truths are cognizable as necessary. I henceforward assume, that whatever our existent faculties declare as certain is indubitably true; and it remains therefore to argue, that our existent faculties declare as certain the existence of necessary truths.

Here at the outset a difficulty is raised: what is meant by the word "necessary?" In the articles criticised by Mr. Stephen, though I have implied what I am now going to say, I entered comparatively little into detail on this matter. My reason for not speaking at greater length on the subject, was the very obvious one, that my direct opponent was Mr. Mill, with whom I was in entire agreement as to the meaning of the word. When I read Mr. Stephen's original paper, I fancied I was in equal agreement with him; because he gave, as one meaning of a "necessary truth," "a fact which could not have been otherwise" (p. 46). He now implies, however, that he here intended a most important qualification, which I had no means of suspecting: he meant to say "a fact which could not be otherwise," *without the laws of nature being changed*. I need hardly say, that this is very far short of what I intended to express by the term a "necessary truth;" and my first business, therefore, must be to explain my meaning as well as I can. Now, there are two modes of explaining the sense of a term: the "direct" and the "indirect." The "direct" way is that of decomposing the complex idea, expressed by the term, into the simpler elements of which it is composed; as I might explain the term "hard substance," by saying that it is a "substance which resists pressure." But this way is of course

not applicable, when the idea expressed by a term is perfectly simple; and in my articles (iv. 32) I expressed an opinion, that such is the case with the word "necessary." The way of "direct" explanation being thus precluded, I must do the best I can in the way of "indirect;" or, in other words, I must so express myself, as shall best enable my readers to recognize an idea, which (I am confident) is a very prominent part of their mental furniture. In order to do this, I will draw their attention to what I consider an equivalent idea, of which I made frequent use in my articles for the purpose of illustrating my argument. A "necessary" truth, then (I will say), is "a truth of which Omnipotence could not effect the reversal." Mr. Stephen, when directly treating this phrase of mine, entirely (as I consider) misapprehends it; yet before I conclude my article, I hope to show irrefragably, that the very idea which I intended to convey by this term is quite familiar to him, though he has failed to reflect on it. If there are other readers who have also failed to recognize clearly and distinctly in their mind the idea on which I wish to insist, I still cannot doubt that they will gradually do so if they will follow the course of my argument. And having now said enough on the sense of this word "necessary," I will next make a preliminary remark, for the purpose of explaining the exact point at issue.

Adopting Sir W. Hamilton's phraseology, I divide propositions into three classes. There are (1) "identical propositions" or "truisms;" in which the predicate expresses no more than has explicitly been expressed by the subject: as "this apple is an apple." There are (2) "explicative" propositions; in which the predicate expresses no more than has been implicitly expressed by the subject: as "hard substances resist pressure," or "a square is rectangular." And there are (3) "ampliative" propositions; in which the predicate expresses what has neither explicitly nor implicitly been expressed by the subject: as "diamonds are combustible," or "the base angles of an isosceles triangle are mutually equal."

As to identical and explicative propositions, the present controversy is not concerned with them. The denial of an identical or explicative proposition is of course a contradiction in terms: it is a contradiction in terms to say, that there is a certain oblique-angled square, or a certain hard substance which does not resist pressure. But no important philosophical service whatever would be done by merely affirming, that it is outside the sphere of Omnipotence to effect what is a contradiction in terms. The thesis which I desire to make good is, that certain things are outside the sphere of Omnipotence, which are by no means contradictions in terms. In other words, the thesis which I desire to make good is, that certain ampliative propositions are cognizable as necessary.

I think there is no other field on which this battle can be so decisively fought out, as that which I chose, and on which Mr. Stephen has assailed me: the field of mathematical truths. There are various reasons why I think this, and he has himself incidentally mentioned a strong one. "The words which relate to time, space, and number," he says most truly and importantly, "are perfectly simple and adequate to what they describe; whereas the words which relate to common objects are nearly in every case complex, often to the highest degree." This statement includes arithmetical science as well as geometrical; but I shall begin with speaking of the latter.

Now, my critic will certainly admit, that if reason declares the necessary truth of geometrical axioms, it no less certainly declares the necessary validity of the syllogistic process; and, consequently, that to establish the necessary truth of the axioms, would be to establish the necessary truth of the whole body of geometrical science. This, therefore, is to be now our immediate point of debate: are geometrical axioms cognizable as necessarily true? Mr. Stephen answers this question in the negative, I in the affirmative.

The axiom, which throughout my articles I have chiefly used for the purpose of illustrating this question, has been the axiom that "all trilateral figures are triangular." Mr. Stephen denies, whereas I affirm, that this axiom is cognizable as a necessary truth.

He certainly begins his attack at the very beginning: for (p. 58) not only he will not admit that this axiom is a *necessary* truth, he will not admit it to be a truth at all. "A capital Z or N," he says, "is a trilateral figure, but it has two and not three angles." Well, Mr. Stephen is a good deal my junior, and the use of language may have changed since I was a boy: but when I learned Euclid, a "figure" was defined as "that which encloses space"; a condition certainly not fulfilled by Z or N. I submit, that the correct expression for either of these two shapes would be, "a line consisting of three straight lines."

Even, however, if the proposition were true, Mr. Stephen "never heard it was an axiom" (*ib.*) I expressly stated the sense in which I used this term "axiom." "By axioms I mean those ampliative truths, which the geometer assumes as indisputable and uses as first principles" (v. 56). Now, in all the geometrical treatises I have ever happened to see, the triangularity of trilaterals is treated as an axiom; for it is assumed as true, without any profession of proof: nor indeed has Mr. Stephen himself professed to deduce it syllogistically from geometrical premises. Supposing, indeed, all this were otherwise, any acknowledged axiom would substantially serve my purpose; but Mr. Stephen

himself is quite content to *accept* this as an axiom, for the purpose of joining issue on the present controversy.

In one fundamental particular he agrees with me. He holds it to be cognizable as certain (p. 59), that this axiom is no less true in the region of Sirius than in the streets of London.* And he considers that this immeasurably extending proposition can be established on the exclusive basis of experience. His argument consists of two successive steps, which I think he ought to have distinguished from each other more carefully than he has done.

Firstly, in his view, it is exclusively by experience we know that space is "an enormous expanse or cavity, in which," all the heavenly bodies "are contained" (p. 52). "Our eyes tell us that Sirius is included in the vast vault which we call space" (p. 59). I will admit this proposition for argument's sake, though I could not admit it otherwise. I admit it for argument's sake: because the real issue between Mr. Stephen and myself is to my mind a most simple one; and I should be very foolish, therefore, if I mixed it up with what is among the darkest of metaphysical questions, the nature, origin, and authority of our convictions concerning space.

It is against the second step, therefore, of Mr. Stephen's argument, that I take my stand. He agrees with me in regarding it as a certain truth that, throughout the whole region of trimensurate space, all trilaterals are triangular. But he differs from me most fundamentally, in that he regards this immeasurably reaching proposition as capable of being established on the exclusive ground of experience. In fact, if my readers will study carefully the whole argument of his, which extends from p. 58 to the top of p. 61, they will see that he purports to establish his proposition by a short series of experiments, practised in one room upon "a single sheet of paper." I never in my life happened to light on a philosophical statement, which so astounded me as this; and I should have insuperable difficulty in supposing that so vigorous a thinker could possibly have made it, if the words were not unmistakably before my eyes. Surely it is like burning daylight (if I may use his own phrase) to exhibit those obvious and elementary considerations, which at once put his statement peremptorily out of court. I ought to apologise for gravely expressing so obvious a truism as what I have now to express, were it not that Mr. Stephen himself has so inexplicably lost sight of it.

A man experiences that which he experiences, and not that

* In p. 60 Mr. Stephen somewhat limits his acceptance of the axiom. He will not admit more than that "no one yet has been able to imagine or suggest a way, in which three straight lines can be made to cut each other in more than three places." But I suppose he will concede, that there is no more than an infinitesimal probability of any one "imagining or suggesting" such a way hereafter; and that his conviction, therefore, of the truth of the axiom falls but infinitesimally short of absolute and irreformable certitude. Indeed, in p. 59, he says, without reserve, that the axiom is true in the case of "all possible" trilaterals. In the text, then, I shall assume this as his opinion.

which he does *not* experience. He knows directly by experiment, that which he has himself experienced; and he knows indirectly by experiment that which is reported to him on credible authority as having been experienced by somebody else. Now, I need not here speak further of "indirect" experiment, because Mr. Stephen in no way refers to *this* as his ground of belief in the triangularity of Sirian trilaterals. I will confine myself, then, to the question of direct" experiment.

According to Mr. Stephen, "Dr. Ward's reasoning seems to assume throughout, that the acquisition of knowledge by experience must in all cases be a gradual process" (p. 58). But I hold no such opinion at all. One single experiment sufficed to show me, that I became warmer this morning when I approached the fire than I had been a minute before; and (as Mr. Stephen truly says, p. 57), "one steady look is as good as ten thousand looks, for the purpose of producing a certainty" that "the sheet of paper before me is blue." One experiment is as good as a hundred, to assure me of that which I experience; and a hundred experiments are as useless as one, to assure me experimentally of that which I do *not* experience. But neither Mr. Stephen nor I was ever in Sirius; and neither of us therefore has any experience whatever of the trilateral objects there existing. He says, indeed (p. 52), that we experimentally "learn the characteristics of space, by looking at things in it and moving about in it." Doubtless we may so learn the characteristics of that *portion* of space over which we *have* moved about; but we cannot experimentally learn what we have never experienced. By walking from Hampstead to Highgate, we can learn experimentally that the view is very pretty all the way; but if we wish to learn by direct experiment whether the view is equally pretty from Highgate to Holloway, we have no resource, except to walk or be otherwise conveyed along that particular road. It would indeed be an amazing statement that, after having frequently walked from Hampstead to Highgate without ever extending our stroll further, we could (by help of one sheet of paper) learn *experimentally* the character of the road from Highgate to Holloway. Yet this surely is an exact parallel of Mr. Stephen's doctrine. He learns by experiment the characteristics of a certain portion of space in London or elsewhere, "by looking at things in it and moving about in it" (p. 52); and then "with a single sheet of paper" (p. 59) he can learn *experimentally*—not what are the properties of space *on* that sheet of paper—but what are the properties of space at the distance of countless millions of miles.*

It is plain then, that Mr. Stephen's argument must be vitiated by some extraordinary fallacy; and a moment's consideration shows

* An objection may perhaps be thoughtlessly made against the argument of the text, on the following ground. "By *arguing* from experiment," it may be said, "we arrive at

what that fallacy is. He is confusing *physical* experimentation with *mental* experimentation. He proves that Sirian trilaterals are triangular—not because he has made any experiments in Sirius—but because he has experimented on the idea of a trilateral, as that idea exists in his own mind. Here are his very words (p. 56), though not his very italics. “Having seen *various* lines and triangles [trilaterals] we can *imagine others*, and argue about them as well as if they were represented by actual figures drawn upon paper.” Here he is assuming that very thesis to be *true*, of which he is purporting to prove that it is *false*. He confesses, in p. 59, that he has required nothing more for his demonstration, than “a single triangle and a single sheet of paper.” But if he will reflect for a moment, he will see that he needed for it neither paper nor diagram at all; that when once the idea of a “trilateral” has entered his mind, the triangularity of that trilateral becomes a self-evident proposition. He says, indeed (p. 64), that “he does not understand what I mean,” when I speak of “knowing a proposition by my very conception of its subject;” and yet there can be no better illustration of my meaning, than his own way of proving the triangularity of trilaterals. He arrives securely at this truth, by merely manipulating his *idea* of a trilateral. He “knows by his very conception” of a trilateral, that it is triangular.*

the knowledge of a vast number of truths, which have not themselves been experienced. I know directly by experiment that certain diamonds are combustible, and I know indirectly by experiment that all those are combustible on which the experiment has been made; but physical science, which is exclusively founded on experiment, pronounces nevertheless that *all* diamonds without exception are combustible.”

To this I make the obvious reply, that our knowledge of nature would be confined to a mere catalogue of past and present experiments, were it not for one proposition, which is the basis of all physical science, and without which the latter could not exist. That proposition is (I need hardly say) that “nature proceeds on uniform laws.” It is not true that physical science is entirely based on experiment, unless it be true that the above-named proposition can be established by exclusive appeal to experiment. The Hegelians, I am told, maintain, that the uniformity of nature is a truth, which experiment could never suffice to establish, but which is known *a priori* as a necessary truth. According to the Hegelians, then, physical science is *not* entirely based on experiment; and on *their* ground there is therefore no meaning whatever in the objection to which I am replying. Mr. Mill, however, maintained that the uniformity of nature *is* cognizable with certainty by the exclusive means of experiment. I argued against this doctrine in ii. 313-7, and rejoined on Mr. Mill’s reply in iv. 32-38. Still it remains true no doubt, that in Mr. Mill’s view physical science *is* entirely grounded on experiment. But then he added expressly, as his argument manifestly required, an essential qualification. The uniformity of nature, he said, “must be viewed, not as the law of the universe, but of that portion of it only *which is within the range of our means of sure observation*, with a reasonable degree of extension to adjacent cases” (Logic, vol. ii. p. 108, seventh edition). Mr. Mill would be as far as the Hegelians themselves from supposing, that any physical fact existing in Sirius could possibly be known to us by the exclusive means of experiment.

It is true enough that Mr. Mill fell implicitly into the very same fallacy of which I accuse Mr. Stephen, by holding that mathematical truths (though not physical facts) can be known by experiment to hold good in “the regions of the fixed stars.” I argued against this position of his in ii. 303, and rejoined on his reply in iv. 44-5. But (it seems to me) he never expressly contemplated and advocated this proposition, as Mr. Stephen has done.

* What I have said in the text may be serviceably illustrated by a paragraph in ii. 299, which I here append: “Necessary truths may be most clearly distinguished from

Here I will pause for a moment, to rectify a misconception of Mr. Stephen's. I had said that mathematical axioms are "cognizable independently of experience;" and he therein understands me to deny (pp. 60, 61) that "sensation is essential to knowledge." Now, considering that this last proposition is a most prominent part of the scholastic philosophy, it is not very probable that I intended to deny it. My meaning—I should have thought my very obvious meaning—was this, Let the conception of a trilateral once find its way into our mind—whether by help of sensation or otherwise, is a purely irrelevant inquiry—by means of that very conception, we know the triangularity of that trilateral "quite independently of experience;" that is, without experimenting on any trilateral whatever. We cannot, by merely *thinking* of that flower which we call a rose, discover anything about the shape of its leaves; whereas, on the contrary, we *can*, by merely thinking of that figure which we call a trilateral, discover its triangularity.

To proceed. My critic lays great stress on the dogma of Transubstantiation, as inconsistent with what I have now been maintaining. "What intelligible distinction," he asks (p. 65), "is it possible to draw, between the state of our minds as to the proposition 'two straight lines cannot enclose a space,' and the proposition 'a body cannot be in two places at once?'" In other words—if we know, by our very conception of two straight lines, that they cannot enclose a space—why is it not equally true, that we know, by our very conception of a body, the impossibility of its being in two places at once? It would be very inappropriate to the occasion, if I had to treat this objection at any length; because it is a pure *argumentum ad hominem*, and has no bearing whatever on the controversy between Mr. Stephen and myself. If it were really true that the Catholic Church imposes a dogma indubitably contradictory to reason, that might be an excellent reason why Mr. Stephen should not become a Catholic, or why I should apostatize; but it could be no possible reason why Mr. Stephen and I should not unite in believing the cog-

those merely physical, by one simple consideration. Putting aside the propositions of psychology, with which we are not here concerned, the philosopher learns *experimental* truths no otherwise than by observing *external nature*; but he learns *self-evidently necessary* verities by examining *his own mind*. A proposition is discerned to be self-evidently necessary whenever, by simply considering the ideas of the subject and predicate, one comes to see that there exists between them that relation which the proposition expresses. So I judge it self-evidently necessary, that 'the disobedience of a rational creature to his Holy Creator's command is morally wrong;' that 'malice and mendacity are evil habits;' that ' $a+b=(a-1)+(b+1)$;' that 'all trilateral figures are triangular.' That these various propositions are not cognized by me as *experimental* truths, is manifest (we say) from one simple consideration; for in forming them I have not been ever so slightly engaged in observing external nature, but exclusively in noting the processes of my own mind. We are not here to consider the two first of the above-recited propositions; but, at all events, as regards *mathematical axioms*, no one can possibly say that they are *psychological* affirmations. Since, therefore, they are ascertained by a purely mental process, and yet are not psychological propositions, they cannot be experimental truths at all."

nizableness of necessary truth. It so happens, however, that very few sentences are here necessary for Mr. Stephen's refutation; and those few sentences, therefore, may as well be written down. They are F. Newman's sentences, not mine; and they are endorsed by F. Franzelin ("De Eucharistiâ," p. 155, note), whom many Catholics, of whom I am one, account our greatest living theologian.

"What do I know," asks F. Newman, "of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers; and that is—nothing at all. . . . The Catholic doctrine leaves phenomena alone. It does not say that the phenomena go; on the contrary, it says that they remain: nor does it say that the same phenomena are in several places at once. It deals with what no one on earth knows anything about, the material substances themselves."

It is far indeed, then, from being true, that we know, by our very conception of a body, the impossibility of its being in different places at the same time. On the contrary, we can hardly be said to have any conception of "body" at all; that is, of substance as distinct from accidents.

I now take one step further. Not only is Mr. Stephen familiar with one idea, which he professes himself not to understand—the idea of a proposition being cognizable by our mere conception of its subject—but he is familiar also with another idea, which he still more energetically repudiates; the idea of necessity. He says (p. 59) that his "experiment," which establishes the triangularity of certain trilaterals, "might readily be so managed as to apply to all *possible*" trilaterals. In other words, he considers himself to have shown that a non-triangular trilateral is *impossible*. Now what does he mean by "impossible?" Plainly not merely, that there is no being who possesses sufficient power to *create* such a trilateral; for in his argument he has not ever so distantly approached the question, what powerful beings there may be in the universe, and what is the degree of power which they may respectively possess. He evidently means, that, a non-triangular trilateral is a chimæra (to use the Catholic expression) *intrinsically* impossible—a thing external to the sphere of Omnipotence. But to say that a non-triangular trilateral is intrinsically impossible, is merely to say, in other words, that the triangularity of trilaterals is a necessary truth.

Having landed my critic in this admission, I will now reprint, with very slight alterations, his analysis (which is very fairly and candidly drawn out) of the reasoning on which I rested my case in the *Dublin Review*. I will, at the same time, add the very few rejoinders which will be needed, on Mr. Stephen's replies to those arguments.

FIRST PROPOSITION.

The phenomenist admits that we can know with certainty the triangularity of all earthly trilaterals; but he adds that our mode

of obtaining that knowledge is experience and observation. My first thesis is merely negative; viz., that these are assuredly *not* the way in which such knowledge has been gained.

FIRST ARGUMENT: Not one man in a million has observed in external nature the fact, that *trilaterals are triangular*.

SECOND ARGUMENT: In the enormous majority of instances, when the axiom that *trilaterals are triangular* first becomes known to us, it is accepted as an entirely new proposition; as new, and yet as being, notwithstanding its novelty, self-evidently true.

To this last argument, Mr. Stephen replies, that very many things, proved only by experience and observation, are nevertheless "self-evidently true:" as, for instance, the fact, "that the words now under the reader's eye are printed on the page before him." I rejoin very easily. Mr. Stephen himself quotes in p. 56 my statement, that by a "self-evident" proposition I mean a proposition, "which is known to be true by the mere process of being pondered." The proposition that all *trilaterals are triangular*, becomes known to me by the mere process of being pondered^{*}; whereas the proposition that certain words are printed on a page now lying before me, certainly does not become known to me by the mere process of being pondered, but by the use of my eyes.

SECOND PROPOSITION.

The axiom that *trilaterals are triangular* is known by us as necessarily true.

FIRST ARGUMENT: The axiom is known to be certainly true, by the mere process of being pondered. But that which our faculties declare as certain, is infallibly true. Take, then, any *trilateral* which can be formed by Omnipotence itself: we know infallibly concerning that *trilateral*, that it is *triangular*. Or, in other words, it is outside the sphere of Omnipotence to make a *trilateral* which shall not be *triangular*.

SECOND ARGUMENT: The second reason for my second proposition is based on that conviction of necessity, which inevitably arises in our mind when we contemplate this or any other geometrical axiom. We pronounce at once, on the question being placed before us, that the *triangularity* of *trilaterals* is not simply a phenomenon which prevails within the region of our experience, but a truth which could not be otherwise, of which Omnipotence could not effect the contradictory. I allege this as a fact, of which every one must be cognizant who carefully and fairly examines his own mind.

Mr. Stephen replies (p. 57) that "no such conviction of neces-

* Mr. Stephen objects (p. 56) that "imagining" is not the same as "pondering:" well, it is very certainly one particular *way* of pondering.

sity arises in *his* mind." I have already replied, by pressing on his notice one conviction which has certainly arisen in his mind, viz., that a non-triangular trilateral is impossible. I have argued from his context, that he must mean that such a chimæra is *intrinsically* impossible. And I must leave it for him to explain, if he can, the difference, between the conviction that a non-triangular trilateral is intrinsically impossible, and the conviction that the triangularity of trilaterals is a necessary truth.

The reasoning which I here very compendiously set forth, will be found somewhat amplified, though still briefly expressed, in v. 57-61. Nor need I further notice Mr. Stephen's replies to that reasoning (pp. 55-7), because the rejoinder I should make on them is very obviously implied in what I have already set forth. I will conclude, therefore, this part of my subject, by considering the argument which he has drawn, and on which he seems to lay some stress, from the serviceableness of maps. "If the possibility of making and using maps," he said in his first paper (p. 52) "is not a fact taught by experience, then experience teaches nothing at all." By help of maps "we can reason about the relation of objects to each other, as well as we could if we confined our attention to the things themselves, and indeed in many cases much better." To this I answered as follows (v. 62): "This is true within certain limits, but surely untrue beyond those limits. Suppose I have before me the map of a landed estate in Wales, and know from competent authority that the relative distance and position of the various parts are there represented with great accuracy. There are many inferences which I can draw from that map more readily than 'if I confined my attention to the things themselves.' True; but *what* inferences? Those, and those only, which have for their premises (in addition to the data of the map) mathematical truths. Suppose I wished to find out what are the qualities of the soil, or what the colour of the neighbouring sea, or whether there is coal or precious metal below the surface: of what use would the map be to me for such purposes as these? I should be acting very absurdly, no doubt, if I sent to Wales to inquire whether throughout the given estate a straight line is the shortest path between two points; but I should act no less absurdly if I attempted to discover the nature of the soil by arguing from the map. Why does this distinction exist? Of course, because mathematical truths differ from such other facts as I have mentioned, by being cognizable independently of experience."

Mr. Stephen thus replies (p. 52, note). "Surely this is not so. We can tell from a map much more readily than from actual observation, that Italy resembles a boot, or that the Alps and Apennines run in certain directions, or that Great Britain and Ireland are contiguous islands: but how are these mathematical

truths?" Now, I was speaking of *inferences* from, as distinct from what I called the "data" of, the map; and I was doing so, because Mr. Stephen on his side spoke of "*reasoning* about the relations of objects to each other." I said that we may learn, by studying a map, not only its data, but also certain *inferences* from those data. Before proceeding, however, to the consideration of inferences, let us consider the data themselves. Mr. Stephen "does not quite understand what the data of a map are." Yet surely the term is intelligible enough. They would be such as the following: the shape of the coast or other boundary; the relative positions whether of territories, or towns, or mountains, or lakes; the roads which connect places with each other; &c., &c. Let it be assumed that we are credibly informed by veracious and competent eye-witnesses, that such particulars are represented on the map with approximate accuracy; and it will then follow, that these data of the map are known to us by "indirect" experience as approximately correct. Now, the facts, mentioned by Mr. Stephen, that "the Alps and Apennines run in certain directions," and "that Great Britain and Ireland are contiguous islands"—these are among the data of the map; and, of course, no one ever dreamed of doubting that we may learn them from its study. Then as regards Italy's resemblance to a boot. (1.) We know by indirect experience (*i.e.* through the map) that the coast of Italy has a certain general shape, which we may place before our mind's eye, and which I will call A. Then (2) we know partly by direct and still more by indirect experience, that the boots of civilized men have a certain general shape, which I will call B. It remains, then, to be explained, how we know that shape A resembles shape B. I think this may fairly enough be called a geometrical truth; for it is merely the truth, that one curve resembles another. This, however, is nothing more than a question of words: at all events, I maintain confidently, that the resemblance of shape A to shape B is a self-evidently necessary truth. It is within the sphere of Omnipotence to change the shape, either of Italy or of any given boot; but it is not within the sphere of Omnipotence to effect, that shape A shall not have a great resemblance to shape B.*

This is not, however, the kind of proposition which I had in my mind, when I spoke of inferences from the map. I was thinking of a hundred different inferences, represented by such as the fol-

* Mr. Stephen mentions in the same connection "the resemblance of a portrait to a face;" and asks whether I should call this a mathematical truth. Surely one moment's consideration would have reminded him, that there can be no objective resemblance whatever of a portrait to a face. A portrait is said to be like the original, when it so acts on the beholder's visual organs, as to summon up in his mind an image resembling the original. The only possible similarity, then, is not between the original and the portrait, but between the original and the image suggested to a beholder by the portrait. For obvious reasons, I do not think such a resemblance as this is at all parallel to the resemblance between shape A and shape B.

lowing: "The way from A to B through C is very far longer than the way from A to B through D." No doubt we might obtain this as an actual datum of the map, by measuring the two distances with a piece of string; but we shall commonly be able far more quickly (and quite legitimately) to *infer* it from the data, by help of geometrical truths.

On the whole, then, I maintain with perfect confidence that, according to the laws of human reason, the triangularity of *trilaterals* (or any other geometrical axiom) is known to us by purely mental experimentation, and is known as necessary. I have incidentally summoned into court an adverse witness, in the person of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. He himself bases his belief in the axiom on an experimentation, which we have seen to be purely mental; and (as we have also seen) he says in effect that a non-triangular *trilateral* is intrinsically impossible. But in saying that A is intrinsically impossible, we do but say in other words that the contradictory of A is a necessary truth.

Here I conclude my treatment of the two most fundamental theses, which are at issue between Mr. Stephen and myself. But various questions still remain, by no means unimportant. In the first place, he brings against me what I think a most serious charge; viz., that, according to my doctrine, man's possible conception is a test of possible truth; that God cannot do what man cannot conceive. Then, again, he challenges me to speak more expressly than I have hitherto done, on the particular question of arithmetical axioms. I will meet these two challenges in a future paper, as expressly as I have met in this paper the still more serious philosophical accusations which I have now been repelling. I will take the same opportunity to meet my critic more directly, paragraph by paragraph and point by point, than I was able to do before I had completed the general answer to him which I have now set forth. It is only by such hand-to-hand conflict, that I can convey to my readers my own sense of (what I am obliged to call) the utter baselessness and unreasonableness of his argument from beginning to end.

As I am writing in a non-Catholic periodical, I will conclude with an explanation, which is not, however, involved one way or other in the controversy between Mr. Stephen and myself. It may be asked, what is the relation which I believe to exist, between the necessary truths on which I have said so much and the One Necessary Being? The answer commonly given by Catholics, with which I entirely concur, is that necessary truths are founded on the Nature of God; that they are what they are, because He is what He is.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.



SAXON STUDIES.

IV.—STONE AND PLASTER.

I.

THERE is a kind of ugliness which is practically invisible. It is not ugliness of the grotesque, fascinating, or forcible order; its characteristics are negative and probably indescribable. It is always tinctured strongly with conventionality, and has a mildly depressing effect rather than an actively exasperating one: it partakes of the nature of an incubus more than of an irritant. It is an ugliness, in short, which, instead of compelling our eyes at the same time that it revolts them, simply causes us not to see it. There are vast numbers of persons in the world,—good, plain persons, with no piquancy or individuality of aspect,—with whom we may converse for hours or years, looking straight at them all the time, yet never actually seeing them. Their image is formed on the physical retina, but the mind's eye refuses to take note of them; and the consequence is an undefined feeling of dejection, expressing itself, perhaps, in a sigh or even an irrepressible yawn.

I think the sombre humour which is apt to settle upon us after a little acquaintance with Dresden may be traceable to the invisible ugliness, I will not say of its people, but of its houses. They curiously elude our observation, even when we strive to fix our regards upon them. We walk street after street, with all our eyes about us (so we fancy), and yet on reaching home we cannot call up the picture of any one among the hundreds of buildings by which we have passed. They are featureless, bare, and neutral-

tinted, and present no handle for memory to catch them by. They do not make our nerves prick with anguish and our brows flush, as do the palatial residences in New York and elsewhere; a little stimulus of that sort once in a while would be healthful. They deaden us by communication of their own deadness, and it is a mystery how living men built them or can live in them.

The best way to get at them is to put them side by side with houses of our own, and note the differences. These differences all begin from the fundamental difference between the Saxon and the Anglo-Saxon modes of living. They live in layers, we in rows; and when we have analysed all the issues of this variance, we shall have done much towards accounting for things of far greater importance. In some respects the Saxons have the advantage of us. Our city houses are no better than an array of pigeon-holes ranged interminably side by side; the close assemblage of pompous doorways, each with its little flight of steps, its porch, and its twelve feet of area railings, fatigue the eye. There is a constant repetition, but no broad uniformity. Moreover, the fact that the houses are clothed only in front, and are stark naked behind and at the sides, keeps us in a state of constant nervous apprehension. We do our best to see only the brown stone pinafores, and to ignore the bare red brick; but the effort is no less futile than it is wearisome. The bareness haunts us, until the very pinafores seem transparent.

Undoubtedly they manage this matter much better in Dresden. They are as niggard of their doors as though they were made of gold. One door to a frontage of an hundred windows; and instead of a joining together of twenty or more short sections of imitation stone cornice of various designs, here we have a single great bulging, rambling, red-tiled roof, covering the whole building; with rank upon rank of dormer-windows and fantastic chimneys figuring against the sky. Whatever its failings, at all events, the house is coherent and conceivable. It has a back, of course, but an honest back, such as we are not ashamed to look at. Three or four of these caravansaries form a block; and there is an absence of fussy detail about them at which the harassed New Yorker may well rejoice. The economy in doors extends itself to door numbers. One would suppose that, let them swell their biggest, these would remain small enough; but they are rigorously decimated by a free application of the alphabet. If the first door in the block is No. 7, the next is not No. 8, but No. 7A, and the third No. 7B, and so on up to G. High numbers are considered vulgar, but letters may be supposed to denote architectural blue blood.

The doorways are flush with the sidewalk; if there are steps, they are within the house-line; and the houses never set back behind a railing as with us. They seem to have grown since they

were first put down, and to have filled out all spare room. The larger houses are built round three sides of a court, with which the front door communicates. But houses in Dresden are under no restrictions as regards ground-plan. Any geometrical figure is good enough for them; and the Royal Palace, already referred to, affords them an example of license in this direction which it would be hard to outdo. The crookedness of the streets abets the eccentricity; and yet the most extravagant sprawler of them all seems more human than our endless repetition of pigeon-holes.

The houses are built of coarse sandstone, quarried from the cliffs of Saxon Switzerland, and brought thence on canal boats. The interior is patched here and there with brick, while to the outside is applied a thick layer of grey or yellow plaster, whose dead surface is sometimes relieved by arabesques and friezes in low relief, or perhaps a statuette or two in a shallow niche. This facade is from time to time oversmeared with a staring coat of paint, causing it to look unnaturally and even violently clean for a month or so, but not improving it from an æsthetic point of view. In the more modern villas, however, which line the approach to the Royal Park, the plaster is generally replaced by a fine kind of stone, dark cream-colour, and better as a building material than our American yellow or brown stone. These villas are four-square, detached, two-storied structures, each in the midst of its garden, and surrounded by an irreproachable iron railing. The roofs are either French or hip, slated and regular; the carriage-drive is smoothly paved with a mosaic of black and white; there is a fountain on the lawn; a handsome porch, and a balcony full of flowers. They more resemble the wooden country seats on the outskirts of American cities than anything in England; there is none of the English passion for seclusion and reserve; no impenetrable hedges, no ivy screens, nor canopy of foliage. Everything is bare, open, and visible, and seems to invite inspection, like a handsome immodest woman. We can even look through the plate-glass windows and see the painted ceilings and satin-wood doors.

But it is to the city houses that we must look for traits essentially Saxon. Balconies they generally have, fitted to the drawing-room windows of the successive Etages, and supported on stone cantalevers. Not always trustworthily supported, however; for moisture rots the stone, and the balconies occasionally come down, to the destruction of whatever is on them or beneath them. Meanwhile they are a pleasant refuge in summer; we sit chatting, smoking, and sipping beer among the flower-pots as the sun goes down, and long after the stars are out. They may even be used as supper rooms when the day has been very hot, and the company is not too numerous. If we have lived long in Dresden, it will not discompose us that every passer-by in the street may see how our table is furnished.

II.

Twenty families sometimes live under one roof; and the same front door serves for all. Through it must pass alike the Prince on the Bel-etage, the cobbler in the basement, and the seamstress who lives in the attic. This is a state of things which deserves consideration. A house-door, which is common property, which stands agape for any chance wayfarer to peer through—nay, whose threshold is no more sacred than the public kerbstone! we are democratic in America, but I think the Saxons are in advance of us here. So far as I have observed, New Yorkers and Bostonians are as careful of their doors, and as chary of them as is a pretty young woman of her teeth and lips. I would as lief share my parlour with a stranger, as be liable to meet him on my stairway, or to rub shoulders with him over my threshold; especially when his right to be there is as good as mine. There is an indelicacy about it, as if a dozen or twenty people were all to eat and speak through one mouth. The street does not stop outside the house; it eddies into the hall, and forces its dirty current up stairs. True, there is another door within, but after we have given up our outworks, few people will believe in the genuineness of our inner defences. The spell of reserve is broken.

This may be esteemed a fanciful objection to the "Flat" system, which, I see, is gaining favour in America on the score of cheapness and compactness. If we will be frank to call such establishments hotels, we may at least escape the evil of growing to believe them homes. Home is no less sacred a word than ever, though, like other English words nowadays, it is getting to be much desecrated in the appliance; and I fear these common doors, standing always ajar, may let escape many delicate beauties and refinements whose value is not fanciful, but inestimable.

To be sure, hall-porters have lately been introduced in the more modern and pretentious houses, whose business it is to keep the door shut, and only to open it when somebody wishes to come in, and not to admit beggars or disreputable persons. Their position is not a sinecure. I made the acquaintance of a Dresden hall-porter, and observed his proceedings for a whole year. He was a small, cringing, hook-nosed man, with thick straight black hair, short black beard, and a ghastly pallor of complexion which no stress of circumstances could ever modify. He cultivated that philosopher's desideratum, a continual smile, and he was full of bows, nods, obeisances, and grimaces. He rose at five in summer, and, I believe, not more than an hour later in winter. Why so early, I know not; there seemed not much to do besides sweeping out the hall, knocking the door-mat against the jamb, and exchanging a morning greeting with the char-woman of the house opposite. But

he was a married man, and may have had some household jobs of his own to attend to. He and his wife lived in two rooms adjoining the hall-way, so narrow and close that any respectable house-rat would have turned up his nose at them. The porter followed some small handicraft or other, whereby to eke out his salary; and at odd moments I could see him at the side window, working away, but ever keeping an eye to the sidewalk for visitors. He could lift the door-latch without leaving his seat, by means of a wire pulley, and when a denizen of the house approached, the door would spring open as if to welcome an old friend, before he could lay his hand to the bell handle; but strangers had to ring. In winter, I fear the porter had a sour meagre time of it. Besides the extra work of clearing away the ice and snow, there was the cold, which he could not do away with. But in summer he was happier; he wore a striped linen jacket and a long dirty apron, and was very active with his broom, and his street watering-pot. He had a great circle of acquaintances, and his little hall-room had its fill of visitors at all times. He was a very sink of private information, knew all that the housemaids of the various Etages could tell him, and had understandings with all the tradesmen's boys who brought parcels for members of the household. Whether there was an escape-pipe for this deluge of confidences, must have been a question of some moment to those who were discussed.

All at once a baby was born; it looked as if nothing could prevent its dying instantly; but it lived, and I dare say is alive now. The little porter was as proud of his baby as though there had been the germ of a Goethe in it; he held it constantly in his arms, and clucked at it, and dandled it unweariably. All the gossips admired it, and the people in the house stopped to smile at it as they passed through the hall. I doubt not that various bits of baby-furniture, useful or playful, found their way downstairs from the upper floors; for babies make even Saxons forget themselves for a moment. No doubt, too, any little deficiency of water in the cisterns, or irregularity in the gas-lighting, or delay in bringing up letters and visiting cards, was condoned for a time. The porter might reasonably have wished that the baby should be renewed as often as once every four or five months.

Next to the baby, the porter's trump card was a gigantic dog, a cross between a Newfoundland and a Saint Bernard. He was as big as a Shetland pony, and lay majestically about the hall, or stalked lion-like up and down the sidewalk. The chief objection to him was that he was above keeping himself clean, and had no valet to do it for him; and whoever made bold to caress him had reason to remember it for the rest of the day. Nevertheless, this huge beast slept in the porter's room, filling up all the space unoccupied by the porter himself; and, considering that fresh air was

rigorously excluded in summer as well as in winter, it was a constant surprise to me to see the porter appear, morning after morning, apparently no worse off than when he went to bed. But I do the dog injustice; it was he who suffered and degenerated; why should he be forced to share his kennel with a man? There was in him a capacity for better things; for when the porter watered the lawn at the back of the house with the garden hose-pipe, the dog would rush into the line of the stream and take it point-blank on his muzzle, barking and jumping with delight. But the porter never took the hint home to himself, nor understood, I suppose, what pleasure the dog could find in being wetted.

The porter's bearing towards the various inhabitants of the house was accurately graduated in accordance with their elevation above the ground floor. With the waifs of the attic he was hail-fellow-well-met. Pleasantly affable was his demeanour to the respectable families on the third etage, whose rent did not exceed £150 a year. The second floor, at £300, commanded his cordial respect and good offices; while speechless, abject reverence, and a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, fail to express his state of mind towards the six-hundred-pounders of the first landing. This behaviour of his was not so much acquired, as an instinct. The personality of its recipients had nothing to do with it; were Agamemnon, on the first etage, to change places with Thersites in the attic, our porter would slap the king of men on the back at their next meeting, and hustle him out of the way of Thersites, when the latter came down to his carriage. Moreover, if Agamemnon were a Saxon, he would not dream of getting indignant at this novel treatment.

But hall-porters do not strike at the root of this common-door evil; on the contrary, by pruning away the ranker leaves, they make the ill weed grow the stronger. The door is still open to whomever chooses to enter, and would be just as common, were an especial passport from Berlin necessary for every crossing of the threshold. If decency is to be outraged, it is of no real moment whether it be done directly or indirectly. There is a vast moral advantage in the feeling that our home is our own, from the garden-gate to the bed-chamber. Any infringement thereof is a first step towards Communism; and I do not believe that a person of refinement can become accustomed to the "Flat" system without undergoing more or less abrasion—or what is worse, hardening—of the moral cuticle. Between vertical and horizontal living there is even more of a difference than of a distinction. To sit between two men—one on the right hand, the other on the left—is endurable; but not so the being sandwiched, prone, over one man and underneath the other. We can neither raise our eyes to heaven, nor set our feet upon the earth; a human body intercepts us in both directions. Surely one door is not enough for so great an escape as is needed here.

III.

In these houses people begin to live beneath the level of the pavement, and thence ascend until scarce a tile intervenes between them and heaven. The basement people must take degraded views of life. They see only feet and legs and dirty petticoats, and their window-panes are spattered with mud from the sidewalk. Living up to their necks in earth must considerably impede them in the race, not to speak of the crushing weight of five or six stories overhead. If they were deeper down it would not be so bad, for there is a mystery about the depths of our mother earth—a blind recognition, perhaps, of the interest of buried ages: and we get so much from the earth—everything except our souls, let us say,—that what concerns her is our concern also. Miners are a fine symbol of materialism. They live in the earth—earth is beneath their feet, around and above them: no firmament too high to be reached with a ladder; many strange things, but none that may not be handled; a world of facts, wherein they stand self-contained and gloomily serene. As we, sitting indoors, pity the wayfarers exposed to the inclemency without, so do these miners pity and despise us, exposed to the blue and white glare of the bold heavens, stared out of countenance by sun and moon, blown by winds and wet with rain. Who can sympathise with the sky? Yet sooner or later all must revisit the surface, if only to be buried there.

But the grave and taciturn miners, whom we often meet on our walks towards Tharandt, with their odd costume and gruff "Glück auf!" are a very different race from the dwellers in basements. These poor creatures, being half in and half out, can claim neither heaven nor earth, but are exposed to the wrath of both. The feverish damps have entered into their blood, and their sallow faces, as they peer up at us from the underground windows, seem more clay than flesh. I am, however, able to record one cheerful exception, which will help us to take leave of the basements with a pleasant savour in our nostrils. It is on the north-eastern corner of See and Waisenhausstrasse. Here the sidewalk consists partly of a grating, in passing over which a most appetising odour salutes us. We glance downwards through a subterranean window, where behold two or three stalwart cooks in white aprons and paper caps, frying delectable veal cutlets over a glowing range. The window is open at the top, and the spiritual essence of the cutlets rises through the aperture to delight our noses. As we pause to sniff once more, the fattest of the cooks tips back his paper cap and wipes his sweating brow with his warm bare arm. Phew! here, at all events, is more flesh than clay. The fat cook's glance meets ours, and we exchange a sociable grin. He is *chef* of the Victoria Keller, and we know his cutlets of old.

IV.

In the houses which are only dwelling-houses, the next step above the basement is to the Parterre, which is generally raised some four or five feet above the sidewalk-level. But the great mass of houses in the city are shops in their lower story, and attain the heights of gentility only after climbing a flight of stairs. There is a subdued mellow splendour about Dresden shops such as I have not seen exactly paralleled anywhere else. Perhaps the gloom of the narrow streets and the musty drab colour of the houses enhance these splendid windows by contrast. But the shopkeepers give much time and thought to the artistic arrangement of their wares; it is a matter which they understand and into which they can put their whole souls, and the result does them credit. Each window is a picture, with height, depth, breadth, and chiaro-oscuro all complete; and far more attractive pictures, to most people, than those on the walls of the Gallery. Moreover, the details are altered every morning, and at longer intervals there is a re-casting of the entire design; so that the fascination of life is added to the other fascinations. And, finally, the shops are so immediately accessible that it seems rather easier to go into them than not. Our timidity is not daunted by imposing doorways, nor is our inertia discouraged by dignified flights of steps and broad approaches. Within, we take off our hats, say good morning, and feel perfectly at home. However fine the wares may be, we are distracted by no grandeur of architecture; and we are waited on by attendants, not by ladies and gentlemen. We bid adieu at parting, and hardly realise, as we regain the sidewalk, that we have actually been shopping at all.

These are some of the lights of the picture; there are shadows—heavy ones! After some deliberation, however, I think there will be little use in attempting to reproduce them. Those whose lives have been crossed by them will not care to have the experience recalled; while the uninitiated can never be brought to believe in their depth and blackness. Be it merely observed, therefore, that Dresden shopkeepers are sufficiently inspired with a desire to prosper in trade. It may be conjectured that they give their minds to their business; certainly the reproach of discursive attainments can not be brought against them. Their heads, so far as intellectual value is concerned, are about on a par with the silver effigies on the thaler which they cherish. I have somewhere seen it asserted that the German tradesman is notably of a scientific, philosophic, and æsthetic turn, and that, in the intervals of labour, he snatches up his volume of Rosencranz, Lemcke, Boltzmann, or Goëthe, from the perusal of which the very chink of coin will scarcely win him.

So far as my observation goes, this is a cruel and unfounded

aspersion upon the character of a guild whose singleness of purpose has profoundly impressed me. They do not know what Science and Philosophy are. They will not read even a novel, nor yet a newspaper, unless it be the *Boerse Zeitung*. They look at the pictures in *Kladderadatsch*, but do not understand the political allusions. Their eyes are dull to the culture and progress of the world, and, to all that is above the world, wholly blind. But they can spy a bargain through a stone wall, and a thievish advantage through the lid of a coffin. Nevertheless, I am of opinion that a wider culture might help them to be even more truly themselves than they are now. Beautiful as is the untutored earnestness of their character to the eye of the psychologist, to the man of the world they seem deficient in the breadth and grasp of mind which would enable them most effectively to carry out their designs. With all the disposition to steal that an ardent German nature can have, they lack the wisdom so to commit their thefts as to secure the largest and most permanent returns. There is a rugged directness in the way they pick our pockets which at first charms us by its naivete, but ends with wounding our feelings and lowering our self-esteem. They take so little trouble to make their lies plausible, that we cannot pretend to believe them without blushing. It is easy to pay a bill of three times the amount of the original charges; but to pay again and again for things which we never had, and which it is not even feigned that we ever had, gets to be almost painfully embarrassing. If I lay my purse upon the counter, it would evince a delicacy of sentiment in the shopkeeper to wait until I had turned away my eyes before taking it. Such a course would be to his advantage, besides; for I could then ignore the theft, and we could continue our relations with the same frankness and cordiality as before, and in due course of time I might let him steal my purse again. But openly to transfer it to his till, while I am looking straight at it, seems to me tantamount to a wanton rupture of our acquaintance. There is originality, there is vigour, there is noble simplicity in the act, if you will; but our effete civilisation is apt to forget its beauties in shuddering at its lack of clothing.

This ruggedness is largely fostered, no doubt, by the continual shifting of the foreign population. A customer who is here to-day and gone to-morrow must evidently be robbed without delay; and it makes little difference how, since there will be another to take his place. So demoralising is travel to the places which are travelled through! If a permanent colony of philanthropic English and Americans would establish themselves in Dresden, I question not that, in the course of a few years, the whole mercantile community would be educated into such accomplished thieves that they could steal twice as much as now, without creating a

tithe of the awkwardness and misunderstanding which at present exist. Persons in search of a mission would do well to ponder this enterprise.

V.

Passing over, then, the darker shadows appertaining to the Dresden merchant guild, let us revert to the cheery spectacle of the shop windows. The mercers' are the best off for colour; they sometimes look like giant rosettes, with tints sweetly harmonised. There is a bald-headed gentleman on Seestrasse who arranges his silks in a fresh combination every morning, and then steps into the street and contemplates the effect with side-long glances and hands clasped in silent rapture on his shirt-bosom. He forgets that his head is hatless—not to mention its hairlessness; he does not heed the unsympathetic world-stream, hurrying past; the universe is an unstable vision, but the silks are real, are beautiful, are tastefully arranged. We cannot withhold our respect from this man. He is as sincere an enthusiast as Luther or Mahomet, and no less estimable in his degree. Undoubtedly he is a happier man than either, for I never saw him dissatisfied with his work.

But the windows of the stationers' shops are more generally attractive. Here is a world of photographs from life, from still-life, and from art, ancient and modern. There is a sympathy between photographs and travelling; they are mathematical functions of each other. Dresden photographs are remarkable for their softness and delicate tone—qualities which appear to depend in some measure upon the atmosphere, but still more, I fancy, upon the care and skill wherewith they are "finished" in India ink and white. There is a certain Professor Schurig, whose profession seems to be making crayon copies of the more famous pictures in the Gallery; and these crayons are diligently photographed in every gradation of size. The Professor is sometimes very felicitous, but within the last year photographs have been taken from the famous originals; and though they appear rough and stained and obscure, there is always a gleam of divine expression somewhere about them, which transcends the art of the most curious copyist. Besides these, there are a great many of Goupil's French reproductions, and a whole army of female deities, as well of this as of more primitive ages. It is a singular fact that the wholly naked goddesses of ancient mythology look incomparably more modest than do the half-clothed divinities of to-day. The reason may be that the former were never aware that their unconsciousness would one day be photographed; but what a shame that our modern nymphs should labour under so embarrassing a disadvantage!

An artistic fruit more native to Dresden is the china-painting, of which there are many exhibitions in town. It is all copying-work, save for such originality as may belong to an inaccurate imitation. Accuracy, indeed, is not aimed at; for even if attained in the painting, the subsequent baking would warp it wrong again. But the effects produced are marvellously soft, glowing, and pure; and such brilliant falsehoods are generally preferred to the black-and-white truth of photography. Justly so, perhaps, since black-and-white is not the whole truth, and colour is often of more significance than form. A new application of this art is to copying cartes-de-visite, with better success than might be expected. The most satisfactory results are with the faces of old people and young children: in the first the furrows and wrinkles are guiding-lines to the draughtsman; in the others there are few fixed and definite traits in which to err. But the subtle curves and changing yet expressive contours of youth make game of the artist's efforts. The best thing to do with paintings of this kind is to inlay them as medallions in ebony and marqueterie cabinets. So placed, they look like great jewels, and any minor inaccuracies are unnoticeable.

As for the Dresden—that is, the Meissen porcelain—it is too delicate a topic for such rough notes as these. I went to Meissen once, and saw it made and painted. I walked up and down long cool corridors, and peeped into oblong rooms, where five hundred sickly young men are always at work, each repeating for ever his especial detail, and never getting a step beyond it. I saw little legs and arms and heads and trunks come out perfect from separate moulds, and presently build themselves into a pigmy man or woman. In another apartment I saw flowers painted so rapidly and well, that they seemed to blossom beneath the painter's fingers. No flower-painting surpasses the best work of these young fellows—for they almost all are young. They apotheosise Watteau, too, making him out a more cunning artist than he was. I am speaking of the flat work; the raised flowers are hideous, indecent, and soulless. It is no small labour to model them, and wonders of skill they are; but what sort of a Frankenstein must he have been who first conceived and carried out the idea of making them! No flowers grow on his grave, I think; but it would have been a poetical justice to bury him in a heap of his own roses.

The little porcelain people are not so objectionable, except when they are made to pose at ease on the precipitous slopes of slippery vases. They are much better before baking than afterwards, however; for they emerge from the fiery furnace with a highly polished surface which is beautiful in itself, but far too lustrous to be human. . . . I will not moralise here; but on

the whole I wish a bull would get into the Meissen china-shop and smash everything except the simple flower-painted vases and dishes. There is one vase with a flower-wreath round it, which seems just to have been dropped there, fresh, fragrant, and dewy from some Juliet's garden—a wreath which should immortalise him who created it. "Ja," assents our Saxon conductor, "es ist ja wunderschön; but here, best sir, here is what far outdoes the nature; behold it, the pride of our manufactory—a porcelain violet, modelled by hand, tinted to the life, baked, glazed, perfect! Verily a masterpiece; and to think that a trumpery, good-for-nothing little violet should have inspired a work of art like that! Strange—oh, wonderful!"

It is strange, indeed. However, we are not in Meissen. In Dresden is only one legitimate porcelain shop, containing specimens of all the work produced. After the vases, the things best worth studying are a pair of Chinese personages—a lady and gentleman—who squat cross-legged on porcelain cushions, smiling broadly, and hanging their hands as only the Chinese can. We jog them a little, and instantly they become alive—they move! They wag their grinning heads and stick out their pointed red tongues with a jolly, leering, Chinese impropriety impossible to describe. Their hands move up and down in a slow ecstasy of ineffable Mongolian significance. Really it is an impressive sight:—we see them long afterwards, wagging and leering at us, in our dreams. The unanswerable question is, which of the two is the more scandalously fascinating?

Next to this happy pair, I like an epergne, where three charming young women—the Graces, by their costume—embrace a thick column which expands above into a dish. A most comfortable design; for it always appears to me that Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne have got hold of a round German stove, and are warming their pretty little porcelain stomachs against it. None of the ancient sculptors have represented them doing anything half so cosy and sensible. The notion gives the group just that touch of humour which it requires to be interesting. Beauty, simple and severe, should never be attempted in tinted, melodramatic sculpture such as this: but our Saxon artists can in no wise be brought to believe it. They enjoy sentimentality more than fun; and this is one reason why their sentimentality is so sickly.

They succeed better with meerschaum. The goddess Nicotine has a fund of good sense, which prompts her, as a general thing, to put a smile, either broad or latent, into the carving of her pipes and cigar-holders. The material is more beautiful than either marble or porcelain, and is delightful to work in. A man of leisure, education, and refinement might benefit both himself and the world by devoting his whole attention to cutting and polishing meerschaum.

There is unlimited field for inventive design, for taste, for humour, for manual skill and delicacy. And how pleasant to reflect that each pipe, over which we thought and laboured our best, will become the bosom friend of some genial, appreciative fellow, who will discover its good points, and be proud of them and love them. For all good smokers are married to their pipe; are sensitive to its critics and jealous of its rivals. And when the pipe is worthy of affection, it endears itself ever more and more; and though it be coloured black with nicotine, is tinged yet more deeply with the rich essence of mellow reminiscences and comfortable associations.

The Viennese do their work well, and perhaps have a special knack at it. There was once, in this window which we are now contemplating, a Skye terrier's head, about the size of a clenched fist, with mouth half open and hair on end, which only needed a body to begin barking. It was bought by a Scotchman for twelve pounds, which, if the animal was of the true meerschaum breed, was dog-cheap. This question of genuineness, by the way, is one which every tyro believes he can settle at a glance. There are, he tells you, a few simple and infallible tests, easily learnt and readily applied; he talks about weight, tint, texture, sponginess; and assures you that if you are ever taken in, only your own carelessness is to blame.

It is a fallacy from beginning to end. There is no way of "telling" a meerschaum, except to smoke it for at least a year. We may amuse ourselves with applying tests, if we like, but they will demonstrate only our fatuity. The dealer is as impotent to decide as anybody, so far as judgment by inspection goes; unless he be prompted by the maker. But even the maker will be at a loss between two pipes, the history of whose making he has forgotten. We might go back still farther, and ascribe the only trustworthy knowledge to the Natolian miner, who digs the clay out of the earth. Meerschaum is like woman's heart—as soft, as light, as brittle, and as enigmatic, and only time and use can prove it true.

Pipes are bought chiefly by foreigners; Germans use meerschaum in the form of cigar-holders—"Spitzen," they call them. Spitzen are economical, but not otherwise desirable; they enable us to smoke our cigar to the bitter end, but they are an unnecessary and troublesome encumbrance. Nevertheless, they are popular, for they colour more evenly and further towards the mouth than pipes do, and they are more striking in appearance. But I scarcely think they insinuate themselves far into their owners' secret affections; a man of sentiment may have vanity enough to wear one in public, but in private he will not be bothered with it. Coarse, hard men, devoid of sentiment, and of the fine quality which can appreciate the quiet charms of a pipe, are precisely fitted to enjoy the ostentation of a Spitze.

Tobacco plays so prominent a rôle in a Saxon's life—so perfumes the air and impregnates the lungs—that we are insensibly led to discuss it at some length. Probably there are not ten righteous men in Dresden who do not smoke or snuff—chewing, luckily, is unknown, though I believe the practice originated hereabouts. I have often met a hundred men in succession, no one without his cigar. Cigar-smoking, it should be observed, is not an expensive habit in Dresden; it may be indulged to excess for not more than two pounds sterling a year. Half as much will provide three not intolerable cigars daily. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that no true-born Saxon ever throws away a cigar, or any part of one. He consumes it in instalments, and his pockets and cupboard are full of pestilent remnants from half an inch to three inches long. A learned Professor, whom I visited occasionally, passed his life at a study-desk, every loophole and cranny of which harboured cigar stumps of various ages and sizes. My first supposition was that here was an eccentric recluse, whose whim it was to rake together this kind of unsavoury relics. But I presently saw him select the most ancient, stalest stump from its hiding place in the most cobwebbed cranny, and kindle it into activity with a sulphur match. He preferred such resuscitated corpses—an old tobacco-culture, with a morbid craving for carrion!

This same people smoke Russian cigarettes—the most ethereal guise under which tobacco presents itself. The variety used is Turkish, and is the purest and finest in the world; but so pungent that—except hookahs—the cigarette is the only available form for it. Ladies smoke these cigarettes, though only the Poles and Russians do so publicly—they, indeed, smoke cigars quite as readily, and for my own part I much enjoy the spectacle. Not only do they appear admirable as regards their dainty manipulation and osculation of the weed, but their smoking lends an oriental flavour to the scene, whereof the fumes of the Latakia are but the material emblem. When an English or American lady smokes, she simply commits a small impropriety; but in the mouth of a fair foreigner, who has been brought up to know no better, a cigar is a wand to conjure up romantic visions and Eastern fantasies. The gentle reader will understand me aright, nor seek to put me out of countenance by evoking images of coarse, black-pipe-puffing Indian squaws and Irishwomen.

An idiocracy of Dresden, or perhaps of Germany, is the sausage and smoked-meat shop. It is kept clean as a pin in every part. The dressers are glistening white limestone; the scales and weights of polished yellow brass; there are generally one or two panel-mirrors, very effective. The razor-keenness of the long bright knives; the clear red and white of the “cuts,” and of the complexions of the female attendants; the piquant odour of the

smoke-cured flesh would give a Brahman an appetite. Raw meat is not a pleasant sight except to butchers and medical students; but when refined by the education of salt and smoke, it becomes highly companionable. Of the merits of sausage, it would perhaps be rash in a foreigner to speak; every nation has its pet peculiarity, which no outsider can criticise without offence. Nothing is more peculiarly national than the German sausage, and perhaps the very quality which so endears it to Germans, renders it hard of comprehension by the barbaric mind. The Coat-of-Arms of Dresden has been flippantly described as bearing a sausage in its pocket, with the motto, "Es ist mir Wurst." The people certainly have a way of carrying sausage about with them in their pockets—not always in their coat-pockets, either—and pulling it out to gnaw upon it, in moments of abstraction or *ennui*; and if a barbarian expresses annoyance at the spectacle, they shrug their shoulders scornfully and ejaculate, "Es ist mir Wurst!" But the phrase is of very various application, and like the American formula, "It don't pay," is noteworthy only as indicating the bed of the popular current of thought.

There are two or three furniture shops about town, containing plenty of pretty furniture imported from Berlin, and made chiefly after French designs. But in spite of its prettiness, there is nothing sincere or satisfactory in the making of it. The chairs and sofas are never comfortable; the tables, sideboards, and cabinets are never solid, though always warranted to be so. A superficial acquaintance with such furniture predisposes us in its favour; but ripening familiarity breeds contempt. Our fine friends wear out; their gay feathers ornament nothing substantial; they are loose in the joints and warped in the back. In the day of auction they are found wanting. On the whole, I think this Dresden or Berlin furniture is the most worthless that is anywhere manufactured. Compared with the massive and rich simplicity of the best American furniture, it shows like a charlatan beside a gentleman; nor is its case much bettered by contrast with English work. A Saxon feels none of the pleasure which we feel in knowing that what pretends to be ebony, or mahogany, or cloth of gold, is such, to the backbone. A solid mahogany dining-table would take away his appetite as often as he sat down to dinner. It is a fine show from cheap materials that yields him most unmixed satisfaction; and so the Saxons are happy in their furniture. What I have said is in reference only to the best and most expensive upholstery, such as adorns the villas on the Bürgewiese. The ordinary houses are fitted up with a kind of goods which is, perhaps, preferable; for though to the full as badly made as the fine sort, it does not so belie itself by any attempt at outward embellishment.

Some people see a charm in old curiosity-shops, but they remind me of the artfully constructed cripples and sufferers from painted ulcers, whose simulated woe is often obtruded upon innocent travellers. It is conceivable that a vast deal of antiquated trash should exist, which its owners would gladly be rid of; but that age and worthlessness should enhance value is a circumstance requiring explanation. I never saw a beautiful thing in a Dresden curiosity-shop, and I think the sweepings of two or three old-fashioned attics would outshine and outvalue the richest of them. They are hidden artfully away in gloomy alleys and back streets; their windows are dusty, their ceilings stained, their floors creaky, their corners dark; their rubbish is heaped disorderly together, with a coarse attempt at dramatic effect. The dealer is dressed in a correspondingly shabby costume, and cultivates an aspect of dishevelled squalor. I should suppose that the business largely depends for success upon the philosophic principle of the grab-bag at fairs. In such a mass of plunder we cannot help believing in a heaven, however small, of something really valuable; some pearl of price which, by advantage of the dealer's ignorance, we may obtain for next to nothing. But the real lay of the land is quite otherwise. Instead of buying invaluable things cheap, we purchase valueless things dear; and as to the dealer's ignorance—what, in the line of his business, he does not know, is decidedly not worth knowing. The tribe is not peculiar to Dresden; wherever are travelled flies, there likewise spin their webs these curious old spiders.

VI.

But let us rise above shops and shopkeepers and see life upon the first Etage, where dwell the rich foreigners and the German princes. The staircase which helps us thither is probably very dark, and darker still the passage to which the inner house-door admits us. An artistic stratagem may be intended by this; for, indeed, that were a poor parlour which looked not well after so dusky, not to say evil-smelling an entrance-way. Evil-smelling or not, we must pause to be delivered of an observation before opening the parlour-door. In the Anglo-Saxon mind an entry is associated with the idea of a staircase; without which it seems an anomaly, and we wonder how it manages to dispose of itself. In fact, it sprawls about in an unbraced, vacant-minded manner, with its doors all on one side, and half-strangled by two or three great wardrobes, which also endanger the heads and knees of the unwary. This lack of stairs makes itself felt throughout the house, which is comparable to a face without a nose or a land without a mountain. It is insipid. Our houses are rooms grouped round a staircase, and thus gain a flavour and character

which distinguish them in the imagination. The different floors, each with its separate sphere in the household economy, are ordered as naturally as are the organs in the human body. But no stairs implies a serious deficiency of moral stimulus. Moreover, we are embarrassed by the loss of handles to an extensive family of remarks. "Go down stairs," "Run up stairs," "Come down to breakfast," "The baby is on the stairs!"—these and many more such expressions must be simply dropped out of existence. It is startling, too, to reflect that the kitchen stands as high as the parlour, and that the parlour is no less out of the way than the bedchamber. We can roll a marble back and forth from one end of the house to the other.

Meantime we will open the parlour-door. Like all German doors, it opens in the middle, the left half being usually bolted to the floor, and only the right opened and shut. There are several advantages over our system in this arrangement. The doors are less obtrusive. They open with only half as much of a sweep and a flourish, and stand ajar without standing in the way. They are the next best things to curtains: for interior doors are all more or less a relic of barbarism, and latches and locks delay the entrance of the millennium. Heaven has its gates, it is true, but those once passed, we shall find none in the heavenly mansions: whereas Hell is doubtless as full of bolted doors as of burglars.

Dresden doors, to tell the truth, are almost too yielding for this sinful age. They have a strong bent towards warping. The bolts will not shoot, nor the latches catch, and the door is constantly springing open in a generous, free-hearted way, as much as to exclaim, "Look through me, everybody! I have nothing to conceal!" In Heaven, in summer, or in solitude, this vivacity is a charming trait, but at other times it may be annoying. It is partly compensated by the crevice underneath the door being ordinarily so wide that letters and newspapers, and even slender volumes, sometimes, may be slipped through without disturbing the hardly-won attachment of the latch. But in the common event of a sudden gust of wind, all the doors in the house jump open at once, as though a dozen ghostly intruders had forced a preconcerted entrance. The latches, by the way, turn by handles instead of round knobs; a trifle, but one of those which lend a foreign flavour.

The latch gives way, then, and behold the parlour! There is a tall square white stove—a permanent feature in all the rooms—drawn up in one corner like the ghost of a family chimney. In the adjoining angle the centre-table is pinning the stiff-backed sofa against the wall, and four rungless chairs are solemnly watching the operation. There are flower-stands in the slimly curtained windows, and the pallid walls are enriched with half-

a-dozen lithographic portraits of the Royal Family, and a large engraving of Schiller at Weimar. In another place there is an eruption of small round black-rimmed daguerreotypes and photographs of dead or departed relatives—a singularly unattractive collection. Neither these nor the larger pictures are hung; they have apparently broken out of the wall in consequence of the diseased condition of the house, and the breaking-out has not taken place in an even or orderly manner; the frames are all more or less awry, and there is no balancing of one against another. Between the windows is a mirror reaching nearly from floor to ceiling; but instead of being one sheet of glass, it consists of three or four sections, the line of junction generally contriving to maintain the same level as our line of sight. The floor is of bare boards painted brownish yellow and polished; or, in the newer houses, it is parqueted, and waxed, so that it reflects the ceiling, and is perilous to walk on. It is seldom left wholly bare, however, unless in the heat of summer; the expanse is tempered with rugs, a large one beneath the table, and smaller satellites in various parts of the room. The banishment of full-grown carpets is by no means an unmitigated blunder. The polished floor communicates a sort of dignity to the legs of the chairs and tables, and puts us in mind of French *genre* pictures. If there is dirt anywhere, it is immediately visible; and the rugs can be thrashed every day without disordering anything. In winter a fox or bear-skin remedies the coldness of bare boards which summer renders a luxury. Our partiality for Aubussons, fitting snug to the wainscot, is perhaps a prejudice; there may be no more reason for them than for tapestry. Nevertheless, the foot naturally loves to be pressed on softness, and requires artificial training to walk on slipperiness. Turf is a good precedent for carpets, and in discarding them we lose in home-comfort what we gain in hygiene and elegance.

The windows open on hinges in the same manner as the doors. It is a pleasant, antique fashion: this is the kind of casements from which the ladies of the Middle Ages were wont to converse with their lovers. They could never have pushed up our modern window, with its uneven grooves and rough-running cords, nor eloped through it with any grace and dignity. Moreover, nothing is less picturesque than an open window of the modern style; whereas the old casement, standing ajar, forms a picture by itself. In winter a supplementary window is fitted outside the original one, with the good effect of excluding noise as well as cold air. When the north winds blow these exterior fixtures are severely shaken, and from street to street, as the gale rises, we hear the slamming together of loose sashes, there being a fine for any window left open during a storm. A praiseworthy regulation,

since if the glass be broken and fall into the street it is liable to shear off people's fingers and noses; and a couple of years ago, as a man was pointing out to another the road to the railway-station, he suddenly found himself without his hand. A piece of window-pane from the third story of a neighbouring house had cleanly amputated it at the wrist.

It is the mark of a civilised people to pay even more attention to their bodily comfort at night than during the day. Sleep is a mystery which still awaits explanation; but we know it to be the condition of visions which sometimes have a vital influence over our lives. In those visions the veil of the freewill is drawn aside, and our naked, unregenerate self stands revealed before our eyes. Pure, upright, and moral though we may be, in sleep we are liable to commit such crimes as the very *Police News* would fear to illustrate.

Surely, then, it were wise to make ourselves as comfortable in bed as possible, for physical unease communicates itself to the spirit, and a cramped position of the legs increases the activity within us of original sin. It is nearly a miracle, from this point of view, that all Germany is not given over to the Evil One. If their beds were a third part so comfortable as an ordinary coffin, there would be comparatively no ground for complaint. But the coffin is better in every respect, and a dead Saxon sleeps vastly easier than a live one. Were men like jack-knives, they might contrive to fit six feet of stature into four feet of bed-room; and, perhaps, to lie unmoved beneath an overgrown feather pillow, which combines in itself the functions of sheet, blanket, and counterpane. It is imponderable—that pillow; a sort of ghost of a mattress, but so hot as to suggest anything but a celestial origin. What are we to think of a people who put up with this sort of thing from year's end to year's end? Can we expect from them gentleness and refinement—an appreciation of fine shadings—a discriminating touch? Can such a people be supposed capable of distinguishing between lying and discretion, between science and quackery, between philosophy and charlatanry, between war and brutality, or even between statesmanship and bullying? They cannot tell why respect is due to women; they are a mingling of the animal with the machine; and I believe the Survival-of-the-fittest Law to be a libel on their Gothic ancestry.

So we merely pass through the bedroom—the most desolate and cheerless spot in the house—and are glad to find ourselves in the passage-way once more. The kitchen-door is ajar, and we may look in if we like; though, except the white china range, there is nothing there describably novel. An English cook might find some difficulty in broiling a steak; but the arrangements are well suited to Saxon needs. To be a thorough German cook requires only a callous conscience, a cold heart, a confused head, coarse

hands, and plenty of grease. If, therefore, the other arts and sciences, should ever pall upon them, one half the nation might very successfully cater to the palates of the other half. Some of the hotels have French cooks, or German cooks French-trained; but the people accept them as they accept knives and forks to eat with; not because they appreciate them, but because they are the fashion.

The best virtue of these Etages shows itself when they are thrown open for a ball. The long suite of rooms, merging vista-like into one another, appears palatial. The smooth floors seem made to dance upon. The only dissatisfied people are those who live on the Etage below; and even they may be conciliated by an invitation. The Saxons are much given to dancing, and may possibly have built their houses so as best to indulge their inclination. It seems a barren use to put a home to, but, on the other hand, it is no bad expedient for disguising the ugly fact of Saxon homelessness.

VII.

There are certain features of the Saxon household, upon which I have no disposition to enlarge, and which I shall pass by in silence. Special diseases should be left to the treatment of special physicians, and let us trust that, in the progress of the water-cure and of the sense of decency, they may be alleviated. Meanwhile we must pass through the second and third Etages, which are poor relations of the first, with nothing original about them,—and take our final observations in the attic.

Unquestionably this is the most attractive part of the house, whether viewed from without or from within. The very inconveniences are an enticement. Here we are next-door neighbours to the clouds; and if we look down from our dormer-window to the street,—we may be so straitened as scarcely to be able to pay our ten pounds of rent, yet cannot we repress a feeling of superiority to those absurd little people crawling to and fro beneath us. By dint of our commanding outlook, we become to a certain extent prophets of the future. We can see the coming event while yet it is afar, and can predict what will happen to a man on his way from his house-door to his office. Prophecy is easy, if only our views of life are lofty enough; and its exercise creates an agreeable glow of power. What can be more pleasing than to watch two persons running along two sides of a corner, and to foresee what they cannot—that there will be a collision at the apex? Courage is easy too, and charity; and in general our moral and intellectual capacity is indefinitely enlarged. We appropriate the stature of the building, and become giants sixty or seventy feet high, able to straddle the Alt Markt and vault the Cathedral. We perceive the littleness and the vanity of man—the not-our-

selves which eternally makes for gain. We are broadly critical, and marvel at the narrow-mindedness of people who cannot see through stone walls, nor five minutes ahead. We smile compassionately at yonder stranger, who positively cannot find his way to the American Bank. But shall we, in descending to the street, descend likewise to the level of intelligence of those who walk there? Heaven forbid! Yet if so it be, let us henceforward forswear the staircase, and make our promenades over the roof-tops, with only the crows, the cats, and the chimney-sweeps for company.

I must assume that everybody has felt the fascination of an attic, for it is beyond my skill to reproduce it. It depends in great measure upon the refreshing unconventionality of the ceilings, which do not hesitate to make advances to the walls, and sometimes stoop to acquaintance even with the floors. These eccentricities are a death-blow to the maintenance of any downstairs formality and stiffness; we must be free, good-humoured, and accommodating in our behaviour, nor hold our heads too erect, lest they catch a rap from the rafters. It is strange how soon this sort of restraint and inconvenience impresses itself upon our affections; perhaps on the same principle that we are said to love best those who make the greatest demands upon us. The place is full of makeshifts and compromises, which may be bad things in conduct, but in housekeeping are delightful. The mind and character, being met by constraints upon all sides, leave their counter-impression in the more unmistakable colours. The room grows human a hundred times faster than if it were square and ten feet high.

Moreover, attic-life is so condensed, that it must needs appear rich and idiomatic. And it is original because it is poor, and poverty cannot afford to be in the fashion. Poets are fabled to live in attics, because they cannot pay for grander lodgings; but I suspect there are better reasons for it; and certainly we often have cause to regret their better fortune; for the songs they sing on the *Bel-étage* are seldom so sweet and pure as those that sounded above the eaves, though doubtless far more ornate, ponderous, and regularly proportioned.

These Dresden attics are a city by themselves, and doubtless there is a kind of Freemasonry between the inhabitants. There are often two or three stories above the eaves, and it would hardly be too much to say that half the city population have their homes there. If the rich people knew what was to their advantage, they would gladly exchange lodgings with these Arabs of the roof. It is the roofs that redeem the houses from the charge of nothingness. They are the nonconformists, rich in individuality and warm in colour, uneven as a tarpaulin flung over a pile of luggage, rambling, sloping, cornered, full of lights

and shadows. The dormer-windows are of inexhaustible interest, jutting out of the mother-roof like baby houses taking a first look at the world. Doves roost on the little gable, and occasionally perch among the flower-pots on the window-sill. Now comes a young girl, to water the plants and complete the picture—one which Hendschel's pencil has inimitably drawn. She pauses a moment to watch, with a half-smile, the courtship of two pigeons on the eaves-pipe; a blush gradually steals over her lovely face, for that canary, warbling in its little wooden cage at her ear, is perhaps reminding her of a certain maiden love-passage of her own last evening, when her sweet lips made some lucky fellow the happiest man in the world. How tenderly the morning sunshine brightens on her fair hair and virginal figure! How lovingly that green vine droops over head, and how rich is the perfume of that verbena!

I should not have ventured upon this outburst, had it not been for that sketch of Hendschel's, which stood before me as I wrote. The responsibility is his; I should never dare create such a face as that and call it German. Being ready-created, however, I am well content to believe it true, though the women I have seen in dormer-windows were invariably homely, and engaged in no more poetic occupation than sewing, or hanging out clothes, or screaming something to their gossip in the gable opposite. On rare occasions I have seen a cat steal along the tiles, harassed, meagre, with painfully suspicious eye, pausing ever and anon to peer and snuff and wave its tail. I suppose she was sparrow-hunting; but cats are the very scarcest wild-fowl in Dresden. They are an exponent of another kind of civilisation than any which Saxons will attain. They are pariahs among this people—no one sympathises with them or understands them. The dogs have ousted them perhaps; and certainly there is more of the cur than of the cat in the Saxon character.

Dormer-windows exist in other places besides Saxony, but the eye-windows are, so far as I know, a peculiarly German institution. It shows a grotesque kind of humour to invent such things. They are single panes, about a foot square, standing upright in the body of the roof, which curves over them like a sleepy eyelid, and broadens like a fat cheek below. The life-likeness is often enhanced by various ingenious additions; and a couple of such windows, with a chimney between, give the house a curiously human aspect. The effect is not carried out in the body of the building; but, in fact, all the vitality of the house is concentrated in the top part of it, as if it rose up from below, like oxygen bubbles, and collected beneath the roof. The basement is torpid, the middle floors are stiff and taciturn, but the attics draw the very breath of life.

VIII.

There is a class of citizens in Dresden whose home is even higher than the attics; who dispute the ridge-pole with the crows, the pigeons, and the cats; but who, though occupying the most elevated position in the city, above even the heads of the King and his council, are outdone by none in humbleness of demeanour, and sadness of attire. They are clothed from head to foot in jetty black; and, as though this were not enough, they smear their countenances with an application of the same joyless hue. Bare-footed are they, and walk the streets, when they descend thither, with folded arms and downcast eyes, as if their very glance, not to mention their touch, might chance to soil the immaculateness of somebody's shirt-bosom. Nevertheless their complete blackness gives a strange force to their appearance—a condensation of meaning, so to speak, of the very darkest import. They are an embodied lesson to mankind. People of one colour—of one consistent idea, however gloomy—are sure to be more remarked in the world than the gayest of piebalds.

This singular tribe never appears to have any interests or sympathies in common with humanity. Never are they seen conversing with a friend; and as to sweethearts and wives—good heavens! the thing is inconceivable. A species of awe invests them; in the most turbulent crowd their persons would be respected, and a pathway would be cleared for them whithersoever they might choose to pursue it. But they are seldom seen on earth: their abode is in the upper air. In the early morning, when most men are asleep, we may see their lonely figures far aloft, silhouetted against the pale tints of the sky, and gilded perchance by the first rays of the day's sunshine. What are they doing there at such an hour? Are they priests of an unknown religion, bound by dark vows to this sable garb and these mysterious rites? Mark yonder crazy anchorite—with what weird agility he clambers to the top of that tall chimney, and stands with the sleeping city at his feet, himself the blackest object in it—a blot against the pure heavens. Does he not look rather like the Devil, setting his foot upon the conquered world? Can it be that, under the impression that they are merely a useful and harmless, albeit personally unprepossessing order of the community, mankind may have been harbouring in its midst a deputation from the kingdom of darkness.

What is that creature doing on that chimney? He seems to have a rope coiled round his arm; now he unwinds it, and lets it slip rapidly down the chimney's throat, till it must have reached the house's deepest entrails. Is there anything below which he wants to catch? See how he jerks the rope up and down, and how curiously he peers into the sooty hole. His motions remind

us vividly of a fisherman bobbing for eels. Is this the devil, bobbing for a human soul? What bait does he use?—not worms, surely: more probably it is a deed of mortgage; or, perhaps, the good name of a young woman. Ah! was not that a bite? yes, he has caught it at last—whatever it is; and, mercy on us! with what an ugly eagerness does he haul his booty up. If only it would come unhooked; and, after the experience of this one mortal peril, have a chance to be wiser for the future! but that is not to be: the black fisherman is even now stooping to grasp his prey. Let us veil our eyes from the ghastly spectacle of its last struggles. Heaven grant that ugly hook never come dangling down into our own fireside circle!

Nay, but this gloomy fantasy is unworthy our common sense; in fact, it was only the last traces of a nightmare from which, at this early hour, our brain had not entirely freed itself. Yonder is no devil, but, as we read him now, some eccentric misanthrope, who vents his spite against the race by plucking defilement from the very flame which makes the household hearth bright—or would do so, were there no china stove in the way. He likewise finds a pleasure in making himself hideous with the soot from other people's chimneys, and thus rendering his aspect a perpetual silent reminder to them of their inward depravity. He takes a grim delight in their avoidance of him—he smiles to see them recoil from the contact of his garments; a little introspection, he thinks, would reveal to them a blackness more foul than that which disfigures him. He may be black-hearted, too,—he does not deny it; but at all events he hesitates not to conform the external to the interior man. Nobody can call him hypocrite. He is proud of his sooty brow, and shares the Indian's contempt for the Pale-face.

But, once more, have we reached the deepest solution of the problem? May not this questionable shape be a secret benefactor of his species? Is he not a philanthropist of such large charity that he is willing to be loathsome in men's sight for the sake of relieving them of the results of their misdeeds; willing to sacrifice his own good name and social advantages in the attempt to clear a passage of communication between his brethren's homes and heaven? True, he would, in this case, like other philanthropists, lay himself open to misconstruction, if not to ridicule; for persons who take advantage of chimneys to seek the sky are commonly looked upon as anything but proper objects of benevolence. Nevertheless, if our sooty friend be neither philanthropist, misanthrope, nor devil, what, in the name of common sense, is he? Well,—but it is not every man who can be mistaken even for these things; and should he, at last, turn out to be nothing better than a chimney-sweep, he may justly console himself with that reflection

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER ON ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS.

*"De sacris autem hæc sit una
sententia, ut conserventur."*
CICERO, *de Legibus*.

AS I had the good fortune to be present at the delivery of Dean Stanley's address at Sion College on Ecclesiastical Vestments, but am unable to accept his statements as matter of scholarship, or his inferences from those statements as matter of practical action, I am induced to set down in somewhat more orderly form certain exceptions which I took at the time to the premises of his argument; verifying by collation what I then adduced from memory.

One point of agreement we have at starting. It is quite true that the Ecclesiastical Vestments of the Christian Church are of lay origin, and were not originally invented or imposed as a specific and official costume. No liturgical scholar of repute has questioned this fact for more than two hundred years. But it is not possible to build any imposing structure on so narrow a basis as this; because it is patent to all scholars that the same fact holds good of every official dress worn by Europeans, with the two exceptions of the uniform of the Papal Guard, invented by Michael Angelo, and the Court costume of the First Empire, said to have been devised by Napoleon I. In all other cases, uniforms and costumes have first grown naturally, and then stopped still when other fashions changed. We have several examples of such survivals here in England. Our Lancer uniform is simply a Polish national dress; our Hussar, a Hungarian one. The scarlet and gold of an infantry officer's jacket is but the relic of the ordinary

dress of gentlemen in the seventeenth century, of which another survival exists in the picturesque attire of the children of the Chapel Royal. In abrupt contrast to this bright raiment appears the Quaker costume, which, in its turn, is but a slight modification of the garb worn, at the era of the Revolution, by sober and unpretending citizens, who did not attempt to ruffle in the attire of Court gallants. None of these dresses had any distinctive meaning when they were first adopted, except so far as some of them were the habitual vesture of the warrior class, and so naturally came at last to be exclusively military. That is, they were *differentiated* in the course of time, and by restriction to one special use. Similarly, the Dean of Westminster's University D.D. hood, the manifold capes of his coachman's winter overcoat, and the cowl of a Franciscan friar, are in their first origin one and the same garment. Nevertheless, any interchange of them for no better reason would be thought a little unseemly, and the Dean in the pulpit, with either the second or third article upon his shoulders, would be as much the object of unfavourable remark as his coachman if driving publicly in the attire of an Oxford Don.

So again, the royal sceptre of Great Britain is the symbol of a mighty empire and of a widely extended civilization. It has been the custom to validate Acts of Parliament by the Sovereign touching them with this golden and jewelled rod of kingship. Alas, in its first origin, it is a mere walking-stick, intended to support the tottering steps of some tribal patriarch, and thus claims kindred with the silver-headed cane borne at a graceful slope over the back of a carriage by a London footman. But the lord-in-waiting who should, on this account, offer his Sovereign a footman's stick instead of the sceptre on some great occasion of state, would not win golden opinions, any more than if he should appear himself in his place in the Upper House, at a public solemnity, in the sou'-wester and tarpaulin of a bargee, simply because his coronet and ermined mantle have no loftier source. Consideration of these, and scores of parallel instances, will show what real weight attaches to the ingenious method whereby Dean Stanley has endeavoured to show that the Eucharistic vestments are first unmeaning, and then ridiculous. His argument would consequently fall to the ground, even if the antiquarian facts on which he builds it be true, a question I shall now proceed to examine.

At the outset, I must remove one very grave misunderstanding likely to arise from the Dean's method of quotation.

He cites more than once, and always with apparent agreement, the erudite work of the late Mr. Wharton Marriott, *Vestiarium Christianum*, to the varied learning and admirable tone of which I gladly bear testimony. No one could gather from the language of the Dean's address that he and Mr. Marriott differ fundamen-

tally on a cardinal point of the whole controversy. The Dean labours to show that there was absolutely no distinction whatever between clerical and lay attire, no difference between the dress worn at the common tasks of the day and that put on for worship, whereas the whole of Mr. Marriott's elaborate argument is intended to prove that the clergy, at a very remote period indeed, copied the official and festival attire of Roman magistrates, and were scrupulously careful to employ a special vesture for religious purposes. His aim was to show that this vesture almost precisely coincided with the Anglican surplice and black stole, as against the more elaborate and varied Roman altar vestments; but on the broad issue of some distinctive garb he is entirely opposed to Dean Stanley. The error which vitiates Mr. Marriott's learned and ingenious thesis is that his induction was not wide enough. He acted like the survivors of the old school of classical philology amongst ourselves, who have never recognized the discoveries of Sanskrit and Zend scholars, and persist in seeking for Greek and Latin etyma solely within the dialectic range of Italy and Hellas. Mr. Marriott would have proved his case if there never had been an Eastern Church; but he allowed only for Latin usages, and his plea breaks down when further evidence is adduced.

But Dean Stanley has not duly surveyed even the much narrower field he has entered. The learning of his address is what may be conveniently described as of the "Smith's Dictionary" level. Apart from the great inequality of execution inseparable from their plan, these Dictionaries mostly fail the student when he steps for a moment off the beaten track of public school and University honour curriculums. To the man who looks, as I do, on Latin with incomparably more interest as the language of European civil and canon law, and as the tongue in which the chronicles and the religion of mediæval Europe are written down, than as the vehicle of the artificial and exotic, however graceful and polished, literature of the Augustan age, these meritorious volumes teem with disappointments. Look under *Crua*, and you cannot find any reference to Constantine's edict abolishing the punishment of crucifixion: look for *Tauribolia*, incomparably the most interesting and symbolical of pagan sacrifices, and you cannot find it at all; look for *Mithras*, and though a meagre account of the god is given, it contains no syllable concerning his myth, nor the meaning of the group commonly known as *Mithraic*, albeit that sheds important light on certain obscure points of early Gnosticism. But the era to which we have to look for information as to the usages of primitive Christianity synchronizes exactly with the place where these Dictionaries break down, excellent as they are in their own limited way, and calls for deeper and more original study.

The first statement of the Dean's on which I join issue is that

"at the time of the Christian era"—by which I suppose he means the reign of Augustus—"the same general costume pervaded all classes of the Roman Empire, from Palestine to Spain." I reply that such was never the case for a moment. One word might have kept the Dean from this grave error—the epithet *braccata*, applied to Gallia Narbonensis by Pomponius Mela,* Pliny,† and Juvenal,‡ because the Celtic trews held their ground there against the Roman toga; while at the other extremity of the Empire the Phrygian mitre,§ and the Ionic tunic continued for centuries after Augustus. Nay, the Greek *pallium*, perfectly distinct from the Latin *lacerna*, held its place as an article of national attire long after the *toga* had disappeared. What is more noteworthy still, is that the distinctively Roman articles of costume, the *toga*, short tunic,|| *sagum*, and *lacerna*, not only made no way whatever in the Eastern parts of the Empire, where an older civilization than that of Rome was in possession, but merely in Gaul, Britain, Dacia, Germany, and other places where sheer barbarism confronted the legions—but actually the civic costume of the capital did not even make its way into general use in Latium itself, to say nothing of the Æquian or Hernican mountains.¶ We know pretty accurately what the agricultural dress was, which Pliny describes in contradistinction to the *toga* by the epithet *rustic*,** to wit, the *subucula* or *indusium*, a shirt, covered by the *colobium*,†† a kind of frock with very short sleeves, of which we have still the scarcely altered survival in the Benedictine habit, the true representative of the old Latin secular dress of the poor. As this habit is quite unlike the Eucharistic dress of a Benedictine priest, it is clear they must have a different origin, for the contrast between this garb and the *toga* was as marked as between a smock-frock and a London coat. Not merely did the Roman dress proper fail to establish itself, save as a mere exotic, in the provinces, where legal colonists and the officers of a proconsul's court might wear it (just as Englishmen wear their home dress in India), but it could not hold its ground in Rome itself. The story is well known how already Augustus had to issue an edict to prevent the *lacerna*, a kind of great coat, from driving out the *toga*,‡‡ even on public occasions, and the whole vestimentary history of the Empire tells us how Oriental fashions, which began to creep in as early as Juvenal's days,§§ little by little expelled the old Roman dress from its first and last home. In short, the *toga*, or specific Roman garb, was forbidden to all except Roman citizens up to the Augustan age, and by the time

* Pomp. Mela. 4. v. 1. † Pliny Hist. Nat. 3. iv. 5. ‡ Juv. Sat. viii. 234.

§ Pliny Hist. Nat. xxxv. 9. 35; Juv., Sat. vi. 515. || Quint. xi. 3. 8.

¶ At Sora in Latium, only sixty miles from Rome, the Greek dress actually survives to the present day, and certainly cannot have been introduced in the middle ages. See Hare's "Days near Rome," ii. 192.

** Pliny vi. 30.

†† Serv. in Æn. ix. 616. (This word *colobium* is not in Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities").

‡‡ Sueton. Aug. 40. §§ Juv. Sat. iii. 66, 67; vi. 145.

when the edict of Bassianus, extending citizenship to every municipality in the Roman Empire, was published, this specific Roman garb had almost entirely vanished. And yet this is exactly the epoch which Dean Stanley suggests as that when the dress, which could not maintain its own ground, was eagerly adopted by the Christian Church. He is not unaware of the difficulty thus raised, and endeavours to evade it in a note, wherein he states that "the dress even of the Syrian peasants was substantially the same as that of the Greek or the Roman." This can hold true only so far as that both consisted of a comparatively close-fitting under garment, with a looser and flowing robe above it, but the actual effect was as different as those of a Spanish cloak and a Highland plaid, severally worn over a jerkin of any kind. The Syrian peasant dress, as we trace it in the Bible, and as it appears in the habits of the Shari, depicted on the monuments of Rameses the Great,* was nearly identical with the common Arab dress of to day, or that of the Turkish mountaineers of Anatolia. I need only refer to any statue of a Roman in the *toga*, say that of Augustus in the Vatican, to show that it would not be easy to devise two costumes more strikingly dissimilar.

Now the problem with which we have to deal is this. There are seven ancient historical Churches, which have possessed a continuous life ever since the Nicene era, namely, the Latin, the Orthodox Greek, the Syrian, the Coptic, the Armenian, the Nestorian, and the Georgian. The two former have been parted for a thousand years. The five latter have been parted from each other, and from the two former, ever since the Council of Chalcedon, in 451. Any point on which they are agreed must therefore go back to the middle of the fifth century, and, unless there be some record of its formal and authoritative introduction then, must be part of their consentaneous tradition from a still earlier time. They all do agree in the use of the specific Eucharistic vestments. In some cases the uppermost robe is a cloak open in front, a *cope*; in others, this same cloak, sewn up in front, and put over the head, a *chasuble*. But in no one instance is any article of this dress in the least like anything ever worn by an ancient Roman. In but one is there even a superficial likeness (and that only in colour), namely, the *alb*. But this *alb* is not what Dean Stanley imagines, the *subucula*, *camisia*, or shirt; for the *alb* is linen, it is sweeping, it is girded. The *camisia* was woollen, was short, was not girded. The two articles are as unlike as a surplice and a flannel waistcoat. I will explain the real origin of these Eucharistic robes later; at present I must deal with some more of Dr. Stanley's curious assertions. One brief paragraph has crowded into it no less than

* Wilkinson, "Ancient Egyptians," vol. ii. 396, ed. 1854.

three propositions, of which the first simply has no evidence in its favour, though it may be conceivably true; the second has just evidence enough to create a presumption, though the opposing witness is preponderant; while the third is flatly in the teeth of existing evidence. The first is, that there were no churches in St. Peter's time, while those wherein the bishops of the third and fourth centuries worshipped were not copies of Jewish or Pagan temples, but of town-halls and courts of justice.

The second is, that the posture in which these bishops worshipped was not turning *from* the people, like a modern Roman priest, but turning *towards* them from behind the altar, as the prætor faced the court from his tribunal. The third is, that "the Eucharist itself was the daily social meal, in which the only sacrifice offered was the natural thanksgiving, offered, not by the presiding minister, but by all who brought their contributions from the kindly fruits of the earth."

I. There were five thousand Christians in Jerusalem alone (Acts iv. 4) within a year after the Ascension. "Multitudes both of men and women" (Acts v. 14) were speedily added to these, as well as "a great company of the priests" (Acts vi. 7). Where does Dean Stanley suppose these people assembled for worship? No doubt they attended the Temple services (Acts ii. 46); but where did they meet for their own special rite of "breaking of bread, and prayer?" Not "from house to house," as the A.V. translates *κατ' οἶκον*, but "at home," as the margin more exactly turns it; most probably, and as early tradition suggests, in that same upper chamber where the Last Supper was celebrated, and where the fires of Pentecost descended on the Apostles. This chamber may not improbably have been a large room, built expressly for letting out to visitors at the Passover, who had no households of their own in Jerusalem—an obvious way of earning money, not likely to be overlooked by a generation which had established exchange-offices and poultry-shops in the very courts of the Temple. It is no more probable that the rapidly-increasing Christian body went without special places of assembly during the lives of the Apostles, than that St. Peter himself had no garment but that "fisher's coat," which the Dean assumes to have served him for all vestimentary purposes. Does Dr. Stanley suppose that a blacksmith or a chimney-sweep amongst ourselves, if not in the very depths of poverty, has not a change of clothes for Sundays? We have ample proof in early Church history that Christians, long before the time of Constantine, built churches, often large and handsome, but they were wrecked whenever persecution broke out, and not one survives above ground to give us a clue to their plan. Nevertheless, we have two slight indications. The first is a heathen testimony, that of the Pseudo-Lucian,

in whose "Philopatris"* the Christian place of assembly is described as a great room at the top of several flights of stairs, and with a richly gilt ceiling, reminding him of the palace of Menelaus in the *Odyssey*.† If this be correct, we may not unreasonably conjecture a desire to symbolize the upper chamber of Jerusalem. The other hint we get is that in the "Apostolical Constitutions,"‡ which tells us that Christian churches were built oblong and eastwards.

This is all we *know* about superterranean churches before Constantine. That he made over several basilicas or courts of justice to the Christians, in lieu of the buildings razed by Diocletian, and that these were thenceforward employed as churches, is true enough; but why did he offer these particular edifices as suitable? Size was, no doubt, an element in the choice; but there were plenty of other large public buildings in Rome and other cities besides the law courts, which the State could have better spared. Dean Stanley does not suggest any explanation, and yet the matter is simple enough. The Pagan temples were useless, not merely from their recent associations, but by reason of their structure, which, roughly speaking, consisted of a colonnade, enclosing a very small *cella*, or shrine, and thus quite unfitted for Christian worship. But, by a singular coincidence, the Roman basilica almost exactly reproduced the ground-plan of the Jewish synagogue (itself intended to symbolize and suggest the Temple for which it was a feeder), which had been the cradle of Christian teaching. The main divisions of the Temple were four:—(a) The Court of the Gentiles; (b) the Court of the Children of Israel; (c) the Holy Place, or Court of the Priests; (d) the Holy of Holies, with the Mercy-Seat and Altar of Incense.§

The Synagogue had (a) an outer vestibule; (b) the lower church, with men on one side and women on the other; (c) a raised platform, about the middle, where the pulpit was set up, and whereon stood the reader, preacher, and other officials; (d) the Jerusalem end, or sanctuary, with the ark containing the Pentateuch, and with a seven-branched candlestick, lighted on great festivals.

The Basilica had (a) an outer vestibule; (b) a large central hall, divided by two rows of columns; (c) the *suggestum*, or raised platform, at the upper end of this hall; and (d) the tribune, a semicircular apse still higher in elevation, where the prætor's chair was in the centre, with seats around the curve for his assessors and other persons of distinction.

The first two coincidences are deliberate and intentional; the third is purely casual, but quite as marked. We have one further reason for assuming that motives other than mere convenience

* Cap. 23. † *Odys.* iii. 45, 71. ‡ *Apost. Const.* ii. 57. § *Heb.* ix. 4.

led to the ready adoption of this form long before Constantine's day.

The Apocalypse gives many liturgical details of heavenly worship, and whether it did but transfer to heaven what Christians then habitually practised on earth, or its narrative affected the outer forms of service in earthly shrines, certain it is that the description of the throne in heaven, with the twenty-four crowned elders on each side round about, and an altar in front before the throne,* exactly reproduces the arrangement of a Basilican sanctuary as we have it practically unaltered in some churches of Rome, Milan, and Ravenna. The type of all this existed in the Mercy-seat of the first Temple, flanked by the cherubim, fronted by the altar of incense, and overshadowed by the mysterious glory. There is thus a very real chain of connection between the Jewish Temple and the early churches of Christendom.

II. I shall now consider briefly the position of the celebrant. Here there is, as I have allowed, evidence enough on which to rest a presumption in favour of the attitude facing the people having been primitive. It is, however, no more than a presumption. For, in the first place, while the East has shown itself all along incomparably more conservative than the West, no Oriental communion whatever has so much as a tradition in favour of this attitude. Greek, Syrian, Copt, Nestorian, Jacobite, Armenian, Georgian, all turn from the people when celebrating. This is enough to raise a presumption the other way, that the rite still seen in a few Italian Basilicas is not a survival, but an innovation. The evidence of the Catacombs strengthens this view. What they tell us is very clear. The vast majority of the ancient altars now, or formerly, to be found there, are *arcosolia*, that is, stone slabs projecting slightly from recessed arches in the wall, and built up from below, so as to form the tombs of martyrs. There is absolutely no possibility of getting behind them, nor even of standing at one end, in order to celebrate. The officiant *must* place himself in front, with his back to the congregation. Now, unless this had been the more usual practice at the very remote date when these altars were constructed, there is no reason whatever why the *fossores* should not have provided for the other attitude, either structurally, or by simply bringing a wooden table into the larger chambers. There are only *two* altars in the whole range of Catacombs (in St. Calixtus and St. Agnes), which allow of the Basilican position, and these two are regarded by Mr. Charles Isidore Hemans, one of the first living authorities on Roman archæology, as subsequent to the conversion of Constantine.† Thirdly, I think Dean

* Rev. iv. 4; viii. 3.

† Hemans' "Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art;" and also a note in the Rev. Morten Shaw's "Letter on the Position of the Celebrant." Rivingtons, 1874.

Stanley has lost sight of one very significant item in the inquiry, namely, that under the Basilican arrangement, there were always *two* congregations, a small one in the apse, consisting of Church dignitaries, and a large one in the nave, consisting of laity. Which of these was the Basilican attitude meant to accommodate? I was enabled to solve that question in 1865, by a careful examination of the high altar of the Cathedral of Ravenna. This altar stands on a lofty platform, and is reached by two flights of steps, one east and the other west. I ascertained that a celebrant facing westwards could scarcely, if at all, see the people, or be seen by them, owing to the height of the central shelf for the crucifix and candles, while he would be very conveniently placed for a congregation behind him. On the other hand, a celebrant ascending the western flight of steps, and facing east, could be readily seen and heard by the whole congregation. I saw at once the solution of the puzzle. The plain truth is that the Basilican attitude is a piece of sheer clerical exclusiveness, shutting out the main body of worshippers from their due share in the service, in order to accommodate the little knot of canons in the apse. It may be compared to the effect which would be produced by celebrating in the Lady Chapel of an English cathedral for a clerical assembly, at an altar placed back of the high altar in the chancel of the main church, and just visible through the eastern arches of the choir. The clerical congregation in the Lady Chapel, behind the celebrant, would be able to see and hear properly; but those in the choir would see little, and those in the nave would see nothing. I find that this, which I am satisfied is the true interpretation of the matter, has also commended itself independently to a gentleman who has lately written on this topic with much learning and judgment.*

III. That the Eucharist was *not* the daily social meal, by which I suppose Dean Stanley means the *agape* or love-feast, will appear readily enough from a few brief citations. The first indication we have of this *agape*, if I do not deceive myself, is the mention of the "daily ministration,"† wherein neglect of the Hellenist widows led to the appointment of deacons (whom, by-the-by, the Dean calls "the first elements of a Christian ministry;" I should have thought myself that the Apostles who ordained them were a little earlier in the field) "to serve tables"—that is, not merely to distribute alms, but food also. The Apostles declared that such was not their work, that they had higher functions to perform; and yet I have not found any scholar hardy enough to maintain that they neither celebrated the Holy Communion themselves, nor were even present at it. The next testimony I shall adduce is

* Rev. Morton Shaw: "Letter to the Bishop of Winchester on the position of the Celebrant." Rivingtons, 1874, pp. 102-4. † Acts vi. 1.

that of Pliny's famous letter to Trajan, which is so very explicit on this particular point that I can only suppose the Dean entirely forgot it, or he would not have contradicted it so expressly. Pliny says:—

“They were wont to assemble before dawn on a set day, and to sing in turns (qy. antiphonally?) a hymn to Christ as God, and to bind themselves by a sacrament not to any crime, but not to commit thefts, larcenies, or adultery, not to break their promise, not to deny a deposit when claimed; and when all this was over, their custom was to depart, and to come together again to take food, in common, but innocently, which they have ceased to do since my edict, whereby, in accordance with your commands, I forbade club-feasts.”*

Here, then, the religious meeting for worship and sacrament is something apart, and at a different hour, from the common meal; and, moreover, this common meal is abandoned, as a dispensable observance, when interfered with by the heathen State. There is no word of abandoning the assembly for prayer. Does the Dean imagine that Christians at the beginning of the second century would have discontinued the Holy Eucharist at the bidding of a Pagan magistrate? And there are two passages of a later date which finally settle the question. Sozomen and Socrates both mention an Egyptian custom of not fasting before the Eucharist, as a curious variation from general Christian usage, and severally word their remarks thus:—

“Amongst the Egyptians in many towns and villages, contrary to the common law of all, coming together on the Sabbath evening, *having already dined*, they partake of the mysteries.”†

“The Egyptians bordering on Alexandria, and the inhabitants of the Thebaid, make their communions on the Sabbath, not partaking of the mysteries according to Christian custom; for *after they have feasted, and are filled with all sorts of viands*, towards evening they make the oblation, and partake of the mysteries.”‡

The Dean's memory is equally at fault when he alleges that the thanksgiving at the Eucharist was not pronounced by the presiding minister. Not to lay too great a stress on the classical passage in 1 Cor. xiv. 16—though I am myself satisfied that it refers to a priest and his congregation at the Eucharist—I will content myself with citing one sentence from Justin Martyr; and, to clear myself of all suspicion of bias, I will not translate it myself from the original, but will quote a Presbyterian rendering, that in Messrs. T. and T. Clark's “Ante-Nicene Christian Library:”—

“There is then brought to the president of the brethren bread and a cup of wine mixed with water; and he, taking them, gives praise and glory to the Father of the Universe, through the name of the Son and of

* Pliny, Ep. x. 97. † Soz. Hist. Eccl. vii. 12. ‡ Socr. Hist. Eccl. v. 22.

the Holy Ghost, and offers thanks, at considerable length, for our being counted worthy to receive these things at His hands. And when he has concluded the prayers and thanksgivings, all the people present express their assent by saying 'Amen.'"^o

As to the third point raised, that the only sacrifice offered was the natural thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth, the Dean has so worded his phrase that I am unable to say whether he means to state his own opinion, or to convey to his readers the opinion of ancient Christians on the subject. Assuming that he means the latter, I will make a few liturgical quotations, that they may be compared with his allegation. I shall not discuss their theological truth or falsehood, but simply adduce them in evidence of what was believed in the early Church. And to simplify the matter, I beg to say that the passages I cite are in all cases taken from the portion of each liturgy which is part of or which *follows* the prayer of consecration, and thus are not to be explained away as referring to the mere oblations of bread and wine, which are fully treated of in earlier passages, here omitted for brevity.

1. Liturgy of St. Mark :—

"O Lord our God, we have set before Thee of Thine own gifts. And we pray and beseech Thee, O good God and Lover of men, to send down from Thy holy height and appointed habitation, and uncircumscribed bosom, the very Paraclete . . . Send down then on us, and on these loaves, and on these cups, Thy Holy Ghost, that He may sanctify and perfect them, as God Almighty, and make this bread the Body, and this cup the Blood of the New Testament of our very Lord and God, and Saviour and Universal King, Jesus Christ."

2. Liturgy of St. James :—

"Send down the same Most Holy Ghost on us, O Lord, and upon these holy and offered gifts, that coming upon them with His holy and good and glorious presence, He may hallow and make this bread the holy body of Thy Christ, and this cup the precious blood of Thy Christ . . . We offer them also to Thee, O Lord, for Thy holy places . . . especially for the glorious Sion, the mother of all Churches, and for Thy Holy Catholic Apostolic Church throughout the world."

At the fraction and signing, the priest, still holding the Host, says, "Behold the Lamb of God, the Son of the Father, sacrificed for the life and salvation of the world."

3. Liturgy of St. Clement :—

"Again and again let us pray to God, through His Christ, in behalf of the gift that is offered to the Lord God, that the good God will receive it through the mediation of His Christ at His Heavenly altar for a sweet-smelling savour. Let us pray for this Church and people," &c.

* Apol. I. lxx.

4. Liturgy of Malabar :—

"And now, O Lord, Thou who hast vouchsafed that I should stand before this Thy pure and holy altar, to offer unto Thee this loving and holy sacrifice, make us also worthy, by Thy love, that in all pureness and holiness we may receive the gift."

5. Armenian Liturgy :—

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord our God, our thanksgivings and praise for that most holy and immortal sacrifice which is now on this holy table. Look down, O Lord Jesu Christ, from Thy holy dwelling-place and from the throne of the glory of Thy dominion, and come to us, and sanctify us, Thou who sittest together with Thy Father on high, and art here sacrificed; vouchsafe with Thy mighty hand to give unto us Thy most pure Body and precious Blood, that we may give them to all Thy people."

6. Liturgy of Mar Jacob of Batne :—

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord, this tremendous and unbloody sacrifice for Thy Holy Catholic Church," &c.

7. Nestorian Liturgy of the Apostles :—

"These glorious, holy, quickening, and Divine mysteries are divided, hallowed, completed, perfected, united, and mingled, one with the other, in the adorable and glorious name of Thy glorious Trinity, O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that they may be to us, O Lord, for the propitiation of our sins, the pardon of our offences, and also for a great hope of resurrection from the dead, and new life in the kingdom of Heaven."

It is enough to say that this language, taken from liturgies of five different communions—and I might have added those of others—is of far more weight than any casual passage, however strong, in the writings of any one Father, because what whole Churches said collectively every week or every day, is better evidence of belief than what a single author said once. And I need hardly point out that if they meant only what the Dean says they meant, they could have scarcely employed more misleading diction.

I come now to fulfil my promise of giving a theory of the origin of the Eucharistic vestments to set against the Dean's.

Reminding my readers that I have established two facts, that the strictly Roman dress did not spread as a fashion, and that it was even driven out from Rome itself by Eastern importations under the Empire, so that no real Roman garb survived the Antonines, I have to add a third fact, yet more weighty than either. It is that the local Church of Rome had scarcely any *national* character or influence for the first three centuries of its life. It began as a mainly Greek colony, with a certain Oriental and African admixture. Thirteen out of the first sixteen names in the catalogue of Popes are Greek; the earliest writings of that Church are Greek; it is not till the middle of the fifth century that there is a Roman theologian of mark, and the very notion of Rome being the model in ritual

to other Churches does not appear till after the Reformation. We can be perfectly certain, then, that the Roman Church did not set that universal fashion of Eucharistic vestments which we know to be earlier than the middle of the fifth century. What kind of dress was it, amongst all the variety of national garbs that jostled and thronged one another in the streets of the Imperial City (as they now do on the bridge over the Golden Horn which joins Galata and Stamboul), which would most naturally suggest itself to the choice, not only of Christians at Rome, but in all the provinces? I answer, the Syrian peasant dress, because it was that of Christ Himself and the Apostles. As Quakers still dress like George Fox, as Genevan ministers still wear the cloak of Calvin, so it was the most obvious thing in the world for Christian elders, ordained in every city by Apostles like Peter, John, and Paul, or by Apostolic legates like Timothy and Titus, to assume a dress recalling with slight local modifications the garb of their teachers. The *amice*, an oblong piece of linen worn on the shoulders, had no point of resemblance to the Roman *amictus*, which is a general term for the overall, whatever its form, but it is exactly the linen bonnet of Syria; and those who have seen a Dominican celebrant going up to the altar with this amice drawn like a cowl over his head will see the likeness at once. The *alb*, instead of being short, like the Roman or the Dorian tunic, is sleeved, long, and sweeping, like the Ionian tunic, and like the flowing robes of the East still. Long-sleeved flowing tunics did, indeed, make their way into Rome even before the Empire, but they were denounced as luxurious, effeminate, and degrading.* It is unlikely, therefore, that Christians, for the most part poor and self-denying, would have chosen this form instead of the more frugal and respectable pattern, had they not a good reason. And that reason was the Apocalyptic vision of "the Son of Man clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle."†

The *stole*, or *orarium*, was simply the bright scarf or handkerchief of the East, not used, as the Dean suggests, for emunctory purposes, but for decoration, in exactly the spirit which induces him to wear the red ribbon of the Bath around his own neck.‡ It is not, as some persons have fancied, the *clavus*, or stripe, which marked knightly or senatorial rank; for this survives, if at all, only in the orphreys, or rich edgings of vestments. This *orarium*, as a common Roman ornament, dates, to the best of my judgment, only from Aurelian's conquest of Palmyra. As a Syrian and Arab adornment, any one in the East may see it daily still. It is worth mentioning as an item in the history of this vestment that its use

* Cic. Catil. ii. 10. Aul. Gell. vii. 12. † Rev. i. 13.

‡ Marriott, Vest Christian. lxxix.

is forbidden by the Council of Laodicea (between 320 and 372) to the inferior ministers of the Church below the rank of deacon. *

As to the upper garment, the *planeta*, or *chasuble* (as it got to be named about the ninth century),† it seems, in its origin, to have been one of the many forms of the Eastern *kafuīn*, or *benish*, the robe of ceremony worn over the tunic. The obvious practical difficulty in identifying it with the Roman *pænula*, which in some of its forms it resembles, whose name it has consequently borrowed in Greek, is that this vesture was an out-of-doors garb, and usually intended only for very cold or wet weather. There does not seem much fitness in wearing it indoors, and yet it was precisely thus, for the most part, in close, underground apartments, that the early Roman Christians assembled for worship. We could understand, if they had been "hill-folk," like the Scottish Covenanters, the survival of a robe which told how their minister once had to officiate in rain and snow, with no roof over his head; but, having regard to the facts of the case, there seems no more reason for its adoption than for a modern host to receive guests with his great-coat on in his drawing-room. Whereas, if we recognize the plain historical fact that the first Christian teachers at Rome were Eastern strangers, wearing their national dress, and allowing it to be slowly modified by the fashions around them, which were already themselves more than half Orientalized, we shall understand readily enough how we can still trace the likeness, amidst divergence, to a common norm.

Here, too, is the solution of a problem which sorely puzzled Mr. Marriott. He noted, and quite correctly, a gradual approximation in the episcopal attire of the West to purely secular and civil ornaments, such as marked the prætors and consuls of Imperial Rome. About the ninth century there comes a sudden change; the clerical dress is materially altered, and the notion that it is a reproduction of the Levitical garb is propounded by the liturgical scholars of the day.

The truth is—and here is another place where Dean Stanley has gone widely astray from facts—the Levitical priestly dress was not an invented uniform any more than the Christian vestments. The Jewish High Priest simply wore an Arab sheikh's garments, rather more costly in material and elaborate in adornment than the peasant dress, but made up of exactly the same articles of attire. The bare feet, the linen tunic, the drawers or

* Conc. Laodic. Can. xxii., xxiii.

† Marriott, *Vest. Christian.* lxiii., lxx. Dean Stanley has misapprehended this statement, for he cites Marriott as saying that the *chasuble* was first used as a clerical vestment in the ninth century. What Marriott does say is that, "at the beginning of the ninth century, we find the word *casula* used for the first time as a designation for the vestment previously known as *planeta*." The *cassock* is the *casula* or dress coat of earlier times, and is the very same word, so that to it alone apply the Dean's remarks about the *chasuble*.

short trousers, the long sash twined round the waist, the tippet or shoulder-piece, and the turban or mitre, may be seen any day in Egypt, Syria, or Anatolia, and the author of "Sinai and Palestine" must have beheld them scores and hundreds of times, though he now professes to regard them as having been invented for priests alone, and as peculiar marks of separation from the laity.

No one who has ever seen a Greek bishop in full pontificals, saying any office, can have failed to be struck with the close resemblance between his costume and the dress of the Jewish High Priest, as restored by archæologists; although no fact is clearer than that the early Christians purposely avoided direct copying of Mosaic observances. But they began, in the matter of costume, exactly where Moses did. They took the very same common every-day dress, unaltered in the crystallized East during fifteen hundred years, and proceeded to ornament it in one way, as the Jews had done in another. A sufficiently obvious parallel may be found in the official State attire of the Ulema in Turkey. It is the old Turkish national dress, so far as the several articles are concerned, but it is of a somewhat more antique and flowing cut than the popular garb, and differs in colour also, being green and gold.

The secret of the return of the Latin bishops to these more Oriental forms a thousand years ago, is readily explained. Intercourse with the Emperor had almost ceased after Justinian's brief career of re-conquest. The sixth century mosaics of San Vitale, in Ravenna, showing us the bishops of the year 547 in alb and planeta, vested for the altar, were the last records of that era, and of the Eastern fashions which the Western clergy had faithfully kept up. For nearly three hundred years the resemblance kept waxing fainter and fainter. But when Karl the Great, aspiring to be Caesar Augustus, and to succeed to what he held to be the legally vacant throne of Constantine VI., sought to revive the usages of the Empire, Constantinople set for a time the fashions to Germany and France; and, as the Emperor's own coronation-robe (still preserved at St. Peter's, Rome) was of Byzantine work, so his prelates desired to follow the current fashion, and, borrowing their vestments from Greece, reverted unconsciously to the more ancient type from which they had unconsciously departed; and their successors have preserved it in the main ever since, albeit often affected in details by capricious alterations and national tastes.

There are three brief replies by Dean Stanley to objections raised at the close of his address, which had better be touched on, as he does not seem to apprehend the real bearing of those objections, nor, indeed, to apprehend anywhere the force of historical evidence. As I raised the second and third of these objections myself, I am the more bound to vindicate them.

First comes the statement (made in rejoinder to the Dean's

assertion that the idea of a sacerdotal character and dress for the Christian ministry belongs to a comparatively late epoch) that Eusebius, to whom we are indebted for nearly all we know of the primitive Church, and whose historical fairness and accuracy are not seriously contested by any one, mentions a tradition that the Apostle St. John adopted the *petasos*, the golden plate of the High Priest,* in token that the sacerdotal office had finally passed to the Church from the Synagogue, while St. Epiphanius makes the same statement concerning St. James the Less.† His reply to this is that Professor Lightfoot has amply proved the phrase to be a metaphor, and that, as the practice was never adopted in the Church, it would not avail as an argument, even if not a metaphor. Now, Professor Lightfoot may be firmly persuaded that it is a metaphor, but he cannot possibly prove it, simply because all the available materials are quoted below, and no word in any of them suggests that explanation. But it does not matter to the controversy immediately in hand whether the fact was really as set down. Of course, if we knew the tradition to be authentic, it would settle a great deal; but what it does settle, even if false, is that a writer of the first authority, in the fourth century, records as a very ancient belief in his own time, that the Apostles declared themselves priests in the technical sense, and adopted sacerdotal insignia in consequence. We cannot, having regard to the learning and judgment of Eusebius, date this tradition later than a full century before his own birth, which was about 265. Suppose it invented in 170, it antedates by a very long time the ideas which Dean Stanley refers to the early Middle Ages.

Next comes the very remarkable rubric in the Clementine Liturgy of the Apostolical Constitutions. I may just say that, while the Congress of Orientalists was assembled in London last year, I had occasion to consult, separately, two distinguished German scholars, one of whom has himself edited a critical edition of the Apostolical Constitutions, as to the date of the Liturgy. They agreed in assigning it to the second century. Now, this Liturgy has a very remarkable rubric at a very remarkable place. It was the custom, as is well known, in the early Church to prohibit the unbaptized and those under penance, to be present at the more solemn part of the Eucharist, beginning at the Anaphora. Before the priest entered on this portion, the non-communicants were compulsorily dismissed. Here, then, after this dismissal, occurs a long rubric of which the salient feature is this: *Let the Deacons bring the gifts to the Bishop at the altar. . . . Then the Bishop . . . having put on a splendid vestment, λαμπρὰν ἐσθῆτα, and standing at the altar, . . . let him say.*

* Euseb. Hist. Eccl. iii. 31; iv. 24.

† Epiph. Hæres. xxix. 4; lxxviii. 14. S. Hieron. De Script. Eccl. 45.

This rubric, if allowed to stand, is impossible to be got over. Accordingly the Dean remarks that it is an exception which proves the rule, since the Clementine Liturgy is the only one which specifies a dress, and "it is so saturated with interpolations of all kinds . . . that its text cannot be seriously used as an authentic witness."

The Dean omits here the part of my argument which confutes this demurrer. I pointed out that the Clementine Liturgy stands alone in a very remarkable way. There is no trace whatever of its having at any time been a living rite. No Church seems to have ever used it, no other liturgy traces up to it as its norm, in the way that the Liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom are daughters of St. James, and the Coptic are of St. Mark. Therefore, as it was never used in public worship, there was no object in foisting in a rubric on a detail of ceremonial, such as might naturally enough be introduced into a liturgy actually in ordinary use; especially as no controversial end could have been gained by it. I may add that the Dean's criticism of the Liturgy is a wild exaggeration. It has scarcely any marks of interpolation, and the most serious one is the insertion of an early bishop's name. As to the exception proving the rule, the answer to that is very simple, namely, that there is plenty of evidence to show that under all the other liturgical norms, Jerusalemite, Ephesine, Petrine, Syrian, Nestorian, Coptic, the Eucharistic vestments were and are used, though no rubric enjoins them; whereas in this one rite which remained a mere literary monument, a rubric is found which proves that the vestments would have been used under it also, had it ever come into practical employment.

Thirdly, in reply to the Dean's assertion that the ancient Christians, clergy and laity alike, used the ordinary work-a-day clothes in Divine service, I quoted a statement of St. Jerome's, worded thus, "Religion has one kind of dress for ministry, and another for every-day use and life."* To this the Dean rejoins by quoting another piece of the same chapter in this wise: "Thus we learn that we ought not to enter the Holy of Holies with any sort of every-day clothing soiled from the use of life, but handle the Lord's Sacrament with a clean conscience and clean clothes." Hence he argues that at most all that is meant is advice not to come dirty to church; but the argument is surely *a fortiori*. If the laity ought to have *alterum habitum in ministerio*, a special Sunday garb for church, must not the clergy be still more bound by the same rule? And, in fact, I can give the Dean another passage, referring to a date a hundred years or so before St. Jerome was born, which makes for this view of the question so

* S. Hieron. Comm. in Ezech. 44.

far. The reference is to Pope St. Stephen I., who was martyred in 260;—"Concerning this same St. Stephen, these further statements are read in the book commonly cited as 'Damasus on the Popes of Rome.' He enacted that priests and deacons should not wear their sacred vestments in daily use, but in church only."* This pseudo-Damasus is a very ancient forgery, but good evidence for the belief of its own day, which clearly was that the custom of distinguishing between the official and civil attire of the clergy dated some centuries earlier, and therefore could not have been new then.

So far I have dealt with the Dean of Westminster as scholar; I come now to discuss his arguments as theologian and publicist, though here too questions of scholarship must subordinately enter.

His general conclusion is that as he deems himself to have established that the Eucharistic vestments, if they mean anything at all, mean to testify to a time when there were no clergy as distinct from laity—an era synchronizing exactly with that golden age when roasted fowl flew about in the air, crying, "Come, eat me"—and when no doctrines in particular were held by anybody. All parties in the Church may take any conclusion come to by the law courts with perfect apathy and good humour, because if vestments be forbidden, nothing is taken away, and if they be enjoined, or even permitted, no one need care, as they mean nothing; and, by the very fact of being legalized by a Protestant State, would lose their greatest charm in the eyes of their most eager champions. Contemptuous disregard of the whole question would be the most philosophic attitude; but if that be unattainable, then by all means work the Public Worship Regulation Act vigorously wherever people are found to object to the introduction of such things into parishes. For it is clear that the Ritualists have abolished the happy time of fifty years ago, and have "so often obstructed improvement"—in the direction, I suppose, of the draft Act mentioned by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for taking "not" out of the Commandments, and putting it into the Creeds.

That is Dean Stanley's view, and, given his antecedents and his policy, no one could expect it to be other. It is not strange that he should heartily dislike the Oxford movement of 1833, and look at the wide-spread reforms it has achieved as so many fresh obstacles in the way of carrying out his own programme; but he cannot feel surprised if his expressed preference for the ecclesiastical atmosphere of 1825 over that of 1875, and his evident wish to return to it if possible, should fix the convictions of his opponents in the opposite direction. To those who see in the abolition of

* Baron. *Annal.* A.D. 260, sect. v.

pluralities and non-residence, in the mitigation of the pew-system, in the organization of women's work in the Church, in the higher standard of clerical education and activity now exacted, in the revival of synodal action, in the multiplication of opportunities of public devotion, in restored beauty, decency, and fervour of divine service, in decupled home and colonial missionary efforts, in the remarkable increase in the number and adornment of churches, in the production of devout and scholarly theological writings, worthy of being ranked with the standard divinity of Stewart England (all unknown fifty years ago), reforms of a deeper character and greater practical value than the abolition of a creed or the substitution in Anglican pulpits of aliens from Anglican tenets and discipline in the place of her own pledged officials, the question will not admit of being solved off-hand in the Dean's way, since they will remember that it is the school which he opposes which has achieved them, and rescued the Church of England from the intellectual apathy, spiritual inefficiency, and moral discredit into which it had sunk, honeycombed with abuses, fifty years ago.

So far as he argues in favour of letting alone, we are agreed, but the sentiment which underlies his argument, that the moment a thing becomes unpopular, the State ought to interfere to put it down, is not exactly a Liberal's way of looking at a question, at least as I understand Liberalism. There are always times when reformers are a small and unpopular minority; and if all reforms are to be crushed in the bud because certain people dislike them, it will be a bad thing for progress.

He urges that the vestments are naturally enough the objects of general suspicion and dislike, because they are not merely supposed to be copies of Roman Catholic attire, but are actually, as a rule, vestments made by Roman Catholic tailors in Brussels or Paris for Roman Catholic priests, yet bought by Anglicans.

That a great many people dislike the vestments, especially people who have never happened to see them, is doubtless true enough; but it is a little noteworthy that in the four suits which have been set on foot to punish the wearers, not one has been promoted by a genuine aggrieved Church parishioner. In Mr. Mackonochie's case, the real prosecutor was the Church Association, the nominal one a gentleman who has only a technical footing in the parish, and never has been an attendant at St. Alban's. Mr. Purchas was the owner of a proprietary chapel, with no parochial district attached to it, and no congregation except such as voluntarily selected it as their place of worship, and were willing to pay for liberty to do so. The Church Association is again the prosecutor of Mr. Edwards of Prestbury, and Mr. Parnell of Liverpool. In the former case, the nominal promoter is a Nonconformist; in the latter, St. Margaret's, Liverpool, has no parochial district attached to it,

the promoter resides in a distant part of the town, and has never frequented the church. Is it not a little remarkable that all four cases should break down morally in this way? If there be really such genuine and universal hostility as is alleged, how comes it that no *bona fide* complainant came forward?

As to the directly Roman origin of the vestments actually worn, the Dean is misled on a point of some importance. It is true that foreign tailors do make a small fraction of the vestments worn in this country, but they make them to pattern for the English market, of the mediæval shape and design, and not at all like the square-cut articles manufactured for the markets of France, Belgium, or Italy. It would be just as reasonable, supposing we could get our English Bibles printed more cheaply abroad than at home, to describe them as Latin Vulgates, because a Roman Catholic printer had produced them in Mechlin or Lyons. If Dean Stanley will compare the vestments worn by English clergymen now with pre-Reformation monumental brasses, he will recognize their identity of design.

The reasons which actuate those who have revived the use of those dresses are, broadly speaking, three in number. They are the æsthetic, the historical, and the religious.

First, it has been naturally enough felt that incongruity is produced by lavishing adornment upon the material buildings of our churches, to make them glow with gold, coloured glass, frescoes, encaustic, and rich marbles, and yet leaving the costume of the living office-bearers of the Church just where it was when all the surroundings were mean, bare, ugly, and sordid. In this wise, it is merely a further step in an artistic reform, all whose earlier stages, though battled over hotly at first, have finally been accepted and applauded by the good sense of the nation; albeit the obscurantists raised the cry of "No Popery" at each fresh improvement. This is by far the least important reason for the revival of vestments, but it is a reason, and one which derives its weight from the confession that the reforming school has been right so far, and may fairly be assumed to be right still, as it is going on in exactly the same path.

The historical reason is far more significant. A clergyman who adopts the vestments is by outward symbol declaring the unbroken continuity of his communion (albeit pruned of some unhealthy excrescences) with the Church of the Plantagenet era, and, through it, with the early English Church, and so on to the ancient Churches of primeval Christendom. He is protesting against the error which supposes the Church of England to be, in doctrine and discipline, a parliamentary creation of the sixteenth century, and therefore a body which Parliament may at its pleasure alter or destroy. This result would not be effected by attempting to reproduce the garb of the first or second century, which would be a

mere archaism, and not a piece of continuous history. I will not dwell now on the importance of being able to show that our Christianity is ancient and historical, not modern and empiric, because that, though a very strong argument to my own mind, can have no weight with the Dean, who does not attach much value to antiquity as a note of theological truth; but remembering the terror and abhorrence with which his school regards disestablishment, I may say that the legal and moral arguments against that measure are much strengthened by the Church showing the world by patent proofs that she has been affected only in minor details by Tudor legislation. It is obviously much easier for a clergyman who acts as Langton and Grosteste, De la Wyche and Neville, would have acted, to say to the State, "We were here before you, and shall be here after you. We were not organized nor endowed, not regulated nor taught, by you, and we deny your claim to meddle, unless we are plotting against the Commonwealth," than for one to resist who accepts royal advertisements, civil statutes, and the haphazard or biassed decisions of secular courts, as his rule of faith and practice. There is no logical foothold between recognizing the decisions of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, and admitting the moral right as well as the physical power of Parliament to abolish Christianity to-day, and (what many would regret far more) to confiscate the property of the Establishment to-morrow.

Last and highest of all comes the religious reason. That every professedly Christian body which retains outward ordinances at all lays some especial stress on the Holy Communion, I need not occupy space in proving. That one particular way in which the majority of Christians, for at least fifteen hundred years, have sought to do honour to the Holy Communion, is by vesting the chief officiant in a special garb, is a fact patent to all eyes even now. Three-fourths of Christendom is ranged at this moment against at most one-fourth on this head. If we are to count heads and vote by majorities, it is a question of two hundred and fifty millions against about eighty millions at this moment; and if the ages before the Reformation are taken into account, the proportion becomes almost incalculably greater.

If the Church of England were a severely plain and uncereimonial sect, such as the Plymouth Brethren or the Peculiar People, or if England, as a nation, were austere republican in simplicity of manners, a clear case would be made out against the adoption of what would then be incongruous adjuncts. But our Common Prayer Book is merely a revised edition of mediæval Catholic formularies, and, were every copy of it to perish, it could be almost literally reconstructed, bating a few homiletic exhortations, from those Latin office-books which supply nine-tenths of its matter;

and there is thus no inappropriateness in adopting the ceremonial, together with the devotions, of our forefathers. The Prayer Book forces the principle of ceremonial upon us, and the question becomes one of mere degree. As to English secular customs, the ritual of dress plays so great a part in them that its exclusion from religion could be interpreted only as an intentional slight to Christianity.

Let me take a few instances as illustrations. Officers in the army have usually three kinds of attire—mufti, undress uniform, and full dress uniform. It would, I suppose, be held as grave a breach of military etiquette to wear the undress uniform at a state review, under the eyes of the Queen or the Commander-in-Chief, as to wear mufti when on ordinary duty. Judges have their private dress as citizens, their ordinary official costume, and their ermine and scarlet for special occasions. Private gentlemen have their morning or walking dress, their evening attire for society, and Court suits for Royal *levées*. If they be peers, they have coronets and mantles for state solemnities; if they be knights of an Order, there are certain days when they are expected to wear their collars and stars. The mayors and other municipal functionaries of towns have an official dress, in which they take care to appear on such public occasions as a Royal visit; the clergy themselves, if they choose to go to Court, are obliged to wear a peculiar dress, as unlike their usual costume as the vestments themselves.

It is quite competent for any one to say, as many do say, that all this is folly, and ought to be abolished. It may be folly, very likely it is, but it is human nature all the world over; and the real fool is the man who refuses to take account of human nature when dealing with men. It has often struck myself that there might, perhaps, be less huge armaments in Europe, and less perennial risk of war, if there were a suitable civil costume for kings and princes, and they were not compelled to fall back, as now, on military uniforms for their attire, and thus led to the desire of being real professionals, and not sham supernumeraries and carpet knights. I commend this idea to the author of "Friends in Council."

Surely if, as the current and consenting voice of Christendom declares, the Holy Eucharist stands on at least as high a level above other religious offices as a Royal *levée* does over a private nobleman's reception, or a state review over ordinary parade, it is fit to mark its superiority in some clear and definite way. Why should the Dean of Westminster array himself in a special garb to wait on his Sovereign, and yet think it a piece of contemptible folly to pay the same kind of respect to her Sovereign? Why should a red ribbon be an honourable badge for him to wear in

token of connexion with an Order (the Bath), which, if it means anything, means reference to a barbarous time when to take a morning tub was a turning-point in a man's life, to be commemorated, but not repeated; and yet another red ribbon, worn as an ecclesiastical vestment, be absurd and childish?

It was thought, and it was, a very good argument when choral services were being revived and opposed, to point out that when we said in the *Venite*, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," it could not possibly mean "O come and let us read the Psalms to one another." The criticism told. If another verse in the Psalms were translated, instead of "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,"* as "O worship the Lord in the sacred vestments," which is its true meaning, we should hear less said against the religious fitness of a custom which, in the minds of those who accept the authenticity and inspiration of the Pentateuch, is a principle of Divine worship expressly sanctioned by God, and not belonging to the purely typical and temporary part of the Levitical cult, which was to disappear when the antitype was disclosed; but to that which suits all times and places, and which existed under the Patriarchal dispensation, even before the Mosaic Law, if the Rabbinical tradition preserved for us by St. Jerome be true, that the "goodly raiment" belonging to Esau, which Rebekah put on Jacob, was a special sacerdotal garb worn by the eldest son, as the born priest of the household, whenever he offered sacrifice.† "If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory."‡ If God, Who saith, "I am the Lord, I change not,"§ chose to be served formerly with a costly, ornate, and ceremonial worship, it is unreasonable to suppose that He chooses to be served now in a bare, cold, and careless manner. The old Jewish service was a prayer that Christ might come; the new Christian service is a thanksgiving that Christ has come. Shall it be less solemn and beautiful, or have we so many superiors to David, Asaph, and Isaiah amongst us to be able to boast that our greater spirituality and keener apprehension of sacred things enables us to dispense better than they with outward observances?

A friend has recently told me that his grandfather, a clergyman of a very old school, who died many years before the first breath of Ritualism was felt, used always, when about to celebrate the Holy Communion, to dress himself in full evening costume, and put his surplice and hood over that. He was going, he felt, as a guest to the King's table, and he did not choose to be discourteous to his Host. This old man—and he was but one of a like-minded group—had grasped the whole principle for which the restorers of

* Psalm xvi. 9.

† S. Hieron. Quest. Heb. in Gen. xxvii.

‡ 2 Cor. iii. 9.

§ Mal. iii. 2.

Eucharistic vestments are contending, namely that the honour and glory of God is the final cause of worship; and that being human creatures, and not pure disembodied spirits, we are obliged to use material tokens to express our homage and affection, as did the Wise Men when they brought their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, to the manger of Bethlehem.

As to the charge of Romanizing, a more unimpeachable answer than I could make to that is to be found in the policy of a personage known to be shrewd and supple, whatever opinion may be formed on his other qualities; I mean Monsignor Capel. The apparent intention of his recent series of letters to the *Times*, as it seems to thinking men, is to kindle, or rather to fan, a flame of popular indignation against the Ritualist school, in order that action may be taken in as many places as possible next July under the Public Worship Regulation Act, in the hopes that clergymen who have been unrighteously harried, and congregations who have been recklessly deprived of privileges which are dear to them, may be driven into the Church of Rome, which now, under Vatican influences, is like the mechanical statue of the Spanish Inquisition, outwardly a Virgin Mother, with benignant smile and outstretched arms, but having under her robe a breast studded with sharp knife-blades to pierce, as she firmly clasps, her too confiding neophyte. If English bishops and statesmen are weak enough to play Monsignor Capel's game for him, they will have only themselves to thank. But it is clear enough what barrier to his proselytism he is anxious to have removed by other hands than his own. All scholars know how Sextus Tarquin won Gabii for his father, when once the hint of lopping the tallest poppies had been conveyed to him by his messenger.

I have now endeavoured, so far as my present feeble state of health has permitted, to put the whole question on a more accurate and philosophical basis than it was left by Dean Stanley, though I have corrected only his more salient mistakes, and beg that those who may think themselves absolved from impartial examination of the facts because an artificial panic has been got up and steadily promoted by a small knot of persons, in opposition to the views I have attempted to vindicate, will ponder one pithy Arabic proverb—"It may be a fire to-day, it will be ashes to-morrow."

RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE.



MYSTERIES, MORALITIES, AND THE DRAMA.

“THE stage,” says Lessing, “which means the world, is not only the mirror of life, but also a school of morals. In Germany it has exercised a powerful influence upon public morality and public taste.” That the morals of the theatre both react on the social standard of a country and are a consequence of it must, indeed, be evident. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* (no prejudiced witness against France) some time back described the disastrous effect of the habit of laughing at family virtue in the French drama. A husband in a play, it said, is by prescription dull, cruel, or somehow greatly in the wrong, and the interest and compassion is all for those who break the law. Continually to hold up a confiding husband as an object of ridicule, whom it is a venial fault to cheat, and who is, at all events, in a ludicrous position—to make the laugh systematically on the wrong side—cannot be done with impunity, especially with a nation so susceptible to ridicule as the French; and the tone of morality has suffered in proportion. “Cannot the French, with all their talent, find some other subject of interest,” says another observer, “than the perpetual breaking of the marriage law, which is now the sole subject of their plays?”

But these outcries against the abuse of the drama only prove its power over men, not that it is a wrong thing in itself. And with regard to the uncultivated portion of the people—those who most require the refining influence of art, and whom we are now so

anxious to reach—there can be no doubt that the mimetic art is the one of all others most easy to understand. It requires a certain amount of imagination to realize written words—it requires a peculiar culture to enjoy pictures, sculpture, architecture—but the joint appeal to eye and ear, the sight and sound of the living passion acted before their faces, has a never-failing effect upon a rude audience, greater indeed, perhaps, in proportion to the want of education. Moreover, enthusiasm is catching, and the sympathetic impulse of numbers assists the dull and slow perceptions of the many to perceive what they ought to feel by following the lead of the quicker intelligences: emotion gains like fire. And to allow such a powerful engine of instruction to be wasted as we do, because it is often abused, is the more strange a mistake, as acting of some kind is quite certain to go on in this and every other country in the world to the end of the chapter. The influence of the Puritans set a seal of wickedness on the stage in England, which has tended to demoralize it, as the ban of the Catholic Church on actors has done to the profession abroad. There is no doubt, however, that the Elizabethan drama, with all its faults, had a healthy, strengthening influence on the nation; and the corrupt plays of the days of Charles II. were both cause and effect of the reaction against the asceticism of the previous rule. In the early ages of the world, especially before printing had made it possible for the solitary man and the poor man to raise a world for himself out of books, the drama was the great source of amusement and enlightenment to the nation. In Greece, whenever it was desired to “point a moral” or give information concerning the wishes of the gods, a magnificent tragedy, by the greatest masters of the art, was presented gratis to the public. The Athenian “demos,” however, was, in fact, an aristocracy, whose manual labour was done for it by slaves, and therefore cannot be an example for our “masses.” Moreover, the genius of the English people for art is so inferior to that of the Greeks, that we can never hope to reach so high a level of taste as that of the Athenian theatre. A London audience would find *Æschylus* “heavy,” and vote *Sophocles* to be “prosy.”

The earliest intention of serious stage performances in all countries was evidently to put before the eyes of each people that which was most important and interesting in the national life. The resistance of the atom Greece to the overwhelming hordes of the Persian; the return from Troy; the Nemesis attending even involuntary crime in *Œdipus*, and of parricide even in a just cause with *Orestes*; the great Titan *Prometheus* suffering for humanity, and conqueror even in defeat—a general idea of “vindicting the laws of God to man;” these were the great subjects chosen to act in Greece.

The religious drama is still an important feature in India. "Stories of the lives of the national heroes of India, Rama, and the like, can always draw appreciative audiences, to be counted by thousands;" while the "Passion Play" of the death of Ali at the present moment stirs the fanatical zeal of the Mahometan Persians to a burning heat. The early Christians, in the same way, put the proofs of their faith into so-called "Mysteries," and their social creed of what was high and heroic into "Moralities;" and the uneducated public were probably none the worse, nor the less reverent, for seeing represented before them the scenes of our Saviour's life, or the celebration of the martyrdom for righteousness' sake of some saint, male or female, even though the spectacle might be marred to our taste by buffooneries, which were not to them in the least irreverent. We cannot go back in such matters. A manner of treating subjects, which was solemn in their eyes, would be simply ludicrous or disgusting in ours. It does not, however, follow that such a change is the effect of what can be called progress in any right sense of the word. The sights which are tolerated on London boards at the present day do not prove any advance in propriety; nor can the poetic sense certainly be said in any way to have improved among us. Shakespeare has scarcely been acted now for years in a single London theatre, except by fits and starts for the benefit of a star. We require something more sensational to stir our languid interest, *blasé* as our taste has been by high spiced food of the coarsest description. That people can only be amused by that which really amuses them cannot be called a truism, for we by no means even generally carry it out in our pastimes. But are we sunk so low that what is really great and noble in art cannot be made popularly interesting at the present day? And must a play be spiced with vice to be popular?

The earliest performances in Europe, as in the East, were always on religious subjects; but then the struggle for the faith against the heathen, martyrdom for conscience sake, were still among the "burning questions" of the day, and the clergy had the good sense to utilize, instead of anathematizing, the desire of the people for stage effect, even as early as the "Dying Christ," composed by St. Chrysostom. In the middle ages, the priests and monks were, as a rule, the only persons who could read and write, and the education of the people fell naturally into their hands. Their ideas of relaxation were naturally connected with religion; the monks had plenty of leisure, and occupied themselves in composing holy stories, and arranging the appropriate dresses and scenery. These were at first composed in or about the churches. Some of the scenes are directed to be conducted *cum cantu et organo*, as an adjunct to the Church service.

One of the oldest English "Miracle plays" which remain to us

is the "Harrowing of Hell," where our Saviour descends into Hades, to bring out the souls of ancient worthies who are to be saved. It consists of conversations between Dominus, Sathanus, the Porter of Hell, and seven others. This was performed at the Whitsun feasts at Chester, and of the Corpus Christi at Coventry—the two most celebrated places for such performances. There seems to have been no fear of speaking out concerning dignities in them; the bad king is burning in hell fire; Regina Damnatam laments her condition, "which was so seemly and is so sad."

Dramatic entertainments, giving the chief Scriptural stories and the lives of saints, were known in England for more than two centuries before Edward II.

Mathew Paris, writing in 1240, mentions the play, "vulgarly called miracle," of St. Catherine, acted at Dunstable, with *tableaux* and pantomime, by Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, and his scholars. Fitzstephen, in the reign of Henry II., dwells on the "holy plays, miracles wrought by confessors, and the sufferings of martyrs, which were acted in London." In the "Vision" of Piers Ploughman, it is said that "the miracles are not less frequented than markets and taverns," and a worldly-minded friar is spoken of as better acquainted with Randal of Chester than his Paternoster. While Chaucer, describing the fashionable diversions with which the wife of Bath amuses herself when her husband is absent in London during Lent, makes her say—

"Therefore make I my visitation
To prechings' eke and to pilgrimages,
To plays of miracles and mariages."

The dresses were sometimes on a grand scale, and masks seem to have been worn by the actors as in a Greek play. In the wardrobe rolls of Edward III., in 1348, there are provided for a "Ludus," held on the feast of the birth of our Lord, in the castle at Guildford, "eighty tunics of buckram of various colours; forty-two vizors of various similitudes, fourteen of the faces of women, fourteen of the faces of men with beards, fourteen of faces of angels made with silver; mantles embroidered with dragons, white tunics wrought with heads and wings of peacocks, and others of swans with wings," &c.

In the list of costs for a play of St. George, enacted in the open air at Bassingborne, in Cambridge, three shillings are charged for "the painting of three fanchons" (phantoms) and "four tormen-tours" (devils); one shilling for the hire of the field where the play was exhibited; and the poor author is put off with two shillings more; the whole amounted to two pounds.

In other places they were satisfied with dumb show. "Certain small puppets were garnished by the priests, representing the Resurrection, with the parsons of Christi, the watchman, Marie,

and others, the more lyvily to exhibite to the eye the hole action," which seems to have resembled the presepio of an Italian church.

"In Poulis Church at the feast of Whitsuntyde," the symbolism was very simple, "the comynge down of the Holy Ghost was set forth by a white pigeon, let fly out of a hole that is yet (1570) to be sene in the roofof the great ile, and by a longe censer, which, descendinge from the same place to the verye ground, was swunged up and down at such a length that it reached with thone swepe almost from the west gate to the quyre stairs, breathing a most pleasant perfume."

To act in a miracle play was not considered below the dignity of most important personages. The English fathers, at the Council of Constance, 1417, gave the "Massacre of the Holy Innocents;" and the gravity of the subject was relieved by a low buffoon at the Court of Herod, who is dubbed a knight, to go on the adventure of killing the mothers of the doomed babies; the women have the best of it, however—break his head with their distaffs and spinning wheels, abuse him as a coward, and send him about his business as a recreant.

As early as 1387, "one Randall Hisgenet, Moonke of Chester, composed certaine mysteries in Latin," and afterwards made three journeys to Rome before he could obtain the Pope's permission to exhibit them in English. The prejudice of Mother Church against the vulgar tongue is the more curious in this instance, as "Clement, the Bishop of Rome, had graunted the Bishop of Chester at that tyme a thousand dayes of pardon, and forty dayes of indulgence, to hear the said playes," and they were clearly considered a religious exercise, yet the spectators must at first have been reduced to interpreting the dumb show.

"Revered lords and ladyes alle
That at this tyme assembled be
By this messange understand ye shalle,
That one tyme there was Mayor of this Citie,
Sir John Arnway, Knight, who most worthelye
Contented himself to set out in playe
The devise of one Done (dominus) Randall, monke of Chester Abbey."

At a later period these Whitsun plays were "altered, devised, and made by one Sir Henry Fraunces, also a Moonke."

"In oulde tyme, not only for the augmentation and encreas of the holy and catholicke faith, and to exort the minds of the common people to good devotion and holosome doctrine, but also for the commonwelth of this Citty, a play and declaration of divers storyes of the Bible was made, beginning with the Creation and fall of Lucifer, and ending with the generall judgement of the world" (a tolerably wide scope of subject), "to be brought forth and played at the cost of the craftsmen and occupations of said Citty."

The twenty-five companies had each a drama of their own, to which they were yearly faithful.

The Tanners gave the "Fall of Lucifer" "with good speech,

fyne players, and apparill comelye, which was witnessed by a numerous assembly of both sexes with much delight."

The Drapers enacted the "Creation" of the world, probably as including the (to them) interesting introduction of clothes. Adam and Eve appeared, following the text, literally naked, and not ashamed. After long discourses from the Old Serpent, and the Fall, they make themselves *subli gacula* of leaves, according to the stage direction. "To depart from the literal text in the slightest degree was heresy," observes Wharton. Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, and Bottom the weaver, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," were evidently taken from performances of the kind, which Shakspeare must himself often have witnessed.

The Water Drawers appropriately took the "Deluge," which is greatly enlivened by the proceedings of "Noyes wif," a worldly lady who cannot be persuaded to go into the Ark.

"For," says she, "I have gossopes every ech one,
One fote further I will not gone,
They shall not drown by St. John
An I may save their lives.
They loved me full well by Christ" (an anachronism in oaths),
"But" (unless) "thou wilt lett them into thee chest,
Ellis rowe forth away when thou liste
And get thee another wif."

Her husband grows extremely angry at her contumacy, but without effect; she will not stir, and Noye, in great trouble, exclaims—

"Come in, wif, in twenty devill ways,
Or alles stand thee without."

Still the "good Gossopes" sing that they must have some more drink.

"Here is a potell full of Malmesey good and strong,
It will rejoyce both hart and tong;
Though Noy thinke us never so long,
Yet wee will drinke a tyte."

The sons next interfere, and Shem enquires whether they shall not bring in their mother by force:—

"In faith, moder, in ye shall
Wither you will or noughte."

Noe.

"Well me wif into this boate."

[She gives him a box on the ear.

"Have you that for thee note" (necessity.)

Noe.

"A lo Mary this whote

A childre methinks my boate remeves,

Our tarrying here heughly me grieves."

[She is then forced into the ark.

The Cappers and Linendrapers took the story of "Balaam," but Mr. Wright declares the observations of the ass are too unpleasant to be repeated. The Cooks related the "Descent of Christ into Hell," to redeem all the saunts of the older time. One woman, who is left behind, is a "tavernere, a gentil gossope and tapstere," who confesses having deceived many a creature, "though her ale was

moughte," and she is warmly welcomed by the devils—a curious hint at the bad beer of the licensed victuallers five hundred years back, which has yet by no means lost its savour.

At Coventry the pageants were performed on Corpus Christi day, "by the grey friars, with mighty state and reverence. Theatres for the several scenes, very large and high, placed on wheels, were drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators. The story of the Old and New Testament, composed in the old English Rithme, as appeareth by an antient MS., intituled *Ludus Coventriæ*," says Cotton. "I have been told by some old people," Dugdale writes in 1657, "who in their younger days were eye witnesses of these pageants, so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that show was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to the city."

At length, however, the simple religious spirit—like that of children, which alone could render such representations decent—decayed, and the disorders attending them became such that Bonner, in 1542, prohibited all manner of "plays and interludes, &c., to be played, set forth, or declared in churches or chapels." William of Wykeham, indeed, as early as 1384, had refused longer to allow "spectacula" (whatever they may have been) in the churchyard of the cathedral at Winchester. They were, however, revived by Mary, and a "goodly stage play" was presented at the Grey Friars before the Lord Mayor, in her reign; and, again, in honour of the declaration of war with France, "'The Life of St. Olave' was enacted, which lasted four hours."

In spite of the remonstrance of Archbishop Grindal, in 1563, plays continued to be acted on Sunday, in the time of Elizabeth, by the choristers of St. Paul's and the Royal Chapel.

At first the miracle plays adhered strictly to Scripture or legend, but they gradually develop a sort of plot, and introduce some attempt at character. "Moralities," a sort of allegorical drama on more secular subjects—a more mundane amusement—gradually crept in. One of the earliest of these stories of which any copies remain is taken from the "Romaunce of Kyng Robert of Cicyle, 'How pride dude him beguile,'" which was acted at the High Cross at Chester in 1529.

"Robert was a 'noble Kyng'—in all the world 'nas his peere;' he was faire and strong, and sumdele young. He had a broder in Greete Roome, Pope of al Christendome, and another in Alemagne, an Emperour, who wroughte payne to the Sarasins. He declares that there is no man lyvinge in no londe who can withstand him. In the midst of his prideful thoughts he falls asleep in church during evensong. An angel takes his place, and his whole court are deceived, and follow him to the 'paleys.' Robert awakes in a fright, and is fallen foul of by the sextune, who calls him 'a fals thief, a losinger, intending holy church to robby.' He 'runs out fast,' and is maltreated by his own porter at his own gate. With diffi-

culty he persuades the servants to bring him into the royal presence, when the angel king makes the miserable man 'fool of the hall.' He is then 'clothed with lodly (lothely) garments, hung with floxe's tayles many abcute' (the fool's coat). He is sent to lie with the dogs outside, and envies those beasts which are allowed to remain with their masters in the house. The angel makes an admirable sovereign, and goes to Rome to see his brothers in great pompe, accompanied by his fool. After a long and ignominious penance the penitent Robert is at last restored to his throne by the angel, never to err from false pride again."

The Inns of Court were always celebrated for their dramatic representations, and, as the taste for Scripture subjects died out, allegorical characters—Charity, Sin, Hope, Death, which had been always more or less introduced—took possession of the stage, very much to the injury of the dramatic interest. A satirical morality, however, on "The Marriage of Luther," enacted by Gray's Inn in 1529, must have been much more entertaining.

Later still, classical subjects, under the title of "Masques," with all sorts of emblematic personages, became popular, and were performed at all great ceremonies before Elizabeth, "and were the delight of the pedantic James." Shakespeare makes Mr. Justice Shallow—when pluming himself on the fine things he had done as a young man—declare how, when he "lay at Clement's Inn"—*i.e.*, was studying the law—"I was then Sir Dagonet," that is, had acted the part of King Arthur's fool in an interlude taken from the "Morte d'Arthur," often played in Shakespeare's time.

"'The Moralities,'" says Mr. Hallam, "were much enlivened by the introduction of a witty, mischievous, and profligate character called 'the Vice,' which gradually assumed a human individuality—a sort of Punch. Something resembling a modern comedy, 'Ralph Roister Doister,' was acted in 1540, which contains a lively picture of London manners among the citizens and gallants, and has a good deal of comic spirit and humour."

In out-of-the-way places in Cornwall and Wales the Scripture plays lingered long even in England. Carew mentions the "Guary Mirkyl" in Cornwall, compiled out of the Bible—

"But with that grossenes which accompanied the old Roman comedy. For representing it they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field" (which must have resembled the arrangements at Ammergau), "having the diameter of his enclosed playne some 40 or 50 feet. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to see and heare it, for they have therein devils and devices to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts with booke, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the booke in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud."

This has now dwindled into a Christmas drollery. The "Mummers" are all that remains of the ancient magnificent devices, which have shrivelled into a wretched farce, that still remains in country places, when the "guizers"—*i.e.*, the disguised men, with blackened faces and absurd dresses—perform to this day the play of "St. George" (the Saint sometimes transmogrified into "King

George," as a more familiar personage in their ears), Beelzebub, and a miracle-working doctor, who raises a dead man to life, utter what has become by the repetition of unwritten words almost unintelligible nonsense.

Throughout Christian Europe varieties of these mysteries and moralities, combining religion and amusement, continued till a later period. In France, where they were "very fashionable and of high antiquity," they were only knocked on the head by the Revolution. They, however, may be found in Brittany at the great fairs, generally as *tableaux vivants*. "The parts are well-sustained," says an eye-witness, but as soon as the Mystery is over there is a rush to the pantomime, which often follows on the same stage, the person who represented Christ taking the part of harlequin.

As early as the 12th century, a disciple of Abelard's wrote three plays, on the raising of Lazarus, the miracle of St. Nicholas, and the History of Daniel, which were very popular. The "*Mystère de Grizeldis Marquise de Saluce*" is mentioned about 1390—the first appearance of "Patient Grizzle," acted by the citizens of Paris. The French mysteries were chiefly performed by priests or religious communities, and some of the parts were not without danger in those early days of mechanical invention. At the *Mystère de la Passion* at Metz in 1487—

"God was personified by the Seigneur Miolle, curé of St. Victour, who was almost dead on the cross, but was succoured, and consented that another priest should be attached to the cross to complete the personification of the crucifixion for that day. Another priest called Messire Jean enacted Judas, and was almost dead with hanging, for his heart had ceased to beat, and he was unhung in all haste and carried away."

At the Feast of Asses, performed in honour of Balaam on Christmas day, the clergy walked in procession, fearless of ridicule, "habited as prophets and holy fathers." Moses in an alb or cope with a long beard and a rod in his hand; David wore a green vestment; Balaam, with an immense pair of spurs, rode on a wooden ass, in which was concealed a speaker.

The realism of some of the details is strange. The gushing of the blood in the Crucifixion was produced by means of an outre or leather wine bag under the actor's robe; the lance was run into it, and the purple liquid spurted out to figure the blood. In the martyrdom of St. Pol, the saint was decapitated on the stage; the head took three leaps, and a fountain of blood gushed out at each step. "The martyrdom of saints gave scope," says Mr. Hallam, "for the gratification which a great part of mankind seem to take in witnessing the endurance of pain." In one of the Parisian plays, Santa Barbara was hung up by the heels on the stage, St. Denis took his head in his hands and quietly walked off with it.

At Chaumont, one of these mysteries was acted until quite lately,

where the Père Éternel, "coiffé d'une mitre," with a long white beard, bore the golden ball of the Empire in his right hand. "Priests and kings being the highest ideal among the people, divinity was shewn under the pontifical and imperial dress." At Perpignan, a man still living remembers himself acting the Père Éternel, with the utmost good faith and reverence. He was chosen for the honourable post as a good little boy, and was dressed in a cocked hat "typical of the Trinity."

A morality on the story of Robert Duc de Normandy is still enacted in secluded Pyrenean villages, on a stage in the open market place. The performance lasts the whole day, and the chief attraction appears to be the part of Satans (in the plural) dressed in red. These come in and out at all the critical points, and have a great deal more to do with the conduct of events than the more holy personages.

In Germany, the earliest written dramas now existing are by the nun Erosvita of the Abbey of Gandersheim in Saxony; they are in Latin, and were represented by the young nuns belonging to the convent in the year 970, before the Bishop of Hildesheim and some great officers of the Emperor's household. She was called "the Christian Sappho," "the tenth muse;" and, considering her secluded life, her subjects are curiously varied and show a great deal of power. In one play the climax foreshadows that of Romeo and Juliet, and John is resuscitated only to die again after recognizing his beloved. In another, Sapience, accompanied by her three daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, visit Rome during the persecution of Hadrian, and are detected in proselytizing. The three girls are tortured to death for their faith, while the mother stands by encouraging them to the end, collects and burns their scattered remains, and dies in a burst of enthusiastic devotion, uttering what is called in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* "a magnificent hymn."

Two volumes, in Latin, of the religious interludes which abounded in Germany during the middle ages still exist. The solitary living remnant of such plays, which is performed at Ammergau, is probably an exceptionally good specimen. The extreme seclusion of the place, the long intervals between the performances, which prevented the religious fervour from becoming blunted, have tended to preserve the original feeling with which they were treated. Besides which, the whole *mise en scène* has been remodelled by an æsthetic pastor, who obtained his inspirations from Munich artists; the groups, the dresses, have been studied to much effect, and in harmony with that "local colouring" of which our ancestors had not the smallest notion. The anachronisms have been removed; which, however, one can hardly help regretting, so strong is their antiquarian interest for us in the earlier plays. Altogether we have in it the glimpse of a truly pious representation,

which struck even those least disposed to admire, as a religious far more than a dramatic performance, the actors believing themselves to be carrying out a work pleasing to God, and playing accordingly, the native spectators all behaving with much the same feeling as if they were in Church.

At the present time, the high position of the stage and of the actors in Germany is as remarkable as the tone of the plays produced. "The interest excited by the stage, and the importance attached to every thing connected with it, are greater in Germany than in any other part of Europe, not excepting France or even Paris," Mr. Carlyle observes. The extraordinary amount of time and thought devoted to dramatic writing, and even to very puerile details of acting, by both Goethe and Schiller, was only indeed typical of the national feeling. "The stage is not merely considered as a recreation, as in France, but the Germans talk of it as a sort of lay pulpit, fitted to exalt some of our noblest feelings." Literature has always held a very high position in Germany, and the theatre has taken the first place in literature. Accordingly, the lofty character of the dramas performed, the admiring interest taken in them by very ordinary spectators, and the respectability of every thing connected with the stage, form a remarkable contrast with that of France, while the effect on the character of the people is considered by themselves to be very wholesome.

In Italy the religious drama was always extremely popular. As early as 1264 a society, "del Gonfalone," was established at Rome, specially to represent the Passion of Christ, and different forms of dumb show still continue to be enjoyed, with the pantomime round the Bambino, swaddled, crowned, and decorated with the rudest symbolism of sovereignty.

In Spain the dramatising of religion has brought out the coarsest and worst forms of Roman Catholic superstition, even in the best of her writers. The belief "that piety has nothing to do with virtue, and that every vice under the sun may be committed with impunity, yet the sinner's soul be saved at the end by the prayers of a saint, or the visit to a holy shrine," must have been demoralising to the last degree. In a drama of Calderon's, performed before the court of Philip IV., the criminal does not even repent, during his lifetime, and has to be resuscitated, in order to be saved by the intervention of a saint, after having killed his father, and meditated the death of his wife. Heresy was the greatest of crimes, and every breach of faith was permissible to bring back heretics into the fold. Calderon, in another of his plays, makes the "Mother of God" come down on purpose to declare that there is no worse crime than to keep a promise given to infidels; in this case to the Moors.

In another of his dramas he represents Henry VIII. as repentant of his sins to the Church; the body of the wicked heretic, Ann Boleyn, is brought in, and he proclaims his daughter Mary as Queen before the assembled Parliament. She is called upon by them to swear that she will never repeal her father's acts, and refuses the crown on such terms. Her father vainly tries to persuade her to take the oath; telling the Parliament on the one hand that she can be deposed if they object to her, and telling his daughter in a whisper that when she is Queen she can do as she pleases. At last she is persuaded to swear. "Under the conditions expressed," says the minister. "Mary apart, I do not accept them."

When religion and politics are thus conceived, it is not surprising that Spain should sink into its present deplorable state. In the Devil Preacher there is a long parallel drawn out between Sir Francis Xavier and the Saviour—both born in a stable, both assisted by twelve apostles, both beaten to blood, pierced by five glorious wounds, &c.

In Madrid, at the present moment, during Lent, sacred dramas are performed in the theatres by the same actors, who play the very profane pieces of the remainder of the year, and the too great gravity of the subject is lightened by the hint of an intrigue once carried on between Pontius Pilate and Mary Magdalen, and by Judas pinching and pulling the hair of the children brought up to the Saviour whenever the traitor can find a quiet opportunity. At Segovia, the *Times* correspondent describes "the real old thing" as being played in the streets before delighted audiences, with the intense interest and the same habit of thought as in the 15th century. The reality of the events depicted is so great that it is quite difficult to obtain actors to play the unpopular parts, as, *e.g.*, Judas runs a risk of having his head broken by zealous friends to religion.

It is difficult to define what constitutes the feeling of reverence, but it is clearly possible to lose much of the reality, while apparent respect for the outward form (as with ourselves at present) increases. There is a fastidiousness in taste, which is very different either from reverence or purity, and seen especially in men of the world far removed from either,—who might be found enjoying the Duchesse de Gerolstadt, and yet complaining of the plain speaking of Shakespeare. A homely manner of words reaching direct to the hearts of the audience by no means implied evil. "A refined audience," it has been said, "will do many things which it will not bear to see represented; a vulgar audience will see many things represented that it will not do. The English who tolerated all the stabbings and poisonings of Shakespeare on their stage, committed hardly any crime during the fervour of that Civil War, which let loose all the political and religious passions of two great hostile parties."

There are two elements which make the fortune of the stage. In the days of Shakespeare, it was the greatness of the dramas themselves, not that of the actors, which caused their success. Besides which, in them were dramatised the interests and feelings of the day, political and social. In the play of Henry VIII. the King was but one generation removed from the spectators; his daughter was on the throne, or had only just died. In that period of the revival of the classics, Brutus and Coriolanus were household words, which appealed to every man and woman who could read, and the Roman plays reflected the struggles for liberty, and the aristocratic and democratic questions of the day, under a very thin disguise. There was an interest and feeling for great subjects which astonishes our present audiences, who go to the theatre only to be amused, and find Shakespeare "very slow."

In the last century, and the beginning of the present, came the period of great actors, while there were no writers of plays worth speaking of. Garrick, and at a later period Mrs. Siddons, and the Kembles, interpreted the inventions of past times, but no new dramas of any value were produced for their use. Now we have reached the age when neither the plays, nor the actors who appear in them, are great, when we are reduced to sensationalism and scenery, mechanical splendours, gorgeous dresses, numbers, "spectacle," and wholesale "conveying" from the French. And the result can hardly be called a national success, even by the admirers of the system.

One cause of the decline of the stage in England is said to be the social habits of the upper classes, which make it difficult to fit theatrical amusements into the evening's arrangements. But, as they still contrive to go to the opera, it is evidently not the hours which cause them to frequent the play so little. Still, however produced, their absence is very lowering to the stage. Unless the drama is a really national amusement, play writers and play managers will not think it worth while to cater for the cultivated classes, but will invent situations, and use language pleasing to the kind of audience which they must expect. It is cause and effect—if the "unco guid" denounce the amusement as wrong, and the "upper ten" renounce it as not fashionable, while the men of business are too busy to attend, the character of the plays must naturally go down when so large a portion of its educated hearers is cut off.

Yet there are so few modes of influencing the many that it seems strange to neglect the direction of one of the most vivid and striking. "I should like to have the direction of a penny theatre," said a great philanthropist. No one, indeed, can hear of the effect upon the young population of the east of London of such plays as "Jack Sheppard," and the other heroes of dramatized police reports, held up for admiration there, or even study the faces

which are looking with such rapt delight at Punch's manoeuvres, and listen to the storms of applause with which the resounding blows inflicted on his wife are received, without feeling what queer ideals for the worship of the race are growing up before our very eyes—what strange qualities are exhibited as admirable to the people—without an attempt on our parts to afford anything better of a scenic kind for their amusement.

It may be said that the sentiment for "Dick Turpin," "Jack," and "Punch," is not all bad—that they are the rude incarnation of "pluck" and fearlessness under difficulties, qualities which are supposed to condone their other crimes. Still, the undying popularity of Punch bears no good augury for the conduct to their families of the future husbands and fathers, still in petticoats and jackets, who are looking on.

There has been a reaction during the last twenty years against the exclusiveness by which good music, good pictures, fine buildings, were reserved for those who could pay high prices for their entertainment; and in spite of their shortcomings, the Crystal Palace, South Kensington, and the Albert Hall, have brought much of these within the reach of the many. With regard, however, to museums and picture galleries, except as a harmless way of spending a holiday, little good can be expected in our present state of civilisation. Let any one station himself in the National Gallery, or even among the modern pictures at Kensington, and look round with a tolerably approachable manner, and he will be assailed with questions as to their meaning—almost incredible in their utter want of understanding. The queries are not so much silly as sad, showing a want of imagination and a crassness of ignorance which, among people who walk daily by print shops of every description, must be heard to be realised.

We want art sights easier to reach, more exciting, more realistic and vivid than these, which, indeed, only the theatre is able to give to the masses. There can be no doubt that the effect of bringing bodily before the eyes of the people the thoughts, feelings, and passions of its heroes—the ideal, in short, of its age—may be made very stirring, as it was of old. The imagination of the uneducated is slow to move, except for material objects, and requires moving by sensible appeals to both eye and ear. "Let other people have the making of the laws, if I can have the writing of the songs," might be said with more truth of plays. A "chanson" no longer bears the same sway even in France, but the influence of the theatre has even increased. The number of houses open, and of the spectators present, at Paris, is greater now than at any previous period, while the species of garbage presented to them is worse than ever—a moral charnel-house, as it was called the other day. "A French play cannot apparently be conceived

which does not derive its interest from a love intrigue between a married woman and some gay Lothario." Although the stage has never had the same share of influence in England, and has never sunk quite so low in morality, its effect on us is still great, while its standard seems to be deteriorating day by day.

The whole question of amusement requires to be gone into nationally, and set upon a different footing from at present. It has hitherto been looked on as a misfortune that pleasure should be required at all for the people. It was to be tolerated in a sort of underhand way until they should consent to attend mathematical classes and scientific disquisitions (which is certainly not the ideal of relaxation of the upper classes for themselves!) If the people dance, it can only be at public-houses; if they go to the cheap theatres, it is at their peril, morally and mentally. Amusement, it is clear, must be legitimatized and raised, before we can lift the taste of the people above gin shops, dancing saloons, and "penny gaffs." Mechanics' Institutes can appeal only to a very small fraction of the working people. It would take many centuries of sermons (particularly as at present given) to neutralize the effect of a run of "Jack Sheppards," even if they could be made to reach the same stratum of society. We must get at the interest of the people by something different from either.

There is a most interesting and important discussion in Plato's "Republic" on the education of a nation by a "right use of pleasure." We have not yet, in two thousand years, attained such knowledge, or even attempted to define what really is "pleasure." "True art," he says, "is ennobling," and we have still to seek the manner of popularizing art among our people. All European governments, whether Republican, as in France, or despotic, as in Germany, have shown their feeling as to the importance of the theatre for keeping their populations in good humour and occupying them innocently, by liberal "subventions," but we have still to ascertain how best it may be made to serve their pleasure by a "right use."

And until our philanthropists and statesmen recognise this field of amusement as a very important one, not to be left to haphazard speculation, to the managers of dancing saloons and Alhambras, to the writers of pantomimes, and translators of French obscenities, we shall have advanced but a little way in the task of raising and purifying the taste of the people. Of late the tendency has been, indeed, rapidly downwards, instead of upwards, as the progress of education might have led us to hope.

In the light of the prohibitions and warnings found necessary by two successive Lord Chamberlains, an earnest effort in this direction appears to have become one of the most useful objects that our wise men and our good men could propose to themselves.

F. P. VERNEY.



SATURN AND THE SABBATH OF THE JEWS.

IN one of the most striking passages of his "Study of Sociology," Herbert Spencer considers what might be said of our age "by an independent observer living in the far future, supposing his statements translated into our cumbrous language."

"In some respects," says the future observer, "their code of conduct seems not to have advanced beyond, but to have gone back from the code of a still more ancient people from whom their creed was derived . . . The relations of their creed to the creed of this ancient people are indeed difficult to understand. . . Not only did they, in the law of retaliation, outdo the Jews, instead of obeying the quite opposite principle of the teacher they worshipped as divine, but they obeyed the Jewish law, and disobeyed their divine teacher in other ways,—as in the rigid observance of every seventh day, which he had deliberately discountenanced . . . Their substantial adhesion to the creed they professedly repudiated, was clearly demonstrated by this, that in each of their temples they fixed up in some conspicuous place the Ten Commandments of the Jewish religion, while they rarely, if ever, fixed up the two Christian Commandments given instead of them. And yet," says the reporter, after dilating on these strange facts, "though the English were greatly given to missionary enterprises of all kinds, and though I sought diligently among the records of these, I could find no trace of a society for converting the English people from Judaism to Christianity."

It is, indeed, a strange circumstance that Christian teachings in our time respecting the observance of each seventh day, should be at variance, not only with what is known of the origin of the observance of Sunday, as distinguished from the Sabbath of the Jews, but even more emphatically with the teachings of Christ, both as to the purpose of a day of rest, and as to the manner in

which the poor should be considered. Our Sunday is in fact, if not in origin, the Sabbath of the Jews, not the Lord's Day of the Apostles; it is regarded, not as a day set apart to refresh those who toil, but as though man were made for its observance; while the soul-wearying gloom of the day is so ordered as to affect chiefly the poorer classes, who want rest from work and anxiety, not rest from the routine of social amusements, which are unknown to them. But although the thoroughly non-Christian nature of our seventh day is remarkable in a country professedly Christian, and although it is a serious misfortune for us that an arrangement which might be most beneficial to the working classes is rendered mischievous by the way in which it is carried out, I certainly have no purpose here to discuss the vexed question of Sunday observance. There are some points, however, suggested by Spencer's reference to the origin of our weekly resting day, which are even more curious than those on which he touches. We take our law of weekly rest from Moses; we practically follow Jewish observances in this matter: but in this, except in so far as the contrast between Judaism and Christianity is concerned, there is nothing incongruous. For the Jewish nation was of old the sole Eastern nation whose priesthood taught the worship of one God, and resisted the tendency of their people to worship the gods of other nations. But the real origin of the Jewish Sabbath was far more singular. The observance was derived from an Egyptian, and primarily from a Chaldean source. Moreover, an astrological origin may be recognized in the practice; rest being enjoined by Egyptian priests on the seventh day, simply because they regarded that day as a *dies infaustus*, when it was unlucky to undertake any work.

It needs no very elaborate reasoning to prove that the Jewish observance of the Sabbath began during the sojourn in Egypt. Without entering into the difficult question of the authorship and date of the Pentateuch, we can perceive that the history of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the Elohistic portion of the narrative, is introductory to the account of the Jews' sojourn in Egypt and exodus thence under their skilful and prudent commander, Moses. It is incredible that the person who combined these two accounts into one history, including an exact record of the rules for observing festivals, should have failed to add some reference to the seventh day of rest when quoting (from the Elohist) the ordinances which Abraham and the other patriarchs were so carefully enjoined to obey, if it really had been a point of duty in patriarchal times to keep holy the seventh day. In every injunction to the Israelites after they left Egypt, the duty of keeping the Sabbath is strongly dwelt upon. It not only became from this time one of the commandments, but "a sign between the Lord and the chil-

dren of Israel for ever." In the patriarchal times, on the contrary, we find no mention of it: the test of righteousness was the worship of one God—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. In the Book of Job, again, no reference whatever is made to the observance of the Sabbath; and this is the more remarkable because Job makes "solemn protestation of his integrity" in several duties. He claims integrity in the worship of God: "If I beheld the sun when it shined," he says, "or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand" (the token of worship), "this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above." But he says no word about the observance which, after the exodus, is so specially associated with the worship of God.

It is, indeed, somewhat singular that the observance of the Sabbath should be derived from far remoter times, by those who insist on the literal exactness of the Bible record, seeing that the Bible distinctly assigns the exodus from Egypt as the epoch when the observance had its origin. For Moses, in solemnly reminding all Israel of the covenant in Horeb, says:—

"Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence, through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath-day."—(Deut. v. 15).

And these words occupy the position in the Fourth Commandment, which, in Exodus xx. 11, is occupied by the words, "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth," &c.

Assigning the origin of the first Jewish observance of the Sabbath to the time of the exodus, we are forced to the conclusion that the custom of keeping each seventh day as a day of rest was derived from the people amongst whom the Jews had been sojourning more than two hundred years. It is unreasonable to suppose that Moses would have added to the almost overwhelming difficulties which he had to encounter in dealing with the obstinate people he led from Egypt, the task of establishing a new festival. Such a task is at all times difficult, but at the time of the exodus it would have been hopeless to undertake it. The people were continually rebelling against Moses, because he sought to turn them from the worship of the gods of Egypt, in whom they were disposed to trust. It was no time to establish a new festival, unless one could be devised which should correspond with the customs they had learned in Egypt. Moses would seem indeed to have pursued a course of compromise.* Opposing manfully the worship of the

* There is a passage in Jeremiah which, as it seems to me, cannot otherwise be reconciled with the Pentateuch—viz., chapter vii. 21-23, where he says, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; Put your burnt-offerings unto your sacrifices, and eat flesh. For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt-offerings or sacrifices: but

Egyptian gods, he adopted, nevertheless, Egyptian ceremonies and festivals, only so far modifying them that (as he explained them) they ceased to be associated with the worship of false gods.

We have also historical evidence as to the non-Jewish origin of the observance of the seventh day, as decisive as the arguments I have been considering. For Philo Judæus, Josephus, Clement of Alexandria, and others, speak plainly of the week as not of Jewish origin, but common to all the Oriental nations. I do not wish, however, to make use of such evidence here, important though it is—or rather because it is so important that it could not properly be dealt with in the space available to me. I wish to consider only the evidence which lies directly before us in the Bible pages, combining it with the astronomical relations which are involved in the question. For it is to an astronomical, or rather an astrological interpretation that we are led, so soon as we recognise the non-Jewish origin of the Sabbath. Beyond all doubt, the week is an astronomical period, and that in a two-fold sense; it is first a rough sub-division of the lunar month, and in the second place it is a period derived directly from the number of celestial bodies known to ancient astronomers as moving upon the sphere of the fixed stars.

The astronomical origin of the Sabbath is shown by the Mosaic laws as to festivals, illustrated by occasional passages in other parts of the Bible. In the 28th chapter of Numbers we find four forms of sacrifice to be offered at regular intervals,—first, the continual burnt-offering to be made at sunrise and at sunset (these epochs, be it noted, being important in the astrological system of the Egyptians); secondly, the offering on the Sabbath; thirdly, the offering in the time of the new moon; and fourthly, the offering at the luni-solar festival of the Passover. That is, we have daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly offerings. An attempt has been made to show that in the beginning of the Mosaic rule the months were not lunar; but apart from all other evidence, repeated references to “Sabbaths and new moons” negative this view, and show that as Spencer (Rit. iii., 1) maintains, the Hebrews began their month when the new moon first appeared. It is also clear from the nature of the offerings made, that the festival of the new moon was held in equal esteem with the Sabbath; and although the observances were different,

this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you.” It seems plainly intimated here that (in Jeremiah’s opinion, at any rate) the ordinances relating to burnt-offerings and sacrifices on the Sabbath and new moons were not commanded by God, however plainly the account in the Pentateuch may seem to suggest the contrary; and the two accounts can scarcely be reconciled except by supposing that the Mosaic laws on these points were intended to regulate and also to sanction an observance not originally instituted by Moses.

yet both days were strictly religious in character. For when the Shunammite woman said to her husband that she would "run to the man of God," he answers (supposing she went to hear the sacred books read), "Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither new moon nor Sabbath." And again, the new moon resembled the Sabbath in being a day when sale was prohibited. "Hear this," says Amos, "O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?" It seems also, as Tirin has pointed out, that servile work was prohibited, for we read (1 Samuel xx. 18, 19) that Jonathan said to David, "To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself *when the business was in hand*," or as in the Douay translation, "in the day when it is lawful to work."*

We have evidence equally clear to show that the seven days of the week were connected with the seven planets, that is, with the seven celestial bodies which appear to move among the stars. It was by no mere accidental agreement between the number of the days and the number of planets that so many of the Oriental nations were led to name the days of the week after the planets. The arrangement of the nomenclature is indeed so peculiar that a common origin for the practice must be admitted, when we find the same arrangement adopted by nations otherwise diverse in character and habits. Moreover, the arrangement is manifestly associated with Sabaism on the one hand, and with astrological superstitions on the other; and we find the clearest evidence in the Bible not only that Sabaism and astrology were known to the Jews, but that Moses had extreme difficulty in separating the observances he enjoined (or permitted?) from the worship of the Host of Heaven. He was learned, we know, in all the wisdom of the Egyptians (Acts vii. 22), and therefore he must have known those astronomical facts, and have been familiar with those astrological superstitions, which the Chaldeans had

* Tirin also asserts that the Jews observed the lunar system, and that their months consisted of 29 and 30 days alternately (29½ days, within about three-quarters of an hour, being the length of the mean lunar month). Hence the feast of the new moon came to be called the thirtieth Sabbath, that is, the Sabbath of the thirtieth day. Thus Horace (Sat. I. ix) "*Hodie tricesima sabbata: vin' tu Curtis Judæis oppedere?*" Macrobius mentions that the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Arabians, &c., worshipped the moon (Sat. I. xv.); and it is probable that despite the care of Moses on this point, the Jews were prone to return to the moon-worship whence the feast of the new moon had its origin. We must not, however, infer this from the passage in Jeremiah vii. 17, 18, "*Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods.*" For the queen of heaven is Athor, parent of the universe.

imparted to the Egyptians of the days of the Pharaohs.* It is noteworthy too that the first difficulties he met with in the exodus arose from the wish of the Jews to return to Sabaism. This is not manifest in the original narrative; but the real meaning of the account is evident from the following passage (Acts vii. 40), where Stephen, speaking of Moses, says, "This is he . . . whom our fathers would not obey, but thrust him from them, and in their hearts turned back again into Egypt, saying unto Aaron, Make us gods to go before us; for as for this Moses, which brought us out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him. And they made a calf in those days, and offered sacrifice unto the idol, and rejoiced in the works of their own hands. Then God turned, and gave them up to worship the host of heaven; as it is written in the book of the prophets . . . Ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of your god Remphan, figures which ye made to worship them."†

Now I might pass from what has here been shown, to the direct inference that the Sabbath corresponded with the day which Oriental Sabaism consecrated to the planet Saturn; because we have the clearest possible evidence that all nations which adopted the week as a measure of time named the seven days after the same planets. But I prefer, at some risk of appearing to weaken the argument by introducing matters less certain, to consider the evidence we have as to the position of the god corresponding to the Latin Saturn in the Assyrian mythology.

Many years since, Colonel (then Major) Rawlinson, in a paper read before the Royal Asiatic Society, referring to an inscription

* He showed considerable skill, if Dr. Beke was right, in his application of such knowledge (combined with special knowledge acquired during his stay in Midian) so that his people should cross a part of the Gulf of Suez during an exceptionally low tide. For though the Egyptians may have been acquainted with the general tidal motion in the Red Sea, it may well be believed that the army of Pharaoh would be less familiar than Moses with local peculiarities affecting (in his time) the movements of that sea.

† This passage, and the passage from Amos, to which the proto-martyr refers, are curious in connection with the special subject of this paper, as indicated by its title. For where Stephen says Remphan, Amos says Chiun. Now it is maintained by Grotius that Remphan is the same as Rimmon, whom Naaman worshipped, and Rimmon or Remmon signifies "elevated" (lit. a pomegranate), and is understood by Grotius to refer to Saturn, the highest of the planets. (The student of astronomy will remember Galileo's anagram on the words "*Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*.") Now Chiun, which denotes a "pedestal," is considered to be equivalent in this place to Chevan, or Kevan, the Saturn of the Arabians. (Parkhurst mentions that the Peruvians worshipped Choun.) Moloch, of course, signifies king. Because children were sacrificed to Moloch, Bonfrère considers this god to be the same as Saturn, described as devouring his own children. If so, the words "tabernacle of Moloch and the star of Remphan" relate to the same special form of Sabaism—that, namely, which assigned to Saturn the chief place among the star-gods. I must remark, however, that this point is by no means essential for the main argument of this paper, which is in reality based on the unquestioned fact that amongst all the nations which used the week as a division of time, the seventh day was associated with the planet Saturn. It is necessary to call attention to this point, because not unfrequently it happens that some subsidiary matter, such as that touched on in this note, is dealt with as though the whole question at issue turned upon it.

beginning, "This the Palace of Sardanapalus, the humble worshipper of Assarach," made the following remarks:—

"There can be no doubt," he said, (I quote from a report not professing to be *verbatim*) "that this Assarach was the Nisroch mentioned in Scripture, in whose temple Sennacherib was slain. He was most probably the deified father of the tribes, the Assur of the Bible. This Assarach was styled in all the inscriptions as the king, the father, and the ruler of the gods, thus answering to the Greek god, Chronos, or Saturn, in Assyrio-Hellenic mythology."

Again Layard, speaking of Assyrian mythology, says—

"All we can now venture to infer is that the Assyrians worshipped one supreme God as the great national deity, under whose immediate and special protection they lived, and their empire existed. The name of this god appears to have been Asshur, as nearly as can be determined at present from the inscriptions. It was identified with that of the empire itself, always called 'the country of Asshur.' With Asshur, but apparently far inferior to him in the celestial hierarchy, although called the great gods, were associated twelve other deities . . . These twelve gods may have presided over the twelve months of the year."—(*Nineveh and Babylon*, p. 637.)

In a note, Layard refers to doubts expressed by Colonel Rawlinson respecting the identity of Asshur and Nisroch, presumably removed by Rawlinson's later reading of the inscription referred to above. He remarks that this supreme god was represented sometimes under a triune form; and "generally, if not always, typified by a winged figure in a circle." Plate XIV. of my treatise on Saturn shows how these two descriptions are reconcilable; for there are shown in it two figures of Nisroch, both winged and within a ring, but one only triune.*

Amongst the twelve great gods were included six corresponding to the remaining planets, though doubts exist as to the gods associated with the different celestial bodies. It seems probable that Shamash corresponded with the Sun; Ishtar (Astarte or Ashtar) with the Moon; Bel with Jupiter†; Merodach with Mars; Mylitta with Venus; and Nebo with Mercury. But the

* I do not here dwell on the curious coincidence—if, indeed, Chaldean astronomers had not discovered the ring of Saturn—that they showed the god corresponding to Saturn within a ring, and triple. Galileo's first view of Saturn, with feeble telescopic power, showed the planet as triple (*tergeminus*); and very moderate optical knowledge, such indeed as we may fairly infer from the presence of optical instruments among Assyrian remains, might have led to the discovery of Saturn's ring and Jupiter's moons. (Bel, the Assyrian Jupiter, was represented sometimes with four star-tipped wings.) But it is possible that these are more coincidences. Saturn would naturally come to be regarded as the God of Time, on account of his slow motion round the ecliptic; and thus the ring (a natural emblem of time) might be expected to appear in figures of the god corresponding to this planet. It is curious, however, that the ring is flat, and proportioned like Saturn's.

† Layard associates Bel, "the father of the great gods," with Saturn, and Mylitta the consort of Bel with Venus, but without giving any reasons, and probably merely as a guess. He elsewhere remarks, however, that from Baal came the Belus of the Greeks, who was confounded with their own Zeus or Jupiter, and apart from the clear evidence associating Nisroch with Saturn, the evidence connecting Bel with Jupiter is tolerably satisfactory. The point is not important, however, in relation to the subject of this paper. On etymological grounds, Yav, the fifth of the great gods, may perhaps be associated with Zeus, identical with the Sanscrit Dyauś, and the Latin root "Jov."

question would only be of importance in its bearing on my present subject, if we knew the Assyrian time-measurement, and especially their arrangement of the days of the week. Since we have to pass to other sources of information on this point, the only really important fact in the Assyrian mythology, for our purpose, is the nearly certain one that their supreme god Asshur or Nisroch corresponded to the 'highest' or outermost planet Saturn. He was also the Time God, thus corresponding to Chronos. But it is necessary to notice here that mythological relations must to some degree be separated from astrological considerations, in dealing with the connection between various Assyrio-Chaldæan deities and the planets. For instance, it is important in mythology to observe that the Greek god Chronos and the Latin god Saturn are unlike in many of their attributes, yet the association between the planet Saturn and the Assyrian deity Nisroch is not on that account brought into question, although we can only connect Nisroch with Saturn by means of the common relation of both to Chronos.

Many circumstances point to the Chaldæan origin of Egyptian astronomy. The Egyptian zodiac corresponded with the Dodecatemoria of the Chaldæans, and though some of the Chaldæan constellations were modified in Egyptian temples, yet sufficient general resemblance exists between the Egyptian arrangement and that which other nations derived from the Chaldæans, to show the real origin of the figures which adorn Egyptian zodiac temples.* The argument derived from astrological fancies is even stronger, for the whole system of astrological divination is so artificial and peculiar that it must of necessity be ascribed to one nation. To find the system prevailing among any people is of itself a sufficient proof that they were taught by that nation. Nor can any question arise as to the nation which invented the system.

* In an essay on "The Shield of Achilles" ("Light Science for Leisure Hours," first series), I called attention, seven years ago, to the probability that the description of the Shield, a manifest interpolation, related originally to a zodiac temple, erected by star-worshippers long before Homer's time. Some of the Egyptian zodiac temples exist to this day, though probably they belong to a much later date, and were only copies (more or less perfect) of the ancient Chaldæan temples. That Homer, if he had visited such a temple, and had composed a poem descriptive of its sculptured dome, would have "worked in" that description if he saw the opportunity when singing the Iliad, all Homeric students will be ready to admit. Like every improvisatore, the glorious old minstrel knew the advantage of the rest afforded by an occasional change from invention to recitation. In so using it, he appears to have pruned the description considerably; for in the "Shield of Hercules" (manifestly taken from the same Homeric poem, though sometimes attributed to Hesiod) we find, along with much almost identical matter, several passages which are omitted from the Achillean description. Very curious evidence of the nature of the original poem is found in one of these passages. In a zodiac temple, the constellation of the Dragon (whatever the age of the temple) would occupy the boss or centre of the dome, for the north pole of the zodiac falls in the middle of that constellation. Now in the "Shield of Hercules"—

"The scaly horror of a dragon coil'd
Full in the central field, unspeakable
With eyes oblique retorted, that aslant
Shot gleaming flame."

(The very attitude, be it noted, of the Dragon of the Star sphere.) There is much more evidence of this kind to which, for want of space, I cannot here refer.

The Egyptians themselves admitted the superiority of the Chaldæan astrologers, and the common consent of all the Oriental nations accorded with this view. We know that in Rome, although Armenians, Egyptians, and Jews were consulted as astronomers, Chaldæans were held to be the most proficient. "*Chaldæis sed major erit fiducia*," says Juvenal, of the Roman ladies who consulted fortune-tellers: "*quicquid Dixerit astrologus, credent a fonte relatis Ammonis*,"—whatever the Chaldæan astrologers may say, they trust as though it came from Jupiter Ammon. Another argument in favour of the Chaldæan origin of astronomy and astrology is derived from the fact that the systems of astronomy taught in Egypt, Babylon, Persepolis, and elsewhere, do not correspond with the latitude of these places; but this argument (which I have considered at some length in Appendix A to my treatise on Saturn) need not detain us here. It is sufficient to observe that in Egypt the astrological system was early received and taught:—

"Egypt," says a modern writer, "a country noted for the loveliness of its nights, might well be the supporter of such a system . . . To each planet was attributed a mystic influence, and to every heavenly body a supernatural agency, and all the stars that gem the sky were supposed to exert an influence over the birth, and life, and destiny of man; hence arose the casting of nativities, prayers, incantations, and sacrifices,—of which we have traces even to the present day in those professors of astrology and divination, the gipsies, whose very name links them with the ancient country of such arts."*

One of the cardinal principles of astrology was this: that every hour and every day is ruled by its proper planet. Now, in the ancient Egyptian astronomy there were seven planets; two, the sun and moon, circling round the earth, the rest circling round the sun. The period of circulation was apparently taken as the measure of each planet's dignity, probably because it was judged that the distance corresponded to the period. We know that some harmonious relation between the distances and periods was supposed to exist. When Kepler discovered the actual law, he conceived that he had in reality found out the mystery of Egyptian astronomy, or, as he expressed it, that he had "*stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians*." Whether they had clear ideas as to the nature of this relation or not, it is certain that they arranged the planets in order (beginning with the planet of longest period) as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Saturn. | 5. Venus. |
| 2. Jupiter. | 6. Mercury. |
| 3. Mars. | 7. The Moon. |
| 4. The Sun. | |

* This may be questioned. It is said, however, that when the gipsies first made their appearance in Western Europe, about the year 1415, their leader called himself Duke of Lower Egypt.

The hours were devoted in continuous succession to these bodies; and as there were twenty-four hours in each Chaldaean or Egyptian day, it follows that with whatever planet the day began the cycle of seven planets (beginning with that one) was repeated three times, making twenty-one hours, and then the first three planets of the cycle completed the twenty-four hours, so that the fourth planet of the cycle (so begun) ruled the first hour of the next day. Suppose, for instance, the first hour of any day was ruled by the Sun—the cycle for the day would therefore be the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, which, repeated three times, would give twenty-one hours; the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth hours would be ruled respectively by the Sun, Venus, and Mercury, and the first hour of the next day would be ruled by the Moon. Proceeding in the same way through this second day, we find that the first hour of the third day would be ruled by Mars. The first hour of the fourth day would be ruled by Mercury; the first hour of the fifth day by Jupiter; of the sixth by Venus; and of the seventh by Saturn. The seven days in order, being assigned to the planet ruling their first hour, would therefore be—

1. The Sun's day (Sunday).
2. The Moon's day (Monday, Lundi).
3. Mars' day (Tuesday, Mardi).
4. Mercury's day (Wednesday, Mercredi).
5. Jupiter's day (Thursday, Jeudi).
6. Venus's day (Friday, Veneris dies, Vendredi).
7. Saturn's day (Saturday; *Ital.* il Sabbato).

Dion Cassius, who wrote in the 3rd century of our era, gives this explanation of the nature of the Egyptian week, and of the method in which the arrangement was derived from their system of astronomy. It is a noteworthy point that neither the Greeks nor Romans in his time used the week, which was a period of strictly Oriental origin. The Romans only adopted the week in the time of Theodosius, towards the close of the 4th century, and the Greeks divided the month into periods of ten days; so that, for the origin of the arrangement connecting the days of the week with the planets, we must look to the source indicated by Dion Cassius. It is a curious illustration of the way in which traditions are handed down, not only from generation to generation, but from nation to nation, that the Latin and western nations receiving the week along with the doctrines of Christianity, should nevertheless have adopted the nomenclature in use among astrologers. It is impossible to say how widely the superstitions of astrology had spread, or how deeply they had penetrated, for the practices of astrologers were carried on in secret, wherever Sabaism was rejected as a form of religion; but that in some mysterious way

these superstitions spread among nations professing faith in one God, and that even to this day they are secretly accepted in Mahometan and even Christian communities, cannot be disputed. How much more must such superstitions have affected the Jews, led out by Moses from the very temple of astrology? Knowing what we do of the influence of such superstitions in our own time, can we wonder if three thousand years ago Moses found it difficult to dispossess his followers of their belief in "the host of heaven," or if, a few generations later, even the reputed prophetess Deborah should have been found proclaiming that "the stars in their courses" had fought against the enemies of Israel.*

That the Egyptians dedicated the seventh day of the week to the outermost or highest planet, Saturn, is certain; and it is presumable that this day was a day of rest in Egypt. It is not known, however, whether this was ordained in honour of the chief planet—that is their supreme deity, or because it was held unlucky to work on that day. It by no means follows from the fact that Nisroch, or his Egyptian representative, was the chief deity, that he was therefore regarded as a beneficent ruler. Rather, what we

* We are apt to overlook the Pagan origin of many ideas referred to in the Bible, as well as of many ceremonies which Moses at least *permitted*, if he did not enjoin. The description of the Ark of the Covenant, of the method of sacrifices, of the priestly vestments, &c., indicate in the clearest manner an Egyptian or Assyrian origin. The cherubim, for instance—figures which united, as Calmet has shown, the body of the lion or ox with the wings of an eagle—are common in Assyrian scriptures. The oracle of the temple differed only from some of the chambers of Nimrod and Khorsabad, in the substitution of "palm trees" for the sacred tree of Assyrian scriptures, and open flowers for the Assyrian tulip-shaped ornament. Layard ("Nineveh and Babylon," p. 643) states further that "in the Assyrian halls, the winged human-headed bulls were on the side of the wall, and their wings, like those of the cherubim, 'touched one another in the midst of the house.' The dimensions of these figures were in some cases nearly the same—namely, fifteen feet square. The doors were also carved with cherubim and palm trees, and open flowers, and thus, with the other parts of the building, corresponded with those of the Assyrian palaces. On the walls at Nineveh, the only addition appears to have been the introduction of the human form and the image of the king, which were an abomination to the Jews. The pomegranates and lilies of Solomon's temple must have been nearly identical with the usual Assyrian ornament, in which—and particularly at Khorsabad—the pomegranate frequently takes the place of the tulip and the cone." After quoting the description given by Josephus of the interior of one of Solomon's houses, which even more closely corresponds with and illustrates the chambers in the palace of Nineveh, Layard makes the following remark: "To complete the analogy between the two edifices, it would appear that Solomon was seven years building the temple, and Sennacherib about the same time building his great palace at Kouyunjik." The introduction into the Ark of figures so remarkable as the cherubim can hardly be otherwise explained than by assuming that these figures corresponded with some objects which the Jews during their stay in Egypt had learned to associate with religious ceremonies. That the Egyptians used such figures, placing them at the entrance of their temples, is certain. Neither can it be doubted that the setting of dishes, spoons, bowls, shewbread, &c., on the table within the Ark, was derived from Egyptian ceremonials, though direct evidence on these points is not (so far as I know) available. We know, however, that meats of all kinds were set before Baal (see "Apocrypha," Bel and the Dragon). The remarkable breast-plate worn by the Jewish high priest was derived directly from the Egyptians. In the often-repeated picture of judgment the deceased Egyptian is seen conducted by the god Horus, while "Anubis places on one of the balances a vase supposed to contain his good actions, and in the other is the emblem of truth, a representation of Thmèi, the Goddess of Truth, which was also worn on the judicial breast-plate." Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," shows that the Hebrew Thummim is a plural form of the word Thmèi. The symbolism of the breast-plate is referred to in the "Apocrypha," Book of Wisdom, lxviii. 24.

know of Oriental superstitions would lead us to infer that the chief deity in a system of several gods was one to be propitiated. And indeed, the little we know of Egyptian mythology suggests that the beneficent gods were those corresponding to the sun and moon,—later represented by Osiris and Isis (deities, however, which had other interpretations). Saturn, though superior to the sun and moon, not only in the sense in which modern astronomers use the term superior, but also in the power attributed to him, was probably a maleficent, if not a malignant deity. We may infer this from the qualities attributed to him by astrologers—

"If Saturn be predominant in any man's nativity, and cause melancholy in his temperature," says Burton, in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," "then he shall be very austere, sullen, churlish, black of colour, profound in his cogitations, full of cares, miseries, and discontents, sad and fearful, always silent and solitary."

We may not unreasonably conclude, therefore, that either rest was enjoined on Saturn's day as a religious observance to propitiate this powerful but gloomy god, or else because bad fortune was expected to attend any enterprise begun on the day over which Saturn bore sway. The evil influence, as well as the great power attributed to Saturn, are indicated in the well-known lines of Chaucer:—

" Quod Saturne,
My cors, that hath so wide for to turne,
Hath more power than wot any man;
"I do vengeance and pleine correction
While I dwell in the signe of the leon;
"Min ben also the maladies colde
The derke tresons, and the castes olde
My loking is the fader of pestilence."

It is, however, possible that the idea of rest on the day dedicated to Saturn may have been suggested to Egyptian astrologers and priests by the slow motion of the planet in his orbit, whereby the circuit of the ecliptic is only completed in about twenty-nine years.

However this may be, we know certainly that on the Sabbath of the Jews rest was enjoined for a different reason. Moses adopted the Egyptian week and allowed the practice of a weekly day of rest to continue. But in order that the people whom he led and instructed might not fall into the worship of the host of heaven, he associated the observance of the seventh day with the worship of that one God in whom he enjoined them to believe, the God of their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. So far as appears from the Bible narrative, there is no scriptural objection to this view. On the contrary, strong scriptural reasons exist for accepting it. If the account of the creation given in the first

chapter of Genesis could be accepted as literally exact, it nevertheless would not follow that the seventh day of rest was enjoined before the time of the exodus. And we have seen that the Bible account itself assigns the departure from Egypt as a reason for the observance, so that whatever view we form respecting the real origin of the seventh day of rest, we have no choice as to the time we must assign for the commencement of its observance by the Jews, unless Deuteronomy v. be rejected as not even historically trustworthy.

Nothing, therefore, that I have shown in this paper need be regarded as necessarily opposed to the faith of those who honestly believe in the literal exactness of the reason assigned in Exodus xxxi. 17, for the observance of the Sabbath of the Jews. Such persons may accept the week as of Pagan origin, and the original observance of Saturn's day as of astrological significance, while believing in the reason given by Moses for the adoption of the practice by his followers, that "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed." (The idea of rest, accepted literally, accords neither better nor worse with the conception of an Almighty Creator, than the idea of work.) But it seems to me that those who thus regard the Jewish Sabbath as a divinely instituted compromise between the worship of the seven planets as gods, and the worship of one only God the Creator of all things, may yet find in what I have here shown a new reason for Christianising our seventh day of rest, even if we must still continue to miscall it the Sabbath. Since it was permissible for Moses to adopt a Pagan practice (to sanction, if not to sanctify, a superstition), it may well be believed that a greater than Moses was entitled to change the mode of observance of the seventh day of rest. We know that in Christ's time the Sabbath (of its very nature a convenient ceremonial substitute for true religion) had become a hideous tyranny; nay, that many, wanting real goodness, were eager to prove their virtue by inflicting the Sabbath on those who most needed "to rest and be refreshed" on that day. Whether, in obedience to the teaching of Christ, who (we learn) rebuked those hypocrites, all this has been changed in our time, is a point which may be left to the reflection of the reader.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.



LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

I AM only too conscious that I can offer little fitted to occupy the time, or to command the interest of an audience* accustomed to be fed on the cream of experimental science, and the inexhaustible wonders of the organic world,—equally conscious that I have nothing original or remarkable to say, even on the subject I propose to treat;—still it may afford something of the refreshment of variety at least to look for a while upon a few of the more peculiar features of the life we are ourselves leading in this age of stir and change; upon some of the probable issues of that hurried and high-pressure existence, and upon the question, not less momentous than individually interesting, how far its actuality corresponds, or could be made to correspond, with the ideal we, many of us, in our higher moments are prone to picture.

It is well in all careers to get occasionally outside of ourselves, to take stock of our acquisitions and their inherent value; to pause in the race, not only to measure our progress, but carefully to scrutinize our direction; and the more breathless the race, the more essential, as assuredly the more difficult and perhaps the more unwelcome, does this scrutiny become.

I. Beyond doubt, the most salient characteristic of life in this latter portion of the 19th century is its SPEED,—what we may call

* The substance of this paper was delivered, as a lecture, at the Royal Institution February 12th.

its hurry, the rate at which we move, the high-pressure at which we work;—and the question to be considered is, first, whether this rapid rate is in itself a good; and, next, whether it is worth the price we pay for it—a price rarely reckoned up, and not very easy thoroughly to ascertain. Unquestionably, life seems fuller and longer for this speed—is it truly *richer* and more effective? No doubt we can do more in our seventy years for the pace at which we travel; but are the extra things we do always worth doing? No doubt, we can *do* more; but is “doing” everything, and “being” nothing?

The first point to notice is, that we have got into a habit of valuing speed *as* speed, with little reference to the objects sought by rapid locomotion, or the use to which we put the time so gained. We are growing feverishly impatient in temperament. There is nothing to wonder at in this, however much there may be to regret, when we reflect that all the improvement in the rate of travelling achieved by the human race in its orthodox 6,000 years of existence has been achieved in our own lifetime—that is, in the last 50 years.

“Nimrod and Noah travelled just in the same way, and just at the same rate, as Thomas Assheton Smith and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. The chariots of the Olympic games went just as fast as the chariots that conveyed our nobles to the Derby.”

“In our hot youth, when George the Third was King.”

When Abraham wished to send a message to Lot, he despatched a man on horseback, who galloped 12 miles an hour. When our fathers wanted to send a message to their nephews, they could do no better, and go no quicker. When we were young, if we wished to travel from London to Edinburgh, we thought ourselves lucky if we could average eight miles an hour,—just as Robert Bruce might have done. Now, in our old age, we feel ourselves aggrieved if we do not average thirty miles. Everything that has been done in this line since the world began,—everything perhaps that the capacities of matter and the conditions of the human frame will ever allow to be done—has been done since we were boys. The same at sea. Probably, when the wind was favourable, Ulysses, who was a bold and skilful navigator, sailed as fast as a Dutch merchantman of the year 1800, nearly as fast at times as an American yacht or clipper of our father’s day. Now we steam 15 miles an hour with wonderful regularity, in spite of wind and tide;—nor is it likely that we shall ever be able to go much faster. But the progress in the means of communication is the most remarkable of all. In this respect, Mr. Pitt was no better off than Pericles or Agamemnon. If Ruth had wished to write to Naomi, or David to send a word of love to Jonathan when he was a hundred miles away, they could not possibly have done it under twelve hours. Nor could we to our friends fifty years ago. In 1875, the humblest citizen of Great Britain can send such a message, not a hundred miles, but a thousand, in twelve minutes.*

Our love of and our pride in rapidity of movement, therefore, are under the circumstances natural enough, but they are not rational sentiments; nor are they healthy symptoms, for they

* “Realisable Ideals,”—Enigmas of Life, pp. 38, 39.

grow daily with what they feed on; and national competition, especially transatlantic competition, stimulates them year by year. Mr. Arnold writes:—

"Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it nothing that the trains only carry him from a dismal illiberal life at Islington to a dismal illiberal life at Camberwell; and that the letters only tell him that such is the life there."

It is impossible to state more tersely (or more tartly) our indictment against the spirit of the age. But I should like to give one striking illustration of my meaning; it is Baron Hubner's account of his voyage across the Atlantic, where, in order to arrive forty-eight hours sooner, the steamers encounter dangers fitted to appal the stoutest heart:—

"We saw a beautiful *aurora borealis*, and this morning, what was still more striking, a huge iceberg. It was sailing along about a mile ahead of us. Brilliantly white, with greenish rents here and there, and ending in two sharp peaks, this great mass of ice rolled heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its steep, shining sides. A sort of dull rumbling sound, like low thunder, is heard, in spite of all the noise of the engines. . . . By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice, which took so little trouble to get out of our way, what then? 'Oh,' answers the captain, '*in two minutes we should have gone down*'—and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages. This is the third time that I have crossed the Atlantic in the space of ten months, and almost invariably the sky has been as leaden as the fog was thick. In consequence, it is impossible to take the meridian; for there is neither sun nor horizon. . . . If, instead of going so far north, by way of shortening the voyage, they were to follow a southerly course, they would meet with far less ice and no fogs, and the danger would be ever so much lessened; there would be no risk of striking against icebergs, nor of disappearing altogether, nor of sinking the fishermen's boats, which are so numerous on those banks. In vain the alarm-whistle, that useful but aggravating little instrument, blows its hoarse and lugubrious sound minute after minute; it cannot prevent every accident; and they are far more numerous than people imagine. If they succeed in saving a man belonging to the ship, or in finding out the number of the unhappy boat which has sunk, the captain sends in his report, and the company pays an indemnity. But if the accident should happen in the dead of night, and every soul on board has gone down with the boat, it is impossible to verify the name of the owners: the great leviathan has simply passed over it, and all is said and done. Companies are bad philanthropists: besides, they have to race one another in speed. Each departure from Queenstown or New York is registered in the newspapers with the utmost exactness; and the same with the arrivals. Hence this frantic race to arrive first. In England, public opinion has more than once exclaimed against this system, and the *Times* has not disdained to give publicity to these complaints with all the weight of its authority. If they would follow a more southerly course (to the south of the 42nd degree), the passage would certainly be slower by two or three days, but the

security would be doubled. The loss of time would be more than compensated by the comparative absence of danger. To effect such a change, however, all the companies must agree (which, unfortunately, they have not yet done) to give up the Northern route. . . . Last year, during the month of July, I was on board the *Scotia*, one of Cunard's finest ships. Although we were in the height of summer, we had only seen the sun once, and that for a few seconds, from Cape Clear to Sandy Hook. An impenetrable fog shrouded the banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Even standing on the middle of the deck it was almost impossible to distinguish the four watchmen on the lookout. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sudden increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead. But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. . . . One of the officers gave me a helping hand. 'Look,' he exclaimed, 'at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it out at half a mile off—that is, two minutes before we should run against it—we shall just have time to tack, and THEN *all will be right*.'*

Now, the physical consequences of this needless haste and hurry—this double quick time on all the pathways of our daily life—are, I believe, serious enough; but the moral consequences are

* As a marvellous contrast, and almost a refreshment, after these delineations of reckless rush and haste, I should like to quote the answer of the Mussulman Governor of a Mesopotamian city to Mr. Layard, who had applied to him for some statistical information relative to the province in which he had long dwelt as a man in authority. The Turk replies with the following dignified and affectionate rebuke:—

"My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

"Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one, and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God!) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understanding? God forbid!

"Listen, oh my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves to Him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of His creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will direct and guide it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, stand aside, oh man! for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double stomach, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

"Oh, my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

"*IMAM ALI TADE.*"

probably graver still, though both sets of effects are as yet only in their infancy, and will take a generation or two fully to develop; and when they are thus developed so as to be recognized by the mind of the nation, the mischief may be past remedy. To us they are only "rocks ahead:"—but they are rocks on which our grandchildren may make shipwreck of much that is most valuable in the cargo of existence, may spoil the voyage even if they do not shorten it. The rapidity of railway travelling, I believe observant physicians tell us, produces a kind of chronic disturbance in the nervous system of those who use it much—a disturbance often obviously mischievous in the more sensitive organizations, distinctly perceptible even in hardier frames. The anxiety to be in time, the hurrying pace—often the running to catch trains (which are punctual in starting, whatever they may be in arriving)—cause a daily wear and tear, as well as accelerated action of the heart, of which, in a few months or years, most of us become unpleasantly conscious, and which, as we all know, sometimes have a fatal and sudden termination (I know three such instances in my own small acquaintance). And the proportion of the population who habitually travel by rail is already large, and is increasing year by year. In a word, thousands are injured and scores are killed; and neither of the scores nor of the thousands certainly, was the speed essential to more than a very few. Nor is the effect upon the present generation the only matter for consideration—the constitution which we thus enfeeble and impair we transmit so damaged to our children, who, in their turn, add to and pass on the sad inheritance of weakness and susceptibility. Heart disease, too common already, may be expected to be more common still.

The moral effects of this hurried pace cannot well be separated from those arising from the high-pressure style of life generally, but in combination with this are undeniable, if not easy to be specified. A life without leisure and without pause—a life of *haste*—above all a life of excitement, such as haste inevitably involves—a life filled so full, even if it be full of interest and toil, that we have no time to reflect where we have been and whither we intend to go; what we have done and what we plan to do, still less what is the value, and the purpose, and the *price* of what we have seen, and done, and visited—can scarcely be deemed an adequate or worthy life; and assuredly will not approve itself to us as such in those hours of enforced quiet and inaction which age or sickness brings sooner or later to us all—when, with a light which is often sudden and startling enough, the truth and reality of things

"Flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude"—

sometimes, but more commonly its surprise, its trouble, and its torture.

We are, perhaps, most of us, conscious at some moments of our course of the need to be quiet, to be in repose, to be *alone*; but I believe few of us have ever estimated adequately the degree in which an *atmosphere of excitement*, especially when we enter it young and continue in it habitually, is fatal to the higher and deeper life; the subtle poison which it disseminates through the whole character; how it saps solidity and strength of mind; how it daily becomes more necessary and in increasing measure; with what "inexorable logic" it at once enfeebles and renders abnormally sensitive the subtle organization of the brain; and how far, by slow and sure gradations, it carries us on towards a mental and moral condition which may justly be pronounced unsound. The scenes witnessed in a neighbouring country during the distressing years of 1870-71 brought out very forcibly these considerations. I may venture to quote a few paragraphs in illustration, written at the time.*

"Among civilised European peoples, the French excitability of to-day seems peculiar in kind as well as excessive in degree. It would appear to indicate a constitutional susceptibility of brain, distinctly morbid, and exceptionally beyond the control of the reason or the will. It shows itself in a hundred ways, and seems more or less to pervade all classes. Members of the Legislative Chamber, in moments of heat, shake their fists at each other, and scream mutual insult and defiance across the hall. . . . An oratorical spark which in England or America or Prussia falls on grass or on tinder, in France falls on gunpowder. The annals of the country since the time of Mirabeau abound in exemplifications. But in our days this excitability reaches to absolute insanity. Everybody, apologists as well as denouncers, describes it by this name; and no other is appropriate to its manifestations. Victor Hugo calls it madness; the correspondents of English newspapers constantly depict the attitude and behaviour of the people, both during the war with Germany and the last siege and struggle, as being simply that of a populace actually crazy, furiously crazy, with passion, mania, or drink. This madness, too, assumes invariably the most unamiable and destructive phases. In the earlier days it was the spy mania; then the traitor mania; now the petroleum mania. In all cases it was blind, contagious, uncontrollable.

"The explanation, I believe, must be sought in physiological considerations. The wonder would be, looking at the past, if something of the kind had not resulted. For three generations Frenchmen have been 'born in bitterness, and nurtured in convulsion,' and such influences, acting on temperaments constitutionally emotional, and transmitted with inevitably accelerating increments from father to son, have produced the furies, murderers, and incendiaries of the Commune. First, the unprecedented catastrophe of 1789, the overthrow of all existing society, the removing of all old landmarks, the bursting asunder of the social crust of the earth, and the upheaving and overflow of the long-compressed volcanic elements beneath, the emancipation of millions from centuries of serfdom, the collapse or destruction of what for centuries had seemed most powerful

* *Sum cuique.* *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1871, pp. 124-126.

and most stable, altogether constituted such a cataclysm of terror and of promise as the modern world had not seen. All Europe felt the shock. It had swept suddenly into a new epoch. Heads were turned elsewhere than in France; but in France, as was natural, the disturbance, mental as well as material, was far the greatest. The grandest and wildest dreams of universal felicity and regeneration seemed for a time almost on the point of realisation. The greediest desires for possession and revenge had for a moment their gratification. The most illimitable hopes in some quarters, the most paralysing terror in others, combined to keep the whole nation in a vortex of excitement such as now we can scarcely picture to ourselves, but such as our fathers recalled to us and described with something between a shudder and a sigh—a sigh for the vanished visions, a shudder over the remembered crimes. It was impossible that children born under such stars, surrounded in infancy by such an atmosphere of stimulants, should not bear in every fibre traces of the strange era on which their eyes first opened.

"Then followed another period of excitement of a different order, during which the generation born between 1789 and 1793 had its adolescence and its nurture. The delirium of triumph succeeded the delirium of revolution. Every day brought tidings of a fresh victory; every year saw the celebration of a new conquest. For twenty years the whole nation lived upon continuous stimulants of the most intoxicating sort. The Frenchmen born while society was being convulsed, and bred while Europe was being subdued, became the progenitors of the Frenchmen who witnessed or caused the revolutions of 1830 and 1848; and these in their turn gave birth to those—still punier and still more demoralised and distempered by the perpetual dram-drinking which public life in France had been—who now stand before the judgment-seat of Europe as the men and women of 1871. For more than ninety years France has scarcely been sane and sober for an hour; ceaseless emotion has grown into chronic hysteria; and defects, vices, and propensities, mental and moral once, have become constitutional and physical at last."

II. But our "life at high-pressure" is shown even more in our style of work than in our rate of movement. The world is growing more exacting in its demands from all labourers except merely manual ones; and life in one way or other is becoming severer and severer to nearly all. The great prizes of social existence—success in professional, public, and commercial life—demand more strenuous and exhausting toil, a greater strain upon both bodily and mental powers, a sterner concentration of effort and of aim, and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice of the relaxations and amenities which time offers to the easy-going and unambitious, than was formerly the case. The eminent lawyer, the physician in full practice, the minister, and the politician who aspires to be a minister—even the literary workman, or the eager man of science—are one and all condemned to an amount and continued severity of exertion of which our grandfathers knew little, and which forces one after another of them to break off (or to break down) in mid-career, shattered, paralysed, reduced to premature inaction or senility. In every line of life we see almost daily examples; for what actual toil does for the learned professions, perpetual anxiety does for the merchant and the manufacturer. The barrister

tells us that he must make hay while the sun shines, because for him it generally shines so late; and his career is so often divided into two equal portions—waiting wearily for work, and being absorbed in it—groaning or sinking under its excess. The physician cannot in middle life refuse or select among the crowding patients whom he has looked and longed for through the years of youth, even though his strength is consciously giving way under the burdensome and urgent calls; while the statesman or the member of Parliament in office has constantly to undergo a degree of prolonged pressure which it is astonishing that so many can endure, and perhaps more astonishing still that so many are found passionately struggling to reach. We all of us remember the description given of this career by one of its most eminent votaries: "There is little reason in my opinion," said Macaulay, "to envy a pursuit in which the most its devotees can expect is that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social comfort, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely-watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power."

And this reminds us to say one word upon another feature of this high-pressure existence. It is not only that health and strength often give way under the incessant strain; it is not that the over-tasked brain not unfrequently pays the fearful penalty which, sooner or later, nature inexorably levies upon all habitual excess; it is that men who have thus given up their entire being to this professional or business labour, so often lose all capability of a better life, all relish for recreation or contemplation, all true appreciation of leisure when it comes at last; for the faculties of enjoyment, like all others, are apt to grow atrophied with disuse,—so that we see men in most careers go toiling on long after the culminating point of professional success is reached,—when wealth has become a superfluity and there is no motive for further accumulation,—not because their life has still a charm for them, but because every other life has by long disacquaintance lost its attraction. "Why," asked a friend once of an eminently successful advocate, "why should you go on wearing yourself out day after day in amassing gold which you can neither enjoy nor use? You get no good out of it; you have no one to leave it to; you cannot carry it away with you. Why don't you retire, and leave the stage to younger men?" Alas! the successful man, too often with much to retire *upon*, has nothing to retire *to*; for literature, science, domestic ties, public and philanthropic interests, nature itself, with its exhaustless loveliness and its perennial refreshment, have all been neglected and lost sight of during the mad rush and struggle of the last thirty years—and these are treasures the key to which

soon grows rusty, and friends that, once slighted, cannot be whistled back at will. "*Ah! monsieur!*" said Talleyrand to a young man, who in the bustle of business and ambition had never learned, or had forgotten to keep up his whist, "*Ah! monsieur, quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!*" How many of us, letting slip the habit of interests still more attractive, lay the foundation of an old age sadder and drearier by far. Thus it is that we sacrifice life to a *living*—the end to the means—

Et, propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.

People maintain that this excess of toil is unavoidable, that you must keep the pace, or fall behind and be trampled down by competitors who are more ambitious, more concentrated, or less inclined to measure and appraise the objects and the worth of life; and that in a civilization like ours moderation is forbidden to those who would succeed at all, or not actually fail. It may be so, though I am not quite convinced it is so; and at least, if men must work *over hard*, they need not work *over long*; they might yield the vacant place to younger and needier aspirants. But if it be thus—that it *is* thus is precisely my indictment against the spirit of the age. Excess is enforced; moderation—that which to the wiser Greeks seemed the essence of wisdom—is forbidden, or appears to be so.

But even this is not the extreme limit of the evil to be signalised. Another point seldom enough noticed is that this high-pressure, this ceaselessness and severity of toil, leaves the work of life, and assigns its prizes, more and more to men of *exceptional physique*—the peculiarly healthy, the specially strong, the abnormally tough,—those whose rare frames and constitutions are fitted to endure the unnatural and injurious strain under which the average man succumbs. To few cases does the very harsh Scriptural text, "To him that hath shall be given," so closely apply. Even in the more distinctly intellectual careers—except perhaps some branches of literature and science—physical strength is nearly as essential as mental superiority, and mental superiority often fails for want of it. At the bar, animal vigour, what may be termed loosely physical and cerebral toughness, is a prime requisite; so it is for the surgeon in good practice—for the successful engineer—most of all perhaps for the parliamentary official, who has to work usually half the night, and always more than half the day. In short, the race of life is so rapid, the struggle of life so stern, the work of life so hard, that *exceptional organizations* seem to be essential everywhere to great achievement or even ordinary fruits; the moderately-endowed, the steady fair average man, the *medium* in all things—in wealth, in brains, in health and strength—is "nowhere" in the strife;—the slow-moving, the tardily de-

veloping, who fifty years ago might have attained a decent position and secured a decent competence, bid fair to be elbowed out of their careers; while the prospect before the dull and the dunces—who are seldom the minority—is growing deplorable indeed.

III. It would seem, again, that the future, in England at least, is not to be for the moderately-wealthy, any more than for the moderately industrious or the moderately clever. There is danger of this in every rapidly progressive country, and the symptoms of it in England have become very manifest of late years. Several operations have combined to produce this result. The aggregate wealth of the country has enormously increased.* The profits of *enterprise*, if not of ordinary plodding trade, have been almost unprecedentedly great. More *vast* fortunes have been heaped up, and heaped up in a shorter time, than probably at any former epoch. At the same time the wages of labour, most notably of skilled labour, have increased in many instances 15, 25, even 50 per cent.;—have so increased that if the artisan and mining classes had been prudent, steady, saving, and forecasting, they might, as a rule, have been capitalists as well as labourers now;† might have been more at ease in their circumstances, and have had a larger *margin* in their expenditure, than numbers of the educated classes. There is no question as to these facts, and I need not trouble you with statistical details. At the same time, the value of fixed property, of houses and lands, has risen rapidly and largely as a consequence of the general prosperity: more persons are seeking property of this sort, and more purchasers are able and willing to pay a high price for it. In all this, you will say, there is much to rejoice at and nothing to regret. I am not about to controvert this proposition. But let us look for a moment at one or two of the secondary consequences of this state of things.

It is a universal complaint, the substantial truth of which cannot be denied, that life to a vast proportion of the middle classes is becoming more difficult and more costly. Without entering on any controvertible points, there are certain things which we all know, and most of us feel. Increased riches among high and low has brought increased demand for most articles, and in those articles consumption has overtaken production,‡ and many of these are articles of prime necessity. Some of these can be brought

	1858.	1872.	Increase per cent.
(In millions)			
Property assessed to Income Tax ...	327	482	47
" " " Schedule D ...	91	203	112

† "Proletariat on a Wrong Scent."—(*Quarterly Review*.)

	1867	1872
Live Stock, i.e., cattle, sheep, and pigs, in the } United Kingdom ...	46,770,500	46,721,100

from abroad, and the price of them has not, therefore, risen in proportion, if at all. But meat and all farm produce has risen so as to cause serious inconvenience in most families, and actual privation in very many. House-rent, and servants' wages, and servants' maintenance, have also risen most materially. With the general advance in the wages of labour in all trades, on which we have been congratulating the country, the cost of most articles into which labour enters largely as an element has been materially enhanced; and we have to pay more than we used to do for every job we want done. Probably, on the whole, we are within the mark if we say that, among average middle-class families, the actual cost of living is 25 per cent. higher than it was twenty-five years ago.

But this is only half the story. Owing to the increasing wealth of the wealthy, and the increasing numbers who every year step into the wealthier class, the *style of living*, as well as the cost of the necessities and comforts of which "living" consists, has advanced in an extraordinary ratio; and however frugal, however unostentatious, however rational we may be, however resolute to live as we think we ought, and not as others do around us, it is, as we all find, simply *impossible* not to be influenced by their example and to fall into their ways, unless we are content either to live in remote districts or in an isolated fashion. The result is that we need many things that our fathers did not, and that for each of those many things we must pay more. Even where prices are lower, quantities are increased. Locomotion is cheaper; but every middle-class family travels far more than formerly. Wine and tea cost less, but we habitually consume more of each. Most articles of clothing *may be* purchased at reduced prices, but more are wanted and of a costlier quality. But when we come to the item of education, so vital a one in every family, while it is becoming better as well as cheaper for the poor and the lower middle ranks, the cost of it is almost scandalous among the rich, and a grievous and anxious burden to households of respectable position, but of limited or scanty means. On the whole, less than a generation ago, thousands of families could live in comfort, in competence, and at their ease, with all the *essential* elegancies of existence, on £500 or £600, who strive in vain to do so now. Plodding clerks, Government officials, retired officers, clergymen, and scientific or literary students—men of moderate fixed incomes in short—all find their position changed sadly for the worse. England is a paradise for the great proprietor, the successful merchant or engineer, the popular author, and sometimes for the skilful and energetic journalist; it may be made so for the skilled labourer in every branch, if he be sober and sagacious as well as energetic:—scarcely so for the quiet, unambitious, unpushing, who would fain run a peaceful and contented course; for the men of £5,000 a

year and upwards: scarcely for the men of £500 a year and under. England is a country in which it is easier to make much than to live upon little; and in which, therefore, the moderate, contented, unstriving natures—those who desire to pass their life neither in making money nor in spending it, who wish to use existence wisely and enjoy it worthily—are in danger of being crushed out of being between the upper and the nether millstones of a prosperous and well-paid labouring class and the lavish expenditure of the noble or ignoble opulent.

Now, I confess this does seem to me a matter for regret, inasmuch as these people are, or, at least, used to be, a valuable and estimable element in the national life. I should grieve to see England consist *only* of the toiling, grinding labourer, however highly paid—of the striving, pushing, racing man of enterprise, however successful—and of the plutocrat or aristocrat, however magnificent or stately in his affluence. It may be useless to repine at the menaced operation, and I see but one mode by which it can be effectually counteracted. As wealth increases, and as fortunes grow more and more colossal, as year by year successful enterprise places riches within the reach of many, and as the disposition of every class to imitate and emulate the style of living of the classes above it in the social scale remains about the most inveterate of our national characteristics, there would seem to be small hope of attaining a standard of life truly dignified and worthy, except through such a regeneration in the tastes and sentiments of the opulent and noble—the leaders of fashion, the acknowledged chiefs and stars of society—as should cause simplicity to become “good style,” and luxury beyond a certain point, and ostentation at any point, to be voted vulgar. The seeds of this moral revulsion from our actual excesses are already in existence, and a few bright and resolute examples among the well-placed, the eminent, and the universally admired, might, I am convinced, make them germinate with a rapidity that would amaze us; for there are thousands among our upper ranks to whom all the indulgences and splendour round them bring no true enjoyment, but rather the intense sadness of satiety, and not a little self-reproach, and some dim and fruitless yearning after a course of days that shall be more really happy while it lasts, and shall leave more rewarding memories behind it. There are more “Lady Claras” among those who are supposed to have drawn the prizes of life than is generally fancied.

“I know you, Clara Vere de Vere!

You pine amid your lordly towers,

The languid light of your proud eyes

Is weary of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,

Yet sickening of a vague disease.

.

Now, I am not given to preaching; I never knew much good come of sermons, and certainly I am not going so far to abuse your patience as to turn this desk into a pulpit. But we may philosophise for a moment, and yet steer clear of moralising. I never had the faintest respect for ASCETICISM, which, indeed, in every shape, I have always regarded as a mistake, arising out of utter misconceptions, both intellectual and moral. I have not even a word to say (now, at least,) in favour of self-denial; that noble virtue has its time and place, but it is out of our province here, where we are dealing with what is rational, not with what is right—not with what duty would ordain, but with what sagacity and enlightened selfishness suggest. We need not ask the affluent and the high in rank to forego any one of the advantages or enjoyments which their vast possessions place within their reach; all that is required is, that they make the most of those advantages, and make those possessions yield them the maximum of real pleasure. That this is rarely done we all know; the complaints we hear in every circle testify only too loudly to the truth. People, with all the resources of society at their command, constantly avow, that if society is not actually more of a burthen and a fatigue than of a pleasure, it yet has grown so irrationally unwieldy and laborious as to give them little of the true enjoyment which ought to be got out of it; for, surely, of all the privileges and luxuries of civilized existence, intercourse with our fellows—*selected* intercourse especially—should be the most repaying; yet is not this very faculty of selection one of those most commonly foregone? Might not our entire system of social intercourse be so remodelled as to be at once twice as remunerative and only half as costly? And, again, does not the magnificent scale on which the establishments of “our governing families” are kept up admittedly involve a trouble as well as an expenditure which is an enormous drawback from the comforts and luxuries they yield? How much—rather, how little—of their outlay really contributes to oil the wheels and smooth away the cares of life for *them*! What proportion of their income is spent as they themselves would wish, and what proportion in obedience to some fancied necessities of their position, bringing them no appreciable return whatever? If all the spending classes kept only as many servants and horses as would suffice really to serve and carry them as perfectly as they could wish, what thousands of both would be thrown upon the market to the great relief of more limited incomes. The resigned superfluities of one class would furnish forth the real wants of others, and the equilibrium between supply and demand be once again restored. And if the more influential families—*i.e.*, the most admired and *imitated*—were thus to reduce their expenditure (still not depriving themselves of one

needed or conscious luxury) how suddenly would the example spread downward and around, till extravagant and ostentatious expenditure would be so notoriously *mauvais ton* as to be left to men whose riches were their sole distinction.

But to arrive at this end, when simplicity of living, rather than princely expenditure, shall be the stamp and insignia of rank and taste, not only must the example be set by those whose character and position mark them out for social influence, but must be set with a sober sagacity and correct tact which will be in themselves attractive. The spasmodic and injudicious attempts of eccentric individuals, neither sound-judging enough to retrench well and gracefully, nor eminent enough to entitle them largely to influence others, provoke rather ridicule than imitation, and have more than once done injustice to the cause.

Perhaps the expressions I have used in depreciation of asceticism ought not to be left without some further explanation. By asceticism I understand *gratuitous* self-denial or self-infliction—the voluntary renunciation of enjoyment or endurance of pain where no *duty* commands either one or the other, and where no fellow-being is to be benefited thereby. That we should be ever ready to forego pleasure, or encounter suffering, at the summons of a clear principle, or for the furtherance of a good cause; that we should be able and willing, not only always to share our blessings with the less fortunate, and to take upon ourselves a portion of their burdens, but also not rarely, and in no stinted measure, to suffer and to want, in order that others may enjoy and possess—these are truisms too familiar to all disciplined natures to need a word of exposition. It may even be desirable that the young and untried, and those, too, who are placed in circumstances of unusual ease, should, from time to time, *practise* endurance and privation, in order to be certain that they will be armoured for the occasion when the day of self-sacrifice arrives. But that it should be considered incumbent upon anyone, or a proceeding deserving of applause, to abstain from whatever innocent pleasure of the flesh, or the eye, or the intellect, or the fancy, circumstance (or Providence, if we prefer the phrase) may have placed within our reach—so long as our indulgence entails no burden or privation upon others—this is a doctrine which, to my mind, seems equally devoid of piety and sense. I believe the good things of this life are given in order that life may be as bright and happy as a terminable thing can be, and that to enjoy them with thorough relish and with wise moderation is our fittest acknowledgment and the most becoming gratitude. The world is habitually full enough of pain and trouble, without its being needful to go out of our way to seek this wholesome discipline. Few pathways are so exclusively strewn with roses that we are forced to find

artificial thorns to mingle with them; and to well-trained spirits the sweets and the resting-places of our course are but the moments which refresh and fortify us for its harder passages. Those self-denials by which others profit, and of which others are the object, are surely more genuine than those self-regarding ones which are merely the athletic exercises of the soul in its own gymnasium; the *career* of effort or of duty has something about it far otherwise healthy and admirable than its *treadwheel*. Moreover, I am not sure that asceticism is not the form which religion is apt to take in sensual minds; the nature that over-estimates the indulgences is the most prone to over-estimate, also, the mortifications of the flesh.

The philosophical misconception that lies at the root of the ascetic doctrine no doubt was originally something of this sort:—The wants, the weaknesses, the *claims* of the body are, as all thinkers well know, grievous drags and obstacles to the mind in its most strenuous efforts and its highest flights. Ample exercise is needed to keep the body in full health, yet exercise does not predispose the mind to effort. Ample and nourishing food is demanded by the body for its own best condition, yet such food is not most conducive to intellectual achievement. The body needs a sufficiency of sleep, and the brain at least as imperiously as any portion of the body, yet that *continuity* and intensity of mental action which is essential to the realization of man's grandest gains in science or philosophy is perpetually interrupted by sleep, and as perpetually interrupts it. In short, from the earliest times Mind and Body have been at issue, and the mind has felt that the body was not only an indispensable servant, but a conflicting claimant. Its claims were felt to be inconvenient, and to be pressed in a fashion that must be peremptorily dealt with, if mind was to maintain its rightful supremacy or to realise its noblest aspirations. Now, there are two modes of dealing with claims which, however interfering, cannot be ignored, which are at once too strong to be altogether resisted, and too righteous to be deliberately denied. You may either bully the claimants and put them on short commons, or you may satisfy all their just demands. The Ascetics took the first course, which I maintain to have been altogether an erroneous one. For what is the object in view? Is it not simply to *silence the senses*, to prevent them interfering inconveniently and unwarrantably with the operations of the intellect? Now, when were claimants (who had a fair foundation for their claims) ever effectually silenced by rough usage and unjust refusals? They may be temporarily put down, but they can never be *silenced*, and their groans and remonstrances are just as disturbing as their open-voiced demands.

Servi sîam : sî—Ma servi ognor fremonti.

Nay, the plan is even more unphilosophical than at first appears, for these starved and oppressed claimants are your indispensable agents, and your oppression impairs their power as well as their will to serve you. They become, instead of cheerful and vigorous *employés*, grumbling and half paralysed ones. The senses and the bodily organs need food, exercise, repose—aye, and recreation too, and all in liberal measure—if they are to do the bidding of the intellect in a first-rate style; and the surest consequence, therefore, of the ascetic system is just to interfere with the progress of the work, to damage or imperil its quality, and to shorten its period of duration.

Asceticism, therefore, as a philosophical contrivance is a signal blunder, which can never really attain its end. The brain has a right to rest, and will not work well without rest, and ought to have as much sleep as it requires. The mind will work best when the body is so completely at peace as never to *intrude its presence*—when it is hid away in the silence of content; the poet, the philosopher, or the scientific inquirer (depend upon it) will get on fastest and have his faculties clearest, not when he is tormented by a hair shirt, but when he is sitting in a well-arranged arm-chair; when he has been refreshed and strengthened by ample sleep and wholesome air and invigorating pleasures—not while he is struggling to keep awake, like some studious unphysiological donkeys whom we read of, with a wet bandage round his head and a cup of strong coffee at his elbow. But an arm-chair, which is so luxurious and elaborate as to *call attention* to its charms, would be nearly as fatal to high thought as a gridiron or a hard board to sit on. The mind must not be made conscious of the presence of the body, by either pleasurable or painful sensations.

Nor, I believe, need we fear that, if the just claims of the body are conceded, unjust and excessive demands will therefore be put forward. In the first place, righteous and timely concessions give the mind an unassailable vantage-ground for very prompt and imperious dealing with unwarrantable clamours; and, in the second place, those unwarrantable demands arise, in too many cases (as all who have dived into the unsavoury history of ascetic sects can tell us), from morbid action of the senses, arising out of unnatural treatment of them.—You will think, perhaps, that I have broken my promise, when I said I was not going to preach; but now I have only one word more to say, and it is worth listening to, for it is not my own:—"In this case, as in all similar ones, let us seek conciliation of conflicting claims, not by compromise, but by justice; by giving to everyone, not the half of what he asks, but the whole of what he ought to have."

W. R. GREG.



ON SOME OF THE RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

IN May, 1873, I drew attention, in the pages of this REVIEW, to the important problems connected with the physics and natural history of the sea, to the solution of which there was every reason to hope the cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger" would furnish important contributions. The expectation then expressed has not been disappointed. Reports to the Admiralty, papers communicated to the Royal Society, and large collections which have already been sent home, have shown that the "Challenger's" staff have made admirable use of their great opportunities; and that, on the return of the expedition in 1874, their performance will be fully up to the level of their promise. Indeed, I am disposed to go so far as to say, that if nothing more came of the "Challenger's" expedition than has hitherto been yielded by her exploration of the nature of the sea-bottom at great depths, a full scientific equivalent of the trouble and expense of her equipment would have been obtained.

In order to justify this assertion, and yet, at the same time, not to claim more for Professor Wyville Thomson and his colleagues than is their due, I must give a brief history of the observations which have preceded their exploration of this recondite field of research, and endeavour to make clear what was the state of knowledge in December, 1872, and what new facts have been added by the scientific staff of the "Challenger." So far as I have been able to discover, the first successful attempt to bring up

pole. Between the years 1839 and 1843, Sir James Clark Ross executed his famous Antarctic expedition, in the course of which he penetrated, at two widely distant points of the Antarctic zone, into the high latitudes of the shores of Victoria Land and of Graham's Land, and reached the parallel of 80° S. Sir James Ross was himself a naturalist of no mean acquirements, and Dr. Hooker, the present President of the Royal Society, accompanied him as naturalist to the expedition, so that the observations upon the fauna and flora of the Antarctic regions made during this cruise were sure to have a peculiar value and importance, even had not the attention of the voyagers been particularly directed to the importance of noting the occurrence of the minutest forms of animal and vegetable life in the ocean.

Among the scientific instructions for the voyage drawn up by a committee of the Royal Society, however, there is a remarkable letter from Von Humboldt to Lord Minto, then First Lord of the Admiralty, in which, among other things, he dwells upon the significance of the researches into the microscopic composition of rocks, and the discovery of the great share which microscopic organisms take in the formation of the crust of the earth at the present day, made by Ehrenberg in the years 1836-39. Ehrenberg, in fact, had shown that the extensive beds of "rotten-stone" or "Tripoli" which occur in various parts of the world, and notably at Bilin in Bohemia, consisted of accumulations of the silicious cases and skeletons, *Diatomaceæ*, sponges, and *Radiolaria*; he had proved that similar deposits were being formed by *Diatomaceæ* in the pools of the Thiergarten, in Berlin and elsewhere, and had pointed out that, if it were commercially worth while, rotten-stone might be manufactured by a process of diatom-culture. Observations conducted at Cuxhaven in 1839, had revealed the existence, at the surface of the waters of the Baltic, of living Diatoms and *Radiolaria* of the same species as those which, in a fossil state, constitute extensive rocks of tertiary age at Caltanisetta, Zante, and Oran, on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Moreover, in the fresh-water rotten-stone beds of Bilin, Ehrenberg had traced out the metamorphosis, effected apparently by the action of percolating water, of the primitively loose and friable deposit of organized particles, in which the siliceous exists in the hydrated or soluble condition. The siliceous, in fact, undergoes solution and slow redeposition, until, in ultimate result, the excessively fine-grained sand, each particle of which is a skeleton, becomes converted into a dense opaline stone, with only here and there an indication of an organism.

From the consideration of these facts, Ehrenberg, as early as the year 1839, had arrived at the conclusion that rocks, altogether

similar to those which constitute a large part of the crust of the earth, must be forming, at the present day, at the bottom of the sea; and he threw out the suggestion that even where no trace of organic structure is to be found in the older rocks, it may have been lost by metamorphosis.*

The results of the Antarctic exploration, as stated by Dr. Hooker in the "Botany of the Antarctic Voyage," and in a paper which he read before the British Association in 1847, are of the greatest importance in connection with these views, and they are so clearly stated in the former work, which is somewhat inaccessible, that I make no apology for quoting them at length—

"The waters and the ice of the South Polar Ocean were alike found to abound with microscopic vegetables belonging to the order *Diatomaceæ*. Though much too small to be discernible by the naked eye, they occurred in such countless myriads as to stain the berg and the pack ice wherever they were washed by the swell of the sea; and, when enclosed in the congealing surface of the water, they imparted to the brash and pancake ice a pale ochreous colour. In the open ocean, northward of the frozen zone, this order, though no doubt almost universally present, generally eludes the search of the naturalist; except when its species are congregated amongst that mucous scum which is sometimes seen floating on the waves, and of whose real nature we are ignorant; or when the coloured contents of the marine animals who feed on these Algae are examined. To the south, however, of the belt of ice which encircles the globe, between the parallels of 50° and 70° S, and in the waters comprised between that belt and the highest latitude ever attained by man, this vegetation is very conspicuous, from the contrast between its colour and the white snow and ice in which it is imbedded. Inasmuch, that in the eightieth degree, all the surface ice carried along by the currents, the sides of every berg, and the base of the great Victoria Barrier itself, within reach of the swell, were tinged brown, as if the polar waters were charged with oxide of iron.

"As the majority of these plants consist of very simple vegetable cells, enclosed in indestructible siliceous (as other Algae are in carbonate of lime), it is obvious that the death and decomposition of such multitudes must form sedimentary deposits, proportionate in their extent to the length and exposure of the coast against which they are washed, in thickness to the power of such agents as the winds, currents, and sea, which sweep them more energetically to certain positions, and in purity, to the depth of the water and nature of the bottom. Hence we detected their remains along every icebound shore, in the depths of the adjacent ocean, between 80 and 400 fathoms. Off Victoria Barrier (a perpendicular wall of ice between one and two hundred feet above the level of the sea) the bottom of the ocean was covered with a stratum of pure white or green mud, composed principally of the silicious shells of the *Diatomaceæ*. These, on being put into water, rendered it cloudy like milk, and took many hours to subside. In the very deep water off Victoria and Graham's Land, this mud was particularly pure and fine; but towards the shallow shores there existed a greater or less admixture of disintegrated rock and sand; so that the organic compounds of the bottom frequently bore but a small proportion to the inorganic."

* "Ueber die noch jetzt zahlreich lebende Thierarten der Kreide-bildung und den Organismus der Polythalamien." *Abhandlungen der Kon. Akad. der Wissenschaften*. 1839. Berlin. 1841. I am afraid that this remarkable paper has been somewhat overlooked in the recent discussions of the relation of ancient rocks to modern deposits.

"The universal existence of such an invisible vegetation as that of the Antarctic Ocean, is a truly wonderful fact, and the more from its not being accompanied by plants of a high order. During the years we spent there, I had been accustomed to regard the phenomena of life as differing totally from what obtains throughout all other latitudes, for everything living appeared to be of animal origin. The ocean swarmed with *Mollusca*, and particularly entomostratous *Crustacea*, small whales, and porpoises; the sea abounded with penguins and seals, and the air with birds; the animal kingdom was ever present, the larger creatures preying on the smaller, and these again on smaller still; all seemed carnivorous. The herbivorous were not recognized, because feeding on a microscopic herbage, of whose true nature I had formed an erroneous impression. It is, therefore, with no little satisfaction that I now class the *Diatomaceæ* with plants, probably maintaining in the South Polar Ocean that balance between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms which prevails over the surface of our globe. Nor is the sustenance and nutrition of the animal kingdom the only function these minute productions may perform; they may also be the purifiers of the vitiated atmosphere, and thus execute in the Antarctic latitudes the office of our trees and grass turf in the temperate regions, and the broad leaves of the palm, &c., in the tropics."

With respect to the distribution of the *Diatomaceæ*, Dr. Hooker remarks:—

"There is probably no latitude beteen that of Spitzbergen and Victoria Land, where some of the species of either country do not exist: Iceland, Britain, the Mediterranean Sea, North and South America, and the South Sea Islands, all possess Antarctic *Diatomaceæ*. The silicious coats of species only known living in the waters of the South Polar Ocean, have, during past ages, contributed to the formation of rocks; and thus they outlive several successive creations of organized beings. The phronolite stones of the Rhine, and the Tripoli stone, contain species identical with what are now contributing to form a sedimentary deposit (and perhaps, at some future period, a bed of rock) extending in one continuous stratum for 400 measured miles. I allude to the shores of the Victoria Barrier, along whose coast the soundings examined were invariably charged with diatomaceous remains, constituting a bank which stretches 200 miles north from the base of Victoria Barrier, while the average depth of water above it is 300 fathoms, or 1,800 feet. Again, some of the Antarctic species have been detected floating in the atmosphere which overhangs the wide ocean between Africa and America. The knowledge of this marvellous fact we owe to Mr. Darwin, who, when he was at sea off the Cape de Verd Islands, collected an impalpable powder which fell on Captain Fitzroy's ship. He transmitted this dust to Ehrenberg, who ascertained it to consist of the silicious coats, chiefly of American *Diatomaceæ*, which were being wafted through the upper region of the air, when some meteorological phenomena checked them in their course and deposited them on the ship and surface of the ocean.

"The existence of the remains of many species of this order (and amongst them some Antarctic ones) in the volcanic ashes, pumice, and scoræ of active and extinct volcanoes (those of the Mediterranean Sea and Ascension Island, for instance) is a fact bearing immediately upon the present subject. Mount Erebus, a volcano 12,400 feet high, of the first class in dimensions and energetic action, rises at once from the ocean in the seventy-eighth degree of south latitude, and abreast of the *Diatomaceæ* bank, which reposes in part on its base. Hence it may not appear preposterous to conclude that, as Vesuvius receives the waters of the Mediterranean, with its fish, to eject them by its crater, so the subterranean and subaqueous forces

which maintain Mount Erebus in activity may occasionally receive organic matter from the bank, and disgorge it, together with those volcanic products, ashes and pumice.

"Along the shores of Graham's Land and the South Shetland Islands, we have a parallel combination of igneous and aqueous action, accompanied with an equally copious supply of *Diatomacea*. In the Gulf of Erebus and Terror, fifteen degrees north of Victoria Land, and placed on the opposite side of the globe, the soundings were of a similar nature with those of the Victoria Land and Barrier, and the sea and ice as full of *Diatomacea*. This was not only proved by the deep-sea lead, but by the examination of bergs which, once stranded, had floated off and become reversed, exposing an accumulation of white friable mud frozen to their bases, which abounded with these vegetable remains."

The "Challenger" has explored the Antarctic seas in a region intermediate between those examined by Sir James Ross's expedition; and the observations made by Dr. Wyville Thomson and his colleagues in every respect confirm those of Dr. Hooker:—

"On the 11th of February, lat. $60^{\circ} 52' S.$, long. $80^{\circ} 20' E.$, and March 3, lat. $53^{\circ} 55' S.$, long. $108^{\circ} 35' E.$, the sounding instrument came up filled with a very fine cream-coloured paste, which scarcely effervesced with acid, and dried into a very light, impalpable, white powder. This, when examined under the microscope, was found to consist almost entirely of the frustules of Diatoms, some of them wonderfully perfect in all the details of their ornament, and many of them broken up. The species of Diatoms entering into this deposit have not yet been worked up, but they appear to be referable chiefly to the genera *Fragillaria*, *Cocconeodiscus*, *Chaetoceros*, *Asteromphalus*, and *Dictyocha*, with fragments of the separated rods of a singular silicious organism, with which we were unacquainted, and which made up a large proportion of the finer matter of this deposit. Mixed with the Diatoms there were a few small *Globigerina*, some of the tests and spicules of Radiolarians, and some sand particles; but these foreign bodies were in too small proportion to affect the formation as consisting practically of Diatoms alone. On the 4th of February, in lat. $52^{\circ} 29' S.$, long., $71^{\circ} 36' E.$, a little to the north of the Heard Islands, the tow-net, dragging a few fathoms below the surface, came up nearly filled with a pale yellow gelatinous mass. This was found to consist entirely of Diatoms of the same species as those found at the bottom. By far the most abundant was the little bundle of silicious rods, fastened together loosely at one end, separating from one another at the other end, and the whole bundle loosely twisted into a spindle. The rods are hollow, and contain the characteristic endochrome of the *Diatomacea*. Like the *Globigerina* ooze, then, which it succeeds to the southward in a band apparently of no great width, the materials of this silicious deposit are derived entirely from the surface and intermediate depths. It is somewhat singular that Diatoms did not appear to be in such large numbers on the surface over the Diatom ooze as they were a little further north. This may perhaps be accounted for by our not having struck their belt of depth with the tow-net; or it is possible that when we found it on the 11th of February the bottom deposit was really shifted a little to the south by the warm current, the excessively fine flocculent debris of the Diatoms taking a certain time to sink. The belt of Diatom ooze is certainly a little further to the southward in long. $83^{\circ} E.$, in the path of the reflux of the Agulhas current, than in long. $108^{\circ} E.$

"All along the edge of the ice-pack—everywhere, in fact, to the south of the two stations—on the 11th of February on our southward voyage, and

on the 3rd of March on our return, we brought up fine sand and greyish mud, with small pebbles of quartz and felspar, and small fragments of mica-slate, chlorite-slate, clay-slate, gneiss, and granite. This deposit, I have no doubt, was derived from the surface like the others, but in this case by the melting of icebergs and the precipitation of foreign matter contained in the ice.

"We never saw any trace of gravel or sand, or any material necessarily derived from land, on an iceberg. Several showed vertical or irregular fissures filled with discoloured ice or snow; but, when looked at closely, the discoloration proved usually to be very slight, and the effect at a distance was usually due to the foreign material filling the fissure reflecting light less perfectly than the general surface of the berg. I conceive that the upper surface of one of these great tabular southern icebergs, including by far the greater part of its bulk, and culminating in the portion exposed above the surface of the sea, was formed by the piling up of successive layers of snow during the period, amounting perhaps to several centuries, during which the ice-cap was slowly forcing itself over the low land and out to sea over a long extent of gentle slope, until it reached a depth considerably above 200 fathoms, when the lower specific weight of the ice caused an upward strain which at length overcame the cohesion of the mass, and portions were rent off and floated away. If this be the true history of the formation of these icebergs, the absence of all land *débris* in the portion exposed above the surface of the sea is readily understood. If any such exist, it must be confined to the lower part of the berg, to that part which has at one time or other moved on the floor of the ice-cap.

"The icebergs, when they are first dispersed, float in from 200 to 250 fathoms. When, therefore, they have been drifted to latitudes of 65° or 64° S., the bottom of the berg just reaches the layer at which the temperature of the water is distinctly rising, and it is rapidly melted, and the mud and pebbles with which it is more or less charged are precipitated. That this precipitation takes place all over the area where the icebergs are breaking up, constantly, and to a considerable extent, is evident from the fact of the soundings being entirely composed of such deposits; for the Diatoms, *Globigerina*, and radiolarians are present on the surface in large numbers; and unless the deposit from the ice were abundant it would soon be covered and masked by a layer of the exuvia of surface organisms."

The observations which have been detailed leave no doubt that the Antarctic sea bottom, from a little to the south of the fiftieth parallel; as far as 80° S., is being covered by a fine deposit of silicious mud, more or less mixed, in some parts, with the ice-borne *débris* of polar lands and with the ejections of volcanoes. The silicious particles which constitute this mud, are derived, in part, from the diatomaceous plants and radiolarian animals which throng the surface, and, in part, from the spicula of sponges which live at the bottom. The evidence respecting the corresponding Arctic area is less complete, but it is sufficient to justify the conclusion that an essentially similar silicious cap is being formed around the northern pole.

There is no doubt that the constituent particles of this mud may agglomerate into a dense rock, such as that formed at Oran, on the shores of the Mediterranean, which is made up of similar materials. Moreover, in the case of freshwater deposits of this kind, it is

certain that the action of percolating water may convert the originally soft and friable, fine-grained sandstone into a dense semi-transparent opaline stone, the silicious organized skeletons being dissolved, and the silex re-deposited in an amorphous state. Whether such a metamorphosis as this occurs in submarine deposits, as well as in those formed in fresh water, does not appear; but there seems no reason to doubt that it may. And hence it may not be hazardous to conclude that very ordinary metamorphic agencies may convert these polar caps into a form of quartzite.

In the great intermediate zone, occupying some 110° of latitude, which separates the circumpolar Arctic and Antarctic areas of silicious deposit, the Diatoms and *Radiolaria* of the surface water and the sponges of the bottom do not die out, and, so far as some forms are concerned, do not even appear to diminish in total number; though, on a rough estimate, it would appear that the proportion of *Radiolaria* to Diatoms is much greater than in the colder seas. Nevertheless the composition of the deep-sea mud of this intermediate zone is entirely different from that of the circumpolar regions.

The first exact information respecting the nature of this mud at depths greater than 1,000 fathoms was given by Ehrenberg, in the account which he published in the "Monatsberichte" of the Berlin Academy for the year 1853, of the soundings obtained by Lieut. Berryman, of the United States Navy, in the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores.

Observations which confirm those of Ehrenberg in all essential respects have been made by Professor Bailey, myself, Dr. Wallich, Dr. Carpenter, and Professor Wyville Thomson, in their earlier cruises; and the continuation of the *Globigerina* ooze over the South Pacific has been proved by the recent work of the "Challenger," by which it is also shown, for the first time, that, in passing from the equator to high southern latitudes, the number and variety of the *Foraminifera* diminishes, and even the *Globigerina* become dwarfed. And this result, it will be observed, is in entire accordance with the fact already mentioned that, in the sea of Kamtschatka, the deep sea mud was found by Bailey to contain no calcareous organisms.

Thus, in the whole of the "intermediate zone," the silicious deposit which is being formed there, as elsewhere, by the accumulation of sponge-spicula, *Radiolaria*, and Diatoms, is obscured and overpowered by the immensely greater amount of calcareous sediment, which arises from the aggregation of the skeletons of dead *Foraminifera*. The similarity of the deposit, thus composed of a large percentage of carbonate of lime, and a small percentage

of siliceous, to chalk, regarded merely as a kind of rock, which was first pointed out by Ehrenberg,* is now admitted on all hands; nor can it be reasonably doubted, that ordinary metamorphic agencies are competent to convert the "modern chalk" into hard limestone, or even into crystalline marble.

Ehrenberg appears to have taken it for granted that the *Globigerina* and other *Foraminifera* which are found in the deep-sea mud, live at the great depths in which their remains are found; and he supports this opinion by producing evidence that the soft parts of these organisms are preserved, and may be demonstrated by removing the calcareous matter with dilute acids. In 1857, the evidence for and against this conclusion appeared to me to be insufficient to warrant a positive conclusion one way or the other, and I expressed myself in my report to the Admiralty on Captain Dayman's soundings in the following terms:—

"When we consider the immense area over which this deposit is spread, the depth at which its formation is going on, and its similarity to chalk, and still more to such rocks as the marls of Caltanissetta, the question, whence are all these organisms derived? becomes one of high scientific interest.

"Three answers have suggested themselves:—

"In accordance with the prevalent view of the limitation of life to comparatively small depths, it is imagined either: 1, that these organisms have drifted into their present position from shallower waters; or 2, that they habitually live at the surface of the ocean, and only fall down into their present position.

"1. I conceive that the first supposition is negatived by the extremely marked zoological peculiarity of the deep sea fauna.

"Had the *Globigerina* been drifted into their present position from shallow water, we should find a very large proportion of the characteristic inhabitants of shallow waters mixed with them, and this would the more certainly be the case, as the large *Globigerina*, so abundant in the deep-sea soundings are, in proportion to their size, more solid and massive than almost any other *Foraminifera*. But the fact is that the proportion of other *Foraminifera* is exceedingly small, nor have I found as yet, in the deep-sea deposits, any such matters as fragments of molluscan shells, of *Echini*, &c., which abound in shallow waters, and are quite as likely to be drifted as the heavy *Globigerina*. Again, the relative proportions of young and fully formed

* The following passages in Ehrenberg's memoir on "The Organisms in the Chalk which are still living" (1839), are conclusive:—

"7. The dawning period of the existing living organic creation, if such a period is distinguishable (which is doubtful), can only be supposed to have existed on the other side of, and below, the chalk formation; and thus, either the chalk, with its wide-spread and thick beds, must enter into the series of newer formations; or some of the accepted four great geological periods, the quaternary, tertiary, and secondary formations, contain organisms which still live. It is more probable, in the proportion of 3 to 1, that the transition or primary period is not different, but that it is only more difficult to examine and understand, by reason of the gradual and prolonged chemical decomposition and metamorphosis of many of its organic constituents."

"10. By the mass-forming *Infusoria* and *Polythalamia*, secondary are not distinguishable from tertiary formations; and, from what has been said, it is possible that, at this very day, rock masses are forming in the sea, and being raised by volcanic agencies, the constitution of which, on the whole, is altogether similar to that of the chalk. The chalk remains distinguishable by its organic remains as a formation, but not as a kind of rock."

Globigerina seem inconsistent with the notion that they have travelled far. And it seems difficult to imagine why, had the deposit been accumulated in this way, *Coscinodisci* should so almost entirely represent the *Diatomacea*.

"2. The second hypothesis is far more feasible, and is strongly supported by the fact that many *Polycistinea* [*Radiolaria*] and *Coscinodisci* are well known to live at the surface of the ocean. Mr. Macdonald, Assistant-Surgeon of H.M.S. "Herald," now in the South-Western Pacific, has lately sent home some very valuable observations on living forms of this kind, met with in the stomachs or oceanic mollusks, and therefore certainly inhabitants of the superficial layer of the ocean. But it is a singular circumstance that only one of the forms figured by Mr. Macdonald is at all like a *Globigerina*, and there are some peculiarities about even this which make me greatly doubt its affinity with that genus. The form, indeed, is not unlike that of a *Globigerina*, but it is provided with long radiating processes, of which I have never seen any trace in *Globigerina*. Did they exist, they might explain what otherwise is a great objection to this view, viz., how is it conceivable that the heavy *Globigerina* should maintain itself at the surface of the water?

"If the organic bodies in the deep-sea soundings have neither been drifted, nor have fallen from above, there remains but one alternative—they must have lived and died where they are.

"Important objections, however, at once suggest themselves to this view. How can animal life be conceived to exist under such conditions of light, temperature, pressure, and aeration as must obtain at these vast depths?

"To this one can only reply that we know for a certainty that even very highly-organized animals do continue to live at a depth of 300 and 400 fathoms, inasmuch as they have been dredged up thence; and that the difference in the amount of light and heat at 400 and at 2,000 fathoms is probably, so to speak, very far less than the difference in complexity of organisation between these animals and the humbler *Protozoa* and *Protophyta* of the deep-sea soundings.

"I confess, though as yet far from regarding it proved that the *Globigerina* live at these depths, the balance of probabilities seems to me to incline in that direction. And there is one circumstance which weighs strongly in my mind. It may be taken as a law that any genus of animals which is found far back in time is capable of living under a great variety of circumstances as regards light, temperature, and pressure. Now, the genus *Globigerina* is abundantly represented in the cretaceous epoch, and perhaps earlier.

"I abstain, however, at present from drawing any positive conclusions, preferring rather to await the result of more extended observations."*

Dr. Wallich, Professor Wyville Thomson, and Dr. Carpenter concluded that the *Globigerinae* live at the bottom. Dr. Wallich writes in 1862—"By sinking very fine gauze nets to considerable depths, I have repeatedly satisfied myself that *Globigerina* does not occur in the superficial strata of the ocean."† Moreover, having obtained certain living star-fish from a depth of 1,260 fathoms, and found their stomachs full of "fresh looking *Globigerinae*" and their *débris*—he adduces this fact in support of his belief that the *Globigerinae* live at the bottom.

* Appendix to Report on Deep-sea Soundings in the Atlantic Ocean, by Lieut.-Commander Joseph Dayman. 1857.

† The "North Atlantic Sea-bed," p. 137.

On the other hand, Müller, Haeckel, Major Owen, Mr. Gwyn Jeffries, and other observers, found that *Globigerina*, with the allied genera *Orbulina* and *Puleinulina*, sometimes occur abundantly at the surface of the sea, the shells of these pelagic forms being not unfrequently provided with the long spines noticed by Macdonald; and in 1865 and 1866, Major Owen more especially insisted on the importance of this fact. The recent work of the "Challenger" fully confirms Major Owen's statement. In the paper recently published in the proceedings of the Royal Society,* from which a quotation has already been made, Professor Wyville Thomson says:—

"I had formed and expressed a very strong opinion on the matter. It seemed to me that the evidence was conclusive that the *Foraminifera* which formed the *Globigerina* ooze lived on the bottom, and that the occurrence of individuals on the surface was accidental and exceptional; but after going into the thing carefully, and considering the mass of evidence which has been accumulated by Mr. Murray, I now admit that I was in error; and I agree with him that it may be taken as proved that all the materials of such deposits, with the exception, of course, of the remains of animals which we now know to live at the bottom at all depths, which occur in the deposit as foreign bodies, are derived from the surface.

"Mr. Murray has combined with a careful examination of the soundings a constant use of the tow-net, usually at the surface, but also at depths of from ten to one hundred fathoms; and he finds the closest relation to exist between the surface fauna of any particular locality and the deposit which is taking place at the bottom. In all seas, from the equator to the polar ice, the tow-net contains *Globigerina*. They are more abundant and of a larger size in warmer seas; several varieties, attaining a large size and presenting marked varietal characters, are found in the intertropical area of the Atlantic. In the latitude of Kerguelen they are less numerous and smaller, while further south they are still more dwarfed, and only one variety, the typical *Globigerina bulloides*, is represented. The living *Globigerina* from the tow-net are singularly different in appearance from the dead shells we find at the bottom. The shell is clear and transparent, and each of the pores which penetrate it is surrounded by a raised crest, the crest round adjacent pores coalescing into a roughly hexagonal network, so that the pores appear to lie at the bottom of a hexagonal pit. At each angle of this hexagon the crest gives off a delicate flexible calcareous spine, which is sometime four or five times the diameter of the shell in length. The spines radiate symmetrically from the direction of the centre of each chamber of the shell, and the sheaves of long transparent needles crossing one another in different directions have a very beautiful effect. The smaller inner chambers of the shell are entirely filled with an orange-yellow granular sarcode; and the large terminal chamber usually contains only a small irregular mass, or two or three small masses run together, of the same yellow sarcode stuck against one side, the remainder of the chamber being empty. No definite arrangement and no approach to structure was observed in the sarcode, and no differentiation, with the exception of round bright-yellow oil-globules, very much like those found in some of the radiolarians which are scattered, apparently irregularly, in the sarcode. We never have been able to detect in any of the large

* "Preliminary Notes on the nature of the Sea-bottom procured by the soundings of H.M.S. 'Challenger' during her cruise in the southern seas, in the early part of the year 1874."—Proceedings of the Royal Society, Nov. 26, 1874.

number of *Globigerinæ* which we have examined, the least trace of pseudopodia, or any extension, in any form, of the sarcode beyond the shell.

"In specimens taken with the tow-net the spines are very usually absent; but that is probably on account of their extreme tenuity; they are broken off by the slightest touch. In fresh examples from the surface, the dots indicating the origin of the lost spines may almost always be made out with a high power. There are never spines on the *Globigerinæ* from the bottom, even in the shallowest water."

There can now be no doubt, therefore, that *Globigerinæ* live at the top of the sea; but the question may still be raised whether they do not also live at the bottom. In favour of this view, it has been urged that the shells of the *Globigerinæ* of the surface never possess such thick walls as those which are found at the bottom, but I confess that I doubt the accuracy of this statement. Again, the occurrence of minute *Globigerinæ* in all stages of development, at the greatest depths, is brought forward as evidence that they live *in situ*. But considering the extent to which the surface organisms are devoured, without discrimination of young and old, by *Salpæ* and the like, it is not wonderful that shells of all ages should be among the rejectamenta. Nor can the presence of the soft parts of the body in the shells which form the *Globigerina* ooze, and the fact, if it be one, that animals living at the bottom use them as food, be considered as conclusive evidence that the *Globigerinæ* live at the bottom. Such as die at the surface, and even many of those which are swallowed by other animals, may retain much of their protoplasmic matter when they reach the depths at which the temperature sinks to 34° or 32° Fahrenheit, where decomposition must become exceedingly slow.

Another consideration appears to me to be in favour of the view that the *Globigerinæ* and their allies are essentially surface animals. This is the fact brought out by the "Challenger's" work, that they have a southern limit of distribution, which can hardly depend upon anything but the temperature of the surface water. And it is to be remarked that this southern limit occurs at a lower latitude in the Antarctic seas than it does in the North Atlantic. According to Dr. Wallich ("The North Atlantic Sea Bed," p. 157) *Globigerina* is the prevailing form in the deposits between the Farø Islands and Iceland, and between Iceland and East Greenland—or, in other words, in a region of the sea-bottom which lies altogether north of the parallel of 60° N.; while in the southern seas, the *Globigerinæ* become dwarfed and almost disappear between 50° and 55° S. On the other hand, in the sea of Kamschatka, the *Globigerinæ* have vanished in 56° N., so that the persistence of the *Globigerina* ooze in high latitudes, in the North Atlantic, would seem to depend on the northward curve of the isothermals peculiar to this region; and it is difficult to understand how

the formation of *Globigerina* ooze can be affected by this climatal peculiarity unless it be effected by surface animals.

Whatever may be the mode of life of the *Foraminifera*, to which the calcareous element of the deep sea "chalk" owes its existence, the fact that it is the chief and most widely spread material of the sea-bottom in the intermediate zone, throughout both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Indian Ocean, at depths from a few hundred to over two thousand fathoms, is established. But it is not the only extensive deposit which is now taking place. In 1853, Count Pourtales, an officer of the United States Coast Survey, which has done so much for scientific hydrography, observed, that the mud forming the sea-bottom at depths of one hundred and fifty fathoms, in 31° 32' N., 79° 35' W., off the Coast of Florida, was "a mixture, in about equal proportions, of *Globigerina* and black sand, probably greensand, as it makes a green mark when crushed on paper." Professor Bailey, examining these grains microscopically, found that they were casts of the interior cavities of *Foraminifera*, consisting of a mineral known as *Glaucinite*, which is a silicate of iron and alumina. In these casts the minutest cavities and finest tubes in the Foraminifer were sometimes reproduced in solid counterparts of the glassy mineral, while the calcareous original had been entirely dissolved away.

Contemporaneously with these observations, the indefatigable Ehrenberg had discovered that the "greensands" of the geologist were largely made up of casts of a similar character, and proved the existence of *Foraminifera* at a very ancient geological epoch, by discovering such casts in a greensand of Lower Silurian age, which occurs near St. Petersburg.

Subsequently, Messrs. Parker and Jones discovered similar casts in process of formation, the original shell not having disappeared, in specimens of the sea-bottom of the Australian seas, brought home by the late Professor Jukes. And the "Challenger" has observed a deposit of a similar character in the course of the Agulhas current, near the Cape of Good Hope, and in some other localities not yet defined.

It would appear that this infiltration of *Foraminifera* shells with *Glaucinite* does not take place at great depths, but rather in what may be termed a sublittoral region, ranging from a hundred to three hundred fathoms. It cannot be ascribed to any local cause, for it takes place, not only over large areas in the Gulf of Mexico and the Coast of Florida, but in the South Atlantic and in the Pacific. But what are the conditions which determine its occurrence, and whence the siliceous, the iron, and the alumina (with perhaps potash and some other ingredients in small quantity) of which the *Glaucinite* is composed, proceed, is a point on which no light has yet been thrown. For the present we must be content

with the fact that, in certain areas of the "intermediate zone," greensand is replacing and representing the primitively calcareo-silicious ooze.

The investigation of the deposits which are now being formed in the basin of the Mediterranean, by the late Professor Edward Forbes, by Professor Williamson, and more recently by Dr. Carpenter, and a comparison of the results thus obtained with what is known of the surface fauna, have brought to light the remarkable fact, that while the surface and the shallows abound with *Foraminifera* and other calcareous shelled organisms, the indications of life become scanty at depths beyond 500 or 600 fathoms, while almost all traces of it disappear at greater depths, and at 1,000 to 2,000 fathoms the bottom is covered with a fine clay.

Dr. Carpenter has discussed the significance of this remarkable fact, and he is disposed to attribute the absence of life at great depths, partly to the absence of any circulation of the water of the Mediterranean at such depths, and partly to the exhaustion of the oxygen of the water by the organic matter contained in the fine clay, which he conceives to be formed by the finest particles of the mud brought down by the rivers which flow into the Mediterranean.

However this may be, the explanation thus offered of the presence of the fine mud, and of the absence of organisms which ordinarily live at the bottom, does not account for the absence of the skeletons of the organisms which undoubtedly abound at the surface of the Mediterranean; and it would seem to have no application to the remarkable fact discovered by the "Challenger," that in the open Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in the midst of the great intermediate zone, and thousands of miles away from the embouchure of any river, the sea-bottom, at depths approaching to and beyond 3,000 fathoms, no longer consists of *Globigerina* ooze, but of an excessively fine red clay.

Professor Thomson gives the following account of this capital discovery:—

"According to our present experience, the deposit of *Globigerina* ooze is limited to water of a certain depth, the extreme limit of the pure characteristic formation being placed at a depth of somewhere about 2,250 fathoms. Crossing from these shallower regions occupied by the ooze into deeper soundings, we find, universally, that the calcareous formation gradually passes into, and is finally replaced by, an extremely fine pure clay, which occupies, speaking generally, all depths below 2,500 fathoms, and consists almost entirely of a silicate of the red oxide of iron and alumina. The transition is very slow, and extends over several hundred fathoms of increasing depth; the shells gradually lose their sharpness of outline, and assume a kind of 'rotten' look and a brownish colour, and become more and more mixed with a fine amorphous red-brown powder, which increases steadily in proportion until the lime has almost entirely disappeared. This brown matter is in the finest possible state of subdivi-

sion, so fine that when, after sifting it to separate any organisms it might contain, we put it into jars to settle, it remained for days in suspension, giving the water very much the appearance and colour of chocolate.

"In indicating the nature of the bottom on the charts, we came, from experience and without any theoretical considerations, to use three terms for soundings in deep water. Two of these, Gl. oz. and r. cl., were very definite, and indicated strongly-marked formations, with apparently but few characters in common; but we frequently got soundings which we could not exactly call '*Globigerina* ooze' or 'red clay,' and before we were fully aware of the nature of these, we were in the habit of indicating them as 'grey ooze' (gr. oz.) We now recognize the 'grey ooze' as an intermediate stage between the *Globigerina* ooze and the red clay; we find that on one side, as it were, of an ideal line, the red clay contains more and more of the material of the calcareous ooze, while, on the other, the ooze is mixed with an increasing proportion of 'red clay.'

"Although we have met with the same phenomenon so frequently, that we were at length able to predict the nature of the bottom from the depth of the soundings with absolute certainty for the Atlantic and the Southern Sea, we had, perhaps, the best opportunity of observing it in our first section across the Atlantic, between Teneriffe and St. Thomas. The first four stations on this section, at depths from 1,525 to 2,220 fathoms, show *Globigerina* ooze. From the last of these, which is about 300 miles from Teneriffe, the depth gradually increases to 2,740 fathoms at 500, and 2,950 fathoms at 750 miles from Teneriffe. The bottom in these two soundings might have been called 'grey ooze,' for although its nature has altered entirely from the *Globigerina* ooze, the red clay into which it is rapidly passing still contains a considerable admixture of carbonate of lime.

"The depth goes on increasing to a distance of 1,150 miles from Teneriffe, when it reaches 3,150 fathoms; there the clay is pure and smooth, and contains scarcely a trace of lime. From this great depth the bottom gradually rises, and, with decreasing depth, the grey colour and the calcareous composition of the ooze return. Three soundings in 2,050, 1,900, and 1,950 fathoms on the 'Dolphin Rise' gave highly characteristic examples of the *Globigerina* formation. Passing from the middle plateau of the Atlantic into the western trough, with depths a little over 3,000 fathoms, the red clay returned in all its purity; and our last sounding, in 1,420 fathoms, before reaching Sombrero, restored the *Globigerina* ooze with its peculiar associated fauna.

"This section shows also the wide extension and the vast geological importance of the red clay formation. The total distance from Teneriffe to Sombrero is about 2,700 miles. Proceeding from east to west, we have—

About 80 miles of volcanic mud and sand,	
" 350 "	<i>Globigerina</i> ooze,
" 1,050 "	red clay,
" 330 "	<i>Globigerina</i> ooze,
" 850 "	red clay,
" 40 "	<i>Globigerina</i> ooze;

giving a total of 1,900 miles of red clay to 720 miles of *Globigerina* ooze.

"The nature and origin of this vast deposit of clay is a question of the very greatest interest; and although I think there can be no doubt that it is in the main solved, yet some matters of detail are still involved in difficulty. My first impression was that it might be the most minutely divided material, the ultimate sediment produced by the disintegration of the land, by rivers and by the action of the sea on exposed coasts, and

held in suspension and distributed by ocean currents, and only making itself manifest in places unoccupied by the *Globigerina* ooze. Several circumstances seemed, however, to negative this mode of origin. The formation seemed too uniform: wherever we met with it, it had the same character, and it only varied in composition in containing less or more carbonate of lime.

"Again, we were gradually becoming more and more convinced that all the important elements of the *Globigerina* ooze lived on the surface, and it seemed evident that, so long as the condition on the surface remained the same, no alteration of contour at the bottom could possibly prevent its accumulation; and the surface conditions in the Mid-Atlantic were very uniform, a moderate current of a very equal temperature passing continuously over elevations and depressions, and everywhere yielding to the tow-net the ooze-forming *Foraminifera* in the same proportion. The Mid-Atlantic swarms with pelagic *Mollusca*, and, in moderate depths, the shells of these are constantly mixed with the *Globigerina* ooze, sometimes in number sufficient to make up a considerable portion of its bulk. It is clear that these shells must fall in equal numbers upon the red clay, but scarcely a trace of one of them is ever brought up by the dredge on the red clay area. It might be possible to explain the absence of shell-secreting animals living on the bottom, on the supposition that the nature of the deposit was injurious to them; but then the idea of a current sufficiently strong to sweep them away is negatived by the extreme fineness of the sediment which is being laid down; the absence of surface shells appears to be intelligible only on the supposition that they are in some way removed.

"We conclude, therefore, that the 'red clay' is not an additional substance introduced from without, and occupying certain depressed regions on account of some law regulating its deposition, but that it is produced by the removal, by some means or other, over these areas, of the carbonate of lime, which forms probably about 98 per cent. of the material of the *Globigerina* ooze. We can trace, indeed, every successive stage in the removal of the carbonate of lime in descending the slope of the ridge or plateau where the *Globigerina* ooze is forming, to the region of the clay. We find, first, that the shells of pteropods and other surface *Mollusca* which are constantly falling on the bottom, are absent, or, if a few remain, they are brittle and yellow, and evidently decaying rapidly. These shells of *Mollusca* decompose more easily and disappear sooner than the smaller, and apparently more delicate, shells of rhizopods. The smaller *Foraminifera* now give way, and are found in lessening proportion to the larger; the coccoliths first lose their thin outer border and then disappear; and the clubs of the rhabdoliths get worn out of shape, and are last seen, under a high power, as infinitely minute cylinders scattered over field. The larger *Foraminifera* are attacked, and instead of being vividly white and delicately sculptured, they become brown and worn, and finally they break up, each according to its fashion; the chamber-walls of *Globigerina* fall into wedge-shaped pieces, which quickly disappear, and a thick rough crust breaks away from the surface of *Orbulina*, leaving a thin inner sphere, at first beautifully transparent, but soon becoming opaque and crumbling away.

"In the meantime the proportion of the amorphous 'red clay' to the calcareous elements of all kinds increases, until the latter disappear, with the exception of a few scattered shells of the larger *Foraminifera*, which are still found even in the most characteristic samples of the 'red clay.'

"There seems to be no room left for doubt that the red clay is essentially the insoluble residue, the ash, as it were, of the calcareous organisms which form the *Globigerina* ooze, after the calcareous matter has been by some means removed. An ordinary mixture of calcareous *Foraminifera*

with the shells of pteropods, forming a fair sample of *Globigerina* ooze from near St. Thomas, was carefully washed, and subjected by Mr. Buchanan to the action of weak acid; and he found that there remained, after the carbonate of lime had been removed, about 1 per cent. of a reddish mud, consisting of silica, alumina, and the red oxide of iron. This experiment has been frequently repeated with different samples of *Globigerina* ooze, and always with the result that a small proportion of a red sediment remains, which possesses all the characters of the red clay."

"It seems evident from the observations here recorded, that clay, which we have hitherto looked upon as essentially the product of the disintegration of older rocks, may be, under certain circumstances, an organic formation like chalk; that, as a matter of fact, an area on the surface of the globe, which we have shown to be of vast extent, although we are still far from having ascertained its limits, is being covered by such a deposit at the present day.

"It is impossible to avoid associating such a formation with the fine, smooth, homogeneous clays and schists, poor in fossils, but showing worm-tubes and tracks, and bunches of doubtful branching things, such as *Oldhamia*, siliceous sponges, and thin-shelled peculiar shrimps. Such formations, more or less metamorphosed, are very familiar, especially to the student of palæozoic geology, and they often attain a vast thickness. One is inclined, from the great resemblance between them in composition and in the general character of the included fauna, to suspect that these may be organic formations, like the modern red clay of the Atlantic and Southern Sea, accumulations of the insoluble ashes of shelled creatures.

"The dredging in the red clay on the 13th of March was unusually rich. The bag contained examples, those with calcareous shells rather stunted, of most of the characteristic deep-water groups of the Southern Sea, including *Umbellularia*, *Euplectella*, *Pterocrinus*, *Brisinga*, *Ophioglypha*, *Pourtalesia*, and one or two *Mollusca*. This is, however, very rarely the case. Generally the red clay is barren, or contains only a very small number of forms."

It must be admitted that it is very difficult at present to frame any satisfactory explanation of the mode of origin of this singular deposit of red clay.

I cannot say that the theory put forward tentatively, and with much reservation by Professor Thomson, that the calcareous matter is dissolved out by the relatively fresh water of the deep currents from the Antarctic regions, appears satisfactory to me. Nor do I see my way to the acceptance of the suggestion of Dr. Carpenter, that the red clay is the result of the decomposition of previously-formed greensand. At present there is no evidence that greensand casts are ever formed at great depths; nor has it been proved that *Glauconite* is decomposable by the agency of water and carbonic acid.

I think it probable that we shall have to wait some time for a sufficient explanation of the origin of the abyssal red clay, no less than for that of the sublittoral greensand in the intermediate zone. But the importance of the establishment of the fact that these various deposits are being formed in the ocean, at the

present day, remains the same, whether its *rationale* be understood or not.

For, suppose the globe to be evenly covered with sea, to a depth say of a thousand fathoms—then, whatever might be the mineral matter composing the sea-bottom, little or no deposit would be formed upon it, the abrading and denuding action of water, at such a depth, being exceedingly slight. Next, imagine sponges, *Radiolaria*, *Foraminifera*, and diatomaceous plants, such as those which now exist in the deep-sea, to be introduced: they would be distributed according to the same laws as at present, the sponges (and possibly some of the *Foraminifera*) covering the bottom, while other *Foraminifera*, with the *Radiolaria* and *Diatomaceæ*, would increase and multiply in the surface waters. In accordance with the existing state of things, the *Radiolaria* and Diatoms would have a universal distribution, the latter gathering most thickly in the polar regions, while the *Foraminifera* would be largely, if not exclusively, confined to the intermediate zone; and, as a consequence of this distribution, a bed of “chalk” would begin to form in the intermediate zone, while caps of silicious rock would accumulate on the circumpolar regions.

Suppose, further, that a part of the intermediate area were raised to within two or three hundred fathoms of the surface—for anything that we know to the contrary, the change of level might determine the substitution of greensand for the “chalk;” while, on the other hand, if part of the same area were depressed to three thousand fathoms, that change might determine the substitution of a different silicate of alumina and iron—namely, clay—for the “chalk” that would otherwise be formed.

If the “Challenger” hypothesis, that the red clay is the residue left by dissolved *Foraminiferous* skeletons, is correct, then all these deposits alike would be directly, or indirectly, the product of living organisms. But just as a silicious deposit may be metamorphosed into opal or quartzite, and chalk into marble, so known metamorphic agencies may metamorphose clay into schist, clay-slate, slate, gneiss, or even granite. And thus, by the agency of the lowest and simplest of organisms, our imaginary globe might be covered with strata, of all the chief kinds of rock of which the known crust of the earth is composed, of indefinite thickness and extent.

The bearing of the conclusions which are now either established, or highly probable, respecting the origin of silicious, calcareous, and clayey rocks, and their metamorphic derivatives, upon the archaeology of the earth, the elucidation of which is the ultimate object of the geologist, is of no small importance.

A hundred years ago the singular insight of Linnæus enabled

him to say that "fossils are not the children but the parents of rocks,"* and the whole effect of the discoveries made since his time has been to compile a larger and larger commentary upon this text. It is, at present, a perfectly tenable hypothesis that all silicious and calcareous rocks are either directly, or indirectly, derived from material which has, at one time or other, formed part of the organized framework of living organisms. Whether the same generalization may be extended to aluminous rocks, depends upon the conclusion to be drawn from the facts respecting the red clay areas brought to light by the "Challenger." If we accept the view taken by Wyville Thomson and his colleagues—that the red clay is the residuum left after the calcareous matter of the *Globigerina* ooze has been dissolved away—then clay is as much a product of life as limestone, and all known derivatives of clay may have formed part of animal bodies.

So long as the *Globigerina*, actually collected at the surface, have not been demonstrated to contain the elements of clay, the "Challenger" hypothesis, as I may term it, must be accepted with reserve and provisionally, but, at present, I cannot but think that it is more probable than any other suggestion which has been made.

Accepting it provisionally, we arrive at the remarkable result that all the chief known constituents of the crust of the earth may have formed part of living bodies; that they may be the "ash" of protoplasm; that the "*rupes saxei*" are not only "*temporis*," but "*vite filie*;" and, consequently, that the time during which life has been active on the globe may be indefinitely greater than the period, the commencement of which is marked by the oldest known rocks, whether fossiliferous or unfossiliferous.

And thus we are led to see where the solution of a great problem and apparent paradox of geology may lie. Satisfactory evidence now exists that some animals in the existing world have been derived by a process of gradual modification from pre-existing forms. It is undeniable, for example, that the evidence in favour of the derivation of the horse from the later tertiary *Hipparion*, and that of the *Hipparion* from *Anchitherium*, is as complete and cogent as such evidence can reasonably be expected to be; and the further investigations into the history of the tertiary mammalia are pushed, the greater is the accumulation of evidence having the same tendency. So far from palæontology lending no support to

* "Petrificata montium calcariorum non filii sed parentes sunt, cum omnis calx oriatur ab animalibus." "Systema Naturæ" Ed. xii., t. iii., p. 154. It must be recollected that Linnæus included silex, as well as limestone, under the name of "calx," and that he would probably have arranged Diatoms among animals, as part of "chaos." Ehrenberg quotes another even more pithy passage, which I have not been able to find in any edition of the "Systema" accessible to me: "Sic lapides ab animalibus, nec vico versa. Sic rupes saxei non primævi, sed temporis filie."

the doctrine of evolution—as one sees constantly asserted—that doctrine, if it had no other support, would have been irresistibly forced upon us by the palæontological discoveries of the last twenty years.

If, however, the diverse forms of life which now exist have been produced by the modification of previously-existing less divergent forms, the recent and extinct species, taken as a whole, must fall into series which must converge as we go back in time. Hence, if the period represented by the rocks is greater than, or co-extensive with, that during which life has existed, we ought, somewhere among the ancient formations, to arrive at the point to which all these series converge, or from which, in other words, they have diverged—the primitive undifferentiated protoplasmic living things, whence the two great series of plants and animals have taken their departure.

But, as a matter of fact, the amount of convergence of series, in relation to the time occupied by the deposition of geological formations, is extraordinarily small. Of all animals the higher *Vertebrata* are the most complex; and among these the carnivores and hoofed animals (*Ungulata*) are highly differentiated. Nevertheless, although the different lines of modification of the *Carnivora* and those of the *Ungulata*, respectively, approach one another, and, although each group is represented by less differentiated forms in the older tertiary rocks than at the present day, the oldest tertiary rocks do not bring us near the primitive form of either. If, in the same way, the convergence of the varied forms of reptiles is measured against the time during which their remains are preserved—which is represented by the whole of the tertiary and mesozoic formations—the amount of that convergence is far smaller than that of the lines of mammals, between the present time and the beginning of the tertiary epoch. And it is a broad fact that, the lower we go in the scale of organization, the fewer signs are there of convergence towards the primitive form from whence all must have diverged, if evolution be a fact. Nevertheless, that it is a fact in some cases, is proved, and I, for one, have not the courage to suppose that the mode in which some species have taken their origin is different from that in which the rest have originated.

What, then, has become of all the marine animals which, on the hypothesis of evolution, must have existed in myriads in those seas, wherein the many thousand feet of Cambrian and Laurentian rocks now devoid, or almost devoid, of any trace of life were deposited?

Sir Charles Lyell long ago suggested that the azoic character of these ancient formations might be due to the fact that they had undergone extensive metamorphosis; and readers of the "Principles of Geology" will be familiar with the ingenious

manner in which he contrasts the theory of the Gnome, who is acquainted only with the interior of the earth, with those of ordinary philosophers, who know only its exterior.

The metamorphism contemplated by the great modern champion of rational geology is, mainly, that brought about by the exposure of rocks to subterranean heat, and where no such heat could be shown to have operated, his opponents assumed that no metamorphosis could have taken place. But the formation of greensand, and still more that of the "red clay" (if the "Challenger" hypothesis be correct) affords an insight into a new kind of metamorphosis—not igneous, but aqueous—by which the primitive nature of a deposit may be masked as completely as it can be by the agency of heat. And, as Wyville Thomson suggests, in the passage I have quoted above (p. 17), it further enables us to assign a new cause for the occurrence, so puzzling hitherto, of thousands of feet of unfossiliferous fine-grained schists and slates, in the midst of formations deposited in seas which certainly abounded in life. If the great deposit of "red clay" now forming in the eastern valley of the Atlantic were metamorphosed into slate and then upheaved, it would constitute an "azoic" rock of enormous extent. And yet that rock is now forming in the midst of a sea which swarms with living beings, the great majority of which are provided with calcareous or silicious shells and skeletons, and therefore are such as, up to this time, we should have termed eminently preservable.

Thus the discoveries made by the "Challenger" expedition, like all recent advances in our knowledge of the phenomena of biology, or of the changes now being effected in the structure of the surface of the earth, are in accordance with, and lend strong support to, that doctrine of Uniformitarianism, which, fifty years ago, was held only by a small minority of English geologists—Lyell, Scrope, and De la Beche—but now, thanks to the long-continued labours of the first two, and mainly to those of Sir Charles Lyell, has gradually passed from the position of a heresy to that of catholic doctrine.

Applied within the limits of the time registered by the known fraction of the crust of the earth, I believe that uniformitarianism is unassailable. The evidence that, in the enormous lapse of time between the deposition of the lowest Laurentian strata and the present day, the forces which have modified the surface of the crust of the earth were different in kind, or greater in the intensity of their action, than those which are now occupied in the same work, has yet to be produced. Such evidence as we possess all tends in the contrary direction, and is in favour of the same slow and gradual changes occurring then as now.

But this conclusion in no wise conflicts with the deductions of

the physicist from his no less clear and certain data. It may be certain that this globe has cooled down from a condition in which life could not have existed; it may be certain that, in so cooling, its contracting crust must have undergone sudden convulsions, which were to our earthquakes as an earthquake is to the vibration caused by the periodical eruption of a Geyser; but in that case the earth must, like other respectable parents, have sowed her wild oats, and got through her turbulent youth, before we, her children, have any knowledge of her.

So far as the evidence afforded by the superficial crust of the earth goes, the modern geologist can, *ex animo*, repeat the saying of Hutton, "We find no vestige of a beginning—no prospect of an end." However, he will add, with Hutton, "But in thus tracing back the natural operations which have succeeded each other, and mark to us the course of time past, we come to a period in which we cannot see any further." And if he seek to peer into the darkness of this period, he will welcome the light proffered by physics and mathematics.

T. H. HUXLEY.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT'S ARTICLE "ROME AND SPAIN."

To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

Paris, January 20th, 1875.

Rue de Rennes, 102.

SIR,

We are informed that the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, in its number of January, has published fragments of a work by Count Charles de Montalembert, under the title of "Rome and Spain (written in 1869)."

We are willing to believe that you are ignorant of the protests addressed, during the year 1872, by the Count de Montalembert's executors to various French and foreign journals against the publicity, given without permission, and through a breach of confidence, to several fragments of these identical pages.

The existence of the above-mentioned posthumous work, which remains in the possession of the Author's family, is noways denied, and our duty will be to publish it in its integrity, whenever, in conformity with M. de Montalembert's desire, circumstances may render its publication opportune.

In the meantime, and in presence of the garbled citations which tend to give this work a colour which it has not, we cannot but renew the protests already made in the name of the Author's family, and in our own, as executors of the noble Count:—

1st. That the work in question, written for the *Correspondant* by M. de Montalembert, not in 1869, but towards the end of 1868—that is, fifteen months before his death—remained unpublished during the remainder of his days, at the *express* desire of the Author.

2nd. That in his will, M. de Montalembert gave formal injunctions that none of his unpublished works should see the light, except with the consent of his executors, and only when their publication might appear to them opportune.

Our protest is the more necessary in the present instance, as the publication in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW is accompanied with circumstances which alone suffice to call for one. Firstly, the title of the work is incorrect. You call it "*Rome and Spain*;" M. de Montalembert had given it a very different title: "*Spain and Liberty*." Secondly, Count de Montalembert's article, as it stands printed in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, without any preface or explanations, is formed of a series of fragments extracted from the original text, condensing thus in 13 pages only, the Author's work, which originally contains no less than 124 pages of small type. Moreover these fragments, of which some, underlined in the Review though not so by the Author, are placed in such a manner that the reader is led to believe he has before his eyes M. de Montalembert's complete and authentic work.

We care not to dwell upon the gravity of these circumstances which (doubtless, contrary to your intention) would tend to transform the meaning and bearing of the work of which you have only given your readers an incomplete notion, without their having the means at present of becoming acquainted with it in the shape in which it emanated from the Author's pen.

We content ourselves with appealing to your impartiality and justice for the insertion of our letter in your earliest number.

Accept, Sir, &c., &c.,

LEON CORNUDET,

VICTE DE MEAUX,

Deputy of the National Assembly,

LEOPOLD DE GAILLARD,

Counsellor of State.

P.S.—As the *Weekly Register and Catholic Standard* has borrowed a passage of M. de Montalembert's work from the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, we have begged the

Editor of that paper to have the courtesy to reproduce the letter which we have the honour to address you.

We have submitted the above letter to the gentlemen who sent us M. de Montalembert's paper, and have received the following statement from them:—

"We refer Count de Montalembert's executors to replies to their protestations to be found in the following works of the Abbé Michaud:—(1.) *Les Faux Libéraux de l'Eglise Romaine*, pp. 79-81. (2.) *Le Mouvement Contemporain des Eglises*, ch. xlvii.: *Du Catholicisme de Montalembert*, pp. 386-392. (3.) *L'Opinion Nationale du 19 Juin et du 16 Octobre, 1872*. The executors will see from these books that Montalembert wrote his work, *L'Espagne et La Liberté*, in the end of 1868, but that in November, 1869, he still called it *Son Testament Politique et Religieux*.

"They will also see that it was against his will that the work was not published during his lifetime, and that he formally declared his desire that it should be published after his death, to enlighten Protestants on the incredible weakness of the moderate and reasonable Catholics of our time, in presence of the shameless and violent conduct of the dominant party.

"We maintain the perfect accuracy of all the fragments forwarded to you. Not a single word or passage has been omitted that affects the sense and the general argument. The translation is free, but not more so than was required to render the paper into elegant English.

"We may notice that Montalembert's executors, in the above letter, refute themselves. If the spirit of the work is not that which appears from the fragments published in your *Review*—if it is really favourable to the Roman Catholicism of to-day, as they try to make people suppose,—why do they keep the work so carefully shut up, notwithstanding the wish expressed by Montalembert in November, 1869? It is they, and not we, who fear the light.

"The statements of the Abbé Michaud have not been refuted; and so long as Montalembert's executors confine themselves to *protesting*, instead of *refuting*, their protestation will be in vain.

"We, if you are disposed to receive them, can forward for publication the rest of the fragments in our possession."

To this we may add that for the change of the title we ourselves are responsible.—
EDITOR, *Contemporary Review*.



A JESUIT FATHER ON PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

VOLTAIRE has remarked of Louis Maimbourg, a celebrated Jesuit of Louis XIV.'s reign, "Il eut d'abord trop de vogue, et on l'a trop négligé ensuite."

It would be irrelevant here to dwell upon the former part of this saying, but most certainly the latter part still holds true, for at the present day the name even of Louis Maimbourg is almost unknown, and yet he was one who, in his time, made no small stir, owing to his controversial and historical works. From the boldness and fearlessness of his pen, he created a host of enemies amongst the Huguenots, the Jansenists, and the Ultramontanes of his own communion. A Jesuit for fifty-sixty years, he was yet jealous, not only of the liberties of the Catholic Church, but also of those of the Gallican portion of it, as evidenced in the latter portion of his celebrated "Historical Treatise of the Foundations and Prerogatives of the Church of Rome and of her Bishops." For its publication, which caused great excitement at the time in Europe, Father Maimbourg was ordered by Pope Innocent XI. to quit the Order of the Jesuits. The treatise is now universally forgotten, and the present time has been thought a favourable one for calling attention to it and quoting some of its most striking passages. It is not the intention of the writer of this paper to express any opinion thereon, or to discuss from his own point of view the dogma of Papal Infalli-

bility. Indeed, it would be presumptuous in him to do so, when the question has been so ably argued in its different aspects, by such eminent men as Mr. Gladstone, Archbishop Manning, and Dr. Newman.

Before, however, going to the book itself, it will be interesting to give a brief sketch of the life of one, so prominent in his own day, so completely forgotten in this.

Louis Maimbourg, the son of rich and noble people, was born at Nancy, Lorraine, in 1610, and entered the Order of the Jesuits at the early age of sixteen, in consequence of his parents having founded a College for the Society in his native place. His superiors at once sent him to Rome to study theology under John de Lugo, where, in 1638, he published a funeral sermon on Nicholas Zappi, an Augustin monk. On his return to France he accepted the post of classical teacher to the College at Rouen, where he remained for six years, was subsequently appointed to the office of preacher, and discharged the same with great popularity in the chief cities of France. He was very bitter on the Jansenists, preaching against their pious translation of the New Testament, and thereby provoking the criticism of the two most eminent leaders, MM. Arnaud and Nicole. Amongst his historical works (a complete list of which may be found in Brunet's "*Manuel du Libraire*") "*The History of Arianism*," which has been translated into English by William Webster, M.A., curate of St. Dunstan's in the West, and published in 2 vols. 1728-9, and that of the "*Iconoclasts*," created also much controversy amongst the Jansenists, who, occupied with these, did not notice his other works. His histories of "*Lutheranism*" and "*Calvinism*," the latter published in 1681, excited the most bitter feelings of the Calvinists, as evidenced in their replies to his statements; but, his histories once published, he let them go their way, calmly indifferent to the opinion of his foes. It was reserved for him to feel the weight of the Pope's displeasure, when, in 1682, he published his celebrated treatise on the Pope's authority. Innocent XI. at once ordered him to quit the society of the Jesuits, of which he had been a member fifty-six years. Louis XIV. did his best to salve over the wound by allowing him a liberal pension, upon which he retired to the Abbey of St. Victor, at Paris. Judging from a passing remark in his treatise, he was already on terms of intimacy with the Canons of St. Victor, for he refers in his book (page 265, English translation) "*As writing this in my apartment in the Monastery of St. Victor, at Paris, where the Canons regular of that royal Abbey have done me the favour to let me choose an honourable retirement, suitable to my profession and way of living.*"

Louis XIV. was also possibly influenced in his favour by Maim-

bourg having dedicated his work to him, and being also an intimate friend of Father Ferrier, the King's late Confessor. Father Ferrier had died in October, 1674; but Maimbourg had, in his *Life of St. Leo*, paid a tribute to his friend's memory "as one of the most learned divines he had ever known, and for whose memory he shall always retain a singular veneration."

That Maimbourg felt his dismissal from the Order he had been associated with for more than half a century, there can be but little question, though he professed to treat it lightly, for in his will, published after his death from apoplexy, 13th August, 1686, he states, "That a gentleman of Nancy, in Lorraine, had been educated and settled from twelve years of age, and by that means was become a very faithful and loyal subject of that King; that he was now almost seventy-six years old; that his father and mother, being very rich, had founded a college for the Jesuits at Nancy fifty years ago; and that, for ten years before this foundation, they had supplied those fathers with everything they wanted." He declared that they did all this in consideration of his being admitted into that order, and yet that now he was forcibly turned out of it. He wills, therefore, by this testament, that all the lands, possessions, &c., which the Jesuits received of his father and mother do devolve at his decease to the Carthusian Monastery, near Nancy, affirming that his parents would never have conferred such large donations upon them, but upon condition that they would not banish their son from the society after they had once admitted him; and that, therefore, since these conditions had been violated on the part of the Jesuits, the possessions of his family ought to return to him." Such is the substance of Maimbourg's will as given by Bayle, and it proves that he did not regard his dismissal from the Order of the Jesuits with the equanimity he wished his old *confrères* to believe.

Maimbourg's very ably written and, at this time, most interesting book on the authority of the Pope was translated into English by one "A. Lovel," and published in London in 1685, the year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The book is, at present, extremely rare. The translator states that, "It made no small noise before it came out, and since it had been published, at Rome, the French Court, and elsewhere;" and compares the book "like to a quarter-staff, which strikes on both hands, pelts Protestants, and knocks down the Pope." He perceives this "to be an age wherein people either open their own eyes, or desire they should be opened;" and "he was therefore very willing, since he was no loser, nor, he hoped, the Government, by it, to reach to others the eye-salve that had been handed to him. . . . There was too much in the book either for a true Protestant, or a truly Jesuited Papist."

Father Maimbourg explains his reasons for writing his book in a dedication to the French king, whom he thus addresses :—

"Sir,—One of the greatest impediments that hinders the re-union of Protestants with the Roman Church, from which, by a fatal schism, they are separated, is that false opinion wherewith they are prejudiced, that we raise the Popes even above the Universal Church, in attributing to them what only belongs to her, and in giving them an absolute and unlimited power not only in spirituals, but also over the temporal and crown of princes."

He then speaks of the "desire the Gallican Church has to help the King in his great zeal for the conversion of his subjects who continue still in error, that she hath thought she could not do anything to better purpose than to remove that obstacle by a solemn declaration upon a point of that importance;" and that "it is the business of this treatise, which is purely historical, to make this out, by matters of fact, against which no subtlety, argumentation, nor artifice of novelty can hold good." He tells the King that "he has most solidly established the primacy of the Pope against the novel attempts of heretics who dispute it." . . . And at the same time takes from them all pretext of revolt, by letting them see "that we believe not that which scandalizes them," &c.

For his own part, he says, he has but little longer to live, but that he shall die content if he can but join a little by his pen in enlarging the empire of the Church, by the conversion of heretics, which, he tells the King, "*by most soft and efficacious ways he procures*" (language which, in the present day, sounds like most bitter irony), and that he hopes, by his writings, and particularly by this, to prove to all the world that he is as true a Catholic as a good Frenchman.

The author then, in thirty chapters, discusses his subject, the first five chapters being devoted to proving the true and proper position of the Pope in Christendom, and his primacy over all other bishops.

Chapter 6 is headed, "The State of the Question concerning the Infallibility of the Pope."

"Whether or not when he defines without a Council, and without the consent of the Church, he may err." In this, and subsequent chapters, the question of Papal Infallibility and the authority of general Councils is considered. In the remaining chapters, the power of the Pope over temporals, the authority of sovereigns over their subjects, and the allegiance due from subjects, from which Popes cannot dispense them, is ably argued.

Having thus given a summary of the book, it will be interesting to make a few quotations.

After dwelling, in chapter 5, on "the rights and advantages that the primacy gives to the Bishop of Rome over all other

bishops," and the prerogatives and rights inseparable from the Chair of Rome, in which all Catholics agree, Father Maimbourg says: "However, it is very well known, that at present they are not all of the same mind as to certain other prerogatives, which some grant, and others will not allow to him; and especially these four, which are—Infallibility, Superiority over a General Council, the Absolute Power of governing the Church independently of the Canons, and the direct or indirect Power over Temporals. And, therefore, "I must now, without deviating from my principle drawn from antiquity, make appear, without disputing and reasoning, but as a bare relater of the sentiments of the Councils, and Fathers, nay, and of the Popes themselves, what venerable antiquity hath always believed concerning these points."

He thus concludes chapter 5, and opens chapter 6 with—"The question stated concerning the Infallibility of the Pope." After stating what the question is not, he thus proceeds:—

"The question, then, that may be debated, is to know whether, when he speaks from his Chair of Rome, as the master and teacher of all believers, and having well examined the point in hand, in several congregations, his consistory, or his synod of his suffragans, of his cardinals and doctors, nay, and having consulted universities, and by most public and solemn prayers, begged the assistance of the Holy Ghost, he teaches all Christians, defines, proposes to the whole Church, by a bull or constitution, what Christians are to believe; whether, I say, when he pronounces in this manner, he be infallible or not, and whether his judgment, given and declared in that manner, may not be corrected by an universal Council. And this, methinks, is all that can be said, in clear and formal terms, as to the state of this formal question.

"And it is the very same, about which all Catholic doctors do not agree. For most part of the doctors on the other side of the Alps, especially the famous Cardinals Cajetan, Baronius, and Bellarmine, and all the authors who have followed them, will have the Pope in that case—when he declares solemnly to all believers, by his constitutions, what they are to believe as to any controverted point—to be noways liable to a mistake.

"On the contrary, an infinite number of the most noted doctors of their time, as Gerson, Major, Almanus, the Faculty of Theology of Paris, so often and so publicly praised by the Popes and all France, as it is even acknowledged by the doctors Navarre, Victoria and John Celaia, Spaniards; Denis the Carthusian; Tostalus Bishop of Avila, in his Commentaries upon St. Matthew, in the second part of his *Defensorium*; Thomas Illyrius, a Cordelier, in his "Buckler against Luther," which he dedicated to Pope Adrian VI.; the Cardinals of Cusa, of Cambray, and of Florence; the Bishops of France in their Assembly, representing

the Gallican Church; Æneas Sylvius before he was Pope; Pope Adrian VI. when he was Professor at Louvain, in his Commentary upon the Fourth of the Sentences, which he caused to be reprinted at Rome, when he was Pope, without any alterations; and a thousand other most Catholic doctors of the universities of France, Germany, Poland, and of the Low Countries, who have all very well defended the primacy of the Pope,—all these, I say, maintain that he is not infallible, if he do not pronounce in a general Council, or with the consent of the Church.

“The diversity of sentiments amongst Catholics about that subject is, then, a matter of fact not to be questioned.”

He then proposes to relate what was the belief of the ancient Church concerning this point, and in chapter 7 speaks of St. Peter being reprehended by St. Paul. After stating his case Maimbourg quotes St. Augustine, in reference to the action of St. Peter, “St. Paul, saith St. Augustine, was obliged publicly to reprove St. Peter, that he might cure all the rest by that remedy; for an error that did hurt to the public was not to be rebuked privately. If St. Paul said true, St. Peter walked not then according to the truth of the Gospel, and did what he ought not to have done.” So convinced is St. Augustine that St. Peter on that occasion erred, that he makes use of that instance to excuse the error of St. Cyprian concerning the baptism of heretics, which he deemed invalid. “If St. Peter, saith he, could compel the Gentiles to Judaize, contrary to the rule of truth which the Church hath since followed, why might not St. Cyprian compel heretics and schismatics to be re-baptized, contrary to the rule of truth, which the whole Church hath observed since?” St. Augustine also makes use of the same instance to condemn that error of St. Cyprian. “I admit not, says he, that doctrine of Cyprian, though I be incomparably inferior to that great man, as, though I be incomparably less than St. Peter, yet I admit not, neither do what he did, in compelling the Jews to Judaize.” And Maimbourg goes on to say: “An infinite number of great men have in that followed St. Augustine as the master and chief of the doctors; but at present I shall only produce one whose authority far surpasses that of all the rest. And that is Pope Pelagius II., who, following the example of St. Augustine in relation to St. Cyprian, acknowledges and, at the same time, excuses the error of Pope Vigilius, by that of St. Peter. It is a very remarkable matter of fact. Take it thus.”

Maimbourg then, at great length, relates this matter of fact, the substance of which is—that after the condemnation of Nestorius by the Council of Ephesus, some of his party published certain writings of one “Theodore of Mopsuestia,” wherein, under other terms than those used by Nestorius, he said almost the same thing,

but not in such a formal manner, and therefore not so easily discerned. Inasmuch as Theodore had, in his lifetime, been held in great veneration, his book excited great controversy—John, Patriarch of Antioch, maintaining, on the one side, that there was nothing to be found fault with in it; others, of whom Rabula, Bishop of Edessa, was the leader, asserting that the book contained pure Nestorianism, a little disguised. The dispute increased after Rabula's death, when his successor, Ibas, in opposition to his predecessor, wrote a long letter to Maris Persan, a Nestorian, highly praising Theodore's book, speaking sharply of St. Cyril of Alexandria, known as the scourge of Nestorianism, and at the same time condemning the doctrine of Nestorius. Some time after, Ibas was accused in the Council of Chalcedon, his letter produced against him, and read in full Council. Nothing was found in it but praises of Theodore (whose book had not been examined) and abuse of St. Cyril. Inasmuch as Ibas, in that Council, anathematized Nestorius, and condemned his doctrine more severely than he had done in his letter, he was absolved, as well as one Theodoret, who had written more bitterly against St. Cyril than Ibas. The three writings were henceforth known as the Three Chapters, favourable to the cause of Nestorianism, unfavourable therefore to the opinion of Eutyches. The Emperor Justinian was easily persuaded that if these Three Chapters were condemned, the Catholics might be reconciled with the Acephali, a remnant of the Eutychians. Justinian, who desired with ardent zeal the peace of the Church, at once undertook the matter, and issued an edict against these Three Chapters, which was signed by Mennas and the other Patriarchs of the East. In order to give greater force to the condemnation, he, being master of Italy, made Pope Vigilius come to Constantinople, that he might also sign it. This Pope's career had been a most extraordinary one. Through the interest of the Empress Theodora, he was made Anti-Pope in the place of Sylverius, the lawful Pope, whom Theodora caused to be deposed and banished. Vigilius, at the wish of the Empress, condemned the Three Chapters, and approved of the faith of Anthimius. Sylverius, in his exile, excommunicated Vigilius as Anti-Pope, but, dying shortly after, the clergy of Rome, to avoid a schism, elected Vigilius canonically, who at once, as true Pope veered round, condemned Anthimius as an Eutychian, and recalled his condemnation of the Three Chapters. At this juncture of affairs, he was called by the Emperor to Constantinople, to approve the condemnation of the Three Chapters. In this difficulty he thought, as many Easterns did, that to do so would be to impeach the Council of Chalcedon, which had received Ibas and Theodoret, the defenders of Theodore of Mopsuestia. But it was represented to him that, before receiving

these men, the Council had condemned the Nestorians, and had not examined the works of Theodore and Theodoret, but inasmuch as the doctrines of Nestorius condemned in the Council of Ephesus were contained in these writings, he ought to condemn them. Vigilius at length gave way, and in the following year condemned the Three Chapters with this reserve:—"Saving the respect and submission which is due to the Council of Chalcedon." Justinian, extremely dissatisfied, seeing the question concerned not that Council, which had not examined the books, desired Vigilius to condemn them absolutely, and without that modification, for fear the Nestorians might use it for escaping a like condemnation. Vigilius, who had the fear of the Council before his eyes, would not yield; and after many debates, the Emperor, in order to end the matter, and restore peace to the Church, summoned the Fifth Council to be held at Constantinople in spite of Vigilius, who in his obstinacy made a new constitution, protecting the Three Chapters, and forbidding their condemnation. Notwithstanding his opposition, they were condemned, and because the Pope still withheld his consent the Emperor banished him, but shortly after, on changing his opinion, and censuring in writing what he had before approved, his liberty was restored, and he was sent home to his See. This was his fourth and last change, for before reaching Rome he died in Sicily in the following year. His death did not heal the schism; for although his successors admitted the decrees of the Council, which holds the fifth place amongst the Ecumenical Councils, yet many bishops, including those of Africa and Istria, taking no notice of the last change of Vigilius, held with him in his former censures of the Three Chapters, forbidding all believers to condemn them, notwithstanding that Pope Pelagius II., who held the See two or three and twenty years after Vigilius, tried his very utmost to make them see their error. Their answer was that the Roman Church had taught them the contrary of what they were at present required to believe, and that "the Holy See, by Pope Vigilius and the other bishops of the West, when that cause began to be debated, had vigorously opposed the condemnation of these *Three Chapters*." Whereupon, to quote Maimbourg's own words, "That wise Pope told them, ingenuously and convincingly, that for that very reason they ought to condemn them, because that vigorous resistance was an evident sign that the Romans and other Occidentals yielded not, till at length they came to the knowledge of the truth, which they had not known before, and clearly saw that they had been mistaken in approving and maintaining writings which ought to be condemned. And he adds that it is a very laudable change to turn from error to truth. He, moreover, confirms that argument by the examples of St. Peter and St. Paul."

“‘St. Paul,’ said he, ‘long resisted the truth of the Gospel, and was the most zealous asserter of Judaism against the Christians, whom he persecuted. By that he proves to the Jews and Gentiles, that they ought to embrace Christianity, because after so great resistance he would not have yielded to Jesus Christ, if he had not clearly known the truth, and that he had been in an error before. St. Peter,’ continues he, ‘held long for the necessity of the legal observations, compelling the Gentiles to Judaize. He yielded afterward to reason and truth by the reproof that St. Paul gave him, telling him, that he walked not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel. After that, changing his conduct, he powerfully withstood those who, in the Council of Jerusalem, would have subjected Christians to the yoke of the ancient Law.

“‘Would they have had reason, then, to have said to him, when they saw him teach the quite contrary to what he had preached before, We will not hear what you tell us at present, because you formerly preached to us quite another thing? Not at all, because these two Apostles having long resisted the truth of the Gospel, each in his way, and at length followed that truth, changed from evil to good.’ So goes on that Pope, making a right application of these two instances, to the point of the Three Chapters, the Holy See ought not to be upbraided with a change, since after it hath found out the truth which it searched into, it now condemns the Three Chapters, which it approved before it found the truth.” After further instancing the cases of St. Peter and St. Paul, Maimbourg goes on to say:—
 “‘It follows, then, from these matters of fact which I have now most faithfully related, that a great Pope, and those Holy Fathers, the most venerable and learned of antiquity, have not believed, even according to St. Paul, that St. Peter was infallible, nor by consequent that the Popes who have no greater privilege and prerogative than St. Peter had, have received that gift of infallibility.”

In chapter 8, treating of the great debate between Pope Victor and the Bishops of Asia, as to the proper time for observing Easter and the duration of the Lenten Fast, after quoting his facts and authorities, he thus finishes the chapter:—

“This being so, it is evident to all men, that neither these Bishops of Asia and of the East, nor St. Irenæus and the Gallican Church, nor the bishops of other countries, who wrote so smartly to Pope Victor in favour of these Eastern Churches, did believe the Pope to be infallible. For had they believed it, it is certain, on the one hand, that these Asiatics would have submitted to the decree of the Pope as they afterwards submitted to that of a Council, because they believed as all other Catholics do, that a Council is infallible; and, on the other hand, it is very clear that

St. Irenæus, and so many other bishops, would not have written as they did to Pope Victor, and found fault with his conduct: for they never questioned but that those who refused to obey an infallible tribunal ought to be condemned and punished. It was not, then, believed in the Church, that the Pope had the gift of infallibility, though he might make a decree for the instruction of all believers."

Chapter 9, speaking of the famous contest between the Pope St. Stephen and St. Cyprian concerning the baptism of heretics, dwells minutely on the subject; authorities are quoted, and facts are stated in reference to the dispute between the Pope and St. Cyprian, and it is maintained that "these are not bare conjectures that may be doubted of, but uncontroverted matters of fact." A man needs no more but eyes in his head to prove them, by reading the testimonies. "It must necessarily then follow," continues Maimbourg, "seeing they submitted to a Council, because they knew it to be infallible, which was not done in regard to the Pope St. Stephen, that St. Cyprian, Firmilian of Cæsarea, Denis of Alexandria, St. Athanasius, St. Optatus, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Basil, St. Augustine, and most Catholic bishops of Egypt, Asia, and Africa, not to mention those who, in the interval of almost threescore years that was betwixt Pope Stephen and the Council, had liberty to follow the party of St. Cyprian, believed not in the third, fourth, and fifth ages of the Church that the Pope was infallible. What can be answered to that?" He then consults the Council in question, or rather, to use the author's own words, "the Councils which have pronounced sovereignly concerning that point of the baptism of heretics. You have," he says, "three of them: first, the full Council, which is the first Council of Arles . . . the great Council of Nice twelve years after; and the First Council of Constantinople, which is the second General . . . That being so," continues Maimbourg, "there is no more to be done but to compare these decrees of Councils with those of the Pope St. Stephen, and of St. Cyprian. This Pope decrees that if any one return from any heresy whatsoever, he shall have only hands laid upon him, without being re-baptized. St. Cyprian says, on the contrary, that if any one return from any heresy whatsoever, he ought to be re-baptized. These are two extremes, directly opposite one to another. The three Councils take the middle course, explaining the one, and condemning the other. They are not for re-baptizing the Novatians and other heretics, who baptize in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and they hold their baptism to be lawful and good, according to the true Apostolical tradition; but they are also absolutely for re-baptizing the Paulanists, and all such, who baptize not in the Name of the *Father*, and of the *Son*, and of the *Holy Ghost*, thereby

clearly defining that their baptism is null; and therein they explain and rectify the decree of the Pope St. Stephen, adding but in formal terms an exception, which is only understood therein. They plainly then declare, on the one hand, how the decree of St. Stephen is to be understood; and on the other, that St. Cyprian, who expressed himself clearly enough in his, was deceived, but very innocently, because, as St. Augustine says, the truth was not then discovered and declared by the Council. Now seeing before that declaration, one might, according to that holy Father, freely follow the opinion of St. Cyprian, notwithstanding the decree of the Pope, and that, after that of the Council, one had not the same liberty, it is altogether evident, that it must once more be concluded, that it is because the ancient Church believed that a Council is infallible, and that the Pope is not."

Chapter 10, "The fall of Liberius" opens thus: "These two holy Popes, Victor and Stephen, whom so many Catholic bishops of the ancient Church have not believed to be infallible, had, notwithstanding, the truth on their side, and in their favour the Councils decided. But there are others, who, according to the unquestionable testimonials of the ancients, have fallen into error: whence it may be irrefragably concluded, upon better reason, that antiquity reckoned them not infallible. I shall only allege seven or eight of the most evident instances, which will be sufficient to prove that the ancients acknowledged no other infallibility amongst men but what God hath given to his Church."

Maimbourg then quotes Liberius as the first, "who, to get himself recalled from the exile to which the Arian Emperor had banished him, and to remount the Pontifical Throne which Felix had usurped, solemnly approved Arianism. This he did by condemning, jointly with the Arians, St. Athanasius, the great defender of the Faith and scourge of Arianism; besides, by suppressing the term *Consubstantial*, which distinguished a Catholic from an Arian, and which is, in a manner, the character and mark of Catholicity; nay, more, by receiving the most obstinate Arians into his Communion; and, in a word, by subscribing to the scandalous formulary of Sirmium, which was presented to him by the head of the Semi-Arians."

Further instances are then given of Liberius' conduct in the Papal Chair and his "deplorable fall," and it is stated "that we need no other proof fully to persuade us of it, that Rome herself, and all her Clergy—or, to say better, the Church of Rome, which so abhorred that scandalous declaration of Liberius—that on the spot she deposed him from his Papacy, as an Arian heretic of public notoriety. . . . This being so, is it not clear that the Church of Rome herself, in the fourth age, did not believe the Pope to be infallible?"

In chapter 11 the author gives Pope Vigilius as his second instance. Inasmuch as his case has been already most fully treated in chapter 7, in connection with what is theologically known as the Three Chapters, it will suffice to quote the last sentence of the chapter: "The Popes, for all they are heads of the Church, are not therefore infallible."

Chapter 12, as the third instance, treats of the condemnation of Honorius in the sixth Council (a condemnation of which modern controversialists have availed themselves). On this most interesting point Maimbourg dwells at some length. He says:—

"The same appears clearly also in the case of Pope Honorius, of whom so much hath been written in these later times. I am not for contesting with anybody. I shall only produce matter of fact, which, being barely related, will clearly determine that affair." After producing this matter of fact, he thus concludes the chapter:—

"Whereupon it is easy to conclude, from most manifest matters of fact alone, that all Antiquity, Ecumenical Councils, Popes, all the Gallican Church, nay, and even the Church of Rome, until the last age, have believed that the sixth Council received by all the Church hath condemned Pope Honorius. . . . Whence it clearly follows, that Antiquity hath believed that the Pope was not infallible. . . . Then a whole great Council of above two hundred bishops of the seventh age, representing the Universal Church in her pastors lawfully assembled, did not believe the Pope to be infallible. . . . The result of all, that Antiquity in the seventh, eighth, and ninth ages, as well as in those that preceded, hath believed that the Pope was not infallible."

He leaves to modern doctors, who hold his infallibility, "the liberty of thinking and saying thereupon whatever they please, for by logic they can never overthrow the truth of matters of fact," which he has produced, "and which make known what Antiquity hath believed concerning the infallibility of the Pope."

Chapter 13 treats of the Popes Clement III., Innocent III., Boniface VIII., and Sixtus V., and quotes the Bull *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., recalled by Clement V., in the Council of Vienna, from which the author concludes "that the Pope then, and that Council in the fourteenth century, believed not the Pope was infallible." The same may be said of the Bull of Sixtus V., printed with his Bible, and suppressed by Clement VIII.

In this chapter an error of Innocent III. is recorded concerning the secret of confession. So curious a question of casuistry is debated, that it would be a pity to lose it. "It was related," says Maimbourg, "by Cæsarius, a Cistercian monk, and contemporary with Innocent." He says "that a monk of his Order, who, without doubt, before he entered the monastery, had given it out that he was a priest, committed daily a dreadful sacrilege in celebrating

mass, though he had never received sacred orders. Having confessed this to his abbot, who failed not to enjoin him, as he ought, to abstain from saying it for the future, he would not obey him: for, on the one hand, he feared that by refraining he should disgrace himself, and give occasion to his brethren to think ill of him; and, on the other, he thought he had no cause to apprehend that his abbot, to whom he had discovered his crime under the inviolable seal of confession, durst do him any prejudice because of that discovery."

The abbot, being in great perplexity, bethought himself to propose this case in general terms, in a chapter of his Order that was held some time after; and asking the question, what was to be done if such a case should ever happen in their monasteries, the whole assembly were as much puzzled as the good abbot had been; and neither the Chapter of the Cistercians, nor any of the rest, durst ever undertake to decide that case of conscience, which was thought to be so difficult that it was resolved upon by all to write about it to the Pope for a resolution.

"Innocent III., then Pope, assembled thereupon the cardinals, doctors, and learned men, to take their advice, who, after some debate, agreed all in his judgment, to wit: That such a confession being rather blasphemy than a confession, the confessor, in such a case, ought to discover so horrible a crime, because it might bring great prejudice to the Church. And the year following he wrote to the Chapter what he had determined, and what was approved in that great congregation of cardinals. It is not at all to be doubted, but that that definition is wrong; so that the same Pope, a little after, made no scruple to retract it in the great Council of Lateran where he himself presided, which positively declared the contrary in these terms: *Let the priest have a care that he discover not, either by word, sign, or in any other way whatsoever, the sin of his penitent. That if any one presume to reveal the sin that hath been discovered to him at the Tribunal of Confession, we ordain, not only that he be deposed from the sacerdotal office, but also that he be confined to a monastery, there to do penance during life.*"

"These are," continues Maimbourg, "two quite opposite decisions upon a point of highest importance, and which concerns a Sacrament—one of the Pope with his particular Council, or his Council of cardinals, priests, and deacons, who represent the Church of Rome; the other of the same Pope, with a great Council representing the Universal Church. Whence comes that difference, if it be not, that the Pope pronouncing and deciding upon any point concerning doctrine and manners in a general Council, or with the consent of the Church, is infallible; and when he acts otherwise he is not?"

Chapter 14, speaking of the "error attempted to be introduced

into the Church at the instance of Pope John XXII., with the whole force of his authority," in his extreme old age of nearly ninety, states that "he took a conceit that, as a certain and constant truth, the opinion of some ought to be established in the Church, who had heretofore taught that the souls of those who died in grace, and had been entirely purged from all the remaining dregs of their sins, did not see the face of God till after the resurrection. He did all that lay in his power to have it pass. He taught it publicly in conferences and congregations which he held upon that subject; he preached it himself; he obliged, by his example, the cardinals and prelates of his Court, and other doctors, openly to maintain it. He caused a learned Jacobin, named Father Thomas de Valas, to be put in prison, who, not doubting but that opinion was an error contrary to the express word of the Son of God, who said to the good thief, '*This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise,*' preached the contrary even in Avignon, where the Pope held his Court." Maimbourg then mentions the attempt of the Pope to introduce his novel opinions into France, sending there two Doctors with the General of the *Cordeliers* "who publicly maintained that doctrine, and preached the same; which stirred up all Paris against them," The King, Philip de Valois, who would suffer no novelty of doctrine in his kingdom, at once summoned all the bishops and abbots then in Paris, with the Doctors of the Faculty, "who in his presence confounded those of Avignon, and proved to them that what they had preached by order of the Pope, was heretical." After stating the conduct of the Pope "who would neither wholly retract, nor yet, on the other hand, provoke the King, whose protection he stood in need of, took a middle course, which he thought would not be disagreeable unto him, and prayed him to be satisfied, that every one might continue in their opinion, and say, teach, and preach what they thought good upon that subject," the King again assembled the Faculty, who by a decree of the 2nd of January, 1303, at the Mathurins, declared again "that the opinion in question was heretical, and that by consequent it could neither be preached nor taught." Philip at once proscribed the doctrine by sound of trumpet, forbidding all his subjects to teach or maintain it; and further wrote to the Pope in such forcible terms, that his Holiness retracted his heresy a little before his death. Maimbourg thus concludes this chapter: "It was believed in that fourteenth age that the Pope, teaching the Church, might err, and that he is not infallible but when he pronounces from the Chair of the Universal Church, as head of it, in a general Council, or with consent of the principal members of the Church, who are the bishops."

Chapter 15 instances Popes not only condemning their prede-

cessors, but specially mentions two, Adrian VI. and Paul IV., who refused to attribute to themselves the gift of infallibility. Paul IV., before his promotion to the Papal Chair, had, as grand inquisitor, been most severe and zealous against all heretics for the preservation of the purity of the Catholic faith. In 1557 he held a great congregation of cardinals, bishops, and doctors at Rome, to decide "whether, by the power of the keys which Jesus Christ had given him as successor to St. Peter, he could dissolve a marriage between one of the Montmorencys and the Lady de Piennes."

The Pope reminds them, the question was about deciding a point of very great importance concerning a Sacrament—that they must not allege to him the example of his predecessors—that he would not follow them, except in so far as they were conformable to the authority of Holy Scripture, and solid reasons of divinity. *"For I make no doubt,"* he says, *"but that my predecessors and I may fail, not only in this, but in many other things,"* . . . *"Wherefore have no respect to examples, and don't tell me what this man or that man of my predecessors have determined about this matter in a like case. Consider only whether these Popes have understood rightly or not what they have decided concerning this matter of marriage which we examine."*

"There is a Pope," continues Maimbourg, "who doubtless will never be accused of having failed in maintaining the pontifical authority, that nevertheless frankly confesses, and in very plain terms, that he and his predecessors may have erred in decisions that they may have made concerning points relating to the faith. So that, from all that I have hitherto said upon that subject, it may evidently be concluded, that great saints of the ancient Church—bishops in all parts of Christendom, in the East, in the West, and in Africa, full and general Councils, ancient Popes who have either presided in or consented to these Councils—in a word, that all Antiquity hath believed, that the Pope deciding by his pontifical authority, without the consent of the Church, is not at all infallible."

Chapter 16 states "the question touching the superiority of a Council over the Pope, or of the Pope over a Council," and thus opens:—

"If I proceeded in this treatise by way of discourse and argument I might soon conclude, . . . for if Antiquity hath believed, as I think I have demonstrated, that the Pope is not infallible, and that he may be deceived in his decrees, it is most evident that it hath also been believed, by necessary consequence, that the tribunal of the Universal Church, which, without contradiction, is infallible, and represented by a General Council, is above that of the Pope. But because, for avoiding of dispute, I only allege evident matter of fact, against which all the arguments in the world can

never prevail; for, in fine, can one by dint of argument make that which has been, never to have been? I shall only relate what the ancient Church hath believed touching that famous question. Seeing the state of the question ought plainly, and without ambiguity, to be proposed for avoiding perplexity, to the end that people may first agree about the thing that is in question, and that it may not be said, as it oftentimes happens after much jangling and dispute, without concluding anything, that the thing was understood in a quite different sense than it was proposed in: take, therefore, the question as follows."

He then puts the question (of which the substance is)—
 "Whether a Council lawfully assembled, the Pope being the head thereof, and having a right to preside, is above the Pope, having sovereign authority over him, so that he is bound to submit to its decrees and definitions, to approve them, and consent thereunto, though in himself he be of a contrary judgment; or whether the Pope is so above all other members of the Council united together, be he there, or not, that if he approve and confirm not, by his assent and authority, the decrees and definitions thereof, that Council has no authority neither over him, nor over believers?"

In this, precisely, continues our author, consists that question "which hath not been moved in the Church since the Council of Pisa in 1409. And the reason why it was never spoken of before is, because it was not at all doubted in the ancient Church, but that a Council was above the Pope. I shall," he says, "make it out by matters of fact, against which no reply can be made."

And this he proceeds in succeeding chapters to do, quoting the sayings of Popes themselves as to the superiority of a Council. He also dwells, in chapter 20, upon the subjection of Popes to the Canons, having much to say on this point, quoting what he terms an excellent sentiment of Innocent III.: "A great Pope, great Canonist, and great Lawyer, who speaks like a Pope, when he says, *We will, that all that is undertaken and attempted against the holy Canons, be void and null; and we will it so much the rather, that the authority of the holy Church wherein we preside moves and inclines us to it.* As if by that he would tell us, that the authority of the Church depends upon the observation of her Canons and Laws, and not on the liberty that a Pope might take to violate them."

And he concludes, from all that he has said in this chapter, "this truth of fact results, that all antiquity hath believed that, Popes being subject to the decrees of Councils, and obliged to act and govern according to the laws that are prescribed to them by the Canons, Councils by consequent are above the Pope."

Chapter 21 gives the decision of General Councils on the point. It will suffice here to quote what the Council of Constance decreed, after much debate, and when the Pope had withdrawn himself.

"It was by common consent thus concluded and defined: '*That the holy Council lawfully assembled, and representing the Church militant, hath received immediately from Jesus Christ a power which all and every one, even the Pope himself, are obliged to obey, in all that concerns the Faith, the extirpation of Schism, and the general reformation of the Church of God in its Head and Members.*' And in order to prevent any saying that the above was only to be understood during the time of a schism it is added to the decree in the following session: '*That whatever Pope refuses to obey the decrees not only of this Council, but also of any other that shall be lawfully called, ought to be punished if he amend not.*'"

This Council afterwards exercised its authority over Pope John, and Martin his successor approved of its decrees, and decided as did also Eugenius IV., "That every Council representing the Universal Church is superior to the Pope."

In chapters 22 to 25 Maimbourg completely demolishes the arguments of a Canon of Antwerp, one "Sieur Emmanuel Schels-trale," Under Library-keeper at the Vatican, "who undertakes to overthrow all that the clergy of France have asserted concerning these decrees;" and he therein proves, in opposition to the Canon, that the Pope is "Head, but not master of the Universal Church," Jesus Christ having said to St. Peter, as well as to the other apostles, "*The princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, but it shall not be so among you.*" "And that entirely," he says, "ruins that odious comparison that some would make between our Kings, who are over the States of their kingdom, and the Popes, whom they would place over the whole Church. There is a great deal of difference. Our Kings are the masters in their States, *exercise dominion over them*, but not the Popes in the Church; *but it shall not be so with you.* The Pope, then, is but a part of the Church, and of a General Council that represents it, and not the master."

In chapter 26, a most important one, "the state of the question touching the power that some doctors have attributed to Popes over the temporal," and "the distinction of the direct and indirect power," is ably treated. The author speaks of "some so devoted to the Court of Rome, which differs much from the Holy See, that they have dared to publish that the Pope, representing the person of Jesus Christ, who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, may depose Kings if they fail in their duty, as these Kings may turn off their officers who behave not themselves. And it was," continues he, "this direct power which Boniface VIII. took to himself in his Bull *Tuæ unam Sanctam*, recalled by his successor, Clement V." The chapter thus concludes:—"Now seeing that opinion, which the Gallican Church and all our doctors have always reckoned very dangerous and inconsistent with public tranquillity, hath still vouchers amongst some modern doctors,

especially beyond the Alps, I must now make it appear, according to the method which I have followed in this treatise, what the doctrine of antiquity is as to that, and that the ancients have always believed that neither the Pope, nay, nor the Church have received any power from Jesus Christ but only over things merely spiritual, and wholly distinct from temporals; that therefore Kings and Sovereign Princes, according to the appointment of God, are not subject, as to temporals, either directly or indirectly, to any ecclesiastical power, as depending upon God alone, who hath established them; and that they cannot be deposed, upon any pretext whatsoever, by the authority of the Church, nor their subjects absolved from the oath of allegiance and obedience that they owe them. This I shall briefly and solidly prove by matters of fact which cannot be denied."

He then, in chapter 27, gives "What Jesus Christ and his Apostles have taught us."

In chapter 28, "What hath been the Judgment of the Ancient Fathers of the Church."

In chapter 29, "The Judgment of Ancient Popes over Temporals," which chapter he thus finishes:—"That which all antiquity hath believed that the Church herself—infallible as she is, which the Pope, according to the same antiquity, is not—hath not received from her heavenly Spouse the gift of infallibility but as to matters purely spiritual, and wholly abstracted from the temporal and the kingdom of the world, wherein Jesus Christ, who hath said, '*My kingdom is not of this world,*' would never meddle."

Chapter 30, which concludes this very remarkable and able treatise, quotes what has been always the opinion of the Gallican Church, and of all France, in the statement of the Chamber of Clergy, in 1615:—"That they acknowledged that the King, in temporals, can have no other superior but God alone, and that the Vicar of Jesus Christ hath no jurisdiction over matters purely temporal." It also quotes the terms expressed by the University of Paris, the 22nd January, 1615:—"That our Kings depend upon none but God, as to temporals, and that there is no power upon earth that can depose them, nor dispense with or absolve their subjects from the obedience and allegiance that they owe to them, under any pretext whatsoever." It further quotes the declaration made by the archbishops and bishops assembled at Paris by order of the King (1682), as representing the French Church, and in the first article of which they declare, "*That God hath given to St. Peter, and his successors the Vicars of Jesus Christ, and to the Church, power over spiritual matters which belong to eternal salvation, but not over civil and temporal, the Lord having said, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' And that apostolical decree ought to remain firm and inviolable, 'Let every*

soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God; whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God.' *That kings and princes then, according to the ordinance of God, are not subject to any ecclesiastical power, and that they cannot be deposed, neither directly nor indirectly, by the power and authority of the Keys of the Church; that their subjects cannot be exempted from the obligation that lies upon them to obey them, nor be absolved from the oath of allegiance which they have taken to them; and that that doctrine ought inviolably to be observed, as not only necessary for the public peace, but also useful to the Church, and as being conformable to the Word of God, the traditions of the Fathers, and the example of saints.*"

In the six propositions also that were presented to the King, 1663, in the name of the Sacred Faculty of Theology, by the then Archbishop de Prefixe, of Paris, and visitor of the Sorbonne, occur these two:—

"That it is not the doctrine of the Faculty that the Pope hath any authority over the temporal of the most Christian King; that on the contrary, it hath always opposed even those who would have that authority only indirect."

"That it is the doctrine of the same Faculty that the most Christian King hath no other superior in temporal affairs but God alone; and that this is the ancient doctrine of the Faculty, from which it will never swerve."

The author states, "that following that principle which both Catholics and Protestants equally agree to, he has held a mean betwixt the two extremes that ought to be shunned." "One is of those who, blinded by hatred against the Church of Rome, would take from the Pope the prerogatives which antiquity hath believed were given him by Jesus Christ, as successor of St. Peter. The other of those who, through a zeal not according to knowledge, attribute to the Popes what antiquity, instructing us by the Fathers, the Councils, and even the most ancient and most holy Popes themselves, have believed they never have received from Jesus Christ."

And in concluding his work with the words of Vincentius Lirinensis, that "the Catholic Christian will have great care to stick close to antiquity, which cannot be deceived by the artifice of novelty," Father Maimbourg says, "he had no other design in composing his work but to discharge the duty of a good Catholic."

Although Brunet gives a complete list of Maimbourg's historical works, published in Paris 1679 and following years, and mentions also his *Lives of St. Leo and St. Gregory*, he yet omits all reference to his "*Lenten Sermons*," published in Paris, in 2 vols., 1670, and to three of his controversial treatises, known as "*small pieces*."

One of these treatises was so highly esteemed by the Gallican Church, that it holds the fifth rank in the six methods of converting the Huguenots, recommended by the French clergy to the

controversialists in 1682. Peter Jurieu, nick-named the Goliath of Protestantism, in his book, "De la Puissance de l'Eglise," published at Rouen 1677, confesses that Maimbourg's treatise "lacks neither address nor spirit." Its title is "La Méthode de pacifique pour ramener sans dispute les Protestans à la vraie foi sur le point de l'Eucharistie, au sujet de la contestation touchant la perpétuité de la Foi du même mystère;" and it treats of the method observed in Holland in the disputes between the Arminians and the Gomarists.

The words of the memoirs drawn up by the assembly of the French clergy in 1682, speak of it thus: "The fifth is the pacific method founded upon the Synod of Dordrecht, which has been received by all the Churches P. R. of France, and which has determined from Holy Writ, that when a dispute happens about any controverted article betwixt two parties in the Church, it ought to be referred to the opinion of the Church, otherwise the party which refuses to submit to her decision to be accounted guilty of schism and heresy." No clue is given to the letters "P. R.," but they may possibly mean Protestant and Roman. A great controversy was raging at that time in France, between M. Arnaud and M. Claude, the opponent of Bossuet in the celebrated dispute at the house of the Countess de Roie on the 1st of March, 1678, and the author of a small book which, in the words of one of his biographers, "occasioned the most famous dispute that was ever carried on in France between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics."

The titles of Maimbourg's two other "small pieces" are "De la vraie Eglise de Jésus Christ," and "De la vraie Parole de Dieu."

Maimbourg also appears to have published some letters under the *nom de plume* of Francis Romain, which deal with the manner of reconciling submission to the Pope with that which belongs to the King. They were printed in Paris 1670, and republished the third time in 1682,

It is much to be regretted that Maimbourg, who, at the time of his death, was occupied on a "History of the English Schism," did not live to complete his work; for, to quote Bayle, "it may be said he had a peculiar talent for such works. They are very agreeably written, containing many lively strokes, and a great variety of occasional instructions. There are few historians, even among those who write better, and are more learned and exact than he, who have the art of engaging the reader so much as he does. I wish that those who would exceed him in candour and knowledge, would give us all the histories which he had undertaken to write if he had lived twenty years longer, and that they would set them off with the same attractions that he does; it would be no small advantage to the learned world."

EDWIN H. BAVERSTOCK.



THE COVENANTERS, CHARLES II., AND ARGYLE.

SO early as the middle of the 12th century, Scotland had realized for itself a national character so marked, that the English monk Samson, of St. Edmondsbury, travelling in Italy, assumed by way of disguise the garb of a Scotchman, and, when meddled with, took to brandishing his staff and "uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch." It was the time of the schism between the rival Popes, Alexander and Octavian; Scotland adhered to one Pope, England to the other; and in the gibberish with which Samson answered those who questioned him, *Ride, ride Rome; turne Cantwereberei*, Mr. Carlyle conjectures that the monk intended to harp upon the notorious rejection of the jurisdiction of the English primate by the Scotch. The nationality thus demonstratively proclaimed in the 12th century rooted itself, in the beginning of the 14th, in a long and deadly struggle with England. From this time the spirit of independence burned more fiercely in Scotland than in any modern kingdom. Patriotism, elsewhere a virtue, was in Scotland a passion.

"The thunder-phrase of the Athenian, grown
Up out of memories of Marathon,"

did not express a pride more high and complacent than that with which Scotchmen remembered Bannockburn. Not finding enough to occupy them at home, and turned by hereditary animosity from England, the stream of aspiring Scottish youth poured into the Continental countries, particularly into France.

They served in armies, disputed and professed in Universities, made way at Courts. Ardent, alert, and liberal-minded, they rejoiced in the classical Renaissance which followed the fall of the Eastern Empire; went full sail into the Humanist movement of the Reuchlin and Erasmus time; shared the laugh of polished circles against the obscurantist, the priest, and the friar; cultivated Latin not on the monkish but the classical models. When the Reformation absorbed the Renaissance—when the gay Academic satire of the "*Literæ Obscurorum Virorum*" gave place to the tremendous appeal of Luther's Bible to the heart of Europe—the Scots, at home and abroad, became vehemently possessed with the new enthusiasm, but did not lose the old. Melville's Latin Ode on the coronation of James drew the highest encomiums from Lipsius and Scaliger. The Reformers of Scotland came offering intellectual as well as religious light, invaded universities as well as pulpits, and founded grammar schools as well as theological halls. About one-third of the professors in the Huguenot seminaries of France were Scotchmen. The Scottish people had the wit to value the culture as well as the theology of the preachers, and the tradition of learning which belonged to Puritanism in the days of Milton and of Melville has never been broken in Scotland. It was broken in England by the Ironside captains and corporals who were the most savoury preachers of their day. The pious peasant in England has a suspicion of learning—thinks it unspiritual and worldly: the rudest Scotch congregation likes a "college-bred minister."

The Latin culture of Buchanan, Arthur Johnston, and Melville, and the mathematical science of Napier of Merchiston, though exercising influence on the people, was after all but a superficial glitter. Ferocity and superstition characterized both the nobility and the commons of Scotland. Frays to the effusion of blood were of perpetual occurrence. The oppression of the poor by lords and lairds was, in extreme instances, almost incredible. In a note to M'Crie's *Life of Melville*, we hear of a hundred poor persons being, by some legal process or other, put into the power of a noble lady, and held to ransom by her at five pounds a-piece. Two or three who could not pay she hanged out of hand, on the ground that, having failed to make good a stake in their country to this limited extent, they could not have much worth in them. A practical person!—who seems to have been of the tribe of the old Hohenzollerns, and might have had a word of favour from Mr. Carlyle. True it is, nevertheless, that the old Scotch commonalty were mirthful and humorous; had caught from their friends the French their gaiety, and from their friends the Italians their gift of song; and were much addicted to dancing. Feudal Scotland, in days when Europe was young—when the

bishop, the abbot, and the priest ruled simply over nations of simple soldiers, and kings were still content to be patted on the head and admonished by the semi-divine Papa of Christendom, sitting where the mysteriously mighty Cæsar had sat—was a jocund, noisy place, ringing always with laughter or with battle. But now the feudal era was passing away. The era of industrialism was coming in. The dangers which originated and kept up the feudal arrangements had vanished, and from no country had they departed more completely than from Scotland. There were now no Danish pirates to land at the Red Head, harry Angus, and be met by the Scottish spearmen on the green of Loncarty. With a Scottish King on the throne of England, the Border marauder, who could of old count himself an honourable and effective guerilla soldier, found his chivalry collapse into theft. The feudal riders were everywhere leaving their helmets unburnished, and yoking their nags to the plough. The Scots took genially to works of peace. Strafford, who, like other eminent persons of those days, kept an "own correspondent" in places where useful information was to be had, sent a spy into Scotland at the time when drill for the future Covenanting army was commencing. He reported that the rustics grumbled dismally in their squads, begging to be let off to the plough-tail. There was an enormous quantity, said the spy, of weapons in Scotland, everybody being possessed of something of the sort, but the quality was bad. This is the last rustle we seem to hear of the "airn-caps and jingling jackets," the rusty Andrew Ferraras and clashing dirks, of old Scotland. The Scottish Lowlands had never been so pacific since the days of Agricola as they were in the first fifteen years of the reign of Charles I.

Ploughing and harrowing, ditching and delving, were good; but they scarce sufficed to employ the mental and physical energy of Scotland in the suspense of feudal broils. The nation was ready for some great excitement, and gradually all wild or hilarious noises merged in the deep, stern swell of Covenanting enthusiasm. The Scotch had embraced the Reformation in its most intense and impassioned form. As Jehovah had cleft the Red Sea to bring His people out of Egypt, so had the gates of the mystic Babylon been opened that the Reformed Church of Scotland might go free. The infallible Book, inspired in its minutest syllable, went before the chosen people like a pillar of fire. The Pope had been deposed; Christ alone reigned in the Church: but the spirit and model of His administration were taken from the Old Testament. The Divine King of the Church was "Jehovah-Jesus." Rigidly consistent in their acceptance of infallible inspiration as uniform and universal in the Bible, the Covenanters read the will of God as much in the slaughter of the

Amalekites as in the Sermon on the Mount, as much in the blood of Baal's priests curdling in Kishon, or gluing together the fingers of Elijah, as in the still small voice of Horeb, or the smile of Christ on the little ones in His arms. Jehovah-Jesus reigned as directly, and by substantially the same methods, in Scotland as on Mount Zion.

In various Old Testament passages the Hebrews are described as entering into covenant with God. In these the Scots found an inspired warrant for adopting a similar course. Time could not invalidate, or circumstances modify, the sacred stringency of such a covenant. There were many Scotchmen alive seventy years ago, there may be a few at this hour, who regard "the Covenants" as still binding on the people of Scotland.

James had diligently promoted Episcopacy in Scotland for twenty years, but it was with the soft obstetric hand of an old and safe, though bungling and babbling practitioner. Charles and Laud took up the matter, and what had been a smouldering heat of discontent and disaffection became in a few years a raging flame. Charles alienated the nobility by betraying an intention to reclaim as much as was obtainable of the lands seized by them from the old Popish Church, and by exalting his bishops into a position of invidious and unconstitutional importance in the Scottish Privy Council. The heart of every Scottish pastor throbbed fiercely at the thought that Laud was at last bending the stiff neck of Scotland's Church to subjection to Canterbury. But a darker and more practical alarm than that of subjection to Canterbury loomed now in the background:—

"The elements of the Lord's Supper," says Baillie, whose grand virtue is that he feels exactly as the great body of Scottish Presbyterians felt and speaks exactly as he feels, "began by them to be magnified above the common phrase of Protestant divines, a corporall presence of Christ's humanity in and about the elements to be glanced at, . . . a number of adorations before those elements, and all that was neere them, both the altar, bason, chalice, and chancell, to be urged," &c., &c.

Which could mean only, thought Baillie and all men in Scotland, that the kingdoms were to be again saturated with the deadliest errors of Antichrist. The Scottish Presbyterian clergy, conscious that on many of them, when they were ordained, no episcopal hand had rested, were fearfully excited on another point, that, namely, of holy orders. "They (the Laudians) side here," cries Baillie, "with the Papists in giving to all the Protestant Churches a wound which our enemies proclaim to be mortal, fatal, incurable." In these un-ecclesiastical days no reader can picture to his imagination the excruciating agony with which Baillie and his brethren contemplated the desertion of the Reformed cause by the Anglican clergy on the question of orders. In the heart of the Protestant

camp, the spirit of religious caste, of spiritual aristocratism, had re-appeared; and on the whole of Reformed Christendom, the supercilious Anglican cast that glance of contempt which is more maddening than the most exquisite physical pain.

Such was the unanimity of the Scots that the Anglican party fell short even of advocates. The bishops took flight for the broad fields of the south. The whole of Scotland, with the exception of a handful of Highlanders, of Papists, and of Aberdonians, glided out of the hands of Charles and his Government, and into those of the popular committees which arose by a natural process of crystallization out of the circumstances of the time. The Jenny Geddes riot, which occurred when the attempt was made to introduce Laud's Service Book in Edinburgh in 1637, was but the shake of the vase of prepared liquid which precipitated the crystallizing process. The idea of a renewal of the National Covenant descended on the tumultuous masses like an inspiration. Noblemen by scores, magistrates and clergymen by hundreds, people by tens of thousands, calling "God, His angels, and the world" to witness, swore that they would stand by the King in defending and preserving the religion, liberties, and laws of Scotland. The women were deeply moved. The Dowager Marchioness of Hamilton, along with other high-born ladies, took to barrow-trundling and turf-cutting, when it was essential to push forward the fortifications of Leith; and when her son appeared in command of a fleet in the King's interest in the Forth, she rode about, pistol at girdle, declaring that, if he attempted an armed landing, she would shoot him. The Glasgow maid-servants, with doubtless a helping hand, so far as respectability permitted, from their mistresses, mobbed and almost murdered a preacher who had thrown some Laudian taint into his sermon. Even crack-brained harridans caught the generous infection, and the Meg Merrilees of the period was a quack prophetess named Michelson, who poured forth rhapsodies about the "covenanting Jesus."

The Covenanters had no lack of capable leaders. Alexander Henderson was probably, all things considered, the ablest Scotchman of the period. Enthusiastically Presbyterian, he was at the same time superior in sympathetic largeness of mind to the body of his clerical brethren. His gift of conciliation was greater than that of any of them. He did not write books, and has left little record of himself in print; but the unanimous suffrage of his contemporaries pronounced him a high and remarkable man. Rutherford, fervid, eloquent, with tendencies to devout effusiveness and revivalism; Gillespie, great in the controversial learning of the period; Dickson, rich in the pithy wisdom of proverbs; Baillie, whose picturesque and vivid letters are a series of

photographs from the general procession of men and events in which he took part; these and many other such formed the stars of second and third magnitude in the clerical firmament.

In the foremost throng of distinguished laymen who signed the Covenant was young Montrose. More cautiously and with slower step, advancing from the background with many a circumspective glance, the Earl of Argyle, already mature in years, came to take his place among the leaders of the movement. Argyle had frankly admitted to his own mind that the accession of the Scottish line to the throne of England must sooner or later involve the absorption of Scotland into the political system of the island. He was able to appreciate the constitutional and Puritan movement of England, as directed by such English patriots as Hampden and Pym, in its two-fold aim of securing a Protestant Church and a constitutional throne; and could perceive that, if the objects of the English patriots were attained, a harmony of relation between Scotland and England would ensue, more genuine, unconstrained, beneficial, and permanent than could be the result of a scheme to make Charles the divine-right despot, and Laud the divine-right primate, of the three kingdoms. The religious enthusiasm of the time had penetrated the recesses of Argyle's nature, but it was rather as a slow-burning, dusky heat, compatible with subtle forms of self-seeking and revenge, than as a sacred searching fire, fatal to meanness, and favourable to magnanimity and heroic valour. He was a complete and comprehensive failure as a soldier. He put his trust, he finely said, not in the *os gladii* but in the *gladius oris*; and did not reflect that, in revolutions, the two are apt to become one.

It was at the Glasgow General Assembly of 1638 that Argyle finally declared for the Covenant. The Marquis of Hamilton, Charles's near kinsman, was the king's managing man on that occasion. We can see the Marquis, kindly-tempered, fond of popularity, anxious to do the best for all parties, trying to smooth the Presbyterian waters with the oil of his silvery eloquence. But his efforts to save any part of the Laudian system were vain. Episcopacy was cast out of the Church of Scotland. The leadership of the Church, in so far as it could be held by a layman, fell from the hand of Hamilton, and was taken up by Argyle.

Charles's feeling on this entire business is concentrated for us in the word by which he characterized the Covenant—"damnable." In 1639 he got together an army, and marched with it to the banks of the Tweed; but the sight of the Covenanters in their encampment on Doon Hill frightened him into a pacification. In 1640 he again tried war, and called a Parliament in April of that year, in hope of encouragement and supplies; but the Commons

showed sympathy with the Scots, and this was the reason, as affirmed in the Great Remonstrance, why the Parliament was, after a three weeks' session, dissolved. Charles persisted in his war; the Scots advanced to meet him; the English van, 5,000 strong, was put to flight at Newburn on the Tyne, leaving sixty slain on the field of battle; and Charles, reduced once more to extremities, summoned the Parliament which met on the 3rd of November, 1640. It proved to be a Parliament of patriots. The Commons had no desire whatever that the Scottish army should be withdrawn until the Bill forbidding dissolution without consent of the Houses had become law. Those were the days of perfect understanding and mutual benefaction and benediction between the Covenanters and the Puritan leaders. The street ballad-singers of London chanted the praise of the Scots. Can we be surprised if the sense of success mounted with something of an intoxicating effect into the Scottish brain, and if the Covenanting leaders, particularly the clerical leaders, had a vague consciousness of rising Hyperion-like upon England, with announcement of the dawn? Baillie, in the joy of his simple heart, confidently hoped that "we victorious Scots" would bring "all the King's dominions to our happiness." Why not? Had not Mr. Baillie, in his fierce little book, dissipated all the errors of the Laudians? Had not he and other Presbyterian champions, supposed to be convincing as to the Divine perfections of Presbytery beyond possible resistance by sane minds, hastened up to London, and been warmly received in the Presbyterian city? Scottish Lay Commissioners, acting in full accordance with the divines, lent an impetus to the Presbyterian cause in England, and accelerated to a dangerous degree the pace of the Puritan Reformation in the English Church.

At the commencement of the Long Parliament the English nation agreed with the Scotch in peremptory rejection of the policy and work of Laud. Pym and Falkland, Hyde and Hampden, were alike determined that this elaborate assimilation of the Church of England to the Church of Rome should be broken off; that the Protestantism of the country should be undisguised and thorough-going; that the Reformed Churches should not be insulted by disallowance of their orders; that a large and liberal rule should be observed in the matter of ceremonies. An imposed and semi-Romish Episcopacy was fiercely rejected by the English people.

If the only effectual way of getting rid of Anglo-Romanism were the introduction of the Presbyterian system, as the experience of the Scots seemed to prove, the vast majority of Englishmen stood prepared to accept Presbyterianism. Such appears to have been the general feeling of Cromwell, Vane, and Milton on the

subject, in 1641 and in the first year or two of the war. But for an imposed and exclusive Presbyterianism, as contrasted with an imposed and exclusive Episcopacy, there was, in England, if we except London and one or two country districts, no enthusiasm. In Scotland the people were so enamoured of Presbytery that they would have perpetuated its organization in spite of Parliamentary edicts; in England the people were so indifferent to Presbytery that, when Parliament proclaimed it the established religion of England, the people were too listless to set it up.

If any one is tempted to think that the human mind can be won, or persuaded, or in any respect gained over by force, let him study the history of Presbyterianism, Independency, and Episcopacy in England. When Presbyterianism still wore the garments of mourning from her persecutions, Milton sang the praises of Presbyterian discipline in words of melody so sweet, and splendour so glowing, that they must have ravished the ears of Mr. Baillie, as with the very harpings of heaven. With the first blow struck at the framework of Episcopacy, reaction commenced; with each succeeding blow it strengthened; and at last it became a feeling so potent that its mere inexorable passive stubbornness rendered the permanent reign of the saints impossible, and undid *all that the sword had done* in the Puritan Revolution.

After remaining until the Long Parliament had carried through the acts and achievements of its memorable first session, the Scots marched out of England. Charles followed them to Edinburgh, in August, 1641. He found that no government was possible in Scotland, except that of the Covenanters. Argyle and Hamilton were now agreed in policy. The King yielded on all points. Old Alexander Leslie, who had commanded the Scots in England, was created Earl of Leven, and Argyle a Marquis. The triumph of the Covenanters, in Church and State, was complete.

The close alliance and mutual understanding which subsisted at this period between the followers of Pym and Hampden and the Scottish Covenanters, are put beyond reach of question by a number of clauses in the Great Remonstrance, presented to Charles soon after his return from Scotland. It was made a special charge against the bishops that they had "showed themselves very affectionate to the war with Scotland," and had issued a prayer to be read in all churches "calling the Scots *rebels*." The conduct of the Covenanters in their recent advance into England, their "duty and reverence to his Majesty, and brotherly love to the English nation," were extolled. An important suggestion, which had emanated from the Covenanters, was adopted and pressed upon the King, to wit, that "a general Synod of the most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of the island, assisted by some from foreign

parts," should be convoked, to consider the affairs of the Church, and submit the result of their deliberations to Parliament, with a view to their receiving "the stamp of authority." Pointedly interesting, as an expression of the views of Hampden, Pym, and the first generation of Puritan leaders, on matters which were ere long to be furiously disputed between Presbyterians and Independents, is the statement of the remonstrant Commons that it was "far from their purpose" to cast loose the reins of discipline, or "to leave private persons or particular congregations to take up what form of divine service they please." The Commons expressly claimed, however, in conjunction with the King, supreme jurisdiction "in all affairs both in Church and State."

The Presbyterianism of the remonstrants would not commend their general views to Charles. "Their clear intention," he would feel, "is to bring in upon me the whole system which I have been compelled to sanction in Scotland." With as much composure as he could assume, but with rage in his heart that proved irrepressible and fatal, he returned a cold answer to the Commons, and secretly prepared a thunderbolt to smite their leaders. In short, he attempted the arrest of the five members, and thus brought on the Civil War.

Looking from their coign of vantage upon the mustering of the forces, and upon the confused fighting of the first year of war, Argyle and Leven, Hamilton and Montrose, could not but be interested spectators of the fray. At peace with the King, the Covenanting Government of Scotland remained on terms of amity with the Parliament. In August, 1642, in compliance with the wish of the Houses, the Scots sent an army to Ulster to fight the rebels. The English Parliament engaged to supply the Scottish troops in Ireland with provisions; but they failed to make good their promise; and hundreds of men, as the Scotch Commissioners in London plaintively stated to the Commons, perished "for want of bread."

It was from the Parliament that an invitation came to the Covenanters to take part in the affairs of England. In the autumn of 1643 the tide of success seemed to set steadily in favour of the King, and the Commons were alarmed. Henry Vane and some other deputies proceeded to Edinburgh to propose a new treaty. The enthusiastic Puritan devoutness of Vane, joined with his impassioned activity and moving eloquence, prevailed against the opposition of Hamilton, which Charles thought too languid, and against that of Montrose, which was fervid and desperate. It was a case—there are many such in history—when the arguments on both sides were so powerful and so evenly balanced, that either the one set or the other might be held conclusive by honest men. Montrose, who loved Charles

with a love passing the love of women, namely, with the love of romantic young men for their incarnated ideals,* could point to Leven's coronet and to Argyle's marquise, and ask whether the recipients of these honours had not found him a forgiving and a generous King? What more, he might ask, was there that Charles could grant the Scots? Was it their part to force Puritanism on their hereditary monarch, and to carry Presbyterianism into England on the point of their pikes? But Argyle and Henderson were aware that Montrose did not exhaust the logic of the question. If Charles had given the Covenanters what they asked, he had twice drawn the sword to give them *that* instead, and the English Puritans had held his hand. The leaders of the Parliament had been resolutely true to the Scots. They had quelled the natural promptings of pride and courage when the Tyne had been stained by the Scots with English blood; they had rebuked their King for countenancing bishops who called the Scotch invaders rebels; they had stood by their leaders, at the risk of open war, when Charles wished to treat them as traitors for conniving at the proceedings of the Scots. Would not the desertion, in the hour of their extreme need, of allies to whom they thus owed everything, in favour of a King who had given them nothing but what he could not help giving them, be, on the part of the Covenanters, ingratitude? And did not a penetrating inquiry into the lie of their interests point equally to an unreserved alliance with the Parliament? Charles's candid opinion of their Covenant was still, they well knew, summarized in the expressive word that has been quoted. When he had broken the neck of English Puritanism, would he be long in finding rope wherewith to hang Scotch Presbyterianism? There would then be no English Parliament to stand by them, and the defeated patriots, crushed by Charles and his bishops, would not waste a sigh on their Judas-like wailings. These considerations were too obvious to escape the sagacity of the Scotch. The clergy spoke decisively on the side of the Parliament. Though a few of the nobles wavered, though Hamilton betook himself to Charles (to be imprisoned for his failure), and Montrose resolved to draw sword for the King, the Covenanters were substantially unanimous in espousing the cause of the English Puritans.

The assistance of the Covenanters was given on certain conditions, which seemed at the time to leave no door open for misunderstanding. The Scots were, as formerly, cautious to avoid the appearance of forcing Scottish institutions upon England. They did not ask their allies to transfer to England the doctrine,

* See Mertoun to Tresham, in Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon;"

"What passion like a boy's for one
Like you?"

discipline, and worship of the Scottish Church. A new instrument, entitled the Solemn League and Covenant, set forth that the Church, throughout the three kingdoms, was to be reformed in accordance with "the Word of God and the best Reformed Churches." The creed, the ritual, the discipline ultimately adopted were to result from the deliberations of that Assembly of divines which the English Parliament had already called, and with which a few leading Scotch divines were to be associated. It was not an "extension of the Scottish system to the other two kingdoms," as the generally accurate and candid Ranke supposes, that was "expected" or proposed by the Scots, but the preparation of a common scheme by the Presbyterians of England as well as of Scotland. The Parliament engaged that the Solemn League and Covenant should be subscribed throughout England. The Scottish Government promised to despatch an army to co-operate with the Parliamentary troops, stipulating that an English fleet should patrol the Scotch coasts, to prevent descents from Ireland or elsewhere, while the Scottish army was in the south. The maintenance of the monarchy was an integral portion of the Solemn League and Covenant.

Again, therefore, the Blue-Bonnets, upwards of twenty thousand of them, strenuously marching through the January snow—it was now 1644—crossed the border. They advanced by degrees, sweeping the Duke of Newcastle's people out of the northern counties, and establishing themselves in the northern ports. In May they had formed the siege of York, acting in conjunction with Manchester, Fairfax, and Cromwell. On the 2nd of July they took part in the great pitched battle of Marston Moor. Mr. Langton Sanford, in his exhaustive study of the action, demonstrates that it was an obstinate and eventful struggle, bravely contested on both sides. We are to remember that the great body of the Scots were now for the first time seriously engaged. In the old days of holiday-soldiering on Doon Hill, and when 5,000 Englishmen were driven off in panic by a few cannon shots and musket volleys at Newburn on the Tyne, the Scottish army, drilled by soldiers of fortune who, with old Alexander Leslie, had been attracted back to Scotland by the prospect of military employment, was the best force in the island. But between August, 1642, when the Royal standard had been raised, and July, 1644, when the battle of Marston Moor was fought, English troops had been acquiring a very different quality from that of the runaways of Newburn. Rupert was an efficient cavalry officer, and his troopers, and those of Goring, were accustomed to conquer. Newcastle's White-Coats were powerful, firm, and spirited troops. On the Parliament side, Cromwell had selected, drilled, and habituated to victory a body of men, small

indeed, but invincible, which formed the nucleus of the force of the associated eastern counties, and diffused throughout the whole that intrepid and steadfast spirit which it had caught from its leader.

Cromwell's Ironsides were in the left wing, and here also was a disproportionate amount of the talent available for the conduct of the battle. Not only did Cromwell lead his own men, but David Leslie was in this part of the field, while Scotch Crawford handled the English infantry, and performed his part so well that it was fiercely disputed at the time whether it was to Crawford or to Cromwell that the triumph was mainly due. The victory of the Parliamentary left wing was rapid and complete. The left wing of the Cavaliers was also successful. Fairfax's Yorkshiremen, posted on the Parliamentary right, got entangled in Moor Lane, and were broken and driven back by the Royalist left. The Parliamentary centre, held by the body of the Scottish foot, was thus uncovered, and the assault in front and flank by the choice troops of Goring and Newcastle was too much for the raw Scotch levies. They fought with resolute valour, the fire of their long lines flashing in red tongues through the dusk, "as if the element itself had been on fire." Before the joint attack of the Royal left and the Royal centre, they were, however, forced to give way, thrown into considerable confusion, driven, in part at least, from the field. Old Leven, after vainly exerting himself to rally the fugitives, took to flight, and rested not till he reached Leeds. A seasoned soldier ought to have known better the strange turns, and tides, and possibilities of battle. David Leslie, and Crawford, and Frizeall, who had splendidly maintained the honour of Scotland, may well have been ashamed of him. It is more important to observe that the other officers in command of the centre had not acted unworthily, and that not only was the strife long and bloody before the Scots gave way, but that there was evidently an important rally of the centre to take part, along with the easily victorious Parliamentary left, in the final defeat of the far less victorious and much more exhausted Royalist left. What seems to prove conclusively that the defeat of the Scots in the centre was but partial, is that, without any perceptible interval after the battle, a formidable army was under command of Leven.

After the victory of Marston Moor the Parliament lay no longer under oppressive fear of the King. An energetic, audacious, and very able party among the English Puritans did not care how soon they got rid of the Scots. The effusive gratitude and admiration with which they had been received when they came trampling down the snow to aid their brothers gave place to that severe honesty of criticism which accompanies the dis-

enchancements of lapsed affection. The Scots, appealing to their sacrifices for the common cause, were told with painful candour that they had come into England to fight their own battle at England's expense. The rude wit of the Ironsides did not spare the Presbyterian divines, and there began to be doubts as to the plenary inspiration of the Covenant itself. Then came the heart-burning and recrimination of the New Model, with its exclusion of stiff-necked Presbyterians from all important military office in the English army. Crawford, in spite of his consummate service in leading the English foot at Marston Moor, was thrust from the ranks of the New Model, in compliance with the imperious demand of Cromwell. Manchester, "a sweet, meek man," says Baillie, was shelved through the same irresistible influence. Fairfax became Cromwell's factotum and echo. The Independents gloried in Oliver as their man of men, and old Leven did not eclipse the rising star, or regild his own tarnished laurels, by any brilliant feat of arms.

It was about the very time when the Scots were in death-wrestle with Newcastle's White-Coats on Marston Moor, that an event occurred which added a stern energy to the reproachful groanings of the Covenanters. They had, as we saw, stipulated in their treaty with the English Parliament that, when Scotland divested herself of her troops at England's request, a sufficient naval force should be despatched from England to guard the Scottish coasts. This part of the Parliament's engagements had not been fulfilled. Colkitto and his Irish landed in Argyle; out of this egg Montrose hatched a cockatrice, or rather a leash of cockatrices, wherewith to scourge and mangle Scotland. The Marquis of Argyle, averse to war, managed affairs for the Covenanters during the absence of their army in England, and Montrose had now an opportunity of paying off old debts. The diplomatic Marquis had put on his wiliest smile, and tried to settle Montrose with the *gladius oris*; but, poet as he was, Montrose would give only *os gladii* by way of reply; and with this he did so dazzle and bewilder and bedevil the poor man that he at last sent him skipping to the Scottish camp in England. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the effect of Montrose's campaigns in breaking the strength of Scotland. Need we wonder that the Covenanters began to think that the Parliament had treated them unhand-somely, and to reflect, in an extremely disenchanted state of mind, on the profuse promises of Vane? June had become December, and the fountain of gushing eloquence was ice.

A sudden gleam of what seemed brilliant fortune visited the Covenanters, but, after lingering about the horizon and lighting it with tantalizing glimmer for several months, it went out in murk deeper than what had been before. Leaving Oxford in the summer

of 1646, and hovering about for five days in a state of indecision as to whether it was to the Parliament or to the Scots that he ought to surrender himself, Charles entered the Scottish camp at Newark. The Covenanters fell back on the stronger position of Newcastle, and there negotiations commenced. True to their Parliamentary allies, true to those professions of loyalty to the King and the monarchy which were embodied in their Covenant, the Scots implored Charles to agree to a settlement on the only terms on which he could preserve his throne. The great body of the English nation heartily desired a settlement; the Parliament still possessed what in another year it had ceased to possess, complete control of affairs; the conflict had been carried on within the lines of the constitution; and Crown and Parliament had but to resume the old forms of business in order to work again together. Oliver Cromwell joyfully hoped that he might sheathe his sword in an England where idolatry, will-worship, and licentiousness should no longer mock the people of God. Argyle proceeded to London, and addressed a select gathering of the magnates of the kingdom. On this occasion he appears at his very best, speaking briefly, yet with a broad, placid, magnanimous wisdom, which contemplated and embraced the affairs of Scotland within the general system of the island. Touching delicately but with precision on the principal services which the Scots had rendered to the English Parliament, and on the principal benefits they had received in return, he expressed in the largest terms his sense of the importance of union to the two nations, and declared—an immense stretch of cosmopolitanism for a Scotchman of those days—that he was prepared to merge even the name of Scotland in that of the kingdom as a whole, if thereby the union with England could be made more harmonious. Nor did he shun to hint that he was no pedantic stickler for the indispensability of Royal approval to arrangements necessary for the national welfare. *Salus populi* was, he said, *lex suprema*. Argyle made a favourable and profound impression in England at this time; and it may be noted that, as this principle of his had been formerly brought forward by Strafford, it was subsequently referred to, first by Ireton, and then by Cromwell, in arguing against the inviolability of Charles. Neither Cromwell nor Ireton, however, were in Argyle's audience.

Had the King been honestly desirous of the success of any plan save that of the mutual extirpation of Presbyterians and Independents, an arrangement might probably have been made. It would not have been a bad arrangement. Whatever might have been the Parliamentary edicts for the enforcement of the Covenant and the establishment of Presbytery, a national Church of England on the Presbyterian model would practically have been tolerant, lax, and comprehensive. Looked at from without, the

Presbyterian Church wears a formidable appearance—battle-mented and grim, with rock-like formularies and great guns of dogma. But, within, it has always been easy-going and popular, governed by the sentiment of its members, and issuing its censures at long intervals. It was a fixed idea with almost all religionists in the 17th century, that the State ought to sanction and establish some one pattern of ecclesiastical uniformity. This was in fact the after-glow in the atmosphere from the setting of the great idea of the unity of Christendom, which had illuminated the mediæval Church. Laud's scheme for giving effect to this inherited instinct of Christian unity had hopelessly broken down. The main body of laymen, and a large proportion of clergymen, in the Church of England, were doctrinally Presbyterian; as, in fact, they have continued to this day. When the excitement had subsided, and the Scots were well beyond the Tweed, and a sprinkling of moderate Episcopalians had been sent by the constituencies to temper the Presbyterian majority at Westminster, room would have been found in England, as the right and left wings of a central Presbyterian Church, for congregations retaining the old service, and for congregations preferring the Independent model. This would have contented Argyle, Henderson, and, when the Covenanting fervour cooled a little, all rational Scotchmen. This would have contented Pym and the earlier race of Puritans. It would have contented Milton; we know from Cromwell's own words, written when Presbyterians and Independents were far more exasperated than they yet were, that it would have contented him. Had such an arrangement succeeded, the historical results would have been, first, an anticipation by two hundred years of those relations of perfect amity and social coalescence which in these last days reign between England and Scotland; and secondly, a constitution of society in England more simple, homely, less exclusive, a culture more widely diffused and popular, than we have had under the auspices of "the Church of the upper classes."

It could not be. Old Jemmy, with his knack of blundering into a safe course, the Merry Monarch, with his habit of bowing to necessity, would have started the coach again; but between his conscience and his wife, Charles I. succeeded only in bringing matters to a beggarly dead-lock. He could neither satisfy the Scots by accepting their Covenant, nor give the Parliamentary people security for their necks by surrendering the militia. It was in vain that the Commissioners implored him on bended knees and with streaming tears to save himself. He was inexorable. There was absolutely nothing for the Scots to do but to leave him with their English allies, and to march into Scotland. At the time of their march, there was paid to them a part of what had long been due by the English Parliament. Such payments had been

made formerly when no King was in the case. Had Charles been a thousand miles away, the money would have been due all the same. If the Scots had drawn sword for Charles when he rejected their terms, they would have made themselves guilty of every drop of blood shed by them since they came into England. If they had refused to take the part of their hard-earned arrears which was paid to them, merely because of the colour which their adversaries might falsely put upon the transaction, they would have acted with an imbecility which, even on the stage, would be too feebly romantic for legitimate effect. But because the transference of the King and the payment of the money were of necessity associated in time, historians, who ought to have known that it was one of their most honourable and stringent duties to tie the gall up in the tongue of slanderous faction, and to wipe from honest men the slime of lying imputations, have disgraced themselves by the careless assertion that the transaction stained the fame of Scotland. "The money payment," says Ranke, "was brought in a somewhat offensive way into connection with the surrender of the King." This is the truth neatly stated. Out of an offensive coincidence was coined an infamous falsehood.

Amid disappointment and foreboding, in the last days of 1646, the Covenanters marched out of England. They had lost their most brilliant soldier, Lawrence Crawford. Too recklessly brave, he had been struck by a cannon ball, fired probably at a venture from the walls of Hereford. He was but thirty-four years old, had served on the Continent, in Ireland, in England, had reached all but the highest commands, and had given proof of a valour and a capacity, which might have matured into the qualities of a great general. They had lost also Alexander Henderson, their largest-minded, largest-hearted divine, a man supremely needed by Scotland in the difficult time that was at hand.

The English Presbyterians, though they had always honoured and deferentially listened to their Scottish brethren, were not sorry that they left England. They had ceased to be popular, and the Presbyterians in Parliament felt that it would weaken rather than strengthen them, if their policy were supposed to be inspired from Scotland. The fortunes of the English Presbyterians were in the wane. The long, heart-breaking controversy on toleration arose; the dispute on toleration became complicated with the dispute between the Parliamentary majority and the army; and in the summer of 1647 supreme power passed into the hands of the military leaders. The inviolability of Parliament, sacredly dear to the nation, was outraged. Lord Macaulay's expression that "no sooner was the first pressure of military tyranny felt, than the nation, unbroken to such servitude, began to struggle fiercely," conveys a wrong idea. There was no national struggle; but the

Presbyterians, or, more strictly speaking, a large section of them, fought, as the moderate or Girondin party in the French Revolution fought, for the ascendancy they had lost, and for the retention of the Revolution in its original grooves; and a certain number of Cavaliers joined them. The cry of this fighting party, both in its Cavalier and its Presbyterian sections, was that an arrangement must, at all hazards, be made with Charles. There were English Presbyterians, however, of the highest influence, including Fairfax, who not only held that there was no absolute necessity of coming to terms with the King, but that it was their duty to fight, side by side with Independents, against those Presbyterians who were still prepared to stake all on the good faith of Charles. It was Fairfax, Presbyterian as he was, who, in the stiffest fighting he had ever known, conquered the Presbyterian Royalists of Kent and Essex.

With the Presbyterians of England who took the same side as Fairfax, not with those Presbyterians who died by the sword or by famine rather than relinquish the hope of saving Charles, the true blue Covenanters sympathized. When Duke Hamilton and his brother Lanark, having concluded something between a treaty and an intrigue with Charles in the Isle of Wight, proceeded to Edinburgh in the beginning of 1648, and called upon the nation and the Church to combine in a supreme effort for the rescue of the King, the religious Covenanters in a body refused, and the Church put its ban on the enterprize. Hamilton, who had often shone in council and conference, but had never quite succeeded in anything, went heart and soul into this, his last undertaking, on behalf of a master who had treated him sometimes kindly, sometimes harshly, but whom he had earnestly served, and whom he honestly loved. The Scottish nobility, with the exception of Argyle, of Loudon, and a considerable minority rallied round the Duke. But the sagacity of the Scottish burghers and peasants was not at fault, and Hamilton's army consisted of great lords and of those whom the great lords could compel to join the standard. The best Covenanting officers, including Alexander and David Leslie, declined to take service under the Duke. He was himself totally incompetent to conduct an important operation in war; and Baillie, his lieutenant-general, best known by the beatings he got from Montrose, was not of weight enough to make his authority felt by the weak Duke and the wilful nobles. The army, numbering in effectives less than twenty thousand men, straggled loosely into England by way of Annan and Carlisle. General Monro, with about two thousand five hundred cavalry, had crossed from Ireland to share in the enterprize, and was in Cumberland. Sir Marmaduke Langdale headed a body of Royalists in Lancashire. The fighting

men on Hamilton's side might thus be about twenty-four thousand. The Duke went stumbling blindly on, van and rear twenty or thirty miles apart, incapable of holding his force in hand, and quite uninformed, or misinformed, as to the movements of the enemy. Meanwhile, Cromwell, hastening from the siege of Pembroke, breaks in from Yorkshire upon the left flank of the long, straggling line of march. It is now August 16th, 1648, and the main body of the Scottish foot is in Preston. Hamilton, with a few of the cavalry, is present, but the principal divisions of the horse are either far ahead under Middleton, or far behind under Monro. Next morning there is an alarm. Sir Marmaduke, guarding the flank four miles to the eastward, is furiously assailed, and sends to the Duke for assistance. Hamilton and Baillie, persuaded that the attack comes from one Colonel Ashton, who, with a few thousand English Presbyterians, had turned out to fight the Scots for having come without the sanction of the General Assembly, treat the affair as of no consequence. The essential matter, think they, is to get the foot across the Ribble. Instead, therefore, of drawing up the army in battle array on Preston Moor, and sending expresses to hurry Monro forward and Middleton back—the thing which must have been done had they known that Cromwell was upon them—the Scotch commanders send some slight unavailing succour to Sir Marmaduke, and march the entire body of the foot, with the exception of two brigades, across the river. Oliver was in his most fiery mood, and had with him an army of nine or ten thousand men, among them a large proportion of veteran Ironsides. Sir Marmaduke and his north-country English fought uncommonly well, but the overwhelming force under Cromwell drove them in upon Preston. The two brigades of Scottish foot, attacked by Cromwell's victorious troops, unsupported by their own cavalry, deserted by Baillie, who was on the other side of the river, fought so stoutly for hours that Cromwell fancied he was engaged with the whole Scottish army. "At last," he writes, "the enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots, horse and foot, retreated over the bridge." The Duke was not in the throng of fugitives that Cromwell looked on. At the head of his guard of horse, he had kept the field like a perfectly brave man, until the enemy cut in between him and Ribble Bridge. Sir Marmaduke was with Hamilton, as also Sir James Turner, who is understood to have sat for Scott's Dalgetty. The charge of Cromwell's horse came at last direct upon them. Hamilton met the assailants face to face, and "put two troops of them to a retreat." But they came on again. A second time the Duke and his officers chased them off. Once more they rallied and charged,

and, for the third time, giving the word, "King Charles!" Hamilton went in on them. They were broken and chased so far this time that a few minutes could be had by the Duke and his friends for consultation. "Then Sir Marmaduke and I," says Turner, "entreated the Duke to hasten to his army." They put spurs to their horses, swam the Ribble, and thus got round to "the place where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a hill, among very fencible enclosures." This glimpse of Duke Hamilton seems vividly typical of the career of the man. Brilliantly charging, when the battle has been hopelessly lost for want of generalship; succeeding in the little matter, but failing in the main enterprize; now, as always, he wins admiration, or pity, but does not hit the mark. The real battle of Preston ought to have been fought next day, the 18th of August. The cavalry might have been concentrated, the foot were steadily posted on their hill amid fencible enclosures, Baillie and Turner, the only men among the leaders who had the slightest tincture of military knowledge, said in effect "Stand fast and try it." But the babbling nobles and the distracted Duke over-ruled Baillie and Dalgetty, and the army filed off in the night, to perish miserably; the starving regiments, separated from their leaders, fighting to the death under any "spark in a blue bonnet" who told his comrades to stand shoulder to shoulder, and die like men for the honour of Scotland. Cromwell, who, unlike Clarendon, knew what war was, bears testimony in many places to the courage of the Scots, but nowhere more explicitly than in his letters on the frightful welter of Hamilton's expedition.

The collapse of the enterprize was no sooner known in Scotland than the Argyle and Church party flew to arms and obtained command of the country. Cromwell marched to Edinburgh, and was received with most respectful deference by the Marquis and the clergy. Oliver and Argyle sat banqueting at the same board, while Leven presided. Once more Covenanter and Puritan spoke as brethren to each other, but the glow of enthusiasm in the meeting could not have been very bright. Cromwell must have felt that these Scots could hardly love him with all that Scotch blood on his hands, and the Covenanting clergy must have suspected that the arch-patron of the sectaries, the apostle of toleration, the impatient repeller of all clerical pretensions, could have no irrepressible affection for *them*.

Hamilton had been taken prisoner and condemned to die. The London Presbyterians exerted themselves to save him. He clung to life, and hoped that the capital sentence might be commuted into a fine of £100,000. He had for ten years been the rival, but had never ceased to be the friend of

Argyle, and a word from Argyle to Cromwell might possibly have saved him. But Cromwell had been put into his most savage temper by this whole Presbyterian insurrection. That Cavaliers, malignants, despisers of the saints, should have fought against the godly he could understand and pardon; but that these, who had shared their counsels and their dangers, should have turned against them and joined the enemies of the Lord, made his fury burn like a furnace. By pleading for Hamilton, Argyle might have brought upon himself a dangerous frown from Cromwell. A magnanimous man—a man with any scintilla of heroic fire in him—would have run the risk. But always when we hope for the heroic touch in Argyle, we are disappointed. Coldly, ruthlessly, he had taken the life of the noble Montrose and the wild and brave Colkitto: and now the thin lips opened not to ask mercy for Hamilton.

Another head was to fall besides that of the poor Duke. Not with fiercer tenacity did Presbyterian Royalism struggle with Fairfax and Cromwell in the field, than Presbyterian or constitutional Royalism struggled with the Independents in the parliamentary arena at Westminster. Attaining full command of the House, and supported by the feeling of the country, infallibly attested by the results of successive elections to vacant seats, the English Presbyterians patched up at the eleventh hour a kind of arrangement with Charles. But it was not for this that Cromwell had fought. Advancing with long strides from the North, he was in London in the first days of December, 1648. It was tremblingly, painfully, and as slightly as could anywise serve their end, that the army chiefs had formerly violated the sacredness of Parliament. But the sword struck more sharply when wetted with the blood of Preston. Upwards of a hundred of the representatives of the people were rudely thrust from the doors of the House of Commons. Charles found suddenly that the game of circumlocution and evasion was up, and that the ingenuous and clever scheme of extirpating his enemies by means of each other—that characteristic and unique product of the royal martyr's genius—was turning out a failure. He had trifled with the negotiators, after his military defeat, for some three years: the soldiers settled with him in about six weeks. Amid the amazement and horror of England, Scotland, and Ireland, even Henry Vane flitting into the background in silent dismay, Cromwell and the army took the life of Charles. The Parliamentary remnant, assuming unlimited power, repudiated monarchy and proclaimed a Commonwealth.

Here then is a nut to crack for that fine dinner-party which we saw hob-nobbing with Cromwell at Edinburgh. What were the Covenanters to do? If they threw over the Royal family and made terms with the Commonwealth, they would be permitted to dwell

in peace and safety. Scotland was theirs to rule as they pleased. Hitherto, amid the severest temptations, they had observed the league with their Puritan brethren of England. Though the soldiers they had sent to fight the Irish rebels had been left to die of famine, though the neglect of the English Parliament had let in Colkitto and Montrose upon them, though the Scotch Commissioners had been dismissed from London with a coolness almost amounting to contumely, though the Presbyterian eleven had been excluded from the House of Commons, the Covenanters stood by the English Puritans. With a unanimity, a magnanimous moderation, for which they have got little credit, they had accepted from the Assembly of Divines at Westminster a complete scheme of ecclesiastical constitution, including a directory for public worship and that English version of the Psalms, which, for stern Hebraic majesty and pathos, for rugged grandeur and freedom from all modern pettiness and prettiness, is unequalled among metrical translations. When Hamilton invaded England, the General Assembly of the Church had done the Parliament excellent service by condemning his expedition, and menacing with their dreaded censures all who took part in it. And now, as tidings reached them from Ireland that Cromwell was bearing down all before him "like a fiery torrent," could they not combine duty with interest, and let Royalty alone?

The difficulty was that the terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, embodying the views of Pym and Henderson, were express. They had sworn to stand by their rightful King in defence of their religion and liberties. While their religion and liberties were assailed, they were bound to maintain these, in the King's name, though they fought against the King's person. But if the religion and liberties were guaranteed—if the King accepted the Solemn League and Covenant tendered to him in the name of England and of Scotland—there was no alternative but to break their oath or to draw sword in his behalf. Those Covenanters, poor souls, belonged to an age when men looked upon the act of putting their names to political or theological documents, not as enlightened clerical gentlemen now look upon subscription to creeds, but as mercantile gentlemen still look upon endorsement of bills. Bounteous time had not yet brought forth that soft-spoken school of divines whose character and epitaph have been written by severe Mr. Ruskin in the single word "Equivocation." In the oath which the Covenanters and the English Puritans had alike sworn, there was no ambiguity.

In order to realize the situation, we must resolutely call to mind that Prince Charles, when he accepted *simpliciter* the terms of the Covenanters, was a stripling of twenty. In working out his argument in defence of Cromwell, Mr. Carlyle insists with eloquent

vehemence upon our recollecting that the curtains of the future rose gradually before Oliver, and that he took step after step without knowing what a day might bring forth. "How much," asks Carlyle, "does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *unwound* skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptibilities, vague-looming hopes." True, perfectly true. Although Cromwell was upwards of forty when the troubles commenced, and the ablest and most far-seeing man of his time, we are most reasonably asked to believe that he was sincere in his professions of affectionate reverence for the King he beheaded, and of devoted submission to the Parliament which he turned into the street. But with artistic skill, which has the effect of consummate special pleading, Mr. Carlyle associates all our ideas of the Prince Charles whom the Covenanters crowned with the Charles II. of the Restoration. In 1650, Charles was of the same age as the "boy Oliver," son of the Protector, whose premature death Mr. Carlyle pathetically commemorates. He had given proof of personal courage and of talent; he had fought for his father; but there was no reason to believe that he inherited the scruples which made an arrangement with Charles I. impracticable. He had indeed given a commission to Montrose, who landed in Scotland in arms; but was it to be expected that, at twenty, he should appreciate the views and feelings of the Covenanters nicely enough to understand that it was impossible for him to be assisted *both* by them and by Montrose? He had given no proof of piety; he was fond of mirth and pleasure; but will it be maintained that a party undertaking the defence of constitutional monarchy in Great Britain could have justly disinherited the heir to the throne, on the ground that he was not personally pious? On such terms the institution of monarchy would be impossible. Had the Covenanters rejected Charles for any such cause, they would have proved themselves either morose and narrow bigots, or cowardly hypocrites, or plain fools. There was some consistency on the part of the Independents, when they laid stress on the levity of the Prince; for the Independents insisted upon proof of conversion before admission to church membership; but the Presbyterian theory has always been that the evidence of conversion is discernible by God's eye only. Baillie explicitly maintains that "it is unjust scrupulosity to require satisfaction of the true grace of every church member." The Covenanters, treating with a boy of twenty, said that they were bound to judge him with charity; and a more reasonable plea was never put in at the bar either of justice, of mercy, or of common sense. Had it been possible to take a vote of the whole English and Scottish nation at the time, the result would without question have been the acceptance of Charles, on terms little different from those of the Covenanters. Fairfax positively

refused to take the command against them. Nay, I am convinced that, but for the blood of Charles I. on his hands; but for his fear of Presbyterian ascendancy; but for the danger and difficulty there might be in bringing the army to own a king, Cromwell himself would have consented at this time to the proclamation of Charles II. If the Prince was already a finished dissembler and a thorough-paced liar, the Covenanters were not bad enough men to be capable of recognising him as such.

The position of the Covenanters is unassailable on the score of logical consistency; but if many have been found to do them injustice on this point, no one can deny their superb courage. They alone dared to defy the army which, since its great leader formed it, had shattered every force opposed to it; they alone dared confront Cromwell when he returned to England, after having, in a few months, trampled the Irish rebels into the dust.

The command of the army was given to David Leslie: the right man, for he had proved himself an intrepid and successful soldier. But he was a cavalry officer, and he was no transcendent military genius; otherwise he could hardly have missed the great military lesson of Robert Bruce's life, that good infantry are more than a match for the best cavalry, and that the strength of Scotland lay in her spears. It was a deeper, and, as it proved, a fatal misfortune that a Committee of Estates and Kirk thwarted and trammelled him. His management of the campaign, in so far as it was not over-ruled by their insolent inspirations, was masterly. Knowing that his troops were for the most part mere recruits—for all who had got a tincture of soldiering either in the ranks of Montrose or of Hamilton were excluded as malignants—he declined battle with Cromwell's veterans, lay in strong defences at Edinburgh, practised his men in marches before the enemy and in night attacks and skirmishes, and harassed and wearied the English till they began to fall sick in great numbers.

It is now drawing to the end of August, 1650, and Cromwell, Lambert, and Monk—for all the best military heads and hearts of the Puritan army are here except Fairfax—find, with inexpressible reluctance, that they must retreat. To give the enemy the slip in such cases, if but for a few hours, is one of the approved manoeuvres of generalship, but the Puritan commanders did not gain a minute upon David Leslie. Scarcely had they drawn out of their huts when he was upon them, trampling down the rear with his cavalry, always leaning against the Lammermuirs, or otherwise throwing himself into an impregnable position, when Cromwell faced round for battle. Oliver was now engaged in an operation to which he was unaccustomed. He was getting his first and last lesson in the art of conducting a retreat. His generalship, in the last days of August, was inferior to Leslie's. Intending to fall back into

England, he ought to have secured by a strong party the difficult gorge leading southward from Dunbar. Leslie, who had a born soldier's eye for topography, cut in, though he was the pursuer, before the English van, and, writes Oliver, "blocked up our way at the pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle." Had Leslie been left to finish his work as he began it, he would, as these words attest, have given check-mate to Cromwell, and executed the finest bit of military work in the whole of the civil wars. But he was not allowed to finish it. Baillie, writing at the time and infallibly informed as to the circumstances, distinctly states that the descent of the army from the heights was decided upon against the judgment of the Scottish general. Cromwell penetrated at a glance the meaning of those preliminary movements by which, on the evening of the 2nd of September, Leslie prepared for an engagement. Thrown out of his calculations, surprised when he expected to surprise, finding that his horsemen, though they charged boldly at first, had not the staying power of the Ironsides, and when broken, galloped panic-struck over the infantry they ought to have supported, Leslie soon gave up the battle for lost. Had Lawrence Crawford been there to manœuvre the foot and steady them in the shock of conflict!—But such speculation is foolish. Cromwell's victory was complete. About 3,000 of the Scots were slain, about 10,000 taken; the army which had chased the English to Dunbar was annihilated.

Now then, surely little Scotland will give in. She had sent thousands to die by sword and famine in Ireland, thousands to fall in battles and sieges in the first Civil War in England. The plough of destruction had passed over her back, in six deep, blood-watered furrows, under the heavy hand of Montrose. Her nobility, her gentry, the flower of her mounted men, and about 15,000 of her foot soldiers, had followed Hamilton to be trodden into the mud of the Lancashire lanes. And now her last and finest army was broken to pieces, her thirty cannon taken. Nor was the loss of the army the worst that the Covenanters had to bear after the catastrophe of Dunbar. Divisions appeared among themselves. A number of the straiter-laced announced that they had qualms of conscience on the subject of fighting in company with some of the old Royalists who had crept into the ranks. These grumblers were called Protesters. Cromwell, whose principle, as he had peremptorily laid it down in a letter to Crawford, was that any man ought to be employed that would faithfully serve the State, and who was, at this moment, powerfully seconded by Monk, who had been taken in arms for Charles I., and lived to restore Charles II., artfully inflamed their conscientious irritation. Ulysses was not more skilful in the war of

divisive words than Cromwell. What with his cunning arguments, what with the swift smiting of his ever-ready sword, he managed, soon after Dunbar, to ruin the Covenanting cause throughout all the south-western shires, and to leave Leslie command of nothing in Scotland south of Stirling. Nevertheless, the remnant, such as it was, that is to say, the main body of the old true blue Covenanters, did not waver. The ways of Providence might be dark, but it was for them to walk by the simple shining of honour and duty. "The cause of God and the kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years past" —the cause maintained in the Great Remonstrance, and in the Solemn League between England and Scotland—the cause of the ancient monarchy, reconciled, as they were bound in charity to believe it now reconciled, with freedom and religion—was that for which they had fought from the first, and for which they would fight to the last.

We have been losing sight of Argyle. The fact is that he was not one of those men who move star-like through the dusky past, forcing the historical eye to read events by their light. His brain was large and clear, but his heart was cold. He worked out the intellectual problem of his time with exactitude; but no swell of feeling rose in his breast to inspire him for mighty action, and to make him an inspiration to others. He saw that Prince Charles had granted all the English Parliament demanded of his father, that constitutional monarchy was now making its last stand against the power of the sword, that a Puritan settlement, under a young King, with guarantees of its permanence as firm as the Puritans chose to require, would be the natural, safe, and honourable conclusion of the Revolution. Seeing all this, he could not abandon Charles. But neither could he throw himself into his cause with the self-sacrificing, whole-hearted enthusiasm of Montrose. He balanced himself so evenly between yes and no, and cast so many wistful glances towards the camp of Cromwell, that Charles suspected him of a design to deliver him up, and actually took flight from Perth under this impression. He returned, indeed, within forty-eight hours, but one can guess whether the relations between himself and the Marquis were likely to be cordial. Some time after the rout of Dunbar, Argyle presented to Charles for signature a letter which was to form the basis of an agreement between them. In this curious document, the Prince engages to make Argyle a Duke, a Knight of the Garter, a gentleman of the bedchamber, to "hearken to his counsels," and, in the event of Charles's restoration to the throne of England, to "see him paid the forty thousand pounds sterling due to him." This is not the sort of loyalty we expect from a hero.

But the fighting Covenanters were of a different temper from

Argyle. Let us not impute his chill and calculating spirit to men who might respect but who never loved him. On the 2nd of January, 1651, as if in solemn announcement, four months after Dunbar, that they still held to their principles, and would die for their King, they crowned Charles in the church of Seone. He was conducted by his nobles from the old palace to the old church, the spurs carried by the Earl of Eglinton, the sword by the Earl of Rothes, the sceptre by the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, the crown by the Marquis of Argyle. On the King's right walked the Great Constable, on his left the Great Marshal. Over his head a canopy of crimson velvet was borne by six earls' sons, and four earls' sons upheld his train. In the church, on a raised platform duly carpeted, was placed the throne. Ere he ascended it, Charles seated himself in a chair placed before the preacher, on the common level of the congregation, and took part in Divine service. Mr. Robert Douglas, Moderator of the Commission of General Assembly, preached the sermon. The text was that stern passage of the Hebrew annals, in which we are told how Jehoiada, priest of Jehovah, and the faithful captains of the host, rescued the boy Joash from the daughter of Jezebel, the intriguing, blood-thirsty Athaliah, and crowned him as the covenanted King of Israel. Mr. Douglas dealt plainly with Charles in his adversity, but the Church of Scotland had not flattered Kings in the day of their power. He was exhorted to be all that Trajan had been said to be—devout at home, courageous in war, just in his judicatories, prudent in his affairs. Of the doctrine of divine-right royalty—that sugar of lead which the Anglican Church has so industriously dropped into the ears of her Kings—there was no trace. "Kings are deceived," said Mr. Douglas, "who think that the people are ordained for the King, and not the King for the people." "The King is the MINISTER OF GOD FOR THE PEOPLE'S GOOD." "The King hath his distinct possessions and revenues from the people; he must not oppress and do what he pleases; there must be no tyranny upon the throne." Scotsmen may reflect with pride that these words were spoken to the last King ever crowned in Scotland.

After service the ceremony of coronation proceeded. Charles, kneeling and lifting up his right hand, said, "I, Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, do assure and declare, by my solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, my allowance and approbation of the National Covenant, and of the Solemn League and Covenant . . . and that I shall give my Royal assent to acts and ordinances of Parliament passed, enjoining the same, in my other dominions." Observe the scrupulous respect shown to the rights of the English Parliament! The crown was set upon Charles's head by the Marquis of Argyle. Under the wintry heaven, as earnestly as ever from the heart of

David or of Jeremiah, rose from the congregation that Hebrew psalm of prayer—

“Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send.”

The trouble had come, and Jehovah did not avert it. Cut off from all the world, with Oliver Cromwell before them and the haggard hills and moaning ocean behind, the Covenanters still held out for eight long months, and then, giving Cromwell the slip with an adroit skill that Oliver never equalled, Leslie marched with his little army for England. Did Argyle cast in his lot with the intrepid remnant, and do at least one perfectly heroic thing? Alas, no! His heart failed him; he remained behind; and the glory of Worcester is not his. Steadily penetrating into England, Lambert on his flank and Cromwell in his rear, Leslie conducted his army to Worcester. With a mean effusiveness of enthusiasm for the winning side which drew a contemptuous rebuke from Cromwell himself, the forces of the English counties came flocking, vulture-like, to be in at the death. Enormously outnumbered, ill-armed, half-starving, the little Scottish army fought on for four hours, vindicating for ever the honour of Scotland by spurning, with death before its eyes, the offers of accommodation made by Cromwell at the price of sacrificing the King. The sword was now supreme in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and Cromwell expressly said that Scotland had given the army more trouble than any other part of the three kingdoms.

The Covenanters who sank in their attempt to establish the monarchy on a constitutional basis ten years before the Restoration, were the fathers of the historical Whig party. The name was first applied to those Covenanters who rose upon and disarmed the stragglers from Hamilton's expedition, as they made their way back to Scotland. The name, or nickname, then given them was naturally applied to that political party which maintained their principle of submitting neither to the will of a tyrant nor to the dictation of an army, of accepting neither a dynasty without liberty nor liberty with obliteration of the old lines of the constitution. The Puritan Revolution as led by Eliot, Hampden, Pym,—the Puritan Revolution of the Bill of Rights, and the Great Remonstrance, and the Solemn League and Covenant,—the Puritan Revolution which fought the King in his own name, and had as one of its fundamental objects to make the monarchy possible and permanent—was Whig. Had it triumphed in 1650 instead of in 1688, there would probably have been retained in the political and social constitution of England, and in the temper and habits of the people, more of the elevation and moral ardour of the Puritans than have been traceable since the 17th century. Even if we grant that Cromwell,

Milton, Ireton, and the Ironside invincibles of Naseby and Dunbar, represent the purest resplendence of spiritual enthusiasm that ever glowed in England, we may maintain that this was too much above the habitual mood of the English people for permanence, and that, if a less lofty flight had been attempted, the utter collapse of Puritanism in England when Cromwell died might have been avoided.

During the Protectorate, favour was shown by the ruling powers in Scotland to that party among the Covenanting clergy which had distrusted and forsaken Charles. Protesters were placed in vacant charges by forcible intervention of Cromwell's soldiers, although the congregations detested the intrusion. This riveted the affection of the people to the main body of the Presbyterian preachers. They clung to a Church identified with the cause of national independence; and though the number of Protesters in the occupation of pulpits increased, the principles of the Sectaries, as they were called, made no way in Scotland. These considerations enable us to do justice to Charles in estimating the guilt of ingratitude laid to his charge on account of his conduct, at the Restoration, to the Church of Scotland. On any showing, it was bad enough. But for eleven years before he ascended the throne, the ministers promoted to livings in Scotland had belonged to the party which did its worst to ruin him, whose divisive courses after Dunbar had caused bitter anguish to Charles's Covenanting allies. To those Covenanters who had stood by him to the last, Charles was not more ungrateful than the indolent facility of his character, and the furious anti-Presbyterian zeal of his chief advisers on Scottish affairs, might have led us to expect. David Leslie had no occasion to complain of Charles. He had given up his sword to Cromwell at Worcester, but, like a brave and high-principled man, he declined to make his peace with the Protector, and remained in the Tower till the Restoration. He was then rewarded by Charles with a pension and a peerage.

The hostility of Cromwell endeared the Church of Scotland to the people. The atrocious mal-administration of Scotland between 1660 and 1688 had a similar tendency. Physical defeat, political failure, ensured for the Church complete spiritual conquest. She had leant upon the sword, and it pierced her. She had been a great power in politics; and under her auspices disaster followed disaster, army after army was destroyed. When she could not place a squadron in the field, when she was despised and persecuted by statesmen, she became finally and immovably enthroned in the affections of Scotchmen. She had the felicity of being always on the side of Scotland's freedom, independence, or good government, freedom against Charles I., independence against Cromwell, good government against Lauderdale and

Claverhouse. She continued, therefore, to be the Church of the Scottish people; and those who have seceded from her since the 17th century have seceded, not because they wished to change her, but because they objected to her being changed. No lesson of her history, however, is more impressive than the unquestionable fact that her intermeddling with politics resulted in calamity to herself and to Scotland. Was this the reason why M'Crie, having told the tale of her struggles under Knox and Melville, left the tale of her predominance untold?

For Scotland it was probably, after all, well that the victory of the Covenanters was wholly in the spiritual province. Had the simpleton Committee of Estates and Church let David Leslie deal with Cromwell in his own way; had Oliver been seriously crippled; had the immense party in England which desired nothing better than that Charles should reign under constitutional restraints coalesced with the Covenanters and effected a settlement, the Scots might, or must, have attained an ascendancy in the councils of the island which could hardly have promoted the general welfare. All thoughtful and well-informed Englishmen admit that the vindication of Scottish independence by Bruce and Wallace was a benefit to England. Scotland, had the Reformation been offered at the point of the English sword, would have rejected it as implacably as Ireland, and *two* Irelands would certainly have clogged the wheels of England. But if the Scots had conquered at Dunbar, they might have become arrogant. Either they might have clung to their local independence, perpetuating a cumbrous and dangerous dualism in Great Britain, or they might have claimed more than their share in the common government. It was beneficial that Scotland should achieve self-respect and the respect of England; but it was also desirable that the *ingenium perfervidum* should be toned down a little, and that Scotchmen should know that they are to Englishmen as one to seven. It is perhaps not far from the truth to say that, next to the victory of Bannockburn, the best thing that ever happened to Scotland was the defeat of Dunbar, and that high among the benefactors of Scotland, not far behind Wallace and Bruce, stands Oliver Cromwell.

During the Protectorate Argyle was a judicious trimmer, anxiously civil to Oliver, hated as false and half-hearted both by Scotch and English. At the Restoration he posted up to London, but Charles refused to see him, had him arrested, sent to Scotland, tried, and executed. This was a murder. For all that Argyle did against Charles I. he had obtained the amplest indemnity before he crowned Charles II., and there was no legal ground for exempting him from the general pardon granted to those who had gone with the stream between 1651 and 1660, or

had intrigued against the Restoration. Charles II. murdered Argyle. But it was a murder with palliations. How could life be endurable for Charles while Argyle continued to breathe? There was, for example, the little bill for the dukedom, the garter, the forty thousand pounds. It would not have been pleasant for Charles to have his attention called to that friendly transaction. But that was not the worst. How could the gay Sybarite bear to have his dead past, his buried conscience, raised from the tomb, and set to glare withal on that scowling brow, in those grey, searching eyes? Conscience incarnated in Argyle, conscience, stalking grimly in among the throng of courtiers, say when Charles sat wreathed in smiles between Buckingham and Nelly, and recalling to him that hour when he sat on the floor of the old church of Scone, and heard Mr. Douglas thunder on the rescue of Joash and the sins of the house of Ahab,—that moment when he knelt before God, and, with uplifted hand, swore to maintain the Covenants,—would have made life not worth having for Charles. He committed murder; but no murderer could plead greater palliations.

PETER BAYNE.



ARE LANGUAGES INSTITUTIONS?

WHILE the present century has witnessed a truly wonderful advance in the study of languages, it has not yet yielded equal results for the science of language. Comparative philology has thus far borne off the palm over linguistics. The classifications of human speech, the historical development and divarication of languages, the processes of phonetic change, are understood to a degree of which our fathers had no conception; but the co-ordination and explanation of all these facts, the recognition of the forces whose workings underlie and produce them, and of the ways in which those forces act—on such subjects there is far from being that general agreement of opinion which ought to mark a matured branch of study.

To quote a few instances: while the Boppian view of the making of grammatical forms by collocation, combination, and integration of originally independent elements may be regarded as the leading and orthodox one in the modern school of philology, there yet are scholars of rank who deny it, and assert, instead, that endings were created in their separate entity and office along with the bases to which they are attached, or sprouted out from the latter by the working of some mysterious internal force. Most linguistic scholars hold that the development of a grammatical system has been a work of ages, always going on and never finished; but at least one celebrated and admired authority declares the whole essential structure of a language to be produced “at a single stroke.” It is the prevailing belief that the

world is filled everywhere with families of related dialects, and that a family of languages, as of individuals or of races, arises by the dispersion and differentiation of a unitary stock. One or two teachers of the highest popular repute ask us to believe, instead, that language had its beginning in a condition of indefinite dialectic division, and has been always tending toward unity—that there are, as an exception, two or three real families, and no more, these being the result of peculiar and unexplained processes of arbitrary concentration in the remote past; and another bold doubter makes a great stir by denying the ordinary family-tree theory of linguistic kinship, and putting in its place a theory of wave-motion, propagated from a centre. Some hold (more or less consistently) that language is a natural organism, growing by its own forces and its own laws, with which men cannot interfere; others declare it an instrumentality, produced in every item by the men themselves who use it. Some write of it as a human faculty or capacity, like sight or hearing, as a gift, as identical with thought or reason, as the one distinguishing quality of man. Others regard it as one of the outcomes of a variety of faculties and impulses, by all of which man is far removed from the lower animals; as one which, under normal conditions, is sure to show itself, but which may, by the mere force of external and accidental circumstances, be thwarted, without impeachment of man's nature, but only of his education. Some maintain that the child learns his own language; others strenuously deny that there is any teaching or learning about it. Some, once more, declare the study in which they are engaged a physical science, while to others it seems as truly a historical or moral science as any other branch of the history of man and his works.

Now, with regard to all these matters of discordant opinion, only one side can possibly be in the right. We may be able to excuse those who take the wrong side, seeing where they are misled by looking at the facts from a false point of view, by misconceiving the meaning of a term or forgetting its double application, by omitting to take into account some decisive consideration, by overlooking important items of evidence, and so on; but wrong they are, nevertheless. And it is truly unfortunate that, just upon points of the most fundamental importance, the linguists should be so at variance with one another. Surely the study of language, so extolled on all sides for the strictness of its methods and the solidity of its results, might have gone so far by this time that its votaries should be able to give a nearly unanimous opinion, for example, as to what a word is in relation to a conception, and to follow that opinion logically and consistently out to its consequences. One grand reason for the discordance has been, to be sure, that linguists were so busy with the infinite and urgent

details of their work: details which they have not yet begun to exhaust—hardly, even for the majority of human languages, to look over and get well in hand.

Germany is the home of philological and linguistic study; but the Germans are rather exceptionally careless of what we may call the questions of linguistic philosophy, or are loose and inconsistent in their views of such questions; hardly seeming, in many cases, to be aware that there are antagonistic doctrines before them, one of which ought to be, and must finally be adopted, to the exclusion of the other. There needs to be, perhaps, a radical stirring-up of the subject, a ventilation of a somewhat breezy, even gusty, order, which shall make words fly high, and dash noisily against one another, before agreement shall be reached. If so, the sooner it is brought on, in whatever way, the better; and they are no true promoters of the progress of the science who strive to smooth things over on the surface, and act as if all were serene and accordant below.

Amid manifold minor diversities, and half-views and compromises innumerable, opinions respecting language seem to be divisible into two principal opposing classes, which may be termed (rudely, and without intended offence to the sensibilities of the adherents of either) the positive and the sentimental, or the common-sense and the metaphysical. The latter class tends toward an admiring contemplation of language, in its comprehensive relation to the human mind and human progress, and toward its study in and through the processes of mental action that underlie its production and use. The other class plants itself upon the consideration, first of details, and then of their combined result; it begins with the audible sign—the word—and works from this toward the intellectual process which it represents. The one strives after profundity, brings in its illustrations from remote periods and languages, and forms grand and striking views; the other aims at simplicity, at general intelligibility, at moderation, and rejoices in the overthrow of exaggerated and illusory opinions. It is by no means easy to characterize the two opposing tendencies fairly in a sentence or two; and I would not at all claim that the description here given is not tinged with the prejudices of the describer. One may acknowledge the influence of such prejudices in drawing up a general account of the questions at issue, while yet he may believe himself capable of examining and discussing, with entire fairness, any detailed views, any distinct statements or arguments, brought forward by the opposing party.

As to which of these two general tendencies is at present the prevailing one among the professional students of language, there can be no reasonable doubt: it is the one here called the sentimental or metaphysical. How long this is going to be the case is

another and a more difficult question. In the prevailing confusion of discordant opinions, and carelessness about the discordance, described above, comparatively few have declared themselves; and there is probably light enough abroad to bring out men's decisions prevailing on the right side when once they can be led to reason themselves into clearness and consistency of opinions. Meanwhile, the unlearned popular view of speech, that of the general body of cultivated people, that which has most votaries among the students of physical science, and those who approach the subject from the side of general anthropology, is rather of the opposite type. That the division bears this aspect ought, it should seem, to tell against the latter doctrine; but there is no good ground for regarding the fact as decisive, for until the linguists are more agreed among themselves as to fundamental points, they have no common vote to throw.

For myself, I hold the more popular doctrine to be also the truer, and, in the proper sense, more philosophical; and the other to be founded on the insecure basis of combined misapprehension and exaggeration. And I propose to give here, in as brief a form as is possible, my reasons for thus holding.

Everything in the study of language, as in most other studies, depends upon the way in which one approaches the fundamental questions. In my opinion there is no other way here so secure and so fruitful as that of inquiring what our own speech is to us, and why; how we came by it, and by what tenure we hold it. The general linguistic philosophy we profess must, first and above all things, be consistent with the most accessible facts of present living language; we may not be able to explain these from themselves alone, but our doctrines must at any rate not go counter to them. If physical science has been worth anything for its influence upon other sciences, it has been by inculcating its method of investigation, to make the utmost of what is immediately under our eyes, and reason cautiously back from the present into the past.

Nor, in getting at language from this side, must we undertake to deal with it as a body or total, lest we lose ourselves in glittering and indefinite generalities. We must take up only so much as we can hold in the hand, as it were, and deal with competently. Let us try the single word *book*. It is to us the sign of a very complex conception, but one which needs no defining. How came we by it? Every other linguistic community in the world that has the thing has also a name for it, but the names are all different—*livre, libro, buch, biblion, kniga, kitāb, pustaka*, and so on—let us say a round hundred of them. Why do we use for our conception this one of the hundred? There is but one answer to this, a common-sense answer, which no philosophy can possibly reason away. We

learned the word, hearing it used during the period when we were engaged in learning things and their names, used over and over again, and in such connections as showed us what it meant; we learned to reproduce the series of sounds, and to associate it with the conception, just as we could have learned to reproduce and associate any other of the hundred, or any one of a thousand other signs—as a motion of the hand, or a square mark. There is absolutely no tie of union to us between the sign and the thing signified save this mental association, artificially formed—that is to say, brought about under the guidance of others, after their example, not by any inward impulse. Some of us, indeed, know that the word has a curious history—that it is akin to *beech*, and for the reason that beechen staves or tablets were the first material used by our rude ancestors for cutting runes upon. But this is merely a matter of learned curiosity; our knowledge or want of knowledge, our belief or disbelief in the explanation when given us, has nothing to do with our use of the term *book*; we use it because others—those with whom it is our lot to have to do in life—also use it, because we can communicate with them by means of it. If we, though of English blood, had happened to be born at Paris, at Rome, at Cairo, at Peking, we should either have learned to use a different word from this, or another beside it, in the same sense and for the same reason—even as in English-speaking communities, especially in America, descendants of half the races under heaven use *book* as their “native” sign, knowing absolutely nothing of any other.

But what is thus true of *book* is true also of every other sign of which our language is composed, unless we may have committed in a few instances that rare act, the coining of a word. And this is already of itself enough to show that in a perfectly proper—indeed, in the only genuine—sense, our words are arbitrary and conventional signs; arbitrary, not because no reason can be given for the assignment of each word to its use, but because the reason is only a historical, not a necessary one, and because any other of the hundred current, or of the ten thousand possible, signs might have been made by us to answer precisely the same purpose; conventional, not because it was voted in a convention (what that we call “conventional” ever was so?), nor because men came to an explicit understanding about it in any other way, but because its adoption by us had its ground in the consenting usage of our community. There is no way of denying these two epithets to language, except by misunderstanding their meaning.

Moreover, it is not the case that the learner gives birth first to an independent and adequate conception of a book, and then merely accepts from others the name by which he shall call it. For the “inner form,” not less than for the outer sign, he is

dependent on his teachers. He would not, indeed, even begin to use the word if he had not formed some sort of an idea of a thing which it stood for; but he knows next to nothing about the thing; it is to him a mystery of which he only later obtains the key, and which he does not fully understand till after he has studied the history of civilization, a whole chapter of which is, in a manner, epitomized in the single term. And all this is given him in measure, as he is prepared to receive it, by the teaching of others. A further example or two will show this dependence still more clearly. The idea of *planet* came down to us as defined and named by our instructors, the Greeks, and named from the most superficially obvious property of the objects designated, that of "wandering," or moving amid the other stars. No uninstructed person would single out a class of heavenly bodies to call by such a name; many races have never formed the conception. To those who gained learning enough, the meaning was further enriched by connection with the Ptolemaic system of cycles and epicycles. Then, as by a touch, Copernicus altered the whole aspect of the word, and changed the classification which it represented, ejecting the sun and moon, and taking in the earth. And all this is now used to help give shape to the at first dim and formless idea, which the language-learner is made to entertain along with the sign which is taught him. Once more, the child is made to count, and in the process his conceptions of number are cast into a decimal shape, one in which each higher factor is made up of ten of the next lower, till he comes to feel that such tenfoldness is a natural characteristic of numeration. Yet, if we inquire whence comes this particular shape, we find it growing out of the simple fact that we have two hands, with five fingers on each! So utterly extraneous and accidental a cause as this, as turned to account by the simple races who laid the deep foundations of our mathematics, determines the "inner form" assumed by the mathematical conceptions of each new member of our race; of course, quite without his knowledge.

So it is all the way through language. Along with and by means of words, the young learner is made to take in the ideas which the knowledge and experience of older men have shaped; he accepts the current classifications and abstractions of his community, at first only imperfectly, then with fuller and more independent action of his own, till finally he grows up to the stature of his language, and has, at least in some departments, nothing more to learn of those about him. At the beginning, and in less degree later, he was so hurried on by the superiority of his instructors in knowledge and mental development, that he had neither leisure nor inclination to be original; now he becomes in his turn a teacher, and also a shaper. By his action and that of

his fellows, the common instrument of expression undergoes a constant slow change. Their new knowledge has somehow to be worked in. It is done partly, as in the case of *planet*, by reshaping the conceptions contained in old words, and shifting the boundaries of old classifications; partly by the cognition of new particulars which are brought under old names, expanding so far their contents—as when Uranus and Neptune are brought into the class of *planets*, and the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn make a class for the formerly unique appellation *moon*; and partly by providing new names for objects, products, qualities, relations, before unperceived, or so dimly apprehended as not to seem to call for expression. And the provision is made in part by deliberately going to other tongues and borrowing material from them (so *Uranus*, *Neptune*), or else by forming new compounds of native material (so *steamboat*, *railroad*), or, very frequently, by mere transfer of old words to new uses, substituted or additional. By these and other similar means, language is continually adapted by its speakers to express the modified content of their minds. At the same time, it suffers change of a yet more intimate and unconscious kind as an instrument; its phonetic shape being rendered more manageable, and its grammatical shape as well; new words of relation are made, by the attenuation of more material elements, and now and then, in a kindred way, a new form.

So far as a language is handed down from generation to generation by the process of teaching and learning, it is stable, and by this means it does remain nearly the same; so far as it is altered by the consenting action of its users, it is unstable, and it does in fact change. Examine any language, and you will find it different from its predecessor; different in a variety of items of the kinds instanced above, each of them being obviously the work of the speakers, and showing no signs of the presence of any other force. In the present stage of what we call the growth of language, nothing takes place which is not the effect of human agency; the only obscurity about it grows out of the fact that there is involved the consenting action of a community, since language is a social institution, and exists primarily and consciously for the purpose of communication. But if this is so nowadays, then it was so in the period next preceding, and in the one before that; and so on, until the very beginning is reached. For we have no right to assume unnecessarily that the processes of growth have essentially changed; that is to say, if the methods of word-making and form-making as exhibited in the historical period are sufficient to account for the whole existing material of speech, we are not authorized to postulate others.

And such is the case. Forms have been made, through all the

historical periods, by the combination of independent elements, and the reduction of one of them to a formal value by means of changes of form and changes of meaning, such as are exhibited in every part of language; and this action, varying in kind and degree under the changing circumstances of developing speech, can never, so far as at present appears, be proved insufficient to explain the structure of language. If there are problems of structure as yet unsolved, they may be expected to yield to more skilled investigation; or, if they do not, it will be presumably because of the loss of needed evidence. The name-making process implies only the christening of a formed idea, the provision of a sign which shall henceforth be associated with a particular conception, and used to represent it in social intercourse and in the operations of thought. And the sign is obtained just where it can be most conveniently found, according to the circumstances and habits of each particular community. There is nothing approaching to necessity in an etymology. It is only a tie of convenience that connects the new name with its source: in the case of *book*, the tie of historical development out of an accidental selection of material; in *planet*, that of intended, but palpably insufficient description; in *Uranus* and *Neptune*, of learned and reflective selection, under government of the same regard for analogy which controls also the most unconscious and popular choice of appellations; and in *decimal*, no one has yet been skilful enough to find out what. But, known or unknown, sufficient or insufficient, learned or popular, it is all one, so far as regards the practical uses of speech; when once established in use, the name, from whencesoever derived, is good enough for its office. It were vain indeed to be particular about the source, when the use is going to depend, with each new learner, on an artificially formed association alone.

Now, how should it enter into the mind of any one to regard words thus won, thus kept in life, thus liable to alterations of every kind in the mouths of their speakers, as anything more than the instruments, the outward equipment, of thought? Thought is the action of the mind, in apprehending, comparing, inferring; every word is an act of the body, and of the body only; performed indeed, as all the voluntary acts of the body are, under the direction of the mind, but no more the work of the mind than are crooks of a finger, or brandishings of an arm, or kicks with a foot. There is no more immediate connection of the apparatus of thought with the muscles of utterance than with those of facial expression or of gesture. Talking is just as much thought as dancing is; not one whit more. All the arguments used to show the impossibility of mind-work without speech are, so far as I can see, such as would also prove the impossibility of manual work

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without tools and machines, of mathematical work without written signs.

If it be asked how the mind comes to equip itself with this instrumentality, the answer is ready and easy; it does so under the impulse to communication. That language should owe its origin and maintenance to a cause so extraneous to the soul, and so superficial, is repugnant to the prejudices of many; yet I do not see how the truth of the doctrine can be successfully controverted. It is in accordance with all that we know of the history and present use of language, and, not less, with all that we know of the development of man's powers in other departments. Through all its existence, speech is primarily and above all a social possession, its unity made and preserved by mutual intelligibility, all its items and their changes requiring the adoption of a community before they become language at all. Those who, by isolation or physical defect, are cut off from communication with their fellows, do not speak, and have no inclination to speak. And, especially, communication is the only inducement to which every human being, at every grade of culture, is fully accessible. The great majority, even of speaking, civilized men, do not realize that language is anything to them but a means of communication; and to ascribe to the uncultivated man a power to foresee that expression will furnish his mind an instrument to work with, and be to the race an indispensable help forward in the career of improvement, is to do him a great deal more than justice. This is the way in which in general the powers of man have been drawn out and educated; the art of writing came, in like manner, from attempts at another kind of communication; machines came, one item after another, in the struggle of man to supply his physical needs. We are short-sighted beings, and never able to look more than one step ahead, but we have the power of putting each new step beyond its predecessor, and are surprised by-and-by to see how far we have come, how much we have attained that we had neither expected nor foreseen.

If these views as to language are true, then the marked analogies of languages with institutions are patent and undeniable. A language is a body of usages; it has its main occasion and usefulness in connection with the social life of a community; it is a constituent part of the civilization of its community, worked out, like the rest, by long-continued collision and friction between man and his circumstances, gradually accumulated by the contributions of each member of a race through successive generations, and handed down by a process of teaching and learning. Let a child of European parents be brought at birth into an Indian wigwam, and grow up among Indians only; and his life in all its parts will be Indian—his food, his occupations, his amusements, his know-

ledge, and his beliefs—and, along with the rest, his language also; while the African, for instance, born and bred in an American community, shows in all these same respects accordance with that particular class of Americans among whom his lot is cast. This by no means implies that there are no such things as race-differences of capacity and disposition, even as there are wide individual differences between members of the same race: the white man makes, perhaps, a somewhat peculiar kind of Indian, the African a peculiar kind of American; yet each acquires the civilization, language included, of the race with which he grows up, and shows his race-characteristics, as they their individual characteristics, inside of that.

All names are imperfect, and have their unsuitable, as well as their suitable suggestiveness in connection with every new object to which they are applied; but I hold, and with the utmost confidence, that there is no general name so truly descriptive of a language as *institution*—none which takes into account so many of its essential characteristics, or marks so distinctly its place among the possessions of its community. The word, no doubt, offends some, and seems to others derogatory to the dignity of its subject; but I believe that the more the real nature and office of language are understood, and the more established and consistent the linguistic views of the educated become, the more its truth will be acknowledged. I have used it often, partly in a kind of defiance to those views which are decidedly opposed to what it implies; I shall be ready to abandon it when its impropriety is proved by fact and argument.

The great obstacle, as it seems to me, to the prevalence of consistent and correct views concerning language, is the ambiguity of the word *language* itself. It means two entirely different things: a capacity, and a product of the exercise of that capacity. Language in the former sense—that is, a power to express thought by means of signs, and to develop this instrumentality into a great and intricate and wonderful institution, having the most important bearings on the progress of the individual and of the race—is a gift, a quality, a part of human nature, and all that; but this power does not give a single human being *his* language: it does not issue in anything except through a historical development, by a gradual accumulation of the results of its exercise. It makes every human being capable of learning and using any language. It implies also that every human being is capable of producing a language—only let circumstances be sufficiently favourable, and give him time enough: say a few hundreds or thousands of ordinary lives. But the English language, for instance, or any other, is not such a capacity: it is the concrete accumulated product of the efforts at expression of the English-speaking or other commu-

nity and its ancestors, continued through thousands of years. Each such product has its history: that is to say, it has been wrought only in time, and under the infinitely varied modifying influence of historical circumstances; each is different, therefore, from all the rest: a thousand different products, of every degree of diversity, but each one answering the same general purpose, and capable of being acquired and wielded by every normally constituted human being, of whatever race.

An additional obstacle, of another character, is the (of course, unconscious) craving of many people after lofty and poetic general views, views of which the very conception shall seem to exalt them. The doctrines set forth above are in many respects iconoclastic, and therefore repellent to them. They want to regard man's acquisitions as direct gifts to him from his Maker, or as spontaneous outbursts of his noble nature. M. Renan says (*Orig. du Lang.*, chap.iii.), "Languages have come forth completely formed from the very mould of the human spirit, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter." Precisely so, we might answer; the comparison has a more complete applicability than even the eloquent author imagined; the one thing has the same kind of truth as the other; each is a beautiful myth, and it is hard to see why he who seriously accepted the former should not accept the latter also. For one man, we have taken all the poetry out of life when we have made him see that it is not his God, rolling on mighty chariots through the sky, and hurling thunderbolts at the demons, but mere prosaic meteorological forces, that cause the thunderstorm; we have perhaps robbed another of both religion and self-respect when we show him the earth gradually cooling and condensing, clothing itself with vegetable and animal life; and man himself creeping up through the ages from a condition of savagery, gradually finding out his powers by their exercise, laying up and shaping institutions—language among the rest—for traditional transmission, the knowledge and wisdom which are one day to raise him to the headship of nature. We are all loath to put a truth regarded as humble in place of a brilliant error; and slow to realize that, when the false colouring is taken off, what remains is worth more to us than what we thought we had before.

There is, it is believed, a wide-spread impression that views of language of the kind advocated in this paper are "superficial;" and that only those treat the subject profoundly who lift it up either into the sphere of psychology, or on to the platform of the physical sciences, making linguistic study a department of the study of mind, or else of that of human organs and their functions. But that is a matter to be settled along with the truth or error of the views in question. If they are true, then those are superficial who, in a mistaken endeavour after profundity, abandon the true

basis and method of their science. There are infinite mysteries involved in every act of language-making and language-using, with which the linguistic scholar, as such, has to do only secondarily, or not at all. To recur to our former example: the psychological processes whereby the rude conception of a *book* is formed, partly under instruction, and gradually developed into fulness and accuracy, are one subject of study; the physiological processes whereby one hears the word *book*, and then is able to reproduce it, by an imitative effort of his own organs, is another; the history of the civilization which has given birth to such product, and of the arts by which it is manufactured, is yet another; and there are more, clustering about the same word; with the great problems of existence and human destiny looming up in the background, as they do behind everything that we attempt to investigate. But no one of these is the standing-point of the linguist; to him, the central fact is that there exists one audible sign *book*, representing in a certain community a certain conception, for all purposes of communication; used by hosts of people who know nothing about the history of books, nor about the operations of the organs of speech, nor about the analysis of mental processes—and answering their purposes as well as if they knew it all. The sign had a certain definite time, locality, and occasion of origin; it was applied to its purpose for reasons which lay neither in men's mental nor in their physical nature, but in their historical conditions; it has passed through certain changes of form and office on its way to our use. Here, now, is where the linguist takes his stand; from this point of view everything falls into its true position of relative prominence. Language is a body, not of thoughts, nor of physical acts, but of physically apprehensible signs for thought; and the student of language begins his work upon the signs, their office, and their history. Between him and the students of the other branches named there is a relation of mutual helpfulness. The history of words and the history of things cast constant and valued light upon one another. The sounds of language illustrate the articulate capacity of the organs of utterance, and their changes require for explanation a knowledge of phonetic science, as a special department of physiology and acoustics combined. And the contributions of language to psychology greatly outweigh in value those of psychology to the science of language, since the latter is the key to the historical development of human thought; and since words are not the immediate product of processes of cognition or abstraction or induction, but only the result of voluntary attempts to communicate those products. Most students of language, probably, believe all this, and act in their studies upon the belief; only they are too uncertain of their ground not to be often driven from it by the imposing claims of outsiders.

About eight years ago (in the autumn of 1867), I put forth a connected and carefully reasoned exhibition of my linguistic views, in a volume entitled "Language, and the Study of Language;" in it I dealt only sparingly in controversial discussions of others' opinions, but left my own to recommend themselves by their concinnity, their accordance with familiar facts, and their power to solve the various problems which the science presents. Of the reception accorded to that volume I have no right to complain, and certainly I never have complained. But I have, at about that time and since, repeatedly taken occasion to examine narrowly and criticize freely the opposing views of others, and the arguments by which these were supported. And I have done it especially in the case of men of eminence and celebrity, men to whom the public are accustomed to look for guidance on this class of subjects. This, surely, was neither unnatural nor improper. What Smith, Brown, and Robinson may say about language before ears that heed them not, is of the smallest consequence; but if Schleicher and Steinthal, Renan and Müller, are teaching what appears to me to be error, and sustaining it by untenable arguments, I am not only authorized, but called upon, to refute them, if I can. The last of the gentlemen just named, however, in his paper in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for January last (p. 312 *seq.*), even while very flatteringly intimating that my habit of criticizing only the most worthy of notice is appreciated, and hence that those criticized feel in a certain way complimented by it, appears to think that their greatness ought to shield them from such attacks. I have very little fear that the general opinion of scholars will sustain him in this position. Each controversy is to be judged, rather, on its own intrinsic merits. If I have failed to make out a tolerable case against those whom I have criticized, then, be they great men or small, I have been guilty of presumption, and deserve reproof; if, on the contrary, I have fairly sustained my views against theirs, I am justified; and on that basis I am perfectly willing to submit to judgment.

I do not think Professor Müller the person best qualified to judge me fairly, because, in the first place, owing to his great fertility as a writer, and his position as accepted guide and philosopher, beyond any other living man, of the English-speaking people, I have felt called upon to controvert his views oftener than those of any other authority; and yet more, in the second place, because he does not appear to have qualified himself by carefully examining what I have written. He confesses to never having looked at my volume on language until a few weeks ago, when stirred up to it by the fact that my opinions had been quoted with approval in so conspicuous a quarter as the pages of the *CONTEMPORARY*. And even now, he has evidently given it the most cursory examination.

He has not observed that it was printed and published in England, instead of "in America." He has not discovered that it is a "systematic" discussion of its subject. He is mainly impressed, even to amusement, with its similarity to his own work: as, indeed, resemblances at first glance are always more striking than differences: if he will continue his study, he will certainly find the likeness less and less apparent, and extending almost only to those facts and principles which are universal property among philologists, neither he nor I having a patent right to them; while the underlying differences of view and plan will become more and more conspicuous to him. And, most of all, he picks out and sets forth certain alleged inconsistencies in a manner which only great haste can explain and excuse, since every one of them would be removed by a consideration of the place and connection of each passage quoted. He is even more than once so unlucky as to select a passage as showing me to hold a certain view right out of an argument in favour of the contrary view. For example (p. 310), in citing my expression that the facts of language "are almost as little the work of man as is the form of his skull," he overlooks the preceding clauses of the same sentence: "So far as concerns the purposes for which he [the linguistic scholar] studies them, and the results he would derive from them." The whole being a part of a statement intended to show that "the absence of reflection and conscious intent takes away from the facts of language the subjective character that would otherwise *belong to them as products of voluntary action*." There are several other cases quite as palpable as this: it is useless to expose them here.

I ought to be more than satisfied with the insignificant array of trifling errors (or supposed errors) of detail in my volume, drawn up by Professor Müller on p. 312; unfortunately, I could myself, if called upon, furnish a much heavier list. I only notice one, as being an important evidence of the haste and cursorness already referred to. My critic is shocked to find "the Phœnician alphabet still spoken of as the *ultimate* source of the world's alphabets." Ultimate it certainly is, in the sense of being that alphabet from which the others derive themselves, in part through many intermediaries; the point in which they all centre: but if Mr. Müller had looked at the twelfth lecture, in which the Phœnician mode of writing is made the subject of more than a mere passing remark, he would have found its own derivative character most explicitly asserted and supported.

If Professor Müller has not been willing to read until just now the work in which I had independently and connectedly put forth my own system of views, he has not, of course, been in a position to estimate fairly the critical articles in which I have had the avowed polemical intention of trying whether they could stand

their ground and make head against the opposing views of other writers. It might naturally enough seem to him that I was too pugnacious. But I cannot help questioning whether he has ever read those articles also, or knows them in any other way than as he knows the one recently used in the pages of the CONTEMPORARY by Mr. Darwin: namely, in fragments and by the report of others. I am confident that he would not otherwise so misconceive their spirit, imagining that I am in the habit of making general depreciatory remarks about the scholars whose works I examine, and of casting hard words at them in place of arguments. He cites a little list of such words, which have caught his eye as he turned over my pages, and which he has conceived to be applied to himself. I cannot help quoting a passage in which—and, so far as I know, in which alone—two or three of them actually occur. After explaining my own views as to the origin of language at some length, I add (p. 434): "The view of language and of its origin which has been here set forth will, as I well know, be denounced by many as a low view: but the condemnation need not give us much concern. It is desirable to aim low, if thereby one hits the mark; better humble and true than *high-flown, pretentious, and false.*" The words here underscored are those complained of by Professor Müller: if they are applied to him, or to any one else, it must be by himself, not by me. Those to whom my works are really known will, I am sure, defend me against Mr. Müller's unfortunate misapprehension. I do not judge men, but views, and especially the arguments by which views are upheld. If I deem the latter insufficient or erroneous, I confess that I am apt to speak my mind about them too plainly. If one finds a whole argument founded on the assumption that two and two are five, it is, of course, the true way to say that "Sir Isaac Newton would not have reasoned thus; and, on the whole, it is safer for us to agree with Sir Isaac," rather than to declare the assumption false, and everything built upon it unsound: yet, after all, if the latter is really true, and if the occasion for bringing out the truth is a sufficient one, and if the critic shows good faith, a desire to arrive at the truth and to treat his opponent with substantial justice, the shorter and blunter way is not to be too utterly condemned. And, as I have said above, I am ready to be strictly judged by the truth or error of my criticisms.

The plainest of plain speaking is far less really injurious than misrepresentation and detraction under the mask of extreme courtesy. Surely, so much wholesale depreciation and imputation of unworthy motives can hardly be found in all my writings as Mr. Müller raises against me in this one article. I should not venture to accuse any one of being actuated in his literary work only by personal vanity and a lust for notoriety,

except after the summing up of a long array of particulars and deductions—I think not, even then. If I declared any one to be noisy about a subject in inverse proportion to his examination of it, I should at least want to refer to examples that illustrated the peculiarity. Does my critic put these accusations forward as his example of how a controversy should be conducted in a gentlemanly manner? If I stated that any one “bitterly complained” that he was not answered by those he criticized, I should feel called upon to give chapter and verse for it; and neither Mr. Müller, nor any one else, can point out any such complaints on my part. I regard this as one more evidence of Mr. Müller’s careless and insufficient examination of my writings. He got his wrong impression, I imagine, from an imputation which Steinthal brings against me. I did blame Steinthal for undertaking, in his chapter on the origin of language, to report and refute the opposing views only of the last-century theorists, as if there were no more recent opinions on the subject which had a claim to be considered; and he was pleased to interpret it as a reproach to him for not mentioning myself! I should think far worse of him and of Mr. Müller than I do, if I supposed them incapable, in their cooler moments, of understanding that a man may, without any improperly selfish feeling, be astonished, and even indignant, to see the views, which he holds in company with a great many others, quietly ignored; or that he may hold them so heartily that he shall feel called upon to stand forth in their defence whenever they are unjustifiably passed over, or are assailed with what seem to him unsound arguments.

My article upon Steinthal was so different from what Mr. Müller appears to assume it to be, when speaking of that scholar as having “retaliated with the same missiles with which he had been assailed,” that I can only infer that it, too, is unknown to him except by false report. In a chapter of his recent work, *Abriß der Sprachwissenschaft*, Professor Steinthal seemed to me to have piled together about as many paradoxes as could well be gotten into so small a space, pushing the psychological method to an extreme which was almost its own refutation. To pick out a few points: for a definition of language, he gives us “it is what it is becoming,”—he declares the divine origin of language inadmissible, because no science, save the philosophy of religion, has any right to take account of God; he holds primeval man—in distinction from the philosophers of the last century, who wanted to degrade him—to have been a being of “creative force, from which religious and moral ideas flowed forth unsought;” his comparisons imply that language came into fully developed being at once; he asserts the investigation of its origin to be “nothing else than this: to acquaint ourselves with the mental culture which imme-

diately precedes the production of language, to comprehend a state of consciousness and certain relations of the same, conditions under which language must break forth," &c.; he denies that a child learns, or can be taught, to speak; he claims speech to be a capacity and activity like seeing and hearing; and he winds up with the conclusion that there is no such thing as an origin of language, except as it originates anew in every word we utter! Such views, expressed by one who stands so high in public estimation in Germany as Steinthal does, seemed to me to demand thorough examination. In my criticism, I went through the chapter, paragraph by paragraph, quoting in the author's own words nearly half of it, as I should estimate, and discussing in detail the various points made by him. Perhaps I carried on the discussion more vehemently than was necessary or desirable; I hold myself open to all due reprehension on that score; but that there were any personalities in it I utterly deny; it was an argument throughout, if a polemical one; it addressed itself only to the opinions it opposed, and the considerations by which these were supported. After nursing his wrath for two years, Steinthal came out in reply last summer with a volley of Billingsgate, pure and simple (Mr. Müller gives, p. 313, some choice examples of it); he enters into no argument, he makes no defence—unless it may be called a defence that he seems dimly to claim that, being only engaged in a preliminary laying out of his subject, he ought to have been indulged in putting forth anything he pleased without being called to account for it;—he tears his hair and splits into two persons with rage and disdain, and calls his assailant a villain and a fool. To such a tirade, there is but one answer possible; and to that I have no disposition to resort. Any one may judge from the specimens of Steinthal's views given above whether they are so obscure from profundity that a man of less than extraordinary penetration cannot hope to understand them: *to me*, the only incomprehensible thing is, how a man of learning and acuteness should have arrived at them, and should have so little to say for them. I am perfectly willing to lay the *acta* of the controversy before the public just as they are—Steinthal's chapter, my criticism, and his retort, without a word further added in my own defence; and I should be confident of a general verdict in my favour.

Professor Müller fears that I am generally becoming convinced that I am unanswerable. Perhaps every one runs that risk who, after what seems to him due examination and deliberation, has come to hold a certain set of opinions with great confidence, and who, with his best endeavours, does not find among opposing views and arguments any that can overbear his own. One thing I am certain about: namely, that neither Müller nor Steinthal has answered me. As Mr. Müller appreciates so fully the danger

in which I am placed, I wonder that he is not willing to put forth a hand to save me from it. I have with these gentlemen, so far as concerns my side, only a scientific controversy, sustaining my view of language against their contrary (and mutually conflicting) opinions. If I have been over warm in assault, that is my disadvantage as well as my fault, as I thereby lay myself the more open to a counter-attack, having no right to claim to be treated more gently. But I have a right to protest against the controversy being made a personal instead of a scientific one; against being met with the plea that I am too disrespectful to the magnates of science for my arguments to deserve attention. Such a reply is generally, and justly, regarded as equivalent to a confession of weakness.

It has, perhaps, been my misfortune not to appreciate sufficiently the services rendered by Professor Müller to the science of language; certainly, while fully acknowledging what he has done toward spreading a degree of knowledge of its facts, and, by his *prestige* and eloquence, attracting to them the attention of many who might have been reached in no other way, I have never been able to see that he helped either to broaden its foundations or to strengthen its superstructure. In ways and for reasons which I have sufficiently detailed in other places, his views have seemed to me wanting in solidity of basis, and in consistency and logical coherence. The difference between us is by no means of that slight character which, in his article, he gives it the air of being—"a simple matter of terminology," and the like; it reaches to the bottom. Holding as I do, I cannot expect that his proposed work on "Language as the true barrier between Man and Beast," whatever its general interest and readableness, will be a contribution of serious importance to the discussion of the subject. Nor, indeed, that by any one, more can be made of this barrier than has been made of the various others, which a profounder zoological and anthropological science has thrown down, claiming that no impassable barrier, but only an impracticable distance, separates the two—and separates them just as effectively. If my view of the nature of language is the true one, the absence of speech in the lower animals is easily seen to be correlated with many other deficiencies incident to their inferiority of endowment; they have no civilization, no "institutions" of any kind; nothing that goes down by tradition, is taught and learned. Their means of communication is almost wholly intuitive, not arbitrary and conventional, which are the most essential and highest attributes of ours. I say "almost," because I think the want not absolute; the rudiments of speech are just as much present in animals as, for example, those of the use of instruments; on account of which latter, Mr. Müller pronounces the "use of tools" no barrier.

Human language began when sign-making by instinct became sign-making by intention; when, for example, an utterance of pain or pleasure, formerly forced out by immediate emotion, was repeated imitatively, no longer as a mere instinctive cry, but for the purpose of intimating to another, "I am (was, or shall be) suffering or glad;" when an angry growl, once the direct expression of passion, was reproduced to signify disapprobation or threatening, and so on; that is to say, when expression for personal relief was turned into expression for communication. The human intellect had the power to see what was gained by this means, and to try it further; and it could follow on and on, in the same course, until a whole language of signs was the result. It cannot be successfully maintained that no animals are capable of taking even the earliest steps in this process: if a dog stands outside a door, and barks or scratches, to attract attention, and then waits for some one to come and let him in, that is, in all essential respects, an act of language-making; and the dog, and some other animals, can do much more than that. Here is the point to which the attention of naturalists should be directed, if they wish to determine how far the animals advance on the road to language; to what extent are they able to turn signs—utterance, or gesture, or posture, or grimace—to account for the purpose, and with the intention, of intimating meaning. To determine what definite natural cries they have is comparatively nothing to the purpose, since these are not the analogue of human speech: to put the inquiry on this ground, involves the capital error of attributing to the human voice a special relation to the apparatus of mental action, as its natural means of expression, instead of regarding utterance as merely that form of bodily activity which, on the whole, is most available for expression, and which, therefore, after due experience of its advantages, is most availed of by man. The real expressiveness of cries and exclamations lies, not in their articulate elements, their vowels and consonants (if they have any), but in their tones; and we keep these same tones as auxiliaries of the very highest value to our articulate speech, when we wish to impress and persuade.

Quite as much, I am sure, lies within the compass of the lower animals, in the way of intentional intimation of their wishes, as in the way of tool-using; and hence the former is no more a "barrier" than the latter. But the animals can go no further in the direction of developing their rude beginnings of expression into a language, than of working up their tools into a mechanical art, with all its appliances, simply because they have not the capacity; and in this capacity of indefinite development, by accumulating the results of the exercise of his powers, out of a condition originally as low, or well-nigh as low, as that of the

animals, lies the distinction of man—a distinction which ought to satisfy the most exacting lover of his species.

As regards "general ideas," of which Mr. Müller arrogates to himself and his followers the monopoly, I confess to being wholly of the opinion of Mr. Ellis: "Animals, to my mind, have concepts, with quite as much right to be termed general, as any which I possess myself, the difference being one of degree."* So long as Mr. Müller puts his exclusive claim solely on the ground that animals have no language, he must not expect to gain over many adherents. "Animals cannot talk, because they have no general ideas: they evidently have no general ideas, because they do not talk"—surely, as pretty a circle as ever was drawn with compasses; a mere duplication and bending around into a curved and re-entering form of the dogma that thought is impossible without words; that the intellect cannot apprehend resemblances and differences, cannot compare and infer, without the bodily organs to make signs for it. If this is an exaltation of the value of language, it is an equal degradation of the power of the mind.

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YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN CONN., U.S.A.,
February, 1875.

* President's address for 1873 to the London Philological Society, in the Society's "Transactions" for 1873-4, p. 250.



THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

The Collected Works of THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, with a Preface by the Right Hon. LORD HOUGHTON, a Biographical Notice by his granddaughter, EDITH NICOLLS, and a Portrait. Edited by HENRY COLE, C.B. In 3 vols. London: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON. 1875.

OF the many who have wiled a pleasant hour over the vagaries of "Headlong Hall" and "Crotchet Castle" in a stray volume of Bentley's Standard Novels, few until now have had a distinct idea of their author, a certain Peacock, not much before the outer world in his own day, long since retired from it, and yet, by general consent, a writer so brimful of humour and kindly satire that he ought to have written more, and to have been more widely known. The volume referred to, containing, besides the two tales already named, "Nightmare Abbey," and "Maid Marian," was made up of novelettes, the earliest of which saw the light as far back as 1815, while "Maid Marian," which appeared as a tale in 1822, and was so successful that it was dramatized by Planché, with music by Bishop, and produced at Covent Garden under Charles Kemble's auspices—nay more, was translated into German—is, for its raciness and sparkle, the one of all the four with which the greatest number connect the name of Peacock. Yet, as much as twenty years before the republication of these four tales in the "Standard Novelists," their author had produced a satirical novel of larger dimensions, entitled "Melincourt," in which, undreaming of the future of Darwinism, unenlightened as to the "survival of the fittest," he had playfully wrought into the shape of humorous fiction the theories of Lord Monboddo, and plied an age not

sufficiently advanced to receive much impression—for even Lord Byron had the conceit to fancy the tale was a skit at his pet bear—with the anthropo-simian approaches to reasoning faculty manifested in “Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet.” Published originally in 1818, it is not too much to say that “Melincourt” had become almost forgotten before it was republished in a cheap form about the year 1856; whilst one of Peacock’s happiest satires, one, too, which contains, above all others, his title to the sole vein of poetry he traced with striking success, the lyric vein, we mean “The Misfortunes of Elphin,” was first issued in 1829, and, though long since out of print, has never been reprinted until the issue of the collected edition, although it fetched a good price when found on the shelves of the second-hand booksellers. It was some comfort to those who knew the unity of authorship in these several novelistic *jeux d’esprit*, and could recognize in each the playful banter, old-fashioned praise of the *tempus actum*, and memorable impregnation of classical reminiscence, to find that an author seemingly so dead to the world of letters between 1837 and 1860, had simply lain dormant in the interim, taking in, meanwhile, those stores of increasingly curious erudition and research with which “Gryll Grange” is richer than even his earlier novels. By means of this he stepped at once into his old footing with his former admirers, and won a host of fresh lovers, when he tendered it, as the late fruit of an old tree, to the editor of *Fraser* in 1861. In the same “monthly” he had occasionally broken silence with “Horæ Dramaticæ,” and Reminiscences of Shelley; and for years he had anonymously followed the bent of his genius as operative critic to the *Globe* and the *Examiner*. Yet we may doubt if, up to the date of his death in 1866, Peacock had fully won his due and just rank among English humourists, though it will be no fault of the editors and publishers of the collected edition before us if his posthumous fame grow not through their labour of love. It needs but to peruse his bright and genial pages to love the man and his communication; and, if for nought else, Peacock should number troops of friends among posterity for the half-defunct art of his sweetly-laughing satire and philosophy, a philosophy that never bores, a satire that, while dealing hardish hits, is yet refined and sprightly, and depends for its hold on readers upon a mixture of originality and gathered wit and wisdom, very different from the tricks of slang, sensation, and fastness, which are the modern novelists’ birdlime for readers. Possibly, it would be going to extremes, to doubt whether works of the calibre of Peacock’s novels can ever win a very wide favour, at least so long as cultivation is exceptional. But we shall hope, in this paper, to show, by a glance at their author’s history, some causes for his secondary rank amid contemporary authors of his class; and, also, by notices

of his prose works, especially the less-known of them, to set his eminent merits before some who, though worthy to know the man and his books, have hitherto lacked introduction to him or them.

If we may judge by gleanings from the contributions of Lord Houghton, Mr. Cole, and Miss Nicolls towards a biography of Peacock, and a comparison of these with the tenor of his introduction to his "Memoirs of Shelley," first published in *Fraser*, and now reprinted in volume the third, it would seem that he had a strong horror of being put in a book or Boswellized, and rather held with a congenial ancient—

"Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit."

Had the passion for notoriety burned in him as strongly as in one or two of his contemporaries, whom he could never forbear satirizing as leaders of the Pantopragmatic and kindred movements—originated to keep their authors well before the world—advertisements of the "ninth" or "eighteenth thousand" would have greeted lives and memoirs far different in bulk from the modest biography prefacing the present collection, which does little more than help us to assess the author's title to transmissive genius, and the amount of his debt to the teaching of others. From his sire, a City merchant, who died when he was but in his third year, he could have taken little save his name, though to his mother—the daughter of an "old salt," who figures as Captain Hawltaught, in "Melincourt," and whose tales of the sea were the oral romance of his youth—he owed the priceless debt, constantly due in the case of eminent men to the maternal parent, of sympathetic interest, practical counsel, and the shrewd criticism which is grounded on "mother-wit" of the highest order. With this mother and grandsire he lived up to sixteen at Chertsey, going thence by day from eight to thirteen to a private school at Englefield Green, where he rather inspired his teachers with a presage of his future literary prowess, than was indebted to them for the seeds of that eccentric erudition which was for the most part self-sown, and which continued to grow and increase to the very end of his life. There is nothing in his remains to indicate that he was ever a scholar in the same sense as our first-class men in Oxford Moderations or the Cambridge classical Tripos—good at a paper of critical questions, good in grammar and philology, good at divers kinds of Greek and Latin composition. His was rather the learning of one who set no bounds on an inquisitiveness covering the whole field of classical literature; and we know that up to his latest years he corresponded with the foremost scholars and authors, when he sought to assure himself of the exact meaning of a curious passage, or

to trace home a bit of classic lore that had slipped its moorings. One of these correspondents, a man of affairs and scholarship, who predeceased Mr. Peacock, confirmed to us the view we have ventured to express, that he was rather a reader of curious research and endless capacity for classical notes and queries than a critical or grammatical scholar. But this is consistent with his education, which, as Lord Houghton puts it, "did not come to him through the ordinary channels." Inspired with a resolve to read the best books, illustrated by the best critics, he had no guidance or tuition, after fourteen, in pursuing his elected task; but when, at the age of sixteen, a happy migration of the little household to town for a time enabled him to do so, he carried out the singularly felicitous idea of supplementing his private reading of ancient authors by the study, at the British Museum, of those rich relics of ancient art which, in statues, gems, and bas-reliefs, so freely and, for the most part, fruitlessly offer themselves in illustration of the literature of classical antiquity. On this suggestive trait in Mr. Peacock's self-formation it would be difficult to add aught to Lord Houghton's words in his appreciative preface (p. x.), or to Mr. Cole's note at p. xxvii., unless by one or two illustrations or examples. Our first shall be general. It is but recently that it has been felt how much light on Homer's date, and the unity in authorship of his poems, may be gleaned from vases, and figures on vases, in the British Museum. Just broached in Dr. Hayman's able preface to the second volume of his *Odyssey*, the subject has received fuller treatment from Professor Brunn, of Munich; and Mr. Alexander Murray, of our British Museum, has followed his lead with an exposition of his views calculated to lead to fuller ventilation of the subject. Our other example is special. A passage in the "Private Oration of Demosthenes 'against Boeotus de nomine,'" just edited, with five others, by Paley and Sandys, contains a clause in elucidating which is seen the helpfulness of reflecting the light of Greek art on Greek literature. The clause begins *εἰ σε αξιωσείεν ὁ πατήρ ἀναστὰς, κ.τ.λ.*, and the editors colourably divine from a parallel passage in Plato's "Theætetus" that *ἀναστὰς* here has, beyond its obvious sense, the further one of "coming to life again," which the context needs. Now, an engraving on an antique gem representing a head rising from the floor, and a person standing by with an enchanter's wand, seems to afford the very corroboration of the suggested sense desiderated; and Mr. Paley cites the existence of such a gem. Our digression will scarce be held irrelevant if it partly accounts for the keen perception Mr. Peacock retained through a long life of the ancient literature which he had so abnormally, yet so impressively, acquired—a perception quite different from the mere evanescent impressions of average students. It would, perhaps, be

too much to aver that without his classicism, without his constant resort to the rich bank of ancient authors for the loan of thoughts and images, his novels would have been dévoid of a residuary charm; for Peacock had a strong comic vein, a rare lyrical faculty, some invention, and a large and decided bent for satire: but the grace which harmonized these, and lent a spirit of "long, long ago" to the quaint modern figures, with which he loved to people his halls and granges, abbeys, castles, and green woods, was derived from those intellectual repasts of Greek and Latin authors which furnished to him a perpetual banquet. To judge from his photograph, his nature could not have been severe or saturnine; yet from his earliest years he seems to have avoided general society, and to have relaxed his graver avocations chiefly in the home circle, or in the congenial society of one or two intimates, such as was Mr. Hookham, the publisher, in his early manhood, Shelley and Hogg a little later on, and Lord Broughton in his latter days. Up to twenty-three his life oscillated between London and Chertsey, and his dreams betwixt authorship (not up to that time overpromising, though the editors have thought fit to print in the first hundred pages of vol. iii. a number of fugitive verse-pieces, which might well have been allowed to realize their epithet) and a youthful love-passage, remembered tenderly to his life's end, though it was soon interrupted. The heroine of it is said to be commemorated in "Crotchet Castle" in the friendly portrait of Miss Touchandgo. Peacock, however, was not content to make authorship his sole or chief mission. Though a brief secretaryship to a captain in the navy was less to his taste than might have been expected of a sailor's grandson, he obtained, at nearly thirty years of age, a clerkship in the examining office of the East India Company, and rose progressively in twenty years to the post of chief examiner, in which he succeeded James Mill, and was succeeded, after a score of years, by his son John Stuart Mill. It was here that he formed the intimacy, among others, of Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., his present editor. The dates of his novels show that three were written before their composition could be said to be a *πρότερον*; the rest before or after he occupied the highest grade of office. But his nomination to the examiner's office dates back to a day when there were no competitive examinations, and the good work done by him in the office was no result of his reputation as a Greek and Latin scholar, though no doubt it gained some additional *éclat* from it. Having at all times great independence of character, and the means, even before his appointment, of living unpinched, as he preferred, beneath the quiet maternal roof, he lacked a stimulus to trim for popular favour, and cultivated, unnoticed, the taste for satire, which found food enough in his young day in the

new ideas and marches of intellect proclaimed by Lord Brougham and the *Edinburgh* reviewers. Those who in our day take up Peacock's novels find his "red rags" (the *farrago* of his *libellus*) to be Scotland and the Scotch, inclusive, besides the reviewers aforesaid, of Mr. Macculloch and the Author of *Waverley*; America and the New World; and two or three contemporary poets and prose writers, amongst whom Byron comes off more lightly than Southey or Coleridge. To Southey and the *Quarterly* he reverts again and again in terms of disparagement and ridicule; and though his antipathies never go to the extent of "war to the knife," and effervesce in the vehemence of the Boythorn order, it is conceivable that these may have interfered with his popularity, when, in his prime, he found himself in antagonism with the stream and the onward current. Lord Houghton shrewdly discovers the key to his character and writings in an addiction of tastes, sentiments, and views of life to the 18th rather than the 19th century, and traces the influence of that "age of free fancy and common sense" in the construction, intention, and spirit of his works. The acceptance of this clue would account for some indifference in the general public of his day to an author not in accord with it, though his marked improvement on the French *contes* of the period between the Regency and the Revolution would secure for his kindlier satire, purer wit, and greater morality in fiction, the select favour of the few who were capable of cultivated choice. As Peacock grew older there are signs in his writing of a mellower wisdom (in "*Gryll Grange*," *e. g.*, and the *Shelley Memoirs*), for which, perhaps, the removal of sundry *bêtes noires*, and the pervasive influence of his classicism might account. Yet from first to last his genius, though never unkindly, is more or less combative; and hard hits, veiled in clever allusion or disguised in appeals to antiquity, are apt to glance unfelt off the comparatively thick-skinned. Some elements of popularity would always have won him welcome, particularly the fondness for country scenes and pastimes, and keen love of the olden features of "merry England" which breathe out of his writings, even as they gave a zest to his home-life. His granddaughter tells us how he kept May-day after his retirement from the India Office to Halliford on the Thames:—

"All the children of the village came round with their garlands of flowers, and each child was presented with a new penny or silver three-penny or fourpenny-piece, according to the beauty of their garlands; the money being given by the Queen of the May—always one of his granddaughters—who sat beside him dressed in white, crowned with flowers, and holding a sceptre of flowers in her hands. He loved to keep up these old English customs." (P. 1.)

His politics must have been a contradiction. Theoretically pro-

gressive, no writer ever set his back so strenuously against the clamour for improving the masses, and page after page of his writings advocates the famous policy of "letting well alone." His sympathies go with the free and easy denizens of merry Sherwood; and his satire is keenest when it not only exposes the shams of mental improvement, but also ridicules the more *bonâ fide* developments of modern life and thought. So far, he should have been a Tory of the most pronounced school; but then, as Lord Houghton reminds us, in the "Misfortunes of Elphin" he parodies Canning's "Defence of the English Constitution," so hitting hard at the Tories, while in "Gryll Grange" he denounces Lord Russell under the name of "Lord Michin Malicho," as a set-off against the Whigs. Perhaps in his later writings there may be traced the same disposition to speak more gently of other institutions, as his granddaughter declares actuated him in reference to the country gentry and clergy; but we think either side might have put in a claim for him; and there is nothing in his remains to show that he ever took a grave interest in politics, from which, as an official, he was entitled to stand aloof, and at which, as a humourist, he could afford to laugh. Peacock married, in 1820, a Welsh lady, whom he had met amid the scenes of "Headlong Hall" and the "Misfortunes of Elphin," who bore him children, and lived in wedlock with him for thirty-two years; but during the greater part of these she was a confirmed invalid, and, until her death in 1853, must have devolved the care of his house and children at Halliford to his mother, who looked forward to his weekly visits from town, from Friday to Monday. The gap caused by this removal, the cares of more important official duty, and the management of his domestic matters, must account for the unproductiveness of his literary genius for a score of years or so; though occasional papers in *Fraser*, and the appearance of "Gryll Grange" in 1861, discovered a fancy and a zest for literary trifling wholly undulled by the inaction of years. The picture which Miss Nicolls draws of his latter days, his early hours in the morning, his enjoyment of Dickens's novels, his resolve when his house was on fire to run all risks with his books—a resolve which he clinched to the curate of the parish with the very pagan, though very classical adjuration, "By the immortal gods I will not move" (p. li.)—is one which, if a trifle too thin and brief, still assists materially our conception of the Epicurean octogenarian, who, having outlived most of his friends, could tranquilly await his own summons, and look back, meanwhile, on a career as happy as it had been useful. It may be that his works have not yet met that justice which assigns his true place among English writers of fiction. The brief survey which follows is designed, if it be possible, to expedite its settlement.

The curious disregard of plot which characterizes Peacock's novels from first to last is an experiment so hazardous that nothing but a constant rattle of life and motion among the interlocutors or *dramatis personæ*, whose talk masks this defect, could avail to compensate it. This makeweight is conspicuous in his first novelette, "Headlong Hall," where the first chapter introduces us to the Holyhead mail and its four "insides" bound for the same destination, the second to the hospitable rendezvous where master and servant jostle each other in the hurry-scurry of preparations, and the catalogue of packages from London, Liverpool, Chester, &c., &c., is a touch of composition veritably Aristophanic. When the author has furnished Squire Headlong with guests, the scenes shift themselves. In the foreground Mr. Foster (*φαιος τηρεῖν*), the perfectibilist, and Mr. Escot (*ἐς σκοτόν*), the deteriorationist, take sides so opposite on the subject of human life and its development, that it needs Mr. Jenkison (*ἀν ἐξ ἰσότης*), the statu-quoite, to balance them with the dictum of the Chameleon, "You all are right and all are wrong;"* while Dr. Gaster, the impersonation of rectorial high-feeding, and the advocate of high-living, sums up with a reduction of the whole matter to stomach-service, "all animals having been created solely and exclusively for the use of man." To such a man the heterodoxy of his chance-companions was simply astonishing. Mr. Escot's in particular, who regarded the exchange by civilized man of roots for cooked food, and his consequent diminution of stature, "as the correct interpretation of the fable of Prometheus, which is a symbolical portraiture of that disastrous epoch when man first applied fire to culinary purposes, and thereby surrendered his liver to the vulture of disease." (P. 71.) Luckily there is a counter-check to such depressing philosophy in the cheery views of our host of Headlong Hall, Harry Headlong, Esq., a scholarly sportsman, who, while "fond of hunting, shooting, racing, drinking, and all such innocent amusements," is fond, too, of literary society, chucks to be a philosopher and man of taste, and recognizes a vocation for being *arbiter questionum* no less than *bibendi*. To this end, in our tale, we find that he has gathered around him, beside the four "insides" above mentioned, *savans* of all kinds, from Mr. Milestone, the fashionable landscape gardener, who burns to be entrusted with the trimming and polishing of the rocks of Llanberis, to Mr. Cranium, the phrenologist, whose science enables him to discern in man an union of the different inferior animals in greater or less proportions, and somewhat reminds us of Simonides of Amorgos on the resemblances of women, whilst he traces likenesses betwixt the skulls of a turnspit and a courtly poet, and notes the same development of con-

* This often quoted line comes from one of the fables of James Merrick, a minor poet and divine, who lived circa 1720 A.D.

structiveness in the crania of Sir Christopher Wren and the beaver. Minor characters are Gall and Treacle, reviewers, "who occasionally indulged in the composition of bad poetry," and Nightshade and MacLaurel, poets, "who occasionally indulged in the composition of bad criticism." The names of Mr. Chromatic and Sir Patrick O'Prism tell their trades. An all-rounder in attainments—such an one as Peacock loved to ridicule—one Mr. Pan-scope, "the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well," may be presumed to stand more or less for the author's pet aversion, Lord Brougham. Though, as we have said, the absence of plot is conspicuous, it is striking how the weakness or hobby of this or that guest suggests a scene, a conversation, an excitement, each in good time and happy sequence, though without the faintest study of the unities. In the pleasure-grounds O'Prism and Mr. Gall air their gleanings from "*Price on the Picturesque*," to test the independent genius of Mr. Milestone, who scores one against the reviewer, when he claims that "unexpectedness" should be one of three distinct characteristics of the laying out of grounds, by inquiring "by what name this character is to be distinguished, when a person walks round grounds for the second time." In another conversation there is smart quizzing of the crotchets of "*Knight on Taste*," embodied in Milestone's plans for the improvement of Lord Littlebrain's park; but the climax of Headlong Hall experiments in the picturesque is when the squire, yielding to the landscape gardener's proposal to blow up a tower-tipt and ivy-clad promontory, and allowing, as was his wont, no interval betwixt conception and execution, explodes not only the tower, but Mr. Cranium too, into mid-air, whence he gravitates, first of all into an ivy-bush, and eventually into the lake below. That no disastrous consequences ensue is due to the squire's having recourse to copious draughts of Madeira—which, with other like specifics, was never absent from Squire Headlong on his rounds—to correct and qualify the water swallowed; and his recurrence to the same specific against cold and wet when Cranium was seated next him after dinner.

At these dinners the squire is perfectly alive to other and more refined duties of a host, so that, while conversation never flags, its material is judiciously varied to prevent a suspicion of tedium. When Escot's weeping philosophy fastens on the sordid self-love, and "partecular feelings of the moral and poleetical fetness o' things," of Mr. MacLaurel, the Scotch reviewer, and beguiles him into enunciating his three reasons for taking the part of the people, "always within the pale of the law," Mr. Cranium is drawn out to

refer his definition of self-love to a question of skull-organization; but anon the squire skips from *memento mori* to a *bumper of Burgundy*, and coaxes out of Mr. Chromatic the capital song, "In his last bin Sir Peter lies," one of those pleasant lyrics which are the very salt of these novelettes. Anon, Mr. Panscope improves the occasion with a display of encyclopædic authority for and against "human deterioration," and so provokes, and is provoked by, Mr. Escot, that a glee and an adjournment to the drawing-room have to be interposed. A new diversion arises in the next scene, in the method of revenge on Escot which suggests itself to Mr. Panscope, namely, to cut him out with Miss Cephalis Cranium, one of the charming feminine additions to the Headlong Hall party, of which hitherto we have been so ungallant as to be silent. This well-laid plot, however, utterly collapses on the grand occasion of the Headlong Christmas ball, an event which, like the "Greek Olympiads and the Roman consulates," served as the main pillar of memory to "all the beauty and fashion of Carnarvon, Meirionydd, and Anglesea" as years went round; and from which, no doubt, as from the balls formerly held in the triennial festival week of the three choirs, not a few country belles dated their coming out. On this anniversary, in the year of grace of which Peacock's novelette depicts the close, the proceedings commenced with a somewhat abnormal preface to a ball—to wit, a lecture on phrenology. It is, however, fair to add that, of the quartet of marriages which were the issue and result of it, one, at least, was brought about through the solemn transfer of the skull of Cadwallader, from the enamoured Escot to Mr. Cranium as the price of his acquiescence in his union with the fair Cephalis. The life and fun of this part of the story is exquisite. Harry Headlong, the squire, realizes to a nicety his descent from the almost pre-historic founder of his race, "who was originally preserved in the Deluge, on the top of Snowdon, and called 'Rhayader,' or 'Waterfall,' to signify his having accompanied the water in its descent."

"In later days, when commercial bagmen began to scour the country, the ambiguity of the sound induced his descendants to drop the suspicious denomination of *Riders*, and change the name into English, when, not being well pleased with the sound of the *thing*, they substituted that of the *quality*, and accordingly adopted the name *Headlong*, the appropriate epithet of *Waterfall*." (P. 2.)

With the impetuosity of his name and hereditary nature, this worthy no sooner sees that he ought to marry, than he signalizes his anniversary by popping at once to Tenorina, one of the daughters of Mr. Chromatic, and persuading Sir Patrick O'Prism to propose to Graziosa, the other, by way of company. Foster has already made his suit acceptable to the squire's pretty niece, Caprioletta. Escot, as we have said, finds help from the matri-

monially-minded host in getting round the obdurate Cranium, and anon, as the upshot of the ball, eight are made four with a celerity and smoothness, almost too perfect for *vraisemblance*, and matches come as fast, in this finale of "Headlong Hall," as "dispatches," in the last act of "Hamlet." The story would have ended more artistically at the close of the ball and supper, and when the matches recorded were fresh in the minds of the female portion of the readers, and the splendid ap-Headlong chorus in the ears of the male. Of this chorus we must quote a single snatch—

"Hail to the Headlong! the Headlong ap-Headlong!
All hail to the Headlong! the Headlong ap-Headlong!
The Headlong ap-Headlong,
Ap-Breakneck ap-Headlong,
Ap-Cataract, ap-Pistyll, ap-Raiader, ap-Headlong." (P. 66.)

But to return to a criticism just opened. We think a more plot-reverencing author would have ended with the making of the matches, and the departure of the guests. Peacock appends a chapter anent the wedding-day, not to introduce favours and orange-blossoms, but a philosophic discourse between the advocates of perfectibility and deterioration, as unseasonable as Hookham Frere's reading "Monks and Giants" to Murray on his wedding-day. He might, no doubt, plead Homer and other ancients for not seeming to know where to stop. Howbeit, the paragraph we quote is the real and effective wind-up of the tale (if such it can be called) of "Headlong Hall:"—

"In the meanwhile a great confusion had arisen at the outer doors, the departure of the ball visitors being impeded by a circumstance which the experience of ages has discovered no means to obviate. The grooms, coachmen, postillions, were all drunk. It was proposed that the gentlemen should officiate in their places; but the gentlemen were almost all in the same condition. This was a fearful dilemma; but a very diligent investigation brought to light a few servants and a few gentlemen not above *half-seas-over*, and by an equitable distribution of these rarities, the greater part of the guests were enabled to set forward, with very nearly an even chance of not having their necks broken before they reached home." (P. 73.)

A personal acquaintance with the scenery of Carnarvon and Merioneth enables us to bear testimony to the truthfulness of Mr. Peacock's description of the Tremadoc and Traethmaur Embankment, and of Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit, near Festiniog, as well as some bits of Llanberis, introduced into this story. But the tales of Cambrian grandsires do not easily fade from the memory of a borderer; and assuredly, unless the Cambrians were like the Cretans, which our semi-nationality prompts us to deny, this finale of a Welsh social gathering of sixty years ago may very well have been drawn from the life.

"Nightmare Abbey," which we take next on account of its
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fitness to group with Peacock's shorter tales, although in order of publication "Melincourt" preceded it, and came next to "Headlong Hall," has a savour of the funereal rather than the matrimonial, and yet contains such comic situations that we wonder no literary manager has ever turned his hand to dramatizing it. Its literary interest is further enhanced by the author's admission that the character of Scythrop Glowry is a caricature of his friend Shelley and that Shelley knew it, and enjoyed the joke. Besides Shelley, it introduces the reader to the transcendental Coleridge, under the name of Flosky (*φίλος σκιῶς**), to Southey as Mr. Sackbut, and to Lord Byron as Mr. Cypress, and so suggests to all readers the feeling of surprise expressed by Lord Houghton that more attention has not been paid by Shelley's biographers to this sketch by a contemporary. These characters, indeed, are subordinate, that of Flosky filling most space with Coleridgian mysticism, metaphysics, distinctions, refinements, and self-assertion, reproduced according to the light thrown on them through Peacock's glasses. While Southey or Sackbut comes in for little more than casual skits on a "popular review" and pensioned editors, Flosky is described "as living in the midst of that visionary world in which nothing is but what is not"—as having undertaken solemnly and seven hundred times to "elucidate the distinction between *fancy* and *imagination*," and as remarking *à propos* of the newest new book forwarded express from London to Lincolnshire, that "this rage for novelty is the bane of literature. Except my works and those of my particular friends, nothing is good that is not as old as Jeremy Taylor; and *entre nous*, the best part of my friends' books were either written or suggested by myself." If this is overstrained and severe, it is impossible to deny that there is little caricature or exaggeration in the words put into the mouth of Mr. Cypress: "Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife, and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from his duty to his country; I have written an ode to tell the people as much, and they may take it as they list." There could hardly be a succineter sketch of the Byronic attitude. These literati are some of the guests with whom, *more suo*, Mr. Peacock has made Christopher Glowry, Esq., furnish Nightmare Abbey for the space of time during which the action of the tale proceeds.

* Among the misprints which should have been corrected, of which we have noted several, one is "*φίλος σκιῶς*, a lover or spectator of shadows." (Pref. p. xxxvi.) A lady is not expected to be a Greek scholar, but the supervising editor should have overwritten, *φίλος σκιῶς*, "fond of shade," a palpable allusion to the poet's mysticism. The idea of a spectator has nothing to do with the Greek word, which occurs in Theophrastus and Oppian. A greater mistake, and something more than misprint, is found in p. xiv., and repeated in p. xxxiii of the preface, where Shelley is said to have resided some time with his first wife at Nantgwilt, in North Wales. Nantgwilt is near Rhayader, in Radnorshire, South Wales, and hard by Cwm Elan, which was once the property of Mr. Grove, whose name is connected with the life of Shelley. Lord Houghton and Miss Nicolls both fall into this mistake; though in vol. iii. (Shelley Memoirs) Peacock, who visited Nantgwilt, exhibits a better idea of Welsh topography.

As his son Scythrop is of the essence of the story, he is entitled to be viewed as in it and of it. The Glowrys owned an old property in Lincolnshire, on a strip of land between the sea and the fens, and the sole hope of it in the coming age was Scythrop, who got his Christian name from a maternal ancestor, whose exit from life had been "eulogized by a coroner's jury under the comprehensive phrase of *felo de se*." The elder Glowry made a punchbowl of this worthy's skull, in appreciation of his act, and we find the younger turning this relic to a novel purpose, when, by presenting himself to his *durus pater*, with a view to extorting his consent to a union with his gay cousin Marionetta O'Carrol, skull in hand, and threatening to drain its contents, he obtains his consent to the prolongation of their intimacy. The skull was filled with no deadlier brewage than Madeira, which Scythrop drank on his way back to Marionetta. It would be wrong to assume from this lively little *ruse* that Scythrop was unlike his name and race in point of moodiness and solemnity; so little was this the case, that we find the fair Celinda Toobad, the daughter of old Glowry's sworn ally, Mr. Toobad, the Millenarian Manichæan, and an heiress in her own right, has given her sire the slip on returning from Germany to England rather than endure a marriage with a husband looked out for her from such "a serious family." So matters stood at the first glimpse of Nightmare Abbey, where Master Scythrop, having gained his sire's toleration of his love for his cousin, falls strangely short of what a lover should be, and by his rudeness and indifference to the lively Marionetta provokes her to smart sallies of wit, and to such songs as "Why are thy looks so blank, grey friar?" Anon a Mr. Asterias, an ichthyologist visitor, has a vision of a mermaid, the quest and hobby of his life, hard by the Abbey, and whilst the general company discuss mermaids, tritons, and odd fish, with an amount of research and quaintness quite in Mr. Peacock's vein, and the naturalist goes hotter than ever about his guest, Marionetta gradually becomes aware of her lover's increased preoccupation and mystery, and jealous of his more frequent retreats to his solitary tower. In the midst of a tiff between the lovers, which Mr. Glowry interrupts, it occurs to him to heal matters by fixing the day for the marriage, which Scythrop objects to as "too precipitate." There is mystery about that tower, and it soon transpires that this mystery takes a female shape, not unconnected with Mr. Asterias's mermaid. As Mr. Peacock amusingly quotes—

"I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly :"

a quotation which he yet more waggishly annotates, "for if it be terrible for one young lady to find another under a tree at mid-

night, it must *a fortiori* be much more terrible to a young gentleman to find a young lady in his study at that hour." (I. 350.)

She wants shelter, and would like to be called Stella, scorns the slavery of her sex, and holds that "they only are subject to blind authority who have no reliance on their own strength." Of course Scythrop is nothing loath to offer her an asylum. He has constructed in his tower a secret entrance to a private suite of apartments in the main building, which he defies any creature living to detect. "If," he says, "you would like to remain there a day or two till I can find you a more suitable concealment, you may rely on the honour of a *transcendental eleutherarch*." The unknown accepts the pledge and the sanctuary, talks and reads Schiller and Goethe with the enamoured Scythrop, and this worthy soon discovers that "his soul has a greater capacity for love than the image of Marionetta had filled. The form of Stella took possession of every vacant corner of the cavity, and by degrees displaced that of Marionetta from many of the outworks of the citadel, though the latter still held possession of the keep." But as the new charmer is extremely jealous, Scythrop has a delicate game to play, is "mum" as to a rival, and not a little puzzled how to square and retain the tenure of his esoterical and his exoterical love. "The old proverb about two strings in a bow gave him some gleams of comfort, but that concerning two stools occurred to him more frequently, and covered his head with a cold perspiration." The closetings which result from this double game do not diminish the normal mystery which enshrouds the Abbey, and the entrance of a ghost, most conveniently for a dissertation on the subject by Mr. Flosky, assists in putting Glowry *père* on the *qui vive*. The ghost scene is excellent, and forms the subject of the frontispiece to the "Standard Novels" edition of this tale. But still more racy is the practical *denouement* of the tale, where Mr. Glowry, having detected voices (male and female) in Scythrop's den, insists on an entrance, unearths the hidden Stella, whom he reduces to tears by mention of Scythrop's marriage with Marionetta, and finally brings in upon the discovered occupants of the tower the sire of the young lady, Mr. Toobad, and the other string of the young gentleman's bow, Marionetta.

"'Celinda!' exclaimed Mr. Toobad.

"'Papa!' said the young lady, disconsolately.

"'The devil is come among you,' said Mr. Toobad; 'how came my daughter here?'

"'Your daughter!' exclaimed Mr. Glowry.

"'Your daughter!' exclaimed Scythrop and Mr. and Mrs. Hilary.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Toobad, 'my daughter Celinda.'

"Marionetta opened her eyes and fixed them on Celinda. Celinda in return fixed hers on Marionetta. They were at remote points of the apartment. Scythrop was equidistant from both of them, central and motionless, like Mahomet's coffin.

"Mr. Glowry," said Mr. Toobad, "can you tell me by what means my daughter came here?"

"I know no more," said Mr. Glowry, "than the Great Mogul."

"Mr. Scythrop," said Mr. Toobad, "how came my daughter here?"

"I did not know, sir, that the lady was your daughter."

"But how came she here?"

"By spontaneous locomotion," said Scythrop, sullenly.

"Celinda, what does all this mean?" said Mr. Toobad.

"I really do not know, sir."

"This is most unaccountable. When I told you in London that I had chosen a husband for you, you thought proper to run away from him, and now, to all appearance, you have run away to him."

"How, sir, was that your choice?"

"Precisely; and if he is yours too, we shall both be of a mind for the first time in our lives."

"He is not my choice, sir. This lady has a prior claim. I renounce him."

"And I renounce him," said Marionetta.

"Scythrop knew not what to do. He could not attempt to conciliate the one without irreparably offending the other, and he was so fond of both that the idea of depriving himself for ever of the society of either was intolerable to him; he therefore retreated into his stronghold mystery, maintained an impenetrable silence, and contented himself with stealing occasionally a deprecatory glance at each of the objects of his idolatry."—(371.)

It is needless to state which of the two adages above cited proved true in the case of Scythrop, who, though he awaited the final resolve of both the ladies with a pint of port and a pistol in front of him, eventually prefers, on finding that he is not to be happy with either, that he will rather be miserable with neither than approve his gloomy remark to his father—"The world is a stage, and my direction is exit." What strikes us most, after enjoying "*Nightmare Abbey*," is the fact, which his own letters and the biographical notice of Peacock corroborate, that Shelley knew and approved the portrait of himself which is drawn in Scythrop. In the year 1814, on the 24th of March, Percy Bysshe Shelley married a second time (he had wedded her first in 1811 in Scotland) Harriet Westbrook; and on the 28th of July in the same year, he left England for Switzerland with Mary Godwin, deserting for her sake his lawful wife, then pregnant with her second child. This much-wronged woman died in 1816. She drowned herself in the *Serpentine*. Shelley had transferred his love to another, in whom he discovered "the intellectual qualities which constituted his ideality of the partner of his life," and took occasion, on this suicide, to legalize speedily the tie which he had contracted with Mary Godwin. It was while these two were at Livorno, in 1819, reading together, living for each other, thinking and speaking each other's thoughts, that Shelley writes to Peacock to say that he is delighted with "*Nightmare Abbey*;" that Scythrop is a character, admirably conceived and executed; that the catastrophe is excellent. Is it possible that he can have overlooked the satire, or

failed to comprehend at whom the shaft of it was directed? This appears one of the most curious phenomena of an over-quiet conscience conceivable; and it is with scant patience that one reads the following sentence in the letter referred to, which shows how comfortable the writer's mind was in contemplating that which to ordinary people would have acted as a painful reminder:—"I suppose the moral is contained in what Falstaff says—'For God's sake talk like a man of this world:' and yet, looking deeper into it, is not the misdirected enthusiasm of Scythrop what J. C. calls the salt of the earth?" (Vol. iii., p. 461.) But those who examine the instances of "ideas with the force of sensation," or "imaginativeness predominating over reality," which Peacock connects with Shelley in vol. iii. 389-93 and 424, will learn that in his case the ordinary grooves of truth, conduct, and conscience must be ignored. Apart from the question of the portraits and caricatures it contains, however, "Nightmare Abbey" is a capital comedy in everything but form.

So, too, had it a little more of a plot, is "Crotchet Castle," the scene of which is a castellated suburban and juxta-Thamesian villa; the subject speculation, assured and unassured, with the influence it exercises over love and match-making, and the *dramatis personæ* an old capitalist who has realized, and his hopeful son, "a junior partner in the eminent loan-jobbing firm of Catchflat and Company," with such additions to their home-circle as matrimonial schemes for the son and daughter, and an ambition on the part of old Crotchet for the credit of a Mæcenas, would draw together. In this tale the heroines are Susannah Touchandgo, the daughter of a bankrupt stockbroker, whom young Crotchet has deserted, and who turns up as governess to the children of some humble folk in the wilds of Merionethshire, and Lady Clarinda, the daughter of Lord Foolincourt, to whom the young speculator has transferred his attentions, and whose money she needs, though her fancy is ever roaming back to Captain Fitz-Chrome, a gallant sketcher, with more manners and wit than money. This Lady Clarinda is made in chap. v. to sketch the guests at the Crotchet dinner table for the edification of her military admirer, and very sparkling and epigrammatic are her descriptions. Of young Crotchet, she says, that as to his face, he looks as if he had tumbled headlong into a volcano, and been thrown up again among the cinders; and of Mr. Trillo, the *dilettante* composer, that "his name was O'Trill, but he had taken the O from the beginning and put it on to the end." A great bond of union between the various guests is the genial Dr. Folliott, a chaplain of a higher stamp than Dr. Gaster, of "Headlong Hall," or Mr. Larinx in "Nightmare Abbey." "The doctor is said to be an excellent scholar and is fonder of books than the majority of his cloth; he is very fond also of the good

things of this world. He is of an admirable disposition, and says rude things in a pleasant half-earnest way that nobody can take offence with." Of course, there are reviewers in the company—*Edinburgh* reviewers—anent whom our author raises a laugh when to Mr. MacQuedy averring that "only those intellectual noses point due north which point to the Modern Athens," he makes Dr. Folliott reply, "Where all native noses point southward." "Eh, sir," rejoins Mr. MacQuedy, "northward for wisdom, and southward for profit?" It is in this tale, later on, that the host tells Dr. Folliott, "As you predicted, your friend, the learned friend, is in office; he has also a title. He is now *Sir Guy de Vaur*." Dr. Folliott: "Thank heaven for that. He is disarmed from further mischief. It is something, at any rate, to have that hollow and wind-shaken reed rooted up for ever from the field of public delusion." How can Lord Brougham have stomached this saying "rude things in a pleasant half-earnest way?" In p. 257 of vol. iii., the "Fate of a Broom" is so severe, that we quote it as our sole sample of the author's poetic satire:—

"Lo! in corruption's lumber-room
The remnants of a wondrous broom,
That walking, talking, oft was seen
Making stout promises to sweep clean;
But evermore, at every push,
Proved but a stump without a brush.
Upon its handle top, a scence
Like Brahma's looked four ways at once:
Pouring on king, lord, church, and rabble,
Long floods of favour-carrying gabble;
From fourfold mouthpiece always spinning
Projects of plausible beginning,
Whereof said scence did ne'er intend
That any one should have an end;
Yet still by shifts and quaint inventions
Got credit for its good intentions,
Adding no trifle to the store
Wherewith the devil paves his floor.
Found out at last, worn bare and scrubbish,
And thrown aside with other rubbish,
We'll e'en hand o'er the enchanted stick
As a choice present to Old Nick,
To sweep beyond the Stygian lake,
The pavement it has helped to make."

(III. 257. A.D. 1831.)

To return to Crotchet Castle; its guests amuse themselves, as is the manner of all Peacock's creations—explore a Roman camp, discuss a sleeping Venus, combine science and charity, and, when tired of suburban existence, voyage *en masse*, and almost *more Persico*, in four cabined pinnacles along the Thames, *viâ* Oxford, to Lechlade; and then, by the connecting canal, they pass from the Thames to the Severn, and so from the Severn into the Ellesmere Canal, mooring their pinnacles in Llangollen Vale, by the well-known aqueduct. At the close of this water excursion, which is succeeded by a land sortie, to explore Denbigh and M

neth, Captain Fitz-Chrome retreats, and the mediævalist, Mr. Chainmail, who plays no small part in the chronicle, finds him some time afterwards in a Merionethshire village inn, nigh to which Chainmail has encountered a bewitching water nymph, who turns out to be no other than Miss Touchandgo. The picture drawn by our author of this damsel's modification of the rustic dress of the country, and the coquettish additions that steal away the hearts of the country swains, and the vision he vouchsafes of the fair Susannah in her critical resting-place on the mossy boll of the gnarled and twisted oak overhanging a torrent-pool, where sleep has surprised her, is rendered all the more interesting, by the knowledge that "Miss Touchandgo" represents an old and never-forgotten love, and is painted, as was meet, *con amore*. Whoso turns to vol. ii., 259, 260, will own it is a very pretty picture. We need say no more of Crotchet Castle than that all ends well, and according to poetic justice, as in all Peacock's tales. "Maid Marian" and "The Misfortunes of Elphin," differ from those we have noticed, in that they carry us back to the days of yore, the rule of Richard the Lion-heart, and the round table of Arthur. But it is remarkable, as connected with this author's plots (or no plots), that the former of these, published in 1822, is so freely borrowed from *Ivanhoe*, which appeared just two years before, that taking into account Peacock's contempt of Scotchmen generally, we might almost set down some parts of "Maid Marian" as a purposed "*Ivanhoe* travestied." Take, for example, the forest cell, the sylvan court, and the encounter of the doughty forest maid with Richard in disguise, which last is much of a repetition of Friar Tuck's similar trial of strength. Of course, in *Maid Marian*, there is a happy combination of acquaintance with the whole series of Robin Hood ballads, and familiar knowledge of the history, manners, and customs of the period. The interiors of Rubygill Abbey and Baron Fitzwalter's Castle, the quarrelsomeness of the baron, the free living of the friars, the tricks of Sir Robert of Montfaucon, and their outwittal by Matilda or Marian, the pretty episode of Gamwell Feast and the Gamwell Queen of the May, are so many happy insertions in a familiar web; but the substruction is all the Robin Hood legend, with Allen-a-Dale, the Bishop of Nottingham, the Sheriff and the old Knight, and Will Scarlet, Little John, Friar Tuck, *vice* William Gamwell, the quondam foot-page from Gamwell Hall, and the disgraced Brother Michael of Rubygill. The story is rich in caustic sayings, *e.g.* where it is said that Prince John's calling a council of barons at Reading, induced Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, to disguise himself ("some say as an old woman, which in the 12th century, perhaps, might have been a disguise for a bishop"), and to make his escape beyond

sea; or where the Bishop of Nottingham prefers a glee to an anthem (ii. 68) on the plea that "it would be idle to give sack for playing me anthems, seeing that I myself do receive sack for hearing them sung." Not a few good sayings drop from the mouth of Brother Michael, to say nought of more than one capital ballad. Indeed, the ballads of "Maid Marian," with the life-like picture and savour of country and forest life that mark the tale, are its notable specialities; though the author's fondness for classical allusions and coinages comes out here, as in his more modern tales,—for example, where he says of Baron Fitzwalter, that he had no more of the salt of the spirit than was necessary to preserve him from excommunication, confiscation, and *philotheo-paroptesism*, this last being interpreted, "roasting by a slow fire for the love of God." (P. 27.) We are not sure, however, whether the best chapter of all is not where Robin and Marian cross a river in a ferry-boat, and the former encounters the friar ferryman at singlestick to the serious risk of his sconce. It is none other than Friar Tuck; and the mystery of a musical voice across the stream, crying, "Over, over," as they are supping in the cell at the witching hour, gives the friar scope for a tradition and a ballad touching a damsel drowned at the estuary. "Maid Marian," however, has a shrewder key to the voice, and creates the paradox of a "blushing friar" by a companion ballad, the last verse of which may serve as a sample of the ballad wealth stored here and there in "Maid Marian:"—

"In lonely hut himself he shnt,
The Friar of Rubygill,
Where the ghostly elf absolved himself
To follow his own good will.
And he had no lack of canary sack
To keep his conscience still.
And a damsel well knew when at lonely midnight
It gleamed on the waters, his signal-lamp-light.
'Over, over,' she warbled, with musical throat,
And the friar sprang forth at the magical note,
And she crossed the dark stream in his trim ferry-boat,
With the Friar of Rubygill."

(II. p. 86.)

But "The Misfortunes of Elphin" is perhaps the one tale out of the whole number which will be most welcome to most readers. Published first in 1829, it has been long out of print, treasured by its fortunate possessors, quoted oracularly by those who could recollect its wit, humour, and satire, and referred to with a constant sense of its exceptional raciness. The late reprint will justify all this. Peacock has lavished his descriptive powers on the scenes and coast where he found his wife, and thrown peculiar life into the legend of the invasion of the sea upon the lowlands of Gwaelod, still retained in the "Welsh Proverbs," the "Mabinogion," and other records. The story is as follows:—Whilst Gwythno Garanhir, King of Caredigion, was harping and singing

instead of minding his kingly business, the embankment to keep out the sea, of which traces still exist in the Sarn Badrig or Patrick's Causeway, and which had been provided by the wisdom of his ancestors, was beginning to be sapped by the spring-tides; and the lord commissioner appointed to watch the embankment for his majesty was drinking the profits of his office, and "leaving the duties to his deputies, who left them to their assistants, who left them to themselves." One of the assistant-commissioners, however, was singular in having a conscience, and, noticing symptoms of neglect in parts of the embankment not within his own supervision, took counsel with the king's son and heir, Elphin, and both determined to approach Seithenyn, the lord high commissioner, and to put him on the alert. They find him so far gone in his cups, that the disaster which the bards have foretold, and the winds and waves whispered—"beware of the oppression of Gwenhidwy"—comes upon him in mid-carouse. The prince manages to save his daughter Angharad, but the maundering old drunkard pot-valiantly rushes, sword in hand, into the torrent. The embankment collapses, and with it the realm of Gwythno, laid desolate by inundation. Gwythno takes comfort in bardic lamentations, which do not bring his people bread; and Elphin, more practically, constructs a salmon weir on the Mawddach, and having married Angharad, and taken up with a half-pastoral, half-fisherman's life, was the first Briton who caught fish on a large scale, and salted them for other purposes than home consumption. But fisheries do not always pay; and when Elphin's venture was at a very low ebb, inspired by a dream of Angharad, he visits his weir at midnight, and catches, within the chamber of the weir, the infant Taliesin in a coracle. Though a proverb sprung from this find, which ran, "As rueful as Elphin when he found Taliesin," the child grew to be a bard and sage; and more than this, to such a measure of sagacity and wisdom that, for the rest of Elphin's career, a series of rude knocks and buffets from kings like Maelgon Gwyneth, king of the country about Conway, and Melvas, king of the country round the Towy and Castle Dinas Vawr, were lightened by his shrewdness and forethought, quickened no doubt by the love of Melanghel, Elphin's daughter. How Taliesin outwits Rhun, the heir of Maelgon, and the Welsh counterpart of Sextus Tarquinius; how he traps him, like a fox, by the assistance of Teithryn, the assistant-commissioner; how, in the hope of accomplishing Elphin's release from a prison in Diganwy, he proceeds to Arthur's court at Caerleon, and at Dinas Vawr, by the way, discovers the secret of Gwennyvar's detention there from Seithenyn, who, too drunk to drown, had floated to land from the oppression of Gwenhidwy, and found a congenial post as chief butler to King Melvas; and

how in the end this greatest of Welsh sages and bards brings all right for his preserver and educator, and wins his daughter's hand, with King Arthur's sanction of the nuptials, and with Maelgon to defray their charges—is it not all written in the second volume of Peacock's collected works, and can there be better reading for a lazy couple of hours? We are certain there cannot; for the tale is brimming with humour and sly satire, and there are, on the whole, better things in it, than, perhaps, in any other of the tales of Peacock. We cite one sample for the nonce, that which happened at the extradition of Queen Gwenyvar, from King Melvas to Caerleon:—

“Seithenyn” (one of her escort) “assured King Arthur, in the name of King Melvas, and on the word of a king backed by that of his butler, which, truth being in wine, is good warranty even for a king, that the queen returned as pure as on the day King Melvas had carried her off. ‘None here will doubt that,’ said Gwenvach, the wife of Modred. Gwenyvar was not pleased with the compliment, and almost before she had saluted King Arthur, she turned suddenly round and slapped Gwenvach on the face, with a force that brought more crimson into one cheek than blushing had ever done into both. This slap is recorded in the ‘Bardic Triads,’ as one of the three fatal slaps of the Island of Britain.” (Pp. 178-9, vol. ii.)

But, in point of fact, the “Misfortunes of Elphin” represent a mine of good things for quotation, especially the chapters anent the drunkenness of Seithenyn and the education of Taliesin. Not to mention the high commissioner's arithmetic, “Two or four, all is one,” in excuse for seeing double, or his favourite motto, “Gwin o eur”—*wine from gold*, it is doubtful whether parody or travesty ever hit the golden mean between joke and earnest, reason and unreason, more neatly than his justification of the *status in quo* and deprecation of meddling with what had served its purpose hitherto. When Elphin suggests that the embankment is in a state of dangerous decay:—

“‘Decay,’ said Seithenyn, ‘is one thing, and danger is another. Everything that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny; that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well. It works well; it keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the high commission of embankment. Cup-bearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we: they built it in their wisdom, and if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it.’

“‘The stone-work,’ said Teithrin, ‘is sapped and ruined; the piles are rotten, broken, and dislocated; the floodgates and sluices are leaky and creaky.’

“‘That is the beauty of it,’ said Seithenyn, ‘some parts of it are rotten, and some parts are sound.’

“‘It is well,’ said Elphin, ‘that some parts are sound; it were better that all were so.’

"So I have heard some people say before," said Seithenyn, "perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity—that very unamiable sort of people who are in the habit of indulging their reason. But I say, the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound; they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness; the soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation. See the waves in the equinoctial storms, dashing and clashing, roaring and pouring, spattering and battering, rattling and battling against it. I would not be so presumptuous as to say, I could build anything that would stand against them half-an-hour; and here this immortal old work, which God forbid the finger of modern mason should bring into jeopardy, this immortal work has stood for centuries, and will stand for centuries more, if we let it alone. It is well; it works well; let well alone. Cupbearer, fill. It was half-rotten when I was born; and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three-parts rotten when I die." (II. 108.)

In the same spirit of delicious irony is conceived the apology for the Druids, who had a hand in the education of Taliesin (p. 131):—

"They lacked," he humourously concedes, "some of our prisons in which our philanthropy has provided accommodation for so large a portion of our own people, wherein if they had kept their prisoners alive, they could have kept them from returning to their countrymen and being at their old tricks again immediately. They would also, perhaps, have found some difficulty in feeding them, from the lack of *county rates*, by which the most sensible and amiable part of our nation, the county squires, contrive to coop up and feed at the public charge all who meddle with the wild animals of which they have given themselves the monopoly." . . . "If one of these old Druids could have slept, like the seven sleepers of Ephesus, and waked in the 19th century some fine morning near Newgate, the exhibition of some half-dozen *funipendulous* forgers might have shocked the tender bowels of his humanity as much as one of his wicker-baskets of captives in the flames shocked Cæsar; and it would perhaps have been difficult to convince him that paper credit was not an idol, and of a more sanguinary character than his Andraste."

We have, indeed, so far infringed upon Seithenyn's "let well alone" policy, as to free ourselves of this last reproach; but it is likely enough that Peacock's use of the *ridenti dicere verum quod vetat* principle, may have helped to expedite this vindication of our humanity. Allusion has been made to the lyrics that teem in "The Misfortunes of Elphin," and we have little more than room to say here, that they constitute at the same time the best collection we know of translations from and imitations of the Welsh bardic poetry, and the best title, along with the songs in "Maid Marian" and the other tales, of Peacock to a place among poets. This averment might be substantiated by an article on these, and these only, but we trust that the first and last verses of the "Song of Dinas Vawr," which we transcribe, will send our readers, especially Welsh readers, to the author's entertaining pages, which, indeed, ought henceforth to be accessible in every library.

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter,
 We therefore deemed it meet
 To carry off the latter:
 We made an expedition,
 We met a host and quelled it,
 We forced a strong position
 And killed the men who held it.

"We brought away from battle
 (And much their land bemoaned them)
 Two thousand head of cattle
 And the head of him who owned them,
 Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow our chorus."

(P. 149.)

The two lengthier tales yet unnoticed are "Melincourt" and "Gryll Grange." The former was published as early as 1818, the latter first saw light in 1860. But "Melincourt" was republished, and came on the reading public almost as a new book in 1856, with a preface from its author to the effect that, though thirty-eight years have passed since its first appearance, and vast changes have taken place, "social, mechanical, and political," abuses, shams, impostures, still abound in excess, and that, "while the progress of intellect is not so obvious as the progress of mechanics, the reading public has increased its capacity to swallow in a proportion far exceeding that of its digestion." The heroine of "Melincourt" is Anthelia Melincourt, the heiress of Melincourt Castle and ten thousand a-year, an orphan as coy and with as many suitors as Penelope. Like Peacock's heroines, she must be won, *nolens volens*; and so, at the time of the story's action, a fashionable dame from town, and an elderly and allied country squire, are located at her modernized "Eagle's Nest," to receive the various suitors who may be "coming to woo." It gives a keen sense of the lapse of time since Melincourt first appeared to read of one of these, a four-in-hand man, Sir Telegraph Paxaret, "proceeding to *peel*" after a cold day's drive, and "emerging from his four *benjamins*, like a butterfly from its *chrysalis*." Not that Sir Telegraph is Peacock's hero, or Anthelia's hero. These are not identical, the second being a certain Silvan Forester, of Redrose Abbey, apparently a philosopher of the Escot type, who burrows for days and weeks in an old cemetery, in the hope of finding giant skulls to bolster up his theory of deterioration, yet withal a kindly philanthropist, who carries out the rules of the Anti-saccharine Society himself, but takes care that his tenants and cottagers shall be housed and fed, and let live like human beings. But our author's hero, the *raison d'être* of the story, is Sir Oran Haut-ton, a specimen of the natural or original man, caught in Angola, trained to civilization by a certain Captain Hawtaught, and at his death adopted by Mr. Forester, who has

so far finished his education, begun by the worthy sailor, that he has purchased him a *baronetcy* and a *seat in Parliament*, by way of developing it. Of prodigious strength, honest instincts, considerable sobriety, and a keen talent for music, Sir Oran only needs the gift of speech to justify Forester's exaltation of him to a kingship of the world, and the veneration of a mythologist who never accosts him but as Pan, in Orphic hexameters. This personified illustration of the lucubrations of Lord Monboddo (which, by the way, are quoted with other authorities for every attribute our author credits to Sir Oran)—this singular anticipation of the Darwinian theory, and of the survival of the fittest—is made to act in this story as a sort of *Deus ex machina*, performing deeds of chivalry in the rescue of Anthelia, when placed in jeopardy by a mountain torrent, which his giant strength bridges by a riven pine tree, twice saving the same much-enduring heiress from the persecutions of Lord Anophel Acthar (*terre pondus inutile*), eldest son of the Marquis of Agaric, and at odd times acting the part of an indefinitely combined British householder in a row royal at the Borough of Onevote, for which he has just been elected M.P., and where all the roughs are on one side, and he the *pars magna (et sola)* of the other. In "Melincourt" the reader looks with quickened interest for the appearances of the heroine, a sensible and natural sample of cultured womanhood, and watches with growing satisfaction the progress of the right-minded and not altogether visionary Forester in her good graces, but the cream of the story, and the art of its author, are centred in the doings of Sir Oran, whose imitativeness raises him to within an inch or two of the human platform, and produces situations admirably comic. After the rescue of Anthelia in the torrent scene, the dandy Lord Anophel and the castle party arrive at the spot, and, as one might guess, this scion of the British peerage "surveys Sir Oran through his quizzing glass." What follows? Sir Oran, "making him a polite bow, took his quizzing glass from him, and examined him through it in like manner." The impulse of instinct strikes the young lordling as impudence, and the result of intention: he "flies into a furious passion, but receiving a gentle hint from Mr. Hippy that the gentleman to whom he was talking had just pulled up a pine, he deemed it prudent to restrain his anger within due bounds." Another indication of the same imitativeness occurs in the incident of the sketcher amid the scenery of the lakes, on whom Mr. Forester and his friends come suddenly:—

"He had planted his travelling-chair under the corner of a rock, and was distinctly occupied in sketching the scene. The process excited Sir Oran's curiosity: he walked up to the tourist, too deeply engaged to notice his approach, and peeped over his shoulder. Sir Oran, after look-

ing at the picture, then at the landscape, and then at the picture again, at length suddenly expressed his delight in a very loud and very singular shout, close to the painter's ear, which reached from rock to rock. The tourist sprang up in violent alarm, and seeing the extraordinary physiognomy of the personage at his elbow, drew a sudden conclusion of evil intentions, and ran off with great rapidity, leaving all his apparatus behind him. Sir Oran sat down in the artist's seat, took up his drawing utensils, placed the unfinished drawing on his knee, and sat in an attitude of deep contemplation, as if meditating on the means to be pursued for doing the same thing himself." (P. 153.)

Those who know the story of the barber's revenge on the monkey, which was for ever blunting his razors, or even those who choose to devote a spare hour to the monkey-houses at the "Zoo," will see nothing forced or incredible in these draughts upon the simian intellect or instinct.

In truth Sir Oran is the life and soul of "Melincourt," though Silvan Forester, with his philanthropic schemes, his advocacy of small holdings, his anti-saccharine festival, and the chess dance at it, plays a good second to him, and contributes to diversify, as usual, the Peacockian gathering at the castle, where the scene is laid. It need hardly be said that there are congregated representatives of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, both of them food for the author's powder and shot, transcendental poets, and Irish fortune-hunters, and the usual supernumeraries of the drama à la Peacock. At the symposia, as usual, there is good talking and good singing. A glee, "The Ghosts," in p. 167, is excellent, and a terzetto, "The Lady, the Knight, and the Friar," as amusing as the best of the songs in "Maid Marian." Nor is Sir Telegraph Paxaret a bad addition to the characters, reviving, as he does, the four-in-hand club men of forty years ago, in their equipage, accoutrements, and vocabulary. But ever and anon we are obliged to come back upon Sir Oran, the veritable Pan, who is looked for to interpose in a difficulty, to right a wrong, or to redress a grievance. "The rustic wedding" of the thirty-sixth chapter gets on without him, as it is a rich word-comedy, in which his silence could have taken no part; but not so the interrupted elopement to Gretna Green. When a sordid old father and a valetudinarian wooer, of his own age and kidney, are roughly parting two desperate lovers in an adjoining room, and Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax are boiling with indignation, but not yet boiling over, Sir Oran "rushes with a desperate impulse against the partition, and hurls a great portion of it with a desperate crash into the adjoining room." While all were transfixed with the suddenness of this interposition, he follows up his action by throwing the assailants one by one downstairs, and does not give up his chivalrous ebullition of sympathy for the persecuted until the cracking of whips and rattling of wheels announce the complete escape of the lovers. "Melincourt" would have

interested its original readers by its picture of the Borough of Onevote, hard by the populous but unrepresented manufacturing city of Novote; and the account of the return of two members to Parliament, Sir Oran, and Mr. Sarcastic, who "reduces practice to theory," is well worth perusal. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, perhaps not unhelped by the satire of 1829. It is more noteworthy that Peacock's humorous and satirical advancement of the tailed brute of the forest to the level of civilized man—a deduction half in jest, half in earnest, from the speculations of Lord Monboddó—will not surprise, or appear out of harmony with the line of thought on this subject adopted by contemporary science; for, as Lord Houghton observes, "the curious importance of the relations of this order of nature to mankind, in its physical aspects, would have astonished Lord Monboddó himself."

We do not know that any reviewers of the "Collected Works of Peacock" have noticed that one of the chief, indeed, we should say the chief feature, in his latest novel, "Gryll Grange," is another humorous anticipation of a modern and contemporary crotchet. It is amusing to those who keep themselves *au courant* with the schemes and hobbies of wealthy philanthropy, to find Mrs. Crawshay's plan of "lady-maids," at Cyfartha Castle, anticipated by Mr. Falconer, the bachelor owner of the "Duke's Folly," in his seven Pleiads—"vestal handmaids to a youthful Numa"—in so far as they play on the harp, organ, and piano, as well as sing, although engaged in domestic service, and as they have their attendant nymphs, or, as Dr. Opimian would call them, their Homeric *δμωαὶ* for the drudgery of coarser and harder work. The parallel, indeed, is not a little curious, though if the new *régime* dress its handmaidens as gracefully as Mr. Falconer did his, in white dresses with purple borders, the complaint that people cannot keep their servants is likely to increase with the increase of "Harry Hedges-rows." Independently of this social anomaly, which has since stepped out of theory into practice, "Gryll Grange" commends itself to the readers of Peacock as the richest and ripest of his pleasant tales. With sufficient plot to hold itself together, the story fluctuates between the gay and cultured company at the Grange, where Squire Gryll and his brilliant niece talk cookery, classics, Italian poets, politics, social questions, with the Rev. Dr. Opimian, the most scholarly and genial of Peacock's scholarly parsons, and the hermitage of the singular recluse, who has hit upon the most æsthetic and tolerable mode of seclusion in a three-storied tower, classically fitted up, and cheered by the music and ministrations of seven sister houris. We cannot think the tale has so soon faded from the minds and memories of modern readers as to necessitate recapitulation; and it must suffice to notice one or two distinct features in it, which tend to prove the author's wit and wisdom,

and satire, to have been at their freshest, and his scholarship in its highest development, within six years of his late call to rest. The conversations in "Gryll Grange," range over the latest changes in our social field. Our "art of choosing the most unfit man by competitive examination;" the cramming and forcing which prepare young men for that ordeal, "with the same result as Hermodogenes who, after astonishing the world with his attainments at seventeen, came to a sudden end at the age of twenty-five, and spent the rest of his long life in hopeless imbecility;" the absurdities of spiritualism and spirit-rapping; the latest development of the "art of dining;" the newest congress of the Pantopragmatic Society, with its departments and sections, and Lord Facingbothways for its president—these and such like new improvements are the farrago of Peacock's last *libellus*, which overflows with classical learning and reading, redeemed from the suspicion of pedantry by the rare fun which he contrives to get out of it. Thus, if we were to content ourselves with telling the reader that, on his walk home to the vicarage and Mrs. Opimian from Falconer's Tower, with the thought of his caged nightingales running in his mind, the doctor followed up his reflection that these pretty waiting-maids "had nothing on their heads but their own hair, very gracefully arranged," by references to Petronius, Apuleius, and the Greek dramatists, the result might be a determination to cut the "soliloquy on hair," and to take the doctor's erudition on faith. But nothing but the page of Peacock itself can give an idea of the drollery of his combination of "twenty curious scraps of learning" on this topic into a consistent theory, or realize his judicial weighing of the knotty question whether the vestals were permanently bald as funguses, and whether the reason why Orestes, in the Euripidean "Electra," receives back his sister from the young farmer to whom Ægisthus has given her in marriage in every respect the same as she came to him, was not that she came to him bald, and with her head shaved, "ostensibly a symbol of grief, but not the less a most efficient ally of the aforesaid magnanimity." "Helen," adds our humouristic critic, "knew better than to shave her head in a case where custom required it; and Euripides makes Electra reproach Helen for thus preserving her beauty (Orest. 128), which further illustrates his purpose in shaving the head of Electra where custom did not require it." Elsewhere in this pleasant tale, we have the worthy doctor analyzing Longfellow's "Excelsior," and demurring to Tennyson's Cleopatra, in terms which show how alive the octogenarian writer, of whose criticisms he is the mouth-piece, was to the later poetry of his own extended epoch. Cleopatra, he argues, had too much pure Greek blood in her to be likely to be "a queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes;" and the fundamental inaccuracy of "Excelsior" is an offence to the

old man, whose classics have been meat and drink to him from his youth up.

"A young man," he says, "goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher, he repeats, 'Excelsior;' but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher, as a detached object in the air. Jack's beanstalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew; but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom." (II. 408.)

To turn from these casual bits of criticism, and the floating scholarship which underlies them, to the speciality of "Gryll Grange"—its introduction of a modern Aristophanic comedy, "Aristophanes in London," with its chorus of clouds, with Gryllus and Circe, and successive tableaux of spirit-rappers, table-turners, competitive examinations, steamers, railway trains, and gas explosions, in a quasi-vocal "diorama"—we may venture to doubt whether any of our nineteenth century writers beside Peacock, would have been equal to the task of bringing such an experiment to so successful an issue. We are aware of Mr. Courthope's clever "Parliament of the Birds," but on the contrary part arise many neoclassical failures. Here, however, is a blending of ancient and modern in wonderfully-measured proportion, the fruit a wit keenly alive to the modern follies and foibles flitting before him, and yet ever so familiar with the graceful figures and fancies of antiquity, that it found a pleasure, not a task, in harmonizing and combining the twain. No doubt the success of such experiments is assisted by the relief of frequent returns to the interests of modern life, such as the pretty and graceful courtship of Alice Niphet and Lord Curryfin, the breaching of hermit Falconer's outworks by the interesting Morgana Gryll, the wooing of Dorothy and her six sisters by Harry Hedgerow and his bucolic allies—above all, by the songs which are continually introduced as salt to the repast, of which one of the prettiest and most touching is the ballad of "Love and Age." This, unfortunately, is too long to quote, though it will amply require a reference to vol. ii., pp. 369-60, and, better than a large portion of the contents of vol. iii., accredit Thomas Love Peacock's pretensions to have something of the poet in him. We have expressed an opinion of his early poetry, the best bits of which are translations of Greek choruses, evidently found amongst his papers, and probably never designed for publication. The "Paper-money Lyrics" may have been smart at the time of their issue: their personalities fall flat on ears that have not contemporary events and disasters to sharpen them; and perhaps Peacock's impression on his own age was made less by these than by his prose allusions to the same monetary transactions and troubles in the pages of "Melincourt." Certainly it is pleasanter to thread the meanderings

of the Thames in the prose excursion of "Crotchet Castle," which might have given a hint for Black's "Story of a Phaeton," than to unwind the meshes of the "Genius of the Thames," an over-elaborated classical, historical, topographical, and ambitious Pindaric poem on the subject of the national river. Those who travel past Cirencester Junction by the Great Western Railway, will do well to turn aside and visit Kemble Church and its confines, by way of ascertaining how much of stanza vii. in the second part (iii. 83) is the product of youthful and poetic fancy. There is more merit in "Rhododaphne," a classical poem published by Hookham in 1818, and involving a spirited tale of the conflict between heavenly and earthly, impure and holy, natural and supernatural, love, told in Pindaric measures, and teeming with classic allusions and imitations. Yet even here a comparison forces itself on the reader of "Crotchet Castle" between the romantic treatment of the Uranian and the Pandemian Venus in this poem, and the comic and satiric dialogue between the Rev. Dr. Folliott and Mr. Crotchet, about nude and undraped Venuses in that novelette; and few will deny that the latter is a far better and livelier pastime than the other. "Sir Hornbook," and "The Round Table" are obvious baits for the ears of the author's grandchildren, otherwise likely to be deaf to English grammar and history. In short, there is simply nothing in the poetry republished in vol. iii. that is so calculated to extend Peacock's undoubted gift of pleasant prose to the region of poetry, as the songs, redolent of mirth, wit, gaiety, and pathos, which are spread equably over the pages of those novelettes, that are his best title to fame and remembrance. Not to recur to his "Memoirs of Shelley," which concern rather Shelley's admirers and biographers, a few last words may be devoted to a reiteration of Peacock's claim to a distinct and distinguished place among English writers in the department of "belles lettres." One would like to say "of fiction," but it is a haunting thought that a fiction involves a plot; and for plots and plot-work Peacock has a glorious contempt. We may learn, indeed, what was Peacock's *métier*, by what means he disguises or compensates this lack—by a constant flow of conversation and dialogues replete with the rarest and raciest jets of humour, ancient and modern. He is less a novelist than a humourist, and his interlocutors dine, dance, drive, ride, sail, or walk for the purpose of ventilating their creator's humour. Herein he differs from a rising and popular modern novelist, whom he resembles in manifest fondness for Greek and Latin poetry; though even the point of resemblance is not exact, for Peacock likes to parade his research and learning at the risk of being called a pedant, while the author of "Lorna Doone" runs on in a well of pure, bright, undefiled, uninterrupted English, beneath which the classically nurtured discern a fine rill

suggestive of the "Fons Bandusiæ," and of "Pierii Latices." What is common to both is the bond of a vein of humour; and into this humour Peacock's classicality infuses a grace and flavour peculiar to himself, a scholarly refinement lacking in our typical humourists, whether Sterne, or Swift, or even Fielding. His humour is never coarse or indecent, much less ribald or impious. It is the humour of "a scholar and a poet, and above all a man of letters," who has dug deep into Petronius and Athenæus, caught the trick and attraction of the *contes* of eighteenth century France, and by a style, manner, and creative power of his own produced a species of satiric, humouristic, and in a lesser degree romantic *mélange* quite *sui generis* in this country. If his spirit is indeed, as Lord Houghton describes it, "the spirit of an elder time before all the sherry was dry and all the ale bitter, and when men of thought were not ashamed of being merry," so much the more reason is there that our generation should possess such a memorial as these three volumes of a gayer and less matter-of-fact age of literature, and that space should be found in the most accessible shelf of every English library for the works, wit, and wisdom of Thomas Love Peacock.

JAMES DAVIES.



INSTINCT AND REASON.

THE question as to the true nature of "Instinct" is one which has been much discussed of late, and is considered by many persons to be peculiarly difficult. It is, in fact, attended with some peculiar difficulty, because not only are we unable to make brute psychosis a part of our own consciousness, but we are also debarred from learning it by any process similar to that which enables us to enter into the minds of our fellow-men—namely, rational speech. The instincts of animals have been, however, and are very carefully studied and observed, and it is generally assumed that to understand Instinct, the continued and reiterated study of animal activity is the one thing necessary. It is obvious, indeed, that without such study Instinct cannot be clearly comprehended, and yet it may be questioned whether mental activity, in its endeavour to understand Instinct, has not been almost exclusively exercised in what, in existing circumstances, is the least useful mode. Every object of study is made clearer to us by contrast, just as the size of any particular building is brought home to us by considering the size of surrounding objects, or its relation to the human stature. To comprehend Instinct is to appreciate justly its relations with the other faculties of animals and with our own, and it is especially its relation with "Reason" which is an object of interest. It is, then, plainly necessary that we should more or less perfectly understand Reason, in order thoroughly to under-

stand Instinct. Now, unfortunately, it appears that most of those who have made it their business to study the so-called "minds" of animals, have taken very little pains to understand their own mind. If this be so, it follows that what most requires to be done, in order to justly appreciate Instinct, is to patiently study, not Instinct, but Reason. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance connected with living English writers, on questions such as those we here refer to, is the conspicuous absence in them of any manifest comprehension of those very powers they so continually exercise, and their apparent want of appreciation of that Reason to which they verbally appeal. "Hamlet," with the Prince of Denmark omitted, may well serve as a symbol of the curious psychology of the school to which reference is made. Thus, while what Instinct is, and can do, is now fairly appreciated; what it is not, and what it cannot do, though Reason can and does, is generally lost sight of and ignored.

This defective appreciation of Reason will not appear so surprising when we consider how trying and difficult, for those unaccustomed to it, is the habit of turning the mind in upon itself, and the investigation by the mind of the mind's own processes. It is not to be wondered at if many writers shirk unwonted labour of the kind. Yet the study of Reason, and therefore the study of Instinct also, cannot be pursued with any reasonable hope of profit without frequent use of this process of introspection, nor without referring to, and at least briefly considering, some of the fundamental questions of Philosophy. This necessity is indeed obvious, since to compare Instinct with Reason, we must know what Reason is; and this can only be ascertained by an inquiry into the activity of our own mind, into its most certain declarations, into the tests as to such certainty, and into the grounds on which we are, if at all, to accept such declarations as true. Yet, after all, however arduous may be the process, it does come within the field of experimental science in its widest sense. It does come within that field, because the elementary truths concerning the mind and its modes of activity repose upon observation and experiment, and the hypotheses which the inductions so induced suggest, can be verified by testing experimentally such deductions as may necessarily flow from such hypotheses. But the most important of these observations, are observations made by each observer on his own mental processes, while many of the experiments are made in like manner.

The slightest consideration of our own mental activity soon shows us that, in addition to our various feelings, we also "think" and "will." Thus, when a kindness has been done us, besides pleasurable feelings and emotions, we can think of and recognise the kindness of the kind act—possibly, also, the self-denying

goodness apparent in the performer of it—and we can will to return such kindness by some corresponding act on our own part. On the other hand, we may feel great annoyance at some hostile action, and as we think of the unpleasant consequences, one after another, which will probably result to us from it, and of the peculiar ingratitude and treachery of the doer, we may begin to determine upon some act of hostility in return. The idea may then occur to us that revenge is wrong, and we may wish to avoid our contemplated act of hostility, but the malice of the action may have been such, and our temperament may be so irascible, that the temptation to revenge is almost overpowering. We may then, with the intention of aiding the weakness of our goodwill, deliberately consider all the claims on our forbearance we can think of—such, *e.g.*, as that the father of our enemy, while alive, did us many kindnesses; that the circumstances of his mother are such that any trouble or anxiety would do her serious injury; that the son has almost ceased to be a rational man from his habitual intemperance; and we may reinforce these considerations by others drawn from religion. Finally, we may force ourselves to relinquish all hostile intention, and perhaps even to perform some beneficial action instead. Here we have feelings and emotions; but, in addition, we have “thought” reflecting on such feelings and emotions, and “will” dictating our responsive action. These phenomena of our mind are facts of observation and experience, as immediately perceptible as any concerning our body.

On turning our mind inwards upon itself, we recognise our own enduring existence as a fact supremely certain. We *know* with absolute certainty that we are the same person we were an hour ago, a week ago, perhaps many years ago. If we are asked how we recognise our own existence, we reply we recognise it by our activity, by the actual exercise of our various powers—in this instance by the act of thinking, and thinking of ourselves. If we are further asked whether we can prove our own existence to ourselves, we reply that primary truths cannot be proved. Every process of proof must ultimately rest on truths directly known without proof, otherwise the process of reasoning must run back for ever, and nothing could ever be proved. Our own existence, as a primary truth directly known to each of us, cannot be proved. Nevertheless, though we cannot *prove* our own existence, we can bring forward a truth to justify and reinforce our consciousness—namely, “Whatever thinks, exists;” and since we know that we can and do think, it necessarily follows that we exist, and so reason reinforces the declaration of consciousness. Should any one object—“How do you know that such primary *dicta* are true? may not what you think is your existence

be really the existence of somebody else, or your life the dream of some other being?"—we reply, that in self-consciousness, and in the perception of such primary truths as that "What thinks, exists," we reach the limit which nature has placed, and that should any man be so insane as to doubt the truth of such primary *dicta*, he must logically doubt of every other affirmation whatever, even that of his own doubt, which thus destroys itself. Absolute scepticism, and consequently utter intellectual paralysis, are the inevitable logical results of any real doubt in this matter of our own existence.

There is another point of which we should make sure in examining the activity of our own minds. To have a knowledge of anything is one thing; to know that we have that knowledge is another, and a very different thing. We cognize an object—*e.g.*, a crow flying—by one act; we cognize that cognition by a very distinct act. To judge that one mountain is higher than another is one mental act; to recognize that mental act as a judgment is an act of a distinct kind. Yet both these are judgments. To feel—to have a sensation, then, is indeed a different thing from recognising such sensation as ours, or as being one of a particular class of sensations.

Our knowledge of ourselves as being the same person now as in the past, implies the trustworthiness of memory—one of the most wonderful of our many wonderful faculties. Now, by a little further introspection we may easily see that memory is of two kinds—(1.) Involuntary, passive, unconscious, sensitive memory—to our present possession of which we do not advert; and (2.) Voluntary, active, conscious, intellectual memory, which we recognise ourselves as actually possessing, or as having possessed in the past, or as likely to possess in the future. Either of these may exist without the other. That the involuntary memory may so exist is obvious, but that the second may be alone present is proved by that most remarkable fact that we may search our minds for something which we know we have fully remembered, and which we think we shall probably fully remember again; which at present we cannot imagine, but which we intellectually remember, and immediately recognise as the object of our intellectual pursuit as soon as its image presents itself in our imagination.

The next fact which reflection, combined with external observation shows us, is the validity of our reasoning processes. When to the proposition, "All equilateral triangles are equiangular," we add, "The triangle A B C is equilateral," we see that a third truth is implicitly contained in the two propositions, which truth explicitly stated is the conclusion, "The triangle A B C is equiangular." The nature of this process of inference is expressed

by the word "*therefore*," and a little introspection shows us that it is something widely different from the association of different things together in the imagination in such a way that the recurrence of one thing induces the recurrence of a group of others, as when the recurrence of a smell recalls to the imagination places, persons, and circumstances of various kinds. Again, in logical inference there is no freedom of choice. We are compelled to admit any conclusion logically contained in admitted premisses, just as we are compelled to admit the truth of the self-evident proposition, "What thinks, exists." But it should be noted that though our reason is necessitated, and is neither free in its conclusions as regards the explicit evolution of implicit truth, nor as regards the immediate apprehension of self-evident truth, yet, nevertheless, it is not *blind*; it sees the objective truths the necessity of which it is compelled to accept. Our intellectual perception of necessary truth is not a passive impotence of imagining two things apart (such as our inability to imagine uncoloured extension), but is an active power of perceiving what is *positively* and necessarily true. Thus it sees that if we deny in a conclusion truth latent in admitted premisses, or refuse to accept both terms of a self-evident proposition, we thereby run counter to the principle of contradiction, and the primary truth that what is, is. As to the principle of contradiction—that anything cannot both be and not be at the same time, and in the same sense—our perception of its force is plainly no mere mental impotence, but is positively known to us by its own evidence. The denial or doubt of this principle, or the denial or doubt of our process of inference, results necessarily, like our doubt as to our own existence, in absolute scepticism and mental imbecility. If anything may both be and not be at the same time, then the intellectual world becomes at once a chaos, and all argument unmeaning. Nay, it is even impossible to really deny the truth of the principle of contradiction, for if it is not true, we cannot be certain that in denying it we are not actually affirming it, or that a doubt respecting it is not the same as absolute certainty that it is true.

Another fact which introspection shows, is our power of "attention." By this attention is meant the deliberate, reflexly self-conscious act, not that mere automatic attention which a sudden strange sensation may call from us indeliberately. This distinction is recognised and well stated by Dr. Carpenter. He says:—

"Now this state of *active* as compared with *passive* reciprocity—of *attention* as compared with mere *insouciance* may be either *volitional* or *automatic*; that is, it may be either *intentionally* induced by an act of the will, or it may be produced *unintentionally* by the powerful *attraction* which the *object* (whether external or internal) has for the eye. Hence, when we *fix* our

attention on a particular object by a determinate act of our own, the strength of the effort required to do so is greater in proportion to the attraction of some other object. Thus, the student who is earnestly endeavouring to comprehend a passage in 'Prometheus,' or to solve a mathematical problem, may have his attention grievously distracted by the sound of a neighbouring piano, which *will* make him think of the fair one who is playing it, or of the beloved object with whom he last waltzed to the same measure. Here the will may do its very utmost to keep the attention fixed, and may yet be overmastered by an involuntary attraction too potent for it; just as if a powerful electro-magnet were to snatch from our hands a piece of iron which we do our very utmost to retain within our grasp."—(*Mental Physiology*, p. 132.)

Closely connected with this fact of active "attention" is the faculty of choice and volition of which we are all conscious. Just as our own consciousness tells us that we are continuously existing beings, so our own consciousness tells us that we have a power of choice which we occasionally exercise in opposition to what most strongly attracts us. We are conscious of volitions of two distinct kinds—(1.) An act of will in which we simply follow, without deliberation, in the direction pointed to by all the attractions and repulsions acting upon us—as when we walk down to dinner, or stretch out our hand to save a friend from falling. (2.) An act of will in which, after full deliberation, we elect to follow a course which we perceive to be in opposition to the resultant impulse of all the involuntary attractions and repulsions acting upon us, and make an "anti-impulsive effort,"*—as when, from a love of God, we deny ourselves an immediate gratification from indulgence in which we do not perceive any remote evil consequences to ourselves. It is not necessary on this occasion to go into the question of free-will; it is sufficient for our present purpose to note, as an unquestionable fact, that men believe they have this double kind of volition, and that they have a firm persuasion of their power of true voluntary action—and that they have such persuasion, the use in all languages of terms signifying moral reprobation or praise is sufficient to demonstrate. When a man has notoriously lost his power of self-control, and become an automaton, dominated by external or internal attractions and repulsions, we say he is not "an accountable being." Nevertheless it may here be remarked, by the way, that Fatalists, like Herbert Spencer and the late John Stuart Mill, when they assert that all men's actions are determined, assert that which it is impossible even for them to pretend to prove, and which can only be maintained on speculative and *a priori* hypotheses; yet inasmuch as they contradict the common voice of mankind, and what so many declare to be the declaration of their consciousness, they

* Upon this subject see the article on Mr. Mill's denial of Free-will in the *Dublin Review* for April, 1874, and an appendix to that article in the number for July, 1874.

are clearly bound to *prove* their position. Assertors of "free will" do not, of course, maintain that they are conscious of what is external to their consciousness, as if they could see as a spectator that external and internal influences do not in all cases determine their actions; but what they do assert is, that they are conscious that they themselves, in the very act of deciding, exercise occasionally a free power of choice, for which choice they are truly responsible. Just as a blind man pushing his way through a thicket in one direction, but suddenly taking another, because on reconsidering his past footsteps he is convinced he was wrong, *knows* that his change of path was due to his own thoughts, and not to any rocks, pits, or other external impediments, though he cannot affirm that such were not close to him when he turned. Fatalists who try to build up on their principles a representation of what we do when we exercise a power of choice, devise a representation which does not in truth resemble the process made known to us by our consciousness, but is an incomplete representation* of that process.

Another faculty is related to our power of will. It is the faculty which our self-consciousness assures us we have of apprehending moral worth. On introspection, it is at once apparent that in pronouncing any man or action to be "good" our reason forms a judgment different in kind from the judgment that any man or action is "pleasure-giving." If our neighbour, intending to do us a malicious injury, through some miscalculation on his part benefits us, we do not on that account judge him in so acting to have acted "rightly," or pronounce his action to have been "virtuous." Indeed, so far from our necessarily associating "pleasure" with virtue, we judge a benevolent action to have had its merit increased by the very self-denial which may have been inseparable from its performance. We are able clearly enough to distinguish between a deliberate judgment that any given action of ours is right or wrong, and a spontaneous indeliberate tendency to do what is generally approved of by those with whom we dwell or a feeling of distress at some violation of conventionality.

The failure to repress, when in society, some harmless natural function may produce the most acute feeling of distress without the smallest perception that any "wrong" has been committed; and on the other hand we may have given pleasure to and received the most lively proofs of gratitude from our fellows on account of some act which has been really done against our conscience. Far from our perception of morality being the same thing with a feeling of deference to the opinions and feelings of our fellow-

* See an article in the *North British Review*, April—July, 1870, vol. lii., p. 93.

men, we ourselves judge whether society in certain cases is right or wrong, and we demand a rational basis and justification for social claims themselves.

The last faculty to which it is desirable here to call attention is that of "speech." Great ambiguity and confusion exists as to what is meant by this term, so that some distinctions require to be made. In the first place, the internal thought and the external expression of such thought must be distinguished. The essence of language is mental, an intellectual activity,—the *verbum mentale*—while the external expression of thought may be distinguished as the *verbum oris* which follows the former, as is evident by the constant process of inventing fresh terms in each science to denote new or better-defined conceptions.

But all rational expression is not oral, nor is all articulate speech rational. We may altogether distinguish six different kinds of language :—

1. Sounds which are neither articulate nor rational, such as cries of pain, or the murmur of a mother to her infant.
2. Sounds which are articulate but not rational, such as the talk of parrots, or of certain idiots, who will repeat, without comprehending, every phrase they hear.
3. Sounds which are rational but not articulate, such as the inarticulate ejaculations by which we sometimes express assent to or dissent from given propositions.
4. Sounds which are both rational and articulate constituting true "speech."
5. Gestures which do not answer to rational conceptions, but are merely the manifestations of emotions and feelings.
6. Gestures which do answer to rational conceptions, and are therefore "external" but not "oral" manifestations of the *verbum mentale*. Such are many of the gestures of deaf mutes, who being incapable of articulating words, have invented or acquired a true gesture-language.

It is evident, then, that a paralysed man might have essentially the power of language (*verbum mentale*), though accidentally hindered from externally manifesting that inner power by means of the *verbum oris*. Normally, the external and internal powers exist inseparably. Once that the intellectual activity exists, it seeks external expression by symbols—verbal, manual, or what not—the voice or gesture-language. Some form of symbolic expression is therefore the necessary consequence in man of the possession of reason, while it is impossible that true speech can for a moment exist without the co-existence with it of that intellectual activity of which it is the outward expression—as well might the concavities of a sigmoid line be supposed to exist without its convexities.

The faculties already referred to may be thus enumerated :—

1. A power of directly perceiving and reflecting upon our continued personal activity and existence—sensations and perceptions being reflected on by thought and recognised as our own, and we ourselves being recognised as affected and perceiving—*self-consciousness*.
2. A power of reflecting upon our sensations and perceptions, and asking what they are and why they are; of apprehending abstract ideas; of perceiving truth directly or by ratiocination and also goodness—*reason*.
3. A power of deliberately electing to act either with, or in opposition to, the apparent resultant of involuntary attractions and repulsions—*free will*.
4. A power of giving expression by signs to general conceptions and abstract ideas; a power of enunciating deliberate judgments by articulate sounds—*language*.

These powers become manifest in actions which are deliberate operations implying the use of a self-conscious, reflective, representative faculty.

Are such powers, however, possessed by all mankind? Putting aside idiots as beings whose latent faculties are inaccessible to our research, and who are manifestly in an abnormal pathological condition, we have no hesitation in affirming that they are. The mental nature of all men is essentially one, and if there are those who do not appear to understand such conceptions as "goodness," "truth," and "justice," they can at least be *made to understand it*. The essential oneness of human nature is sufficiently attested by witnesses the least likely to be biassed in favour of such unity, and the most fitted by their abilities, and the patient labour they have bestowed upon the subject, to express an authoritative judgment. We have just said that by "Reason" we mean a reflective power which asks the questions "What?" and "Why?" Mr. Tylor tells us:—

"Man's craving to know the *causes* at work in each event he witnesses, the reasons *why* each state of things he surveys is such as it is and no other, is no product of high civilization, but a characteristic of his race down to its *lowest stage*. Among rude savages it is already an intellectual appetite, whose satisfaction claims many of the moments not engrossed by war, or sport, or sleep."—(*Primitive Culture*, vol. i., p. 332.)

Mr. Darwin remarks:—

"The American aborigines, negroes, and Europeans, differ as much from each other in mind as any three races that can be named; yet I was incessantly struck, whilst living with the Fuegians on board the 'Beagle,' with the many little traits of character, showing how similar their minds were to ours; and so it was with a full-blooded negro with whom I happened once to be intimate."—(*Voyage of the 'Beagle,'* vol. i., p. 232.)

Again, Mr. Tylor tells us:—

"The state of things amongst the lower tribes which presents itself to

the student, is a *substantial similarity* in knowledge, arts, and customs, running through the whole world."—(*Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, p. 231.)

Indeed, this author not only witnesses to the essential unity of man in all places but also in all times. He says:—

"The historian and the ethnographer must be called upon to show the hereditary standing of each opinion and practice, and their inquiry must go back as far as antiquity or savagery can show a vestige, for there seems no human thought so primitive as to have lost its bearing on our own thought, nor so ancient as to have broken its connection with our life."—(*Primitive Culture*, vol. i., p. 409.)

All men, then, agree in possessing the faculties above enumerated—namely, self-consciousness, reason, and will, with rational speech. It will not, probably, be contended by any naturalist that Instinct ever rises to such a height as to possess those faculties actually, though many assert that it contains them potentially and in germ, and that there is, as Mr. Darwin says, no difference of kind, but only one of degree, between it and reason.

Since we are unable to converse with brutes, we can but divine and infer from their gestures, motions, and the sounds they emit, what may be the nature of their highest psychical powers. Now, in this process of inference, we necessarily risk being guilty of a fallacy similar to that of which a certain school of Theology has shown us such a conspicuous instance.

The whole process of reasoning being a progression to the unknown by means of the known, we can of course only define the former in terms of the latter. All our knowledge having human sensible experience as its necessary condition, scientific language *can* only make use of terms which primarily denote such human experiences. Thus, when men speak of God and of his attributes, they are, of course, necessarily limited to terms primarily denoting human sensible experiences, and hence arises the danger of *theological anthropomorphism*. In the temporary philosophical decline which has accompanied the rise of physical science, very many modern theologians, neglecting the old rational conception of a *Deus analogus*, have been asserting a *Deus univocus* with the natural result of producing the modern opposite error of asserting a *Deus æquivocus*. In other words, the absurdity of asserting that the terms which denote powers and qualities in man have the very same meaning when also applied to God, has naturally led to the opposite absurdity of denying that there is any relation whatever between certain terms as applied to God, and the same terms as applied to man. It has become necessary to return to the old, safe *via media* of the schoolmen, and maintain with them that though no term can be used in precisely the same sense of man and of God, yet that none the less there is a certain relation of *analogy* between these two uses of the same term.

An exactly parallel but opposite error has taken place in biological science. Descartes, that fruitful author of philosophic error, deserted the old moderate view which affirmed that between the highest psychical powers of man and brutes there is a certain natural likeness and analogy, and gave rise to* the notion that animals are nothing but wonderfully complex machines—an error naturally resulting in the opposite one now so prevalent—the error, namely, that there is a substantial identity between the brute soul and the soul of man—*Biological Anthropomorphism*.

It is this biological, or inverted, anthropomorphism which has led to that exaggerated interpretation of animal activities of which Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man" has given us such an ever-memorable example. Space does not here permit of the review of such asserted proofs of animal rationality, but they have been elsewhere considered one after the other.† As an example of the hasty attribution of human qualities to brutes, on account of certain superficial resemblances, we may take a sitting bird. It is, no doubt, true that the parent birds *have* keen parental emotions, yet a particular conspicuous act has had very undue weight assigned to it as a proof of the existence of such emotions. What praises of the patient fidelity of the bird sitting on her unhatched progeny do we not meet with, and yet this constancy is promoted by something very different from maternal tenderness! In truth, a multitude of branching arteries and veins furnish such an abundance of blood to the bird's breast as to cause it to seek in the contact of the eggs a refreshing sensation. Cabanis and Dugès tell us‡ that if a capon be plucked in that region which is naturally bare in a sitting hen, and if an irritating substance be applied to the part so stripped, then not only will the local inflammation cause the capon to seek the contact of eggs and to sit, but even to act maternally to the young when they come to be hatched.

But the distinction in kind between Instinct and Reason, is shown both by the fact that the former is not able to do things specially characteristic of the latter, and by the fact that it can do other things for which reason would, in like circumstances, be impotent. Thus, no animals employ rational language, nor do they deliberately act in concert, nor make use of antecedent experiences

* We say "gave rise to," because Descartes did not really himself maintain that animals were pure machines. He allowed *feeling* to the animal, and said: "Je ne lui refuse pas même le *sentiment*, en tant qu'il dépend des organes du corps; ainsi mon opinion n'est pas si cruelle aux animaux." Professor Huxley (*Fortnightly Review* for November, 1874, p. 563) quotes from Descartes the following words:—"Mais le plus grand de tous les préjugés que nous ayons retenus de notre enfance, est celui de croire que les bêtes pensent." But these very true words do not imply that Descartes thought animals devoid of *feeling* or *imagination*.

† See *Quarterly Review* for July, 1871, pp. 67-87.

‡ *Rapports du Physique et du Moral*, Ed. I., p. 127.

to intentionally improve upon the past. Apes are said, like dogs and cats, to warm themselves with pleasure at deserted fires; yet, though they see wood burning, they are unable to add fresh fuel for their comfort. Swallows will continue to build on a house which they can see has begun to be demolished. Flies will deposit their eggs on a carrion plant instead of on animal matter. Bees show us, perhaps, some of the most wonderful and complex of all instincts, and yet Sir John Lubbock has* demonstrated, by a series of most interesting and admirable experiments, that there is such an habitual absence of any intercommunication between them as to facts, as to fairly lead to the inference that their communications concern their feelings only.

But Instinct can do things impossible to Reason. Thus, chickens newly hatched will so correctly adjust their movements as at once to pick up various objects. Some young puppies, M. Gratiolet tells us, that had never seen a wolf, were thrown into convulsions by the smell of a small portion of wolf-skin. Birds of the first year migrate readily to avoid a cold, of which they can have no knowledge. The young female wasp (*Sphex*), without maternal experience, will seize caterpillars or spiders, and, stinging them in a certain definite spot, paralyse them and so deprive them of all power of motion (and probably also of sensation), without depriving them of life. She places them thus paralysed in her nest with her eggs, so that the grubs when hatched may be able to subsist on a living prey unable to escape from, or resist their defenceless and all but powerless destroyers. Now, it is absolutely impossible that the consequences of its actions can have been intellectually apprehended by the parent wasp. Had she Reason, and not her natural Instinct, she could only learn to perform such actions through experience and the teaching (by precept or example) of older wasps. Now, if such complex actions can be performed in this unconscious manner by insects, why may not the most seemingly rational actions of higher animals be performed in a similar manner? Some such actions, indeed, singularly resemble those of *Sphex*. Even as to mammals, one writer tells us:—

“I dug out five young pole-cats, comfortably embedded in dry, withered grass; and in a side hole, of proper dimensions for such a larder, I poked

* See a paper read before the Linnean Society on the 19th of March, 1874, and another read before the same society on the 17th of December 1874. In the latter, after exposing the hasty inferences which had induced observers to attribute to bees moral qualities, the existence of which Sir John Lubbock's investigations quite disproved, the author went on to give reasons which seemed to him to make it probable that a certain power of communicating perceptions exists amongst ants. These papers on insect psychology offer a truly admirable contrast to the crude, hasty, and ill-considered assertions of so many uncritical writers on such subjects, who seem to have no fear of “inverted anthropomorphism” before their eyes. The care and scrupulous candour of Sir John Lubbock are the more admirable, because the philosophy he seems to adopt would naturally rather incline him to favour views which he nevertheless treats with strict impartiality and justice.

out forty large frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of sprawling a little. On examination I found that the whole number, toads and all, had been purposely and dexterously bitten through the brain."—(See *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vi., p. 206.)

Thus, then, both by what it can do, and by what it cannot do, Instinct exhibits its fundamental distinctness from Reason. But, indeed, there is no difficulty in quoting from our best-known evolutionists the most striking declarations as to the wide difference between the highest psychical faculties of men and brutes. Mr. Darwin himself is constrained to admit,* that there is "no doubt," but that the difference is "enormous." Mr. Herbert Spencer also makes some noteworthy admissions. *E.g.*, he remarks as to

"birds that fly from inland to the seaside to feed when the tide is out, and cattle that return to the farmyard at milking-time. . . . Even here there is not a purely intelligent adjustment of inner to outer sequences, for creatures accustomed to eat or to be milked at regular intervals come to have recurrences of constitutional states, and the sensations accompanying these states form the proximate stimuli to their acts."—(*Psychology*, vol. i., pp. 323-4.)

And, again, he says:—

"It is anatomically demonstrable that the pairing and nidification of birds in the spring, is preceded by constitutional changes which are probably produced by more food and higher temperature. And it is a rational inference that *the whole series of processes* in the rearing of a brood are severally gone through, not with any recognition of remote ends, but solely made under the stimulus of conditions continuously present."

Also, he admits that we find this

"higher order of correspondence in Time, scarcely more than foreshadowed among the *higher animals*, and definitely exhibited only when we arrive at the human race."

And, again:—

"Only when we come to the human race are correspondences of this degree of speciality exhibited with distinctness and frequency."—(*Op. cit.*, p. 338.)

He also makes a very important admission when he says:—

"It might fairly be said that the Indian fish, which catches insects flying over the surface by hitting them with jets of water, exhibits an adjustment of inner relations to outer relations as special as that shown by the archer (who shoots high according to the distance of the object aimed at); but considering that in the fish nothing more is implied than an automatic connection between certain visual impressions and certain muscular contractions, it cannot be held that there is anything like the complexity of correspondence."—(*Op. cit.*, p. 353.)

Surely the very same principle may be applied to explain the actions of the parrot, the pointer, the sapajou cracking his nut with a stone, or the chimpanzee drinking out of his tea-cup. There is

* "Descent of Man," vol. ii., p. 34

nothing in any of these actions indicating a power different in kind from that evidently possessed by the fish, so aiming his watery jet as to hit in the air an object seen from beneath the water in spite of the effects of refraction. Finally, may be cited the following passage:—

“The animal’s nervous system is played upon by external objects, the clustered properties of which draw out answering chords of feelings, followed by faintly-reverberating chords of further feelings; but it is *otherwise passive*—it cannot evolve a consciousness that is *independent of the immediate environment*.”—(*Op. cit.*, pp. 564-5.)

Here we have the necessary results of an absence of self-consciousness. Beings devoid of self-consciousness—

“differentiate nothing consciously; they move, but they know not where, or why, or when; they see, but they know not colour as distinguished from sound, which they hear equally unconsciously. They know not their eye as such; they have senses and perceive, but they know not anything as such. Memory they may have, but they distinguish not the remembrance from the perception.”—(*The Psychology of Scepticism and Phenomenalism*. By James Andrews. Glasgow: J. Maclehose, 1874.)

It is no less decided a sensationalist than Mr. Lewes who has of late made what is perhaps the most unequivocal declaration as to the great difference—a difference even *in kind* between the highest psychical faculties of brutes, and our own mental powers. He tells us:—

“The animal feels the cosmos, and adapts himself to it. Man feels the cosmos but he also thinks it.”—(*Problems of Life and Mind*, pp. 123-4.)

Again he says:—

“Circles differ from circles in degree; they differ from ellipses in kind. Whether large or small the circle has the same properties, and these are different from the properties of the ellipse. It is true that by insensible gradations the circle may flatten into an ellipse, or the two foci of the ellipse may blend into one, and form a circle. But so long as there are two foci, the ellipse has its characteristic properties. In like manner the boundaries of the animal and human may be found insensibly blending at certain points; but whenever the ‘animal circle’ has become transformed into the ‘human ellipse,’ by the introduction of a second centre, the difference ceases to be one of degree, and becomes one of kind, the germ of infinite variations.”—(*Op. cit.*, pp. 153-4.)

This remarkable passage contains even a stronger argument in favour of the distinctness in kind between the faculties of men and brutes, even than Mr. Lewes himself intends. It does so because Mr. Lewes is wrong in saying that “by insensible grades the circle may flatten into an ellipse.” With the least degree of flattening, the figure ceases absolutely to be a circle, although our senses may fail to detect the aberration. Mr. Lewes also admits* that brutes have “no conceptions, no general ideas, no

* *Op. cit.* pp. 154-5.

symbols of logical operations," and affirms that the absurdity of thinking brutes could be rational—

"is so glaring, that we need not wonder at profoundly meditative minds having been led to reject with scorn the hypothesis which seeks for an explanation of human intelligence in the functions of the bodily organism common to man and animals, and having had recourse to the hypothesis of a spiritual agent superadded to the organism."—(*Op. cit.* p. 157.)

He also says* that "animal imagination is reproductive, but not plastic: it never constructs;" and describes† the "knowledge" of the brute as "such registrations of experience as suffice to guide his actions in the satisfaction of immediate impulses." Finally, he tells us‡ that "between animal and human intelligence there is a gap, which can only be bridged over by an addition from without."

But long ago the world-renowned physiologist, John Müller, clearly laid down such distinctions, saying§ that brutes may easily enough form associations between sensible perceptions, but that to form abstract conceptions of such operations as of something common to many under the notion of cause and effect, is a perfect impossibility to them. He distinctly says that:—

"The cause of this difference between man and beasts does not lie in the comparative lucidity or obscurity of the impressions made on their minds respectively; for in this respect there is assuredly no superiority in the human mind. I am, therefore, of opinion that the human mind also would never derive from the mere experience afforded by the senses, and from habit, the general abstract idea of causality, unless it had a certain power of abstraction—a power, namely, of forming a mental something out of the returning combinations of two things of which one requires the succession of the other."—(See Müller's *Physiology*, translated by Dr. Baly, 1842, vol. ii., p. 1347.)

He adds that although dogs will become accustomed to perceive that hats and caps of various forms are put on the head, to recognize their master whether naked or clothed, and sticks of different shapes, yet the notions of identity and constancy, as opposed to difference and variability, are beyond the limits of their psychical powers.

It is undeniable, then, that Instinct, as made known to us in and by brute animals, is something very different from Reason in its developed condition. There being, then, a broad distinction between the highest psychical faculties of men and brutes, we may proceed to consider whether any of the *lower* faculties of the former can throw any light upon such highest faculties of the latter. In considering our highest mental powers, we have already seen that besides deliberate thought, inference, voluntary attention, active memory, will, moral judgment, and speech, we

* *Op. cit.*, p. 169. † *Op. cit.*, p. 250. ‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 156. The italics are not Mr. Lewes's.

§ See Müller's "Physiology," translated by Dr. Baly. 1842. Vol. ii., p. 1347.

have direct perception, association, automatic attention, involuntary memory, indeliberate volition, sympathetic emotion, and emotional expression. It may be well here to look a little further at these and some cognate matters, though space will only permit us to do so in a very cursory manner.

In a healthy condition, digestion, assimilation, and growth are all performed by us in utter unconsciousness, as are the essential and intimate processes of respiration and reproduction; and all these are faculties shared by us, not only with every animal, but with every plant. Another faculty is shared by us with animals, and is ministered to by our nervous system, though still without the intervention of consciousness. This is the now familiar power of "reflex action," a power which gives rise to movements in response to unfelt stimuli, such movements becoming positively more energetic with the advent of insensibility.*

There is, however, another class of human actions which result indeed from sensations, but which take place automatically, and without the intervention of our will, or even of our attention.

Thus, when an object suddenly approaches our eye, the eyelids may close almost simultaneously with the experience of the sensation. A sudden or unwonted sound will cause the whole frame to start—a direct and immediate sense-perception, producing a result before we have time to inquire into the cause of that affection of our sense. The act of swallowing an object placed far back in the mouth is probably simply reflex, but, as Dr. Alison has remarked,† the initial act of deglutition, that of passing the food backwards from the tongue to the *isthmus faucium*, is due to a sometimes almost irresistible propensity to swallow whatever grateful food or drink is in the mouth. Again, as to the act of sucking, Bichat says:—

"It is instinct, which I do not understand, and of which I cannot give the smallest account, which makes the infant, at the time of birth, draw together its lips to commence the action of sucking."

Indeed, actions of this kind are commonly spoken of as *instinctive*; and such are those we perform in walking through crowded streets absorbed in a reverie, or in running up or down stairs—when, indeed, any direction of the attention upon our successive actions tends but to mar them. Allied to these actions, also, are the wonderful wanderings of somnambulists. Dr. Carpenter gives an amusing account of the spontaneous production of movements in response to felt stimuli on the part of certain somnambulists. He says of such that if their arm be "advanced forward in the position of striking a blow," "the somnambulist is very apt to put it into immediate execution."

* For good examples see Dr. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," 1874, p. 70.

† See Todd's Cyclopædia, vol. iii., p. 4.

On one occasion, when Dr. Carpenter was present—

“A violent blow was struck, which chanced to alight upon a second somnambulist within reach; his combativeness being thereby excited, the two closed and began to belabour one another with such energy that they were with difficulty separated. Although their passions were at the moment so strongly excited that, even when separated, they continued to utter furious denunciations against each other, yet a little discreet manipulation of their muscles soon calmed them, and put them into perfect good humour.”*

A very singular and complete case of automatism has occurred in France† where a man who was severely wounded in the head in the late war, passes a day or two of each month in a condition in which his consciousness seems entirely to disappear, and every sense but touch is dormant, while his acts are entirely directed through the suggestions offered to him by objects he feels.

But apart from all abnormality, such actions as walking and talking, or playing the piano, show that wonderful effects may be produced by the sensibility, apart from self-consciousness, and how wonderfully different is sense-perception from thought.

Miss Cobbe's remarks on this matter are worthy of citation. She says of music playing:—

“Here we seem not to have one alone, but a dozen. Two different sets of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand has to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind—or something which does duty as mind—interprets scores of A sharps, and B flats and C naturals into black ivory keys and white ones; crotchets and quavers and demisemiquavers, rests, and all the mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals; and if the instrument be a double-action harp (or an organ) a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer—the conscious performer—is in the seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business, or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul.”—(See *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1870, p. 26.)

We could hardly wish for a stronger instance of how sensations may serially unite and become agglutinated together in complex aggregations so as to act independently of intelligence. Moreover, even where actions are distinctly attended to and deliberately willed, all the several nervous and muscular acts which condition such actions are performed unconsciously and involuntarily.

A striking and very complete demonstration of the difference between sense-cognition and thought has been presented by a distinguished writer in the *Dublin Review*.‡ He supposes a spectator to contemplate a field of battle, and to notice its varied incidents and accompaniments of sight and sound—even the purple

* “Mental Physiology,” 1874, p. 605.

† See *Medical Times* for July 28th, 1874. This case was cited by Professor Huxley, at Belfast. See *Nature*, of September 3rd, 1874, p. 364.

‡ See the Number for July, 1871, vol. xvii., pp. 26-34.

hyacinths and the green grass—at his own place of observation. All this may recur again and again in his imagination, and the sight at a future time of purple hyacinths may involuntarily give rise to painful feeling from previous association: such acts pertain to sensible perception, organic memory, and emotion. But if the spectator proceeds to consider the utility of the battle, he proceeds to that which was never presented by sense, and the same is the case even if he adverts to the greenness of the grass: such acts pertain to thought. Green grass seen is one thing, the affirmation that grass is green is quite another. Indeed, as this writer avers, abstract thought cannot be modified sensible association, since the one necessarily excludes the other, and since, while excess of brightness blinds the eye of sense, no amount of intellectual clearness and luminosity even tends to blind the eye of the intellect!

The existence of emotion apart from intellectual apprehension need not again be more than adverted to, and little need be said as to that spontaneous tendency to imitation which at least most of us possess in some degree. As to the latter tendency, Mr. Darwin remarks:—

“This is exhibited in the most extraordinary manner in certain brain diseases, especially at the commencement of inflammatory softening of the brain, and has been called the ‘echo sign.’ Patients thus affected imitate, without understanding, every absurd gesture which is made, and every word which is uttered near them, even in a foreign language.”—(See his *Expression of the Emotions*, p. 356, where he refers to Dr. Bateman on “Aphasia,” 1870, p. 110.)

To sum up, then, what our rapid survey has seemed to teach us about ourselves, it appears we may establish the following propositions: Man is a persisting being consisting of a complex organism, which possesses, besides the highest psychical powers already enumerated, the following powers and activities also:—

1. *Vegetative* powers of nutrition, growth, and reproduction.
2. A power responding to unfelt stimuli by means of nervous interconnexions—*reflex action*.
3. A power of inadvertently performing appropriate actions in response to felt stimuli, such actions, termed *instinctive*, being provided for beforehand by the special organization of the body.
4. A power of experiencing sensible pleasure and pain.
5. A power of indeliberately cognizing sensible objects, of which some start or exclamation may be the sign—*sensible cognition*.
6. Activities effected by the union, agglutination, and combination of sensations in more or less complex aggregations, and simulating inference.

7. A power of automatic or *organic memory*, which may exhibit itself in unintellectual imitation.
8. A power of responding by appropriate actions to pleasurable and painful sensations and emotions—*organic volition*.
9. A power of experiencing vague pleasurable and painful feelings—*emotional sensibility*.
10. A power of expressing such feelings by sounds or by gestures understood by our fellows, and replied to by corresponding sounds and gestures—*emotional language*.

The above ten groups are composed of powers and resulting actions which may be performed without deliberation and self-consciousness. For these groups it is necessary that the soul should sensibly cognize existing things, but it is not necessary that it should intellectually perceive their existence; that it should feel itself existing, but not that it should intellectually recognize its own existence; that it should feel relations existing between objects, but not that it should recognize them as relations; that it should remember, but not intentionally seek to recollect; that it should feel and express emotion, but not that it should intellectually advert to it; that it should seek the pleasurable, but not that it should consciously make such pleasure its deliberate aim.

We have already seen that Instinct in brute animals is something very different from our developed Reason, but their highest psychical faculties appear to answer pretty closely to the above indeliberate human faculties, and thus we come to see not only what Instinct differs from, but also what it resembles.

"*Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem.*"—The lower class of faculties just enumerated are sufficient to account for the actions of brutes, while the absence in them of the higher kinds of activity shows them to be destitute of the higher class of faculties enumerated earlier—the presence of which it is not necessary to assume to account for what brutes do.

The remark will here naturally occur to many that reason is only gradually made manifest in ourselves, and that the history of the human individual seems to show that the indeliberate faculties may grow into the deliberate ones, and thus the latter can only be considered as differing from the former, in degree and not in kind.

To this it may be replied that one and the same being may most undoubtedly possess faculties of different kinds (as we possess the power of thought, and also the power of pressing down by our weight any object on which we stand), and these different faculties may manifest themselves at different times, some remaining for a season in a latent condition. The fact of our not perceiving at first the latent higher powers may be merely due to the imperfection of our powers of observation, like our inability to distinguish,

at a certain stage, the embryos of two widely different animals, which inability no one thinks of advancing as an argument in favour of their identity in the face of the divergence which subsequent development makes manifest.

This hypothesis of latency harmonizes with the facts observed, since it allows the recognition of a difference in kind between the deliberate and the indeliberate faculties. That they are so distinct, is made manifest by the inverse relation before referred to as existing between the two. The intensification of sensation diminishes the power of intellectual action, while intense intellectual preoccupation deadens the sensitive faculties. Sir William Hamilton long ago called attention to this inverse relation; but when two faculties tend to increase in an inverse *ratio*, it becomes unquestionable that the difference between them is one of kind.

On the other hand, no power may be assumed to have been latent unless its existence has been made known in the same individual subsequently, or in others of the same species. We may fairly assume rational powers to have been latent in an infant that died a week old, because such powers exist plainly in all men normally constituted; but we have no right to assume that rationality is latent in brutes, because no brute has been known ever to perform one single action for which the presence in it of faculties like our own indeliberate faculties will not amply account.

But can any further light be thrown upon the nature of Instinct than that derivable from its comparison with our lower mental powers?

Mr. Lewes and Mr. Herbert Spencer seem to agree in entertaining a somewhat paradoxical view as to Instinct—namely, that it is superior to intelligence, in that either by its failure it becomes intelligence, or that it is itself “lapsed intelligence.” Mr. Spencer, indeed, shortly describes Instinct as “compound reflex action”—a complex reflex action, in which sensation intervenes, established by the “survival of the fittest;” and, as it becomes more and more compound, failing to be so ready and decided in its action, and so becoming “intelligence.” Thus, according to this author, Reason is a negative entity—a failure of Instinct! It may be mentioned, by the way, that, in his chapter on Instinct, Mr. Spencer omits all consideration of the most enigmatical phenomena, saying not a word of such instincts as those of ants, termites, and the wasp *Spheer*.

Mr. Lewes tells us:—

“In instinct there is not intelligence, but what *was once intelligence*; the specially intelligent character has disappeared in the fixed tendency. The action which was tentative, *discriminative*, has now become automatic and irresistible.” “The objection will doubtless be raised that instinct is wholly destitute of the characteristic of intelligence in that it has no choice; its operation is fixed, fatal. The reply is twofold: in the first

place, the objection, so far as it has validity, *applies equally* to judgment, where, given the premisses, the conclusion is fatal, no alternative being open. Axioms, in this sense, are logical instincts. Thus, the higher intellectual process is *on a level* with this process said to be its opposite. And in the second place, the element of *choice* always *does* enter into instinct; although the intelligent discrimination of means to ends may be *almost* absent, it never is *entirely*. The *guiding sensation* which directs the impulse is always selective. If we restrict intelligence to the logic of signs, to *ideas*, there cannot of course be anything intelligent in instinct; but if we extend it—as we must—to the logic of feeling, the dispute will cease.”—(*Problems of Life and Mind*, p. 130, note, and p. 141.)

Now, this passage is worthy of notice as the latest declaration of the Sensist school on this question. But, in the first place, we affirm that not to restrict intelligence to intellect is absurd—a contradiction in terms—“ideas” not “feelings” being the exclusive domain of the intellect. That there *is* a logic in feeling—that there is a logic in even unsentient nature—we are far from denying; but that logic is not the logic of the crystal nor of the brute, but of their Creator. Mr. Lewes evidently here means by “choice” not a deliberate, self-conscious process, but a direct, indeliberate action, such as may automatically result from the association of sensible impressions. Indeliberate actions of the kind are not to be denied to brutes, but they are not acts of *Reason*, though they are often enough made use of by rational beings, just as digestion and secretion are not acts of Reason, though they are acts of a rational being who digests and secretes.

Mr. Lewes’s first answer ignores the very main distinction between Instinct and Reason—namely, the presence of self-conscious intellectual action in the latter, and its absence in the former. Instinct is “fatal,” but *blind*; it does not *know* it is compelled, nor see the *necessity* of its action. Reason is fatal, but *sees*; it *does* know it is compelled to draw out explicitly in a conclusion the truth implicitly contained in given premisses, and does see the *necessity* of intuitive truths, such as “the principle of Identity.” Moreover, if it can be affirmed that “Instinct” is “lapsed intelligence,” then a conscious, deliberative, discriminative faculty must once have been exercised by wasps, bees, and ants in all such actions as are now instinctive, and these creatures must once have possessed a rationality of which the course of ages has deprived them.

Mr. Herbert Spencer’s climax is still more curious. As, according to him, “Reason” is a “failure of Instinct”—an “imperfect adjustment”—so with the increasing adjustment of “inner relations” to “outer relations,” it must tend more and more to disappear. But will and memory are also represented by him as transient accompaniments of an incomplete state of such adjustment; and even “feeling” must also disappear, when the adjustment becomes perfect, along with memory and reason. The highest

mental condition then, according to Mr. Spencer, would be one in which volition, intelligence, memory, and even feeling, have all disappeared in favour of a "perfect adjustment." In other words, the most highly-developed human being would be an absolutely *senseless and unconscious automaton*. This is the "higher" and "nobler" goal to which the countless pulsations of cosmic forces are supposed to be ultimately tending in their integrating and constructive action; the object to the promotion of which our most strenuous and self-denying efforts, and our most fervent desires, may most worthily be directed!

The views of Mr. Lewes and Mr. Spencer cannot be accepted by us, if for no other reason than that they gratuitously demand us to admit, in bees and ants, faculties for the existence of which there is no evidence, and without which all their activities can be sufficiently explained. Quite another cause than "lapsed intelligence," or even "lapsed sensible perception and association," is required to account for the actions of the wasp *Sphex*, and for our own instinctive actions; and if "Instinct" is required to explain these, it may equally be used to explain a multitude of other acts also. The principle once admitted, all is admitted.

But how, then, are we to understand "Instinct?" what is it? The general notion of Instinct is that of an imparted peculiar

"impulse urging animals to the performance of certain actions which are useful to themselves or to their kind, but the use of which they do not themselves perceive, and their performance of which is a necessary consequence of their being placed in certain circumstances and feeling certain sensations."—(Todd's *Cyclopædia*, vol. iii., p. 3.)

We have seen, more or less clearly, what it is *not*, and by what essential differences of kind it is distinguishable from Reason. But its very existence is altogether denied by some contemporary thinkers, in spite of the manifest peculiarity of many animal actions, the performance of which cannot be denied. This denial is perhaps, in part, due to a misapprehension. Certainly Instinct has no real substantial existence at all distinct from the life of animals which exhibit it, just as "life" itself is nothing substantially distinct from the creature living. Perhaps, then, the great objection which many men seem to entertain against the recognition of "Instinct" as something to be distinguished as existing, and to be separately considered and treated of, is their idea that by such consideration and treatment a metaphysical abstraction is taken for a substantial entity. Now Instinct *as* Instinct is, of course, a mere abstraction, and exists only in the mind, though it exists concretely enough in animal actions of a special kind. Instinct is, concretely, the animal organism energizing in certain ways.

Mr. Lewes speaks the language of the true philosophy when he says:—

"Co-ordination, mind, and life, are abstractions: they are realities in the sense of being drawn from real concretes; but they are not realities existing apart from their concretes otherwise than in our conception; and to seek their objective substratum we must seek the concrete objects of which they are the symbols."—(*Problems of Life and Mind*, vol. i., p. 281.)

This is the very teaching of St. Thomas.

All the functions of each brute animal, all instinctive actions included, necessarily go with structure, and vary with it, structure and function being like the convexities and concavities of a curved line, one necessarily accompanying the other. To explain either thoroughly is to explain both. The origin of one is necessarily the origin of the other. Modern science, by its investigations of the simplest organisms, has abundantly shown that life cannot be a consequence of organization; but neither need it be a cause, but an inseparable accompaniment; life of a particular kind emerging from potentiality into actuality at the very moment that matter assumes a certain special and definite condition. "Instinct" then, no more than "structure," can be explained by the survival of the fittest.

The "instinct" of each animal, then, is an abstraction denoting the faculty of performing that group of actions which are the inseparable accompaniments of its structure, as stimulated by sensation. But such "faculty," again, is, of course, nothing distinct from the "soul" of each animal; which soul, once more, has no substantial existence apart from the living animal itself.

This is not the place, because space forbids, to defend the doctrine that the "soul" of each animal is no mere plexus of physical forces transformed by passing through a certain kind of matter so as to simulate a unity; but is a real, existing, single unity, a single form of force (so to speak) evoked by concurrent circumstances from potentiality into actuality. Nevertheless we may be permitted to here affirm our belief that this doctrine is the one which best accords with what science teaches, and according to it, Instinct is an abstraction denoting a particular kind of action of such animal soul.

Concurrent with such doctrine is the view, which we also accept, that the body of each living animal forms a true unity. The opposite notion, entertained by many, is that each organism is not a true unity, but that each organ, each part of an organ, and each physiological unit has its own independent life, one not subordinate, to a higher unity; so that the whole forms a moving equilibrium of groups of groups of groups of groups of parts. This was the view which Schwann's famed "cell theory" favoured—a theory once received, especially in Germany, with enthusiasm (like that which has greeted the Darwinian theory), but which is at the present time comparatively abandoned. Now, a lifeless, moving equilibrium—such, *e.g.*, as a fountain with a complex arrangement of

jets—is manifestly but the result of an adjustment of active physical powers, continuing for a longer or a shorter period. During its continuance the action of each separate physical force can be distinctly traced in the result; there is no, even apparent, internal principle of cohesion, still less is there any tendency to reproduction. Every living being, on the other hand, has manifestly a tendency to undergo a definite cycle of changes when exposed to certain fixed conditions, such cycle ending with the reappearance of that form with which it started; an egg thus ultimately resulting in the production of another egg, and a seed of another seed. Moreover, in each organism the various parts are *reciprocally* ends and means.

Instead, then, of considering an animal as a congeries of groups of groups of independently living units, it seems to us more accordant with reason to consider it as one living whole, in the life of which each part, in its degree, participates. Thus the whole organism forms one continuum. For our convenience as anatomists we actually separate it into parts in various ways, and we consider it as made up of such parts; but, in fact, it is not really made up of parts at all, but is one whole, locally differentiated in various ways and in varying degrees. To illustrate our meaning we may recall the fact that the air-vessels of plants (like the tracheæ of insects) were once said to be kept open by means of a spiral filament within them, whereas now it is recognized that there is no such filament, but that the walls of such tubes are simply, in fact, but *spirally thickened*. Similarly, nerve and connective tissue, bone and cartilage, tendon and muscle, are now recognized as imperceptibly graduating one into the other, and being actually continuous—nay, even the very blood merges with, and is merged with, the solid portions of the body where the latter are in process of assimilating and increasing. All this, however, is but natural, seeing that the whole of these parts are but various differentiations of the primitive germinal substance.

Once more then, instinct appears to be a faculty of the animal, feeling, imagining, organically associating, remembering and automatically acting soul, which faculty is in most intimate connexion with the organization of each species. Thus upon the recurrence of certain sensations, external or internal, a definite series of actions is initiated, which, from the beginning of its existence, each species is specially destined to perform, and for the performance of which its organization is specially developed. In short, it is action like reflex action, but which takes place in consequence of feelings or imaginings. Such instinct, like the soul, of which it is a faculty, emerges from potentiality to actuality *pari passu* with the assumption by matter of the proximately fit condition; and if it were possible for us artificially to

construct any given kind of animal, we should necessarily give rise to the instinct in giving rise to the structure.

Some readers may exclaim—But are such wonderful powers latent in mere brute matter? Is it conceivable that the arrangement of matter, in whatsoever conditions, can be the occasion of evoking from potentiality to act a power not only of living and reproducing, but of feeling, of sensibly cognizing, of forming associations of sensible images, of connecting therewith various emotions, and capable of exhibiting the complex instincts of the ant, the fidelity of the dog, and the simulation of reason of the elephant? To such objectors I would reply—How can you show that your conception of matter as it exists is adequate? Matter pure and simple, the *materia prima* of philosophy, nowhere exists actually, nor ever did so exist. Every form of matter known to us, even the simplest, possesses certain active powers, and is combined with a definite "form." New combinations and collocations of matter are continually evoking new forms, presenting to us other powers before unknown to us. What right, then, has any one to deny the existence in matter of latent potentialities which experience and reason combine to show us are now actually there, and, in all probability, have been latent antecedently? That matter should show us actions which embody a *quasi* intelligence is the less surprising when we reflect that all nature teems with such unconscious intelligence. Reason, order, and activity pervade the material universe—the mineral as well as the animal and vegetable kingdoms. But, apart from man, such reason is in no material being conscious of itself; and the soul of man is, as we have seen, different in kind from the soul of every brute, and may therefore rationally claim another origin. The resemblance of the unconscious infant (whose instincts are less developed than those of many new-born beasts) to a mere animal, is but a superficial one, and results only from the imperfection of our powers of observation. That from the first the whole difference is latent, the result proves. It is like the superficial resemblance of an embryonic reptile to an embryonic bird, or even of an embryonic beast to an embryonic fish. The reptile never *is* a bird, nor the beast a fish, though the immature stages of development are superficially alike.

If the history of mankind is sketched out by that of the child's development, then we may conclude that man was never a mere animal. Instinct and Reason seem to form two distinct regions—two distinct kinds of activity—whereof the former serves as the material for the latter. In order that mere instinctive faculties may become rational, there is needed the introduction from without (as Mr. Lewes well says) of a new form or force, which is self-conscious, and so can distinguish itself from what is not itself, and

can analyze both. With this new principle once introduced, mere sensation is transformed into conscious sensibility ; the imagination, from being passive, becomes active and creative ; appetite becomes passion, and attachment friendship. The association of images prepares the association of ideas. Association becomes inference. In a word, from the mere animal, we have man ; and what was but direct, indeliberate, and unconscious Instinct, becomes reflex, deliberate, self-conscious Reason, with true memory, intelligence, and will.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.



THE BOGEYS OF THE DAY.

THERE was a time when Wisdom cried aloud in the streets, and no man regarded her. It may be but a foolish fancy of mine, but I have always believed that the fault lay in the fact, not that Wisdom told men things that they could not believe, but rather that she inflicted on them undeniable truisms that they were tired of; and that the general opinion was, when she came out with some wise saw that had been dinned into their ears from childhood upwards, and which was associated in their minds with every sensation of boredom, that if the poor old creature had nothing newer than that to tell them, she had better hold her tongue altogether.

Truths lose their force and their meaning from constant repetition—a fact that I wish all sermon-preachers would remember; and there is a curious tendency in the human mind to overlook the most startling facts if they are kept too constantly before the eye.

Whether this supposition concerning a past age is correct or no, there is no doubt that it would not be correct in our day. Pseudo-wisdoms there are enough and to spare, vexing the earth with their discordant voices; but the true Wisdom is terribly silent, and when she speaks, utters nothing but puzzles, making life an almost hopeless desert of despair for those who have brains, bowels, and energy. A growing feeling of ignorance, the offspring of a slightly-increased knowledge—a general sense of the incomprehensibility of life and its purposes—may be remarked in all

ranks and classes; but in none so much as in those which possess wealth and influence, to whom, therefore, a definite principle and purpose in living, and some conception of the true Wisdom, is for all men's sake of the most vital importance.

Putting aside entirely those who neither think nor care about doing or being good, and those who from various reasons are not affected by such a sense, having found what are to them satisfactory solutions of the enigmas of life, there is a great, and, I fancy, increasing mass of the well-to-do and well-born, many of whom are by nature fitted to be the ornaments of any race, who drift through life more or less worthlessly, aimlessly, or even mischievously, simply because their mental characteristics and the half-lights of the age make it almost a hopeless puzzle to them to find out what to do with their money or their lives.

They would do the right thing, many of them, if they could be sure what the right thing is; they would devote their lives to doing good to others, if they could be sure that they really were doing good. But they cannot, and so drift on unsatisfactorily enough without any consistent principle or fixed purpose in living; satisfying their benevolent impulses by mere intermittent whims, supported and justified only by religious doctrines and arguments that they daily question and ignore; satisfying their luxurious and stingy impulses by whims (generally, I fear, less intermittent), justified and supported only by a so-called Political Economy, that they would shrink from a thorough-going acceptance of;—with no much better guide in life than to be rather like each other—a course that reminds the observer of nothing so much as a crowd of blind men holding on to each other, under the impression that by so doing they will be led in the safest direction. They cannot feel thoroughly sure whether charity is right or wrong; they cannot feel thoroughly sure whether luxury is right or wrong; and cannot, above all, put a limit to either of them. They do not even know, thoroughly, whether energy and earnestness are really of any use. A deplorable picture, truly! but many will testify to the truth of it: even some from the restless activity of whose life no one would guess the presence of such maddening and disheartening uncertainty. Many a young life, full of lofty aspirations and bright promise, is dragged down into selfishness and indifference; many a man, full of great powers, has lived and died almost useless from its chilling, enervating influence. Almost every one has suffered from it more or less, at one time or another.

It is the curse, and, I fear, the growing curse, of our so-called enlightened age. An age which might be bitterly described as one in which every one acknowledged the obligations of duty, but in which no one was certain what duty consisted in.

It is high time that every earnest man thus afflicted, however humble in intellect or learning, should look well into his mind to discover from what roots this subtle and deadly ally to the world, the flesh, and the devil, draws its life; that he may be able, if not to destroy it, at least to realise and grapple with it to such an extent as to enable him to lead a life of earnest and unselfish work,—the only life that is worth living,—with a rational and satisfactory basis, however small or deep down, on which to found and justify his principles of thought and action.

Now, what are the main roots of this disheartening, paralyzing uncertainty, about everything under the sun, in the way of improvement of self or others? I neither intend nor pretend for a moment to enumerate the thousand and one facts and reflections that go to make up such a frame of mind, or to deal fully and thoroughly with the great general causes that they lead to. All I mean to do is to state simply what I think these great general causes are, and by a broad examination of them, see whether some more or less definite way may not be pointed out by which the mischievous soul-killing conclusions that they appear to point to may be avoided.

I believe that the chief cause is a growing belief, ranging, in different minds, from the highest certainty down to the very lowest presumption in fatalism; sometimes going to the extreme of an absolute disbelief in free-will; oftener, especially amongst the more orthodox, going only to the extent of causing a sickening, disheartening sense of the hopeless contradictory mystery of life, and the vanity and uncertainty of all human effort.

The causes of the growth of this belief in our day are not far to seek, and need few words. The discoveries that have been made, and are being made, concerning the laws of the universe and all it contains, point more or less positively to the truth of such a belief with an ominous unanimity; and I need say no more about the evidence for or against it in this paragraph, than that *hard as it may be, and undoubtedly is, to believe in, it seems to me equally hard to disbelieve in.*

Assuming that this belief possesses the mind with a greater or lesser degree of certainty, the problem we have to solve is how it is rationally to be prevented from utterly smothering all active unselfish effort. How are we to work with such a poison coagulating the blood in our veins? The first step to the answer seems to me to be that a thorough-going fatalism is as incredible, humanly speaking, as it is humanly speaking undeniable. Conclusive as is the evidence in favour of fatalism, that in favour of its apparent negation, free-will, is no less conclusive; and I make bold to say that no man, without wilful perversion of his intellect, can long maintain a consistent denial of it. If common sense

will not listen to the idea of a chaotic planless nature, neither will it listen to an absolute denial of individual will.

What, then, have we here? Two apparently utterly opposing and contradictory theories staring us in the face, both of which seem, to the best of our knowledge, undeniable.

One thing seems to me plain, that if there is a contradiction, we have no right to shut our eyes to it—no right to sacrifice one set of facts to another from any hasty or conceited love of mental consistency. If we have no right to shut our eyes to the great testimony in favour of fatalism, *neither may we shut our ears to the clear voice that cries to us in every action of every-day life, "You can do or not do as you choose."*

The tendency to jump to the conclusion that if these two theories plainly appear to us contradictory, one must be absolutely true and the other equally false, followed by the mischievous, the fatal deduction that there can be no guide in life—no *raison d'être* for effort until one is proved, or the other disproved, seems to me to spring from a very mistaken conception of the nature and limits of the human intellect, from a sort of idea that it must be able thoroughly to deal with that which it can touch at all.

The slightest reflection, on any of the subjects by which the limited nature of the human intellect may be shown, will suggest at once the absurdity of accepting such an assumption unproved.

The intellect tells us that matter must be either infinitely divisible or not infinitely divisible, and yet finds either supposition quite unthinkable; it tells us that space must either be limited or unlimited, yet is unable to conceive that either is possible. It declares that time must have had either a beginning or no beginning, and yet can imagine neither one hypothesis nor the other, &c.!

Bearing such hints in our minds of the limited nature of our intellect as these, let us just consider quietly what must be contained in the simplest scheme of free-will, or the barest conception of fatalism, and I think we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that it is something like the height of folly and presumption to conclude that there can be no reconciliation between these two great mysterious ungraspable ideas (ideas, the complete details of which we know nothing about), and that we may refuse to appreciate and make due use of the lights we possess, simply because we cannot discover what that reconciliation is.

I venture to suggest, in short, that the ultimate truth of this mystery is quite beyond our grasp, or, at any rate, so far beyond our present state of knowledge that to insist upon drawing certain conclusions about it by which to regulate our lives—or, on the other hand, despairing and becoming useless because we cannot draw them—is not really reasonable, and that we should be above

all things careful to give due importance and attention to those facts, whether suggesting this theory or that, that experience and consciousness have rendered us tolerably certain of; leaving the reconciliation of the theories they suggest to a time (actual or imaginary) when a fuller knowledge and appreciation of their nature will enable us to deal with them.

Thus, by merely appreciating and acknowledging the greatness of the mystery, does it become possible to take full advantage of the smaller, but nearer and clearer lights, and lead, on rational grounds, a life of energy and work, without either ignoring or denying the evidence in favour of what seems to be a fatalistic scheme of creation.

I believe the pith of what I have said is rather not realised in its full bearings than not felt, and that if those who honestly feel their energies for good cramped and checked by the *arrière-pensée* of fatalism were urged to carry such belief to its logical end in all the affairs of life, all reason would show them at once the folly and self-contradiction of such a course, and probably lead them towards some such reflections as I have rudely sketched above.

To those who are so confident in the powers of the human intellect in speculative matters, so sanguine of immediate discovery of all things connected with the relations of man to the universe, as to despise such an unambitious method of dealing with this greatest of life's puzzles, I can only say that if they will give me any better and more consistent view of this problem, by which I shall be able to live and work, feeling that I have a plain, evident reason for so doing, I shall be more than eager to accept it.

But, alas! there is a closely-related, but far worse bogey standing in the path than this mere scarecrow of fatalism, that common sense treats with such rude disregard when they are brought really face to face—a real, terrible, definite bogey appealing continually to our every-day reason, apparently invoking the commonest of common-sense as a witness to character—a bogey before whom all but the blind may well sometimes pause disheartened and appalled;—I mean that dismal collection of teachings, thoughts, suggestions, and arguments, which may be best summed up in the expression, *Cui bono?*

Some concede, at once, that all human solution and control of the riddles it offers are as a matter of fact impossible, and so drift through life attempting nothing; many look upon them as both so difficult and so *necessary* of solution, as to feel practically as despairing and as useless as the first.

The old royal roads to righteousness and benevolent work seem to be ploughed up, while no new ones, that a sane man may follow

are laid down to take their place, making life into a trackless desert, in which he that seeks seems to have little better chance of finding than he that seeks not at all. We are told, with a strong show of reason, that charity is no charity at all but cruelty, that benevolence creates pauperism, that pauperism is a natural state of affairs which will recreate itself as fast as it is obliterated, that medicine and hospitals are but perpetuating sickness, disease, and suffering*—and so on, and so on, and so on, a weary, weary list crying with one dismal voice that everything must and will go on-wards in certain directions, and that all attempts at interference will do as much harm as good, and will make little or no difference in the long run.

Now, putting aside the whole question of the antagonism or reconciliation of fatalism and free-will, as a mystery concerning which speculation has been shown to be profitless, and assuming our power of action or inaction to be a real one, the difficulty of finding a good definite purpose, towards which one can toil with life or money, with at least some confidence in the fact of its utility, in the teeth of these perplexing enigmas, can hardly be exaggerated. There is hardly any work to which a man can devote his time and money which cannot be shown to possess *apparently* some bad or neutral consequence: are we then to do nothing? Common sense revolts against such a conclusion, and we cannot help feeling sure of this much, that however dark, doubtful, or hopeless all efforts to do good with time, heart, or money may seem, no good, and nothing but evil to ourselves and others, *can* result from neglecting such efforts altogether. It comes, then, to this, that we *must* find some rational basis on which to act—we *must* find some means of at least out-manceuvring and somewhat silencing, this monster, *Cui bono?* in our minds. We cannot accept its logical conclusions, when openly stated, any more than we can those of its near relation or other self—fatalism.

Now, it seems to me that the main force of the crippling powers of these enigmas has its root in the same mistake that gives such crippling power to the suggestions of fatalism—that is, a very false estimate of the reach and trustworthiness of the speculations of the human intellect.

Plausible speculations on vast and very little understood questions are allowed to have an equal weight with actual facts really within the grasp of our experience. Speculations on vast, little understood, and often very remote questions, are believed without due remembrance of possible, though to us invisible, change

* Of course, such theories and arguments as these can often be met by counter-theories and counter-arguments; but I am here assuming that they are or seem unanswerable in such a manner, in order to point out how, when they are or seem to be unanswerable, they can be dealt with.

of conditions, or discovery of conditions that have been overlooked, that may utterly put out the whole calculation.

Conditions are changing, new conditions are becoming known, new influences are coming into force century by century, and I can quite imagine that there might be a time when, for instance, the indestructibility of pauperism which now seems so horribly undeniable to many, should come to be looked upon as a foolish superstition, belief in which could only be excused by the grossest ignorance, and the over-population of the world a chimera which never could have been seriously entertained.

This tendency to speculate and theorize from a range of facts more or less certain, and to give to the logical deductions therefrom a kind and degree of belief that should only be accorded to things thoroughly well known, is one of the most natural, because one of the most unconscious of human errors.

We do not miss facts that have never been discovered, and of course form the theory to which we accord such a large measure of belief in ignorance of them. If any such unknown facts happen to exist, they of course alter, or at any rate modify, and place in a new light the truth and meaning of the theory. I should be utterly ashamed of urging an argument so obvious as this, if I had not good reasons for knowing the necessity of doing so.

So, when we find some apparently well-proved theory pointing plainly in a direction utterly at variance with the more immediate welfare of the race, and full of the most ominous consequences to all efforts in the direction of better things, we should be careful to consider most thoroughly whether the *whole subject* on which it is founded is thoroughly known and understood, before resolving to renounce our allegiance to those less remote guides of life and action that consciousness and common-sense insist, in spite of theories to the contrary, on pointing out to us. A man who hesitates to help to cure the sick for fear of perpetuating disease in the race, or to help emigration because pauperism is ineradicable, and the world must some day become over-populated, seems to me to be making exactly this mistake—the mistake of assuming that all facts that throw light on the subject are known, and that the mystery of human life is solved. If he cannot make this assumption, it seems to me that he is not justified in ignoring the narrower, but more certain, reasons that urge him to do these things.

I repeat again that half the hesitation and doubt that leads to *Cui bono?* springs from a most foolish belief in the present extent of human knowledge, and the power and accuracy of human speculation. The man who refuses to work against pauperism or misery, and ignores the instincts or reasons that bid him do so, because of a well-proved general theory, founded on our present knowledge, that they are irremediable, is only a little wiser than

he who refuses to exert his free-will, and feed himself, because there is a great mass of evidence that the world is governed by a pre-destined scheme, of the nature of which we know scarcely anything. It is possible for us to confess that many contradictory enigmas are beyond our solution, without being in the least justified in refusing to work at all. We *are* justified in working for our neighbours of the nineteenth century, without considering the interest of those of the twenty-ninth century, simply because the conditions in every sense of the twenty-ninth century are entirely beyond the reach of legitimate speculation.

It may be objected that the banning of all such speculation tends to justify mere blind, thoughtless benevolence, of which we have too much already. I have no wish to ban all such speculation, I am only pointing out the mischief and mistake of according to it what seems to me an unreasonable amount of importance. I am attacking one extreme, but certainly not advocating the other. The wise, justifiable line must lie somewhere between the two. What that line is, and how it is to be discovered, I have neither space nor ability enough to point out more definitely than I have already done. If the incompleteness, unskilfulness, or error of this sketchy and superficial review provokes some one more competent into undertaking an honest wrestle with this difficult subject, it will have more than answered its purpose. A little clear, wholesome, plain teaching on the relations of the principles and purposes of life and action to some of the current speculative enigmas of our day is most sadly needed. Thousands are drifting through life on no particular principle, from a sense of general bewilderment and ignorance. Good hearts and good money are rotting for want of knowledge what to do. But I think I have noticed that the great thinkers of our day are sometimes apt, when they acknowledge the existence of these terrible puzzles at all, to say, "Jerusalem," and pass on to something else, as the man did when he came across the hard names in the Old Testament.

On that awe-inspiring feeling—stronger and more widely spread, I fancy, in our day than it has ever been before—of the infinite immensity of the whole universe, and the proportionate microscopicalness of our being and work, I have not dwelt specially, because its disheartening, crushing lesson does more harm to the lazy and the cowardly than to those of whom I have been thinking and writing—those who are willing to do anything if they can only feel tolerably certain that they are effecting the least good, and no positive harm. But as, combined with other difficulties, it helps to depress and discourage even them, I would venture to urge, with all possible humility, that its evil effects decrease the more thoroughly it is realised. When a man realises that he cannot remove mountains, he will be content to work at mole-hills.

When he has once accepted the fact that he cannot reform the world by his sole work, as a matter of course, if he is worth the trouble of creating, he will not grudge his best labour to the little good that he sees he can do.

He can feel, with good reason, that every act or thought, however seemingly insignificant, is pregnant with everlasting consequences, and gain therefrom a sense of responsibility as great as any man can wish to bear. He can feel, too, with equally good reason, that if all men, or half of all men, chose to do that little that they are able, the aggregate force in the direction of good would be something almost impossible to imagine. And if it happens that such reflections as these have but little effect upon his mental and moral character, I think he will, at least, discover that when once ambitious, speculative schemes for the regeneration in virtue and happiness of the whole race are put into their right place, that there is a pleasure and a triumph in giving even but a little happiness, and doing even a little good.

The importance of discovering some method by which the enigmas of life may be so grappled with as to enable men who cannot ignore them to make good and active use of their brains, influence, lives, and wealth, and the duty of every man who is conscious of them to grapple with them with that purpose, to the best of his powers, cannot, I think, be exaggerated. The time we live in seems to me to be full, to many of us, of the greatest responsibilities; to numbers of people has come, as the offspring of a slightly increased knowledge, a more or less vivid revelation of ignorance, forcing them to meet and struggle through life shorn of half the certainties on which they and their forefathers have been accustomed to lean. Many wise and sad critics are crying that there can be but one end to all this—an utter destruction of the efforts of the higher nature, and a pursuit of narrow selfishness, more animal, more indifferent, more callous, and more luxurious than any, perhaps, that the world has yet seen—only to die a natural death, at last, of sheer worthlessness, after generations of uselessness, wickedness, and wasted suffering.

Whether this is to be the temporary end of it all, or whether the darkness and the doubt are to be fought through with such a gallant and sturdy determination to look them in the face, and make the best use of the lights we possess, as to force, sooner or later, a natural revelation of fresh light, or at least so gallantly and sturdily as to make moonshine of the darkest prophecies of the human-nature-despising critics, is what every individual, however commonplace his genius, who feels himself to be in this state of darkness and doubt, has to assist in deciding; for no qualities are so infectious as courage, energy, and unselfishness on the one hand, and cowardice, indolence, and selfishness on the other.

Let not any one hastily conclude that the difficulties and puzzles alluded to in this article affect only a small minority who are sceptical about the teachings of religion.

On the contrary, I think that genuine free-thinkers, from the hardening training they have generally gone through in losing their faith—from mere habit of acknowledging difficulties as a matter of course—are less affected as regards their lives and energy by such difficulties and puzzles than any other sect of humanity that acknowledge their existence at all. Those amongst whom their deadly effects on life and action are most visible, are orthodox, or more or less orthodox believers, into whose minds they have insidiously crept, to whom they appear as deadly and invincible monsters that can neither be fled from nor destroyed.

Their pastors in the pulpit upbraid them weekly with their luxury, their indifference, their sloth, their want of feeling and earnestness, their cowardly fear of being unlike each other, and never seem to perceive, or at least never attempt honestly to grapple with and remove, the old man of the sea, who is the cause of it all, and is sitting on their shoulders.

"We are all these things," they might answer him, "because we don't really know what to do, or what principle to live on, or where to draw the line about anything. Life and destiny (in this world, at least) seem to be an insoluble riddle to us. Your explanations do not seem to meet it. Your exhortations as regards action do not appeal conclusively to our common sense, but seem rather to ignore our darkness and difficulties altogether. We do as each other does about luxury and pleasure, and charity and good work, and all that, because we think that if we do as each other does we are not likely to go far wrong, and we really have no better guiding principle to follow."

It is no answer to me to reply that the enigmas mentioned and hinted at in this article have been dealt with by this man or that. The whole subject of how to encounter these enigmas in any scheme of life must be popularised and pulpited. It is not a subject that can be left to a few *savans* to crack their brains over, while the world of action wags confidently on. It is a subject which every man and woman who has time, influence, or wealth must encounter and deal with, successfully or unsuccessfully, whether they like it or not, and whether their intellectual fitness for so doing be great or small.

This important and significant truth will, I trust, be held to be a sufficient excuse for my venturing to draw the attention of the public and its teachers towards a thorough consideration of it.

PEMBROKE.



SAXON STUDIES.

V.—DRESDEN DIVERSIONS

I.

WE can judge better of a child's character from seeing it at play than at work; and so of men and nations. The Saxons have a marked inclination to amusements; they play like children, with an absence of stiffness and self-consciousness which might surprise those who had been used to regard them only as philosophers. But a shrewder consideration will probably discover in this seeming anomaly but another evidence of the profundity of Saxon wisdom. It takes more good sense than most people possess, properly to alternate study with diversion.

The famous picture-gallery is open every day in the week, in a featureless stone building one-sixth of a mile in length, and two stories high, with an elaborate archway through the centre. To and fro beneath the archway pace for ever a bayoneted rifle and a spiked helmet; the *bas-relief* of Mars on the base of the arch is not more constant in its place. An inner door to the right admits us to the entrance-hall and staircase, where we are met by a gold-laced cocked hat and silver-headed mace, and bidden to exchange our walking-stick or umbrella for a bit of brass with a number stamped upon it. Should we chance to drop this on the marble floor, the sound re-echoes as if we had let fall a brazen buckler. It is curious what an embarrassing responsibility we feel for our actions, when each one bears its echo. It puts me in mind of those stories of scientific marvel-mongers, who would paralyze us

by the assertion that the stamp of a foot permanently displaces the whole stellar universe. I always feel oppressed in an echoing apartment; and if I thought much about the stellar universe, I should end either by crushing it, or letting it crush me.

Arrived at the staircase top, we push against a stiff-moving door, and find ourselves in an ante-room; one wall is covered with a huge hideous picture of a Court—ladies and gentlemen in seventeenth century costume, and, down in the right-hand corner, a little corkscrew-tailed cur, which reminds us more of human beings than anything else upon the canvas. The only other object in the room is the catalogue stall, with its bald-headed attendant, who is not only a cynic but a misanthrope. Considering that he passes his life face to face with that Court scene, and never (to my knowledge) sells a catalogue, I am only surprised that he is not a suicide as well.

In this room we already become conscious of the picture-gallery smell—that most peculiar and depressing of odours. It cannot be called offensive—still less, agreeable; but it produces an effect of lassitude and apathy, such as is experienced under no other circumstances. It is an aroma of old canvasses; or we might regard it as the ancient breath expressed from the oily lungs of the innumerable old portraits. It is not fit food for living organisms; it dulls the eye and pales the cheek, and cuts short the temper. The buff beadles who pervade the place have acquired so sour and suspicious an aspect, that it is hard not to feel guilty in their presence. The morbid influence is enhanced by the arrangement of the rooms, which is such as to give the idea of hopelessly interminable extent; and by the style of architecture, which is beyond words monotonous, idealess, soulless, dry, dispiriting, un-beautiful. Our boot squeaks and slips on the parqueted floor, and there is scarcely one chair to a thousand pictures. And as for the pictures—be their merits how great soever—they are still the most tiresome feature of all.

Why are picture-galleries allowed? The best time to visit the Continental ones is on Sunday—the people's day; for then we may find relief from the rabble on the walls in observing the rabble on the floor, which is vastly more amusing and less impertinent. The latter is for ever on the move, and still forming new combinations; whereas the former varies not a hair's breadth from age to age, as if conceitedly conscious that its present attitude must be the very best imaginable. Moreover, even admitting each one of a hundred thousand pictures to be a masterpiece of colour, form, and design, the value of each would be a hundred thousand times less than if it stood alone. Picture-galleries are the greatest æsthetic abuses of our time. They are that saddest chaos which is formed of disordered beauty—like an insane poet's

mind. Why has no artistic vigilance-committee arisen to annihilate this insult to good taste and modesty?

We admire the intellectual self-command of a Newton; but it is nothing to the power of mental abstraction necessary to the appreciation of a fine picture on the walls of a gallery. In fact, real appreciation is, under such circumstances, an impossibility. We do not see the picture which the great master painted. We discern only a certain arrangement of lines, and harmony of colours. The painter may have been divine, but he cannot show us his most precious secrets in a crowd. On the contrary, the more subtle and profound he is, the less our chance of apprehending him. It is not too much to say that no great picture, whether in the Dresden gallery or another, has yet been seen by mortal eyes. Good copies—which, to be good, must be a slight improvement on the originals—are out of the question; and therefore these paintings will remain a dead letter until the time comes for mankind not only to acknowledge commonplace truths, but to do them.

Then we shall see picture-galleries built upon a different principle. A picture that is worth anything is worth the devotion of, at least, one room. Of that room it should be the reason, the expression, the key, the consummation. Everything in the room should lead up to it, comment on it, harmonize with it, interpret it, reflect it. Without the picture, the room should appear like a man without his head; and the imagination should be able to predict the precise subject and tone of the painting from the testimony of its accessories.

Upon this principle shall the new gallery be planned—a private city of picture-homes, each work the sole occupant of its own apartments. Any picture not worth a room shall be burned; and of the remainder (which will not be over large) some shall be housed in a single chamber, others in a suite, others again shall have a palace built expressly for them—according to their respective merits. No person shall be permitted to visit more than one picture in one day: at which rate it would take at least three years to see a gallery of any extent; and true picture-lovers would probably confine their attentions to two or three favourites; spending day after day at their houses, not always gazing on the very canvas, but musing upon the fine symbolism of the surroundings, and leisurely accumulating fresh power to see and understand. A year so spent would be culture; but what shall we say of this elbowing and jostling of jaded throngs in barren, bare, unfurnished rooms? What shall we call those persons who sit for five minutes before the Sistine Madonna, and then comment, in strident whispers, as follows:—

“Sweet pretty, isn’t she?”

“Yes; but she looks awfully sunburnt, don’t you think so?”

"What's that green curtain for, do you suppose?"

A laugh. "It's a pity they put in that horrid old man and that affected girl."

"They're just to fill up, I suppose."

"Well, we must go; it wants half an hour to dinner."

It is time these persons, and other evils of like nature, departed to return no more.

Meanwhile it may be admitted that the human eye has a wonderful and providential faculty of blindness, which is of great service in picture-galleries as they are now. When, by long subjection to torture, we have learnt the walls by rote, we can sometimes contrive to concentrate our attention upon what we wish to see. But how far from the ideal is this hard-won and imperfect vision! As well compare the tantalization of seeing a glass of Madeira wine to the enjoyment of quaffing it. We know how sweetly we could be intoxicated, if only we could get the goblet to our lips. Nevertheless, unless we have resolution enough to avoid galleries altogether, our next best course is to spend our whole time there. We may thus acquire the faculty of keeping our eyesight somewhat under control, and of being conscious of the outer mass of pictures only as of an ill-digested meal—by a general uneasiness which jaundices our vision, but does not altogether prevent our imagining a better state of things.

II.

There is a fine view of the Theater-Platz from the windows of the gallery, and I have often found relief in watching the building of the new opera-house from that vantage ground. It will be a more pretentious edifice than the old one, but not so unique and impressive. The latter was a sort of infant Coliseum—or dwarf Coliseum, rather; for it was so smoke-blackened and weather-beaten that it looked five hundred years old. The interior was respectably upholstered in the usual red velvet; and though the audience might be somewhat put about for room, the stage was of good size. As regards ventilation, I need not say that every precaution was taken against it which enlightened ingenuity could devise, and with complete success. There were two companies connected with this theatre—one dramatic, the other operatic; and it should be observed that the latter, who were good enough in their line, never could be accused of taking a leaf from the former's book. The orchestra was one of the finest in Germany; it played sacred music in the cathedral on Sunday mornings, and the same evening, at the theatre, would interpret *Figaro* or *Tannhäuser*. Occasionally some grand oratorios would be produced, when the stage would be merged in the orchestra, and the singers wear evening dress,—thereby, it seems to me, laying

themselves open to criticism. I heard and saw Handel's "Creation" thus given, and could not drive away irreverent thoughts. The principal singers had their seats immediately in front of the foot-lights; and were down in the programme as the archangels Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel; and Adam and Eve. Raphael was a bald-headed, severe-looking gentleman, with eye-glasses; he sat apart, but occasionally leaned over to whisper something to a person whom I at first mistook for Uriel, but who turned out to be Adam. Uriel I afterwards identified with a rather foppish young man on the left. These two archangels, and Adam, were attired in black broadcloth and snowy shirt bosoms and neckties. But Gabriel, who sat next to Uriel, and was manifestly on the best of terms with him, was a handsome young lady in a black satin dress cut low in the body. She had a slight cold, and blew her nose during the hulls in the "Creation." Eve—for whose appearance I looked with some interest—was a staid and decorous personage of some forty summers; she was dressed with strict propriety in a black moire antique, high in the neck; and, as if this were not enough, a lace shawl was superadded. Adam was a tall man with a big voice, a prominent forehead, and a scraggy beard. He was an impulsive man, and his book and his voice were always uplifted simultaneously.

Since I have gone so far, I will add that every one of these exalted individuals consumed a great deal of time in saying very short sentences. Having hit upon a phrase—sublime, certainly, in its original inspired simplicity—they so hung upon it, and stuttered over it, and muttered it, and mouthed it, and shouted it, and then began it anew with fresh vigour, and broke off in the middle, and went back again, and picked out a word here and a word there, and juggled and dilly-dallied, that what was grandeur became buffoonery. True, they had to do it—the inexorable music, grinding out behind them, pulled their wires to suit itself, as the music of a street-organ seems to animate the puppets in its show-case. But this is Handel, not the Bible; it was not thus that the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Am I to be blamed for finding Handel's "Creation" ludicrous? I think the blame lies elsewhere: I do not find the first chapter of Genesis ludicrous. Either Handel was not so great a man as Moses, or the "Creation" cannot safely be entrusted to Euterpe.

But there was always compensation in the Royal box. A true democrat must ever be interested to observe a human being who holds himself, or is held, above the ordinary human level. In some moods, the idea pleases the imagination; while at other times, as we gaze upon the Royal faces, it seems irresistibly funny. The apparent difference between them and other people consists in an

admirable simplicity and repose of manner, and a full directness of eye, most refreshing after the fussy gestures and evasive glances of plebeianism. The chief use of princes is to preserve a tradition and standard of perfect manners, and a respectable independence of soul—qualities one or the other of which is pretty sure to suffer in the progress of republicanism. But there is a *naïve* innocence about them and their paraphernalia and pretensions which, amidst all the regal pomp, suggests a simplicity more primitive and genuine than Franklin's plain coat at Versailles.

But the plain coats are coming into fashion. A Yankee friend of mine, while at a medical college in Saxony, had the honour, together with fifty or a hundred other students, of being visited by the new King, Albert. His Majesty, in his progress round the room, addressed some conventional remark to the American, who remarked, in answer, unconventionally enough, that Albert was the first King he had ever seen. The seeming artlessness of this observation at first conceals its originality, and this, again, veils its profound subtlety. For in it spoke the prophetic voice of revolution; and it is due to the King to say that he was both startled and impressed; and perhaps he raised his hand to his head, to be sure that his crown was there. When that remark has been made a few times more, there will be no king left to hear it.

III.

The most brilliant performance I ever witnessed at the old opera-house was when it was burnt down, some five years ago. The fire caught in the garret, and a puff of smoke popped hastily out of window, as if to summon assistance. But its appeal was received with sarcastic incredulity. Fifteen minutes elapsed, and then a body of flame burst suddenly through the roof, and the Cassandra-puff was avenged for its rude treatment. It was a magnificent fire, and the Dresden firemen showed their appreciation of its beauty by making no attempt to put it out. There was not a breath of wind; had there been, Dresden would have perished upon the funeral-pyre of its opera-house. Very soon an oval column of flame, seventy feet in diameter, stood straight up, and roared two hundred feet aloft. Above the flame, a dark stem of smoke ascended perpendicularly, so high, that it seemed to impinge against the dull grey cloud which screened the heavens. Here a petulant breeze caught it, and trailed and drifted it hither and thither athwart the sky, until the whole resembled a titanic palm-tree, with a stem a mile in height, whose feathery foliage overshadowed the whole city. And in what a red-hot flower-pot was that palm-tree planted! so hot that the pictures were blistered in the gallery, more than seventy yards distant; and

the Madonna descended in haste from the wall, and took refuge at the further side of the building.

Early in the proceedings, the soldiers were called out, and formed in a cordon surrounding the building, and distant from it about fifty paces. All these gallant fellows afterwards fought the French, but not at Gravelotte nor at Sedan was it their destiny to face so hot a fire as this. The thermometer, at this range, marked almost 200° Fahrenheit. Their rifles grew so warm that there was a general disposition to ground arms, and acknowledge that the old opera-house had the best of it. Retreat they could not, for they were hemmed in by a solid wedge of human bodies a quarter of a mile deep on every side save one, and there was the river. The precise reason of their being there at all has always been a mystery to me. Ostensibly it was to prevent the populace from getting into dangerous proximity to the burning buildings, but, inasmuch as it was physically impossible to advance twenty paces nearer without being shrivelled to a cinder, I can hardly suppose this to have been the true cause. Perhaps it was merely to accustom the warriors' souls to stand unmoved in the presence of ruin and devastation. Or, again, it may have been a subtle stroke of policy, to establish the precedent of military intervention in municipal affairs, by thus parading when there was no real occasion for it, and could, therefore, be no possible objection on the municipal part.

There were the usual instances of mental aberration to which fires give rise. A number of men, at the risk of their lives, brought forth from the burning pile a huge load of rusty iron bolts, bars, chains, screws, and pulleys, which had been used in the stage machinery, but they left the splendid wardrobe untouched, either from fear of soiling it in the transportation, or else upon the supposition that its value would cause the flames to respect it. But fire is no respecter of finery, even in Dresden. There was an honest musician who recollected that he had left his violin in the orchestra—an inestimably valuable Stradivarius, inherited from a long line of musical ancestry, and probably worth, in absolute value, as much as all the stone and woodwork of the theatre. He rushed in, scrambled across the smoking stage, and found his treasure safe in its box. While the blazing roof dropped in fragments about him, he snatched up the box, opened it, took out the violin, and, with that in one hand and the box in the other, he started for the door. Ere reaching it, however, his logical German mind took occasion to ask him, first, why he had taken the violin out of the box, when, to say the least, it was quite as well in it; and second, why, since for some reason not given he had taken it out, he should deem it necessary to rescue both the violin and the box. Though baffled by the first query, Herr

Katgutt was not to be posed by the second; and so, with a presence of mind which does credit to his sex, nationality, and profession, he turned once more, slung Stradivarius far into the red backward and abyss of fire, and, with the empty box close clasped to his bosom, he staggered victorious forth to the open air. O for a Parrhasius to have painted that poor musician's countenance when the box discovered itself!

IV.

The German language, as socially spoken, does not sound musical, but the opera-singers so modify the pronunciation as to make it soft and agreeable. I am acquainted with no language, however, which sounds so differently from different lips as does this German. The Saxon pronunciation, though by no means the harshest, is the most demoralized of all; and those foreigners who have formed their accent on Saxon models have, humanly speaking, disqualified themselves from ever getting it right. In its perfection, German is eminently a masculine tongue, but Dresden has emasculated it. She clips it, whines it, undulates it, singsongs it, lubricates it, until it becomes a very eunuch of languages. The hard, clear, deliberate Hanoverian pronunciation compares with hers as chips of ice shaken in a crystal goblet, with lukewarm dish-water filliped in a greasy slop-bowl.

My feeling with regard to the pronunciation of foreign languages is perhaps curious, but observation inclines me to believe that it is not altogether unique. I never imitate the native accent without feeling a little ashamed of myself, and the closer my imitation, the greater my loss of self-respect. On the other hand, an execrably English twang, or, still more, a few English words thrown in here and there, revive my drooping independence like a tonic. I may be as correct in my grammar, and in the placing of my verbs and participles, as my knowledge will admit, without a whisper of self-reproach; but the moment I attempt to disguise my nationality, I am degraded.

Moreover, supposing such disguise possible, what is gained by it? Is it so great a triumph to be mistaken for a Saxon, for instance? There is surely nothing intellectual in mimicry, and our best success amounts to nothing higher than that. No; a foreign accent is to be shunned rather than sought. It is as demoralizing as to wear another man's clothes. It cannot be attained without doing violence to the inner nature—to those fine perceptions of modesty and decorum which give character its worth. A person who speaks a foreign language so well as to deceive a native, is rarely a delicate-minded man. He will either be subtle, deceitful, sly, with a talent for intrigue, or else superficial, coarse, and vain. He can seldom possess a sensitive and

nicely-balanced individuality. Besides, what is called a broken accent is not displeasing to the native hearer; rather it impresses him as a sort of indirect compliment to the supreme refinement of his tongue. And, at best, we find ourselves saying things in a foreign language which we should never dream of uttering in our own. We feel it to be a veil over our real selves, and so venture upon unaccustomed liberties; like scurrilous critics who write anonymously. There is a point beyond which cosmopolitanism becomes unwholesome.

V.

Thus far it has been my privilege to take for granted the reader's companionship in my vagaries; and, conscious of my responsibility, it has ever been my study to conduct him only where the worst complaint he could make would be of dulness. But we are now arrived at the borders of debatable ground. Foreign nations—and the Saxon among the rest—are guilty of many practices which those not to the manner born find strange, if not revolting. It happens, nevertheless, by some perverse chance that these undesirable features are often the very ones which give most individuality to the national aspect. Painful, therefore, as their consideration must be to every right-minded person, the psychologic analyst, like the vivisector of physical nature, finds it his duty, in the interests of truth, to disregard the intuitions of humanity. With a martyr's firmness he straps the subject to the table, and proceeds with tears in his eyes to sharpen his scalpel and put an edge on his saw. Happy subject! ignorant of thy investigator's anguish. Come! Prepare!

But, that the reader should be an unwilling witness of a painful operation is furthest from my desire; and hence this preliminary flourish with the dissecting instruments. Let him, if he distrust his nerves, step outside the lecture-room door, and take a turn or two in the passage, until the victim has been disposed of.

Those who remain, however, may be reassured, for there is really nothing in the business so very harrowing, after all. We have only to regard it from a scientific point of view and it becomes beautiful. Let us, for instance, lay aside the vulgar prejudice against amusements on Sunday, and a good part of the difficulty is already removed. Look upon Sunday as a holiday—it is nothing else, indeed—and theatre-going, dancing, and junketing can hardly appear illegitimate. Live among Saxons for a year or two, or for half-a-dozen years if two be not enough, and Sabbath bells will cease to distract us from enjoyment of the opera-bouffe overture. Walking out, in the clear Sabbath twilight, to meditate upon the immortality of the soul, we shall but meditate the more at the glimpse of heated couples gyrating to

a fiddle in yonder dance-hall. And, as we grow wiser and broader-minded, we shall gradually cease to associate Sunday with any thoughts of God, or of a life beyond this world. This point once reached, we may congratulate ourselves, and push onwards hopefully. Is it not, after all, fatal to our appreciation of the world we are in, to keep mingling with it speculations about a world we may never attain? Saxons have emancipated themselves in good measure from such confusion. They recognize religion as a word of four syllables whose meaning is open to discussion. It gives them a holiday once a week, and a pretext for bullying the Pope every day. It is true that the Royal Family are Roman Catholics, and a good part of their subjects also; but that is a matter of detail. There is no personal animosity in the attitude of the rival parties—nothing but political exigency. Except His Holiness and Prince Bismarck, nobody really cares how the cat jumps. Select a Lutheran here and a Catholic there, and confront them with each other as spiritual enemies—they cannot keep straight countenances. The Catholic makes the sign of the cross, the Lutheran hums his “Wein, Weib und Gesang,” they link arms and are off to the Sunday masquerade.

Let us be emancipated too, and follow them. These masquerades are a prominent Dresden diversion during the winter. They are widely advertised, not only by the placards which glow forth in crimson, yellow, and blue, from every advertising-post, but still more by the masks which now begin to crowd and grimace in shop-windows. Here is every variety, from the simple false nose to the elaborate head and shoulders, complete both back and front. Here they hang, row above row, grinning, empty things, a curious revelation of what men would make of themselves if flesh and blood were plastic as thought and pasteboard. What cynical genius designs these grotesque disguises? The worst about them is that they are not so much disguises as revelations; for there is not one among them whose living prototype we have not met somewhere. So soon, however, as others than the prototypes put them on, there begins a strange confusion. Our friend gets behind a mask, and behold! an ugly miracle. The movements, the gestures, and tones of voice are the same as before, but their contrast with those discordant features causes the latter to seem even more extravagant and unfamiliar. The transformation shows how completely the whole man corresponds with his face and interprets it. Lengthen his chin a little, or widen his mouth; and presently he becomes a new individual from top to toe. If he could wear this pasteboard countenance as long as the Man in the Iron Mask wore his velvet one, he would harmonize himself with it to the minutest particular; his conversation, manner, and

character would be just what we should expect from his features; and should he then snatch the pasteboard off, his original face would impress us as grotesquely as the mask does now.

If, as moralists assure us is the case, each man's face be the mask of his soul, there must be a curious scene when we maskers get to the next world. Having spent our earthly existence in artfully screening our true features, and conforming our conduct of life to the device upon the screen, the abrupt removal thereof ought seriously to embarrass us. I have good hopes, however, that the case is not so bad as the moralists would have us believe. We are apt to press on our masks so closely that the reality underneath shows through. The very effort to deceive reacts upon the means of deception. The sanctimonious scoundrel—to take a familiar instance—wears by no means so impenetrable a disguise as he flatters himself he does. No fear but his friends will recognize him in the future life. They will fancy, not that he has changed, but that their eyesight has improved; certain indistinct impressions have now become plain truths, and that is all.

The only real security is in pasteboard; and the universal popularity of masquerades is in part consequent upon this fact. For the time, we are thoroughly not-ourselves. There is indescribable fascination in the idea. What a boon to slip out of our personality for an evening, and take such illegitimate liberties as our proper selves would blush at the mere mention of! Never till now did we realize how enormously heavy a burden is personal reputation—how self-restraint presses upon us at every point, like the atmosphere. Having flung it aside, what a wild, fantastic freedom marks every movement! A mask cannot blush, nor change countenance, and we indulge our maddest freaks with entire composure. This were a merry world if no one knew his fellow, nor could find him out. It is lucky for civilization that we cannot so much as black our boots in a manner inconsistent with our past and our prospects.

But the spur of the fun is its necessary briefness. If the masquerade could last a year, we should only have shifted one self to take up another quite as burdensome. Besides, the spice of mystery and novelty is evanescent, and, by-and-by, we cease to laugh at one another's long noses. Why we ever laughed at them is hard to say: perhaps only as an alternative to shuddering or weeping. Children are more frightened than amused by masks of all kinds, which proves them not funny, but monstrous; and our laughter only shows our callousness.

As to these Dresden masquerades, I may observe that the more masked they are the better. The majority of their patrons are in attendance to regale such phases of human nature as are commonly kept in strict concealment. Under such circumstances, a

hideous mask is often the best virtue possible: it is, so to say, devilishly appropriate. However hideous it may be, the revelation of the naked face is often yet more revolting; and my chief quarrel with Dresden masquerades is on the ground of their indecency in too often neglecting to keep their indecency veiled.

VI.

At masquerades the Saxon disguises himself in more ways than one. He lays not much stress upon his domino and vizard, but he bewilders us by an unwonted pecuniary extravagance, and himself with too much champagne. Although there are no people that can less truly be considered temperate than the Saxons, we seldom find them helplessly intoxicated; and this precisely because they habitually drink so much. Fortunately, moreover, it is to beer that they chiefly address themselves, as being the cheapest liquor and the most accessible. But when they forsake this honest beverage for more costly and potent ones, they are speedily overcome. And they betray an unwholesome delight in drunkenness. An American or a Frenchman is apt to be very troublesome when intoxicated; an Englishman, more or less brutal; but the Saxon is purely disgusting both in act and aspect. Besides, neither in the prospect nor the retrospect is he at all ashamed of his vinous fermentation, but, rather, proud, as the Bacchantes might have been.

Whoever should attempt—without any definite information, but relying upon his knowledge of Saxon character and tendencies—to form an idea of what a masquerade in Dresden would be like, could not fail to be taken aback at the reality. The extent and boldness of the advertising is misleading, for how can that to which the whole community is invited be very improper? We are prepared, perhaps, to be a little scandalized, but we certainly count on being amused, and most likely gratified by a gorgeous and imposing spectacle. The carnivals of old, we have heard, were splendid to the eye, however questionable otherwise; and some of us have read Mr. De Quincy's "*Masque of Klosterheim*," and are ready for all imaginable mystery and grandeur. The very name "*masque*," "*masquerade*," possesses an indescribable magnetism of its own.

So we present our ticket at the door, and pass through the dressing-room into the main hall. It is thronged from side to side, full of light, music, human hum and tumult, and occasionally a shriller laugh or call heard above the even din. The orchestra is somewhere overhead; the whole broad floor is given up to the dancers, actual or potential. The latter form a wide, dense ring around the former, whose reeling heads we behold confusedly agitated; now merging exhausted in the ring, anon starting from

it with new vigour. The Saxons are clever dancers, one and all, and devoted to the pastime; but I confess I like it less since seeing them enjoy it. They dance with emphasis—with a greedy persistence which is disenchanting. When warmed to their work, the partners face each other, the man's arms round the woman's waist, her hands clutching his shoulders, and so fixed they spin teetotum-like. But though this arrangement is good for pace, it lacks the artificial grace which is the charm of modern dancing. Since we cannot be veritable nymphs and fauns, it is best to adopt as different a style as possible.

The hall is draped with banners, and the walls glow with various emblazonment. But when we turn to the masqueraders themselves, they seem less fine than their surroundings. Three-fourths of the men are in evening dress or even in ordinary clothes, with nothing better than a half-mask, or a false nose to hide their faces withal; and not a few have dispensed even with these poor disguises. Such nonconformity is discouraging—nay, insulting—as if our host at a banquet should present us our food uncooked. The women are more orthodox; scarce one but wears a mask, generally a silken vizard with a veil for the lower part of the face. Most of them, too, are clad in fancy costume—either a gay domino, or a stage dress more or less elaborate. There are half-a-dozen ballet-dancers, in gauze and silk tights—somewhat dismaying, by their palpable proximity, those whose ideas of such beings have been formed only from behind the foot-lights. Others there are in still more dashing attire, which I will not undertake to describe. But it would be all very well, and in keeping, were it not for those black-coated, barefaced, besotted, masculine intruders, who, like a malignant touchstone, reveal the ugliness beneath the gay outside, and force us to see only a cheat in the prettiest pretences.

Such as it is, however, there is more masquerading in the main hall than in the side rooms, and the discreet visitor will not push his investigations far beyond the sound of the music, lest some sudden Gorgon freeze him to stone. A glass or two of wine beyond the common is, perhaps, a wise prescription at this juncture. Now, let us force our way through the ring, and seize our partner. We need not be ceremonious, and wait for an introduction; nor is such a thing as monopolization of the chosen companion countenanced. To the Saxon, all woman is one. For convenience sake, she is multiplied into fractions; but one is just as good for practical purposes as another. The nearest at hand is the most ours; yet we must not resent having her taken from our arms after the enjoyment of a turn or two. The question is not, With whom did you dance? but, How much?

To launch forth, with a good waltzer, to excellent music, com-

pensates many evils; and, but for collisions, slips, dust, heat, and exhaustion, we should henceforth get on famously. But as the evening advances, such checks increase. The wine makes the floor slippery and the dancers unwieldy. The scene begins to wear a very dilapidated appearance. The noise is greater, but more disorganized; the laughter is wilder; there are sudden screams; and now and then a short scuffle, and perhaps a fall. Meanwhile, the music pours on unceasing, infusing a strange harmony into the discord. The policemen—a number of whom have been lurking unobtrusively in shady corners—are now occasionally in requisition; but it must be admitted that they are very lenient; it would need a murder to move them to real severity. They cast reproachful glances; or, in extreme cases, impose a remonstrative hand. But there is no clubbing, no show of arms, no dragging out by the coat-collar. Nor is it needed; the mere sight of the black helmet is ordinarily enough; for beneath it lowers, to the evil-doer's eye, not the inoffensive visage of the individual policeman, but the impending brow, trenchant glance, and aggressive chin of Germany's greatest statesman. Mumbo Jumbo teaches even drunkards to reason and refrain.

Meanwhile, eating and drinking proceed in the ante-rooms, and above-stairs in the galleries and lobbies. But the guests are in a sadly dishevelled state; even the women are now unmasked, and so the last reserve is overthrown. We must have a boisterous appetite to compass a supper at one of these tables, amid such queer neighbours. Debauchery has no attractions in Saxony beyond its naked self; and those who indulge in it there, must love it for its own unmitigated sake. It is for the gratification of these its children that a paternal Government provides masquerades, and finds them remunerative.

VII.

Far different from this masked iniquity are the balls given by the proprietors of beer-saloons to their customers, and to such friends as the latter may choose to invite. Hither flock minor tradesmen with their wives and daughters, and hotel-waiters, clerks, and such small deer of society. They are all well-behaved; there is nothing of the riot and disturbance which would mark a gathering of the same rank in America. Here is peaceful good-nature, and, though joy be unconfined, there is decorum—at least, what Saxons understand as such. There is little attempt at dress; the men are in their Sunday coats and light trousers, the women in robes of stout material, not of Parisian design, but prettified about the arms and shoulders with lace and muslin. Gloves are unknown; you receive your partner's hand as nature and exercise have left it. The fun is not confined to the young people; they

bring their fathers and mothers with them, and the latter dance as vigorously and enjoyingly as their offspring. Every one is on familiar terms with his neighbour, so that the assembly feels like a family party.

My friend Achates, an American of the West, who, shoulder to shoulder with me, has investigated many curious phases of Saxon life, went with me to one of these merry-makings. We had for some weeks past assiduously visited a modest *Restaurations* in the Am See, where the beer was brought us by a stalwart maiden named Anna. Our calls being usually made about the middle of the afternoon, Anna had leisure for social converse, and surprised us by the extent of her attainments. Not only could she play on the piano, which prolonged a tuneless existence in one corner of the room, but she could beat us at capping verses from Heine, and even, as we subsequently discovered, could rhyme a very creditable stanza herself. In short, she was a young woman of parts, and I fancy she had ambitions. Her personal attractions are soon enumerated. She was short and broad-shouldered; her arms and cheeks were red-shiny; her wide, good-humoured mouth was always stretching to a smile. Her bright, small grey eyes twinkled in a very contracted cranium, which was surmounted by a swathing of hair so flattened down and polished off that it seemed to be a coating of yellow-brown paint, laid on thick and varnished.

Anna invited us to this ball—we accepted with delight—and she gave us each a card on which were neatly written her own name and ours, her chosen guests. I have seldom received an invitation so genuinely cordial as this. Anna was proud of us, and even a little anxious lest something might prevent our coming. Again and again did she earnestly beseech us not to fail her, and did grin from one honest ear to the other when we swore that nothing but death should detain us.

The ball was at a saloon half a mile out of town, and had been going on for an hour or two before our arrival. We discussed a *Schnitt* of beer in the *Vorsaal*, and then peeped modestly through the ball-room door. A waltz was in progress, and for a while we looked in vain for Anna among the whirling couples. There were near a hundred people present, and all at work; and the evening being rather a warm one, they were pretty thoroughly heated. The Saxon, in this condition, is less attractive than at other times. Perhaps, speaking generally, there are few better ways of distinguishing the aristocrat from the plebeian than to get both in a profuse perspiration. It is as sure a test of physical purity as was the fairy girdle at Guinevere's court of moral cleanliness.

Your keen Western eye, Achates, was first to distinguish our fair sponsor amidst the throng; and then I too caught sight of

her genial countenance, brilliant with heat and pleasure, glowing over the shoulder of a revolving young shopkeeper. She saw us at the same moment, and shot a broad smile across the hall. Immediately she spun her partner to a seat, and hastened up to us all redolent of hospitality. How pretty she looked! She was really the belle of the evening. She was enveloped as to the upper part of her stout person in white muslin, through which shone mistily her rosy arms and shoulders; below, fell a skirt of some respectable grey fabric, not so long as to incommode her dancing feet. Her ears were splendid with glittering glass pendants; round her neck a yellow glass cross was suspended by a black gutta-percha chain. Is there not pathos in these poor little details of finery, and her manifest delight in them? On her short fingers were three or four broad rings as yellow as gold. At her throat—for even so much magnificence was not enough—Anna wore a brooch as big as the palm of her own fair hand, of tin, artfully moulded to resemble diamonds. As to her hair, it seemed to have grown by the yard since yesterday, and was frizzled in short curls over the forehead. It was plentifully anointed with some glistening unguent, upon which I forbear to dwell. It was the only thing about Anna which we could not admire.

Could anything be more flattering in its simplicity than the way Anna took your hand, happy Achates, rested her chin upon your shoulder, and, without question asked or expected, danced you off into the steaming tumult of the hall? How enviously I watched your devious course, whirling, plunging, staggering, desperately keeping time, now hidden, anon reappearing, and evermore revolving! How I marvelled at the pained contraction of your brow, as it turned for an instant towards me! How my jealousy took note of the blissful light in Anna's face, and the tireless vigour of her flying feet! Was it you that relented, Achates, and gasped in her ear to remember her deserted guest? or was it her own kind heart that brought her whirling back to where I stood, and transferred her from your fortunate arms to mine?

Be that as it may, it was I who, the next moment, breasted with her the dangers of the dance. But I will pass lightly over my own exploits. It was the fear, Achates, lest they might not equal yours, that occasioned that anxious expression which you afterwards charged against me. How long the spell lasted I never knew, but it seemed to me that Anna must be Atalanta in disguise. At length, however, our motion appeared to have ceased, though still the room wheeled and tipped before my eyes. We had eddied into a seat—Anna and I—and it was given me to know that her threefold performance had finally exhausted her.

"Ach! so müde bin Ich," she faltered, and with that she innocently drooped her anointed head and laid it on my shoulder. I am not proud, Achates, but I confess that, at this juncture, I

could not refrain from glancing towards the door to see whether you were the witness of my distinction. Yes, there you stood, seeking to hide your jealousy beneath a forced smile. The situation was too tender for long continuance: the fragrant head was uplifted; but I found its imprint on the broadcloth the next morning—"Zum Andenken," as Anna would have said.

At midnight supper was announced, and the response was unanimous. Three long tables were placed on as many sides of a square, while opposite the open end a small one was set apart for the host and his family. You and I, Achates, occupied the top of the right-hand table, with Anna safe between us. We were scarcely well settled in our places when the toasting began. The host's health was first proposed by an orator at the lower table. Amid the consequent enthusiastic uproar, the host filled his goblet, and stepping into the hollow square of tables, touched glasses with all his hundred guests, they meanwhile standing up, or even climbing on their chairs, loudly chanting the "*Hoch soll er leben!*" which is always the accompaniment of the ceremony.

When the noise had subsided, the host—he was a small, dapper man, with bushy whiskers and a rather nervous manner—made an address of some length. He was cheered throughout, and ended with proposing somebody else's health, which was received in precisely the same manner as his own had been. Thus the ball rolled round the table, every other guest, at least, being called on, and responding with a speech, a song, or an original poem. The ladies took part in the exercises no less than the men; and you remember our surprise, Achates, when Anna rose to reply to the flattering terms in which her name had been brought forward, and recited, with good emphasis and discretion, some three or four easy-flowing verses of her own composition. I do not think we had half appreciated our little sponsor, after all.

Well, at last there was a pause, and we artlessly wondered what was to happen next. But gradually, as if by some mysterious attraction, the eyes of all present turned and fastened upon us. Then solemnly the host arose, and began, with formal hints which by degrees grew more and more transparent and complimentary, to call attention to the presence in the assembly of two distinguished strangers—foreigners—in fact, Americans. A brief eulogy of that great nation followed; and finally came (the host's version of) our names, and a summons—most heartily supported—to drink us with all the honours.

During the succeeding tumult we held a hurried consultation; and then, Achates, you showed yourself equal to the occasion. You stood up, erect and tall, and smiled benignantly upon the assembly. In understandable German you regretted that your limited acquaintance with that language denied you the pleasure of addressing the company in it; but, for your own sake as well

as for your country's, you could not sit down without giving utterance to a few sentiments which would only be the more cordial that they were expressed in American.

And here followed a speech as full of flowers as a Chicago greenhouse, whose perfume, though imperceptible to Saxon olfactories, was none the less grateful and sincere. It could not have been better received had your tongue been a very Goethe's. Indeed, I fancy our Saxon friends felt even more gratified and complimented by a speech which they could not comprehend than otherwise. At all events, it was the success of the evening. We immediately became cynosures, and were introduced to everybody—among others, to those two unexceptionable little personages, Anna's father and mother. I think the old lady took a fancy to me; we never failed to touch glasses with a smile and a bow before drinking, and afterwards, in the *cotillon*, she bestowed two favours upon me—the Cross of the Legion of Honour and the Cap of Liberty.

It were too long, Achates, to rehearse in detail a tithe of the events which followed. Anna, unable to choose between us, was partner of us both in the ensuing *cotillon*; nay, it seemed that even we could not satisfy her waltzing appetite, for she had three or four relays of young Saxons constantly in waiting for the spare turns. She did not spare herself at all; and we could not help wishing, on more accounts than one, that she had been somewhat less popular. Indefatigable Anna! Her muslin garment clung to her as though she had been immersed in beer.

Till two o'clock we jigg'd it ceaselessly; then there was a universal pause; each couple sought their chairs, and gradually the lights burnt blue, till we scarce could see across the darkened hall. Presently, however, we were aware of a mysterious apparition—seemingly an incarnation of the gloom—in the shape of a gigantic extinguisher, about seven feet in height. This spectre glided in silence thrice around the room, to slow music, bestowing upon each lady a small roll of paper containing a sugar-plum and an amative epigram. The last round having been completed, the ghostly extinguisher vanished as mysteriously as it appeared—seemed to put itself out, in fact—and then the lights suddenly resumed their brilliancy. Some people departed after this, and we were of the number, after a melting farewell scene with Anna. She told us, the next afternoon—and a touch of paleness on her cheek confirmed the tale—that she had danced till six that morning. And then she sat down to the piano, and regretfully touched the chords of Strauss's waltz, "An der schoenen blauen Donau."

"What, Anna!" we exclaimed, "not yet enough of dancing?"

"Ach, bewahr!" she murmured; and with a subtle mixture of tact and coquetry, she hummed with Goethe's "Mignon,"

"Dahin, Dahin, mücht' Ich mit Dir, O mein Geleibter, zieh'n!"

But we could never agree, Achates, which of us it was she meant.

VIII.

There are diversions of war as well as of peace. At all times in history the sight of blood, human or bestial, has been delightful to mankind; symbolic, I suppose, of the cruel scoffing spirit which would rend asunder the holy mysteries of nature, and discover her vital secrets to all eyes rude enough to look upon them. What siren was ever so seductive to entice men to their harm as is the voice of a brother's blood crying to heaven?

We cannot be long in Dresden without meeting about the streets, and at the *cafés* and beer-saloons, specimens of a guild which is peculiar to Germany, and not likely to be exported. Their leading traits are tolerably well known, having been diligently described by travellers ever since "Hyperion." They pace the streets, proud, in a striking costume, of which the only invariable features are a pair of high boots, reaching six or seven inches above the knee, which, like snow-shoes, cannot be properly worn without practice; a round cap, four inches in diameter, and an inch and a-half deep, clinging by invisible means to the north-east corner of the head; and a striped ribbon crossing the chest from the shoulder to the hip. They swing a light cane in one hand, stare the passer-by boldly in the eye, puff tobacco-smoke in the ladies' faces, and are very high-spirited and quarrelsome. On cheek and brow are scars from an inch to four inches in length, which it is no part of their religion to conceal. They are inclined to monopolize the sidewalks, and to hector it in the beer-gardens. They are of that undesirable age, between sixteen and twenty-three, through which, as through a miasmal swamp, mankind is condemned to pass on its way to better things.

Yes, these are the University students—or at least, students from the Mining College in Freiberg, a curious old town some twenty miles from Dresden. The strong class spirit of these young fellows, and their superstitious observance of antiquated forms and customs, undeniably makes them an interesting study, the more because it seems unlikely that they can exist many years longer in their pristine quaintness. The vital essence of the "Kneipe" is its vast absurdity; and its attraction to outsiders lies in the startling contrast between its laws and customs, its costumes and its creeds, and those of the present day. We cannot expect it to hold its own in the teeth of modern innovations and refinements, military laws, science, persecutions, and republican despotisms. Its dying aroma is being even now exhaled.

Between the soldiers and the students there has always subsisted a hatred and rivalry, wherein the former have generally the advantage. There is no assignable cause for this feud, unless it be that the students fight with the *Schlaeger* and the officers with the broadsword. In extreme cases, however, both parties

use pistols, which put them on more equal footing. A regiment of infantry was formerly quartered at Freiberg, much to the discontent of the thousand or more students residing there. Collisions were frequent; and at length an officer mortally affronted a Bursch, and in the consequent meeting shot his opponent dead. Hereupon an indignation gathering of all the Kneipen; and the next day the officer was the happy recipient of no less than a thousand distinct summonses to the field of honour—weapons, pistols. Not only, therefore, did he stand a thousand chances to one of being killed, but—supposing him passed through such a hell-fire unscathed—he must bear through life the not entirely enviable reputation of having slaughtered a thousand human beings, and depopulated a college. A council of war was held, resulting in the transmission to the student champions of the apologies of the regiment, and the withdrawal of the latter from Freiberg, which thus vindicated its name.

But such serious affairs as this are very rare. Duelling among the students is regarded as a means of culture and a sign of good breeding; it forms an important part of the routine of University discipline; and a scar or two—or a dozen, if possible—are quite as conducive to the credit of a graduate as his diploma. Duelling meetings are held between rival corps several times a year, and champions are matched against one another, not by reason of personal enmity, but according to their prowess—as we would match two college boys to row a single scull race. A spice of genuine hostility between the duellists is not, however, objected to; and doubtless it is quite as well to fight out petty quarrels and heart-burnings with the *Schlaeger* as to promote their unhealthy growth by a diet of bad language and morbid back-bittings. My observation leads me to the conclusion that a sound bout at fisticuffs is better than either; but fisticuffing would soon put an end to the Kneipe system, and to that peculiar code of etiquette, morality, and refinement which it inculcates on the student mind. We must recollect, moreover, that the sword renders the small fist as dangerous as the big one; and since what is known to Anglo-Saxons as fair play is but dimly apprehended by the German intellect, perhaps this safeguard of the weak against the strong is not unimportant.

It is curious how the periodical shedding of a little blood, organizes and vitalizes these guilds. In all ways, blood is the strongest cement between man and man. Armies would soon thirst to death if blood were denied them; nor are elaborate discipline and forms of behaviour anywhere so rigorously maintained as where the rules are written with a bloody pen. The reason is perhaps not far to seek. Bloodshed, pure and simple, is vulgar, disgusting, and brutal. Nothing else has so strong a natural tendency to degrade and coarsen the nature. And it is the very

recognition of this which leads man to spend his best skill in surrounding all its circumstances with the utmost pomp and formality. It seems to be a universal law that those things which have the strongest native tendency to drag mankind to chaos, should become—by virtue of the struggle they compel him to make against their destructive power—his most potent educators. The completest gentleman—the holiest saint—is he who has withstood the strongest temptation to be a charlatan or a devil.

So with these corps-students: there is not much education, one would suppose, in a slit nose, or a cheek laid open. No; but the processes which have led up to it—have we considered them? There is the fencing-school, in which, at all events, the hand and eye are trained to an accuracy and strength to which they had else been strangers. There, too, is the corps etiquette to be learnt and preserved—the recognition of authority and order, and the careful observance of self-respect. Each one is responsible for his conduct to all the rest; and if called upon to defend himself, it is his fault should he fail successfully to withstand his challenger. As to physical courage, I cannot own to any great faith in its development by *Schlaeger* duels. It is true that the duellists soon cease to fear the “cuts” and even learn to enjoy them. But then, they are never mortal, and seldom very serious. And I have no reason to believe that the most inveterate *Schlaeger* duellist is any braver before a pistol than other men might be. Special pleadings on questions of this kind are, moreover, misleading; since, however well the theory may be vindicated, the practice always belies it more or less. The best that can be affirmed with regard to corps-students is, that we are not obliged to make so many allowances for them as for the unmitigated barbarians.

IX.

Perhaps, however, the reader would like to be present at one of these duel-meetings, and form his own judgment upon the matter. We turn down a narrow side-street, whip under a gloomy archway, enter by a glass-panelled door, and find ourselves in a dismal beer-saloon. Passing through this, we arrive at an inner apartment, to which a peculiar knock gives us admittance. This is the Kneipe-room, where the corps is to rendezvous before proceeding to the field of honour. It is narrow, dark, and smoky, blearing out through its one grimy window into a back yard. The floor is strewn with a little white sand; a rough wooden table, bearing marks of age and hard usage, extends the length of the room: wooden benches to match, and unpretending chairs. The walls are adorned with the coat-of-arms of the corps, emblazoned in gold and colours; round it are arranged a score of old *Schlaeger*, like rays of a central sun. Elsewhere are hung up enormous drinking-horns, such as King Olaf might have used, with inscrip-

tions on their silver mountings. Here are trophies of all sorts; pictures, too, representing famous duels; and photographs of past and present members, taken singly or in groups. Traditions are jealously preserved among the Burschen, and some of the societies are of very great antiquity; so that the Bursch of to-day may see upon the wall the sword with which his great-grandfather fought, and drink himself over-seas out of the ancestral *Schoppen*.

Has the reader ever held a *Schlaeger* in his hand, and examined it? They have a large basket-hilt, guarding the hand completely: the blade is straight, and about three feet in length—a thin, narrow strip of soft steel, pliant but not elastic. It is a light weapon, easily wielded; were it heavy as the ordinary broadsword, the muscles of an average Bursch would soon tire beneath its weight, for the attitude in fighting is an excessively wearisome one at best. Its deficiencies in heaviness and stiffness are fully compensated by the razor-keenness of the blade; the soft steel taking a marvellously fine edge. The point is rounded, and the edge extends sixteen inches down the front of the blade, and half as far down the back. Both blade and hilt are gallantly scarred and hacked; from these the bloodstains have been wiped away; but the “armour” shows enough of such to sate the most sanguinary warrior. The gore of hundreds—ay, of thousands, is encrusted on these breast-plates and cuishes, and presents a spectacle really ghastly, and calculated, one would suppose, to dampen the courage of a virgin duellist. A pig-sticker’s apron would be more reassuring. But this armour, excellent in other respects, can never be cleansed; it consists of stout buckskin pads, protecting the throat, right arm, and the whole right side of the body to the knee. Iron armour would speedily destroy the fine edge of the *Schlaeger*; though I doubt whether it would be found any heavier than these enormous pads, and stiffer or more awkward it certainly could not be. The pads detract much from the aspect of the contest; a polished cuirass and glittering arms would be more inspiring, and the blood would seem more noble when shed on steel than when absorbed and stiffened in dirty leather. There is another objection. The rattle of a sword against a steel breast-plate is a martial sound; it kindles the imagination and inspires the courage; but the “flap” of the blade against the buckskin pad reminds us of nothing more dignified than carpet-beating. If we close our eyes upon the bloody scene, and only listen to the fray, we are transported to the back-yard of our childhood’s home, where John and Bridget are knocking clouds of dust out of the parlour carpet. The illusion is heightened by the fact that the warriors, like John and Bridget, deliver their blows alternately, in rapid and measured succession. “Flap—flap!—flap—flap!” It is carpet beating, for all the world! However, we must not carp and criticize so much. Use is itself a beauty; and since the

leathern pad answers its special purpose better than anything else could, it must appear beautiful to the unprejudiced observer.

Besides the furniture and ornaments, the room contains a dozen or more young men, high-booted, round-capped, and ribboned. Some of them are to be the heroes of the coming tournament, though we might not learn as much from the Indian stoicism of their countenances. Probably the signs of battle will be plainer after it is over than beforehand. The students are not all Germans; there are Hungarians, Poles, Turks, an American, and a couple of Russians. One of the latter is vice-president of the corps—a tall, burly fellow, with a rough face and small grey eyes; but when he speaks—and he does so in four languages—we perceive an unexpected courtesy and refinement in his manner. His familiarity with the English tongue is astonishing: he has even caught the colloquialism of the day.

“Do we fear the spectacle of blood?” he asks us; “does it nauseate us? he should say;” and he proceeds to tell us a gory tale or two, by way of gentle initiation into the horrors we are soon to witness. Once he was present at a notable duel between two renowned fencers; and for a long time the advantage was on neither side. “No cut had been given; it was feared that their skill would prove too perfect—that there would be no blood. Just then, however, Fritz appeared suddenly to grow an inch taller; his wrist extended itself admirably—ah! Karl was hit. So true and swift was the blow that Karl himself knew not, at first, that he was overcome; only when he went to speak, and the blood poured into his mouth, did he become aware of it. A sponge was brought; the blood wiped away; when lo! Karl had no end of his nose. Du lieber Gott! where is then the nose which Karl had lost? All search for it—it is still in vain—the nose—the nose had disappeared! Then cries out all of a sudden Fritz—“The dog! the dog! Potz tausend Donnerwetter! look once at the dog.” One sees the dog make like a cough, with something in mouth. One runs to him, catch him, pound him on the back, lift him by the tail and shake. Ach! lo at last the nose, the poor nose, the end of the nose which Karl has lost. Then Karl takes that end and sticks it to his face—to the root, you see.”

“Yes,” we exclaim breathlessly, seeing the narrator pause; “well, did it grow on again?”

“But surely yes. For seven days it is held continually on; then is the bandage removed, and the nose is whole once more. But alas! an unlooked-for misfall has occurred.”

“How so?”

“In the haste of replacing that lost end, the poor Karl has it upside down applied! It is now too late to alter—so grows it to this day. Karl was before a handsome man; he has still the *Geist*—the vivacity; but the profile—one finds it irregular.”

I should not have ventured to repeat this story at length, had I not the best of reasons for believing it true. I heard it not long afterwards from the lips of the redoubtable Karl himself, and when, at the conclusion, he turned his head pensively aside, the "irregularity" was unmistakable.

This was by no means the only tale of blood unfolded by our courteous Russian; but we cannot take the responsibility of repeating any more of them. It was not without a touch of pride that he recounted the exploit of a countryman of his own, who, it would appear, was possessed of more fortitude than skill. In the first bout his adversary's point caught in the corner of Snipitoff's mouth, and created a permanent grin on that side three inches in length, laying bare all the teeth in the right jaw. Snipitoff, however, was no way discouraged, but intimated his resolve to fight it out. The contest was therefore resumed; and Snipitoff's adversary, who seems to have been gifted with an almost unreasonable sensitiveness to proportion, next inserted his blade in the left corner of the gallant Russian's mouth, and brought it out at the ear. This brought the affair to a termination which was considered to reflect equal credit on both sides. The mouth—which now measured from corner to corner a trifle over nine inches—was sewed up, with the exception of about three inches in the middle; and unconquerable Snipitoff then called for beer, and drank until—to use the forcible expression of our courteous informant—"his back teeth were under water," for three days. The practice of drinking heavily after receiving a cut is universal among the duellists, and is indulged in by way of delaying the healing of the wound, and thus perpetuating the glorious scar.

While such tales are telling, we are otherwise regaled with beer, bread and cheese, and sausage, whereof the long table has a plentiful load. Perhaps, however, after such fare as our imagination has been treated to, we care not so much for the nourishment of the flesh. In that case, the announcement that the hour for setting forth has arrived will be not unwelcome; we gladly issue from our dark and musty quarters, and are soon threading the outskirts of the city. The "field of honour" is some two miles off; and is only metaphorically a field; literally it is an old Gasthaus, deserted at this Lenten season, but hired by the Kneipen for the occasion. We may here observe, not without a glow of virtuous satisfaction, that *Schlaeger* duelling is illegal. There is a prohibitory law against the blood-drinking in which these young savages would indulge, and its influence is no less remarkable than is that of analogous legislation among us in New England. The unnatural thirst is augmented, and the ingenuity requisite to its gratification adds a moral and mental delight to the merely palatal enjoyment; encouraging the dipsomaniac to absorb a gallon where he would otherwise be satisfied with a gill. The

law is also serviceable, as a species of persecution, in consolidating the Kneipen, and riveting the union of its members. The State desires the permanence of the guild; and as if the cement of blood were not bond secure enough, they double its strength by making its use unlawful. Ah! there is much subtle wisdom concealed beneath the plain outside of Saxon law.

X.

The Gasthaus is a forlorn and dilapidated old pile, overgrown of bulk, with countless melancholy windows, and streaks of greenish damp meandering down its plaster walls from eaves to basement. Within, we climb an aged winding staircase, and presently find ourselves in a large upper room, of great length in proportion to its breadth, wainscoted, with tarnished chandeliers depending from the ceiling, and an iron stove warming its further extremity. The tables and most of the chairs have been removed. The floor, especially at that spot where blood is to be shed, is strewn with sawdust. A crowd of upwards of a hundred students are standing about in knots, discussing the instant fray. They are not a physically noble race; almost every face is marked with disease latent or developed, and the figures are ill-hung, awkward, or weakly. No other land, perhaps, could show so large an assemblage of young men with so small a leaven of physical manliness. Half of these wear—not the sportive eye-glass—but the sober earnestness of spectacles. There is a fortune for oculists in Saxony; and I should not wonder if a good part of the current belief in the national learning might be traced to the sage and studious aspect bestowed by these semi-universal spectacles. As a matter of fact, however, their genesis is from bad diet, and perhaps from some quality in the atmosphere. Most foreigners who have lived long in Saxony will have found their eyesight more or less impaired.

We glance with some curiosity at the champions who are to win their laurels to-day, or add to them. The two youngest—boys of about sixteen—look a little pale; and we may observe a trifling nervousness beneath the gaiety of that young American, who is destined to flesh his maiden sword this morning. But as for the rest, old duellists all, their faces are quite impenetrable. None of them are in what we call fighting condition; the Saxon makes it a point of etiquette to live as loosely as possible for some weeks before and after his duel; and if he be a trifle beery even at the hour of engagement, it is set down to his credit. Blood is the thing wanted, and scars that will not fade away; and he is most properly in condition whose veins are most plethoric, and whose flesh is least apt to heal.

Well, the hour has struck. The landlord, a stout, short-winded

personage, of demeanour at once servile and excitable, trots in for the last time to see that all is as the gentlemen wish; and then the door is closed, and the company gathers in a wide ring about the battle-field. Those two pale boys, who are to open the proceedings, are arming with the assistance of their seconds; and most curious is the contrast between their bloodless and pathetically inoffensive faces, and the horrid arms, stiff with ancient gore, in which they stand pilloried. Besides the system of leather pads which we have already examined, they wear a kind of spectacles, or iron guards for the eyes; and these lend an indescribably gaunt and demoniac quality to their expression.

Are the champions prepared? Let them enter the lists—a space between two chalk lines twelve feet apart. Within this space, they must confine their struggle. Here they stand, the sword arm supported by the seconds, lest the weight of the armour should needlessly fatigue it. The president now steps forward, inquires the names and designations of the combatants, and is informed thereof by the seconds—all in conventional phrases. The president then states the rules which must govern the contest; and then gives his orders in a sharp, peremptory tone:—

“Auf die Mensur!”

The warriors accordingly toe the scratch.

“Los!”

And the carpet-beating begins.

The position is a peculiar one, owing to the circumstance that the head is the only part attacked. The right arm, pads and all, is arched above and a little in front of the head: the *Schlaeger*, its point tending downwards, continues the arch of the arm. The arm is not moved at any time during the bout; the cuts being made by a rapid and elastic turn of the wrist, whereby the blade is swung over or under the adversary's guard. The parrying is all done with the padded right arm, which comes in contact with the flat of the attacking sword: and the safety of the duellists' heads depends entirely on the true position of this guard arm. An inch too low or too high, and lo! a bleeding cheek or forehead.

Meanwhile our young heroes are at work, flapping away manfully, but doing no execution. Each makes his cut alternately with the other, and the “recover” is instantaneous. After every few strokes the seconds interpose their swords, and take charge of their principals' right arms for a score of seconds' rest; the swords are straightened, and if their edges be turned, they are replaced with fresh ones from a great bundle of them lying in yonder chair. The heads of the combatants are, moreover, carefully searched for cuts; with a knowing gravity of manner which reminds us of certain transactions in the monkeys' cage at the zoological gardens. There is no find, however, and work is resumed with fresh vigour. “Flap-flap! flap-flap!”

But this duel is destined to be a failure. The spectators become first apprehensive, then depressed. The heads are examined with a plaintive anxiety. The fifteen minutes—beyond which no duel may extend—have elapsed. There is no blood. The unfortunate duellists drop their swords, kiss each other as the law commands, and are hurried away by their seconds to disarm. No scars for them.

But the next combat is truly a refreshing exhibition. Our young American is matched against a full-blooded Saxon. It is gratifying to have this palpable assurance that our barbarous countrymen are capable—after due transplantation and training—of rivalling the culture of the philosophic Germans. May his good genius procure him a scar so deep that the next fifty years—should he live so long—shall fail to obliterate it.

The combat begins with the same formalities as before; but ere the “flap-flap!” has lasted five minutes, a lock of wiry brown hair is seen to jump suddenly from the American’s head, and immediately a stream of scarlet blood rushes out of doors, painting one side of his face and dripping on his gorget. He looks surprised and rather relieved. So, this is being cut, is it? Well, it doesn’t hurt so much, after all; no more than to hack one’s self shaving. He is seated in a chair and sponged off, though the blood continues to flow rapidly, giving him a very grim aspect. Will he continue? Oh, certainly; just beginning to feel like it. So the two stand up to each other once more. The ring of spectators draws closer: they have tasted blood—we may know it by the dilation of their eyes, and their eager parted lips. Blood, brothers! stand ready, we shall have another draught immediately. Be it Saxon or American, what difference? Either is sweet to the taste of the philosopher. Oh, blood!

This time the aspect of probabilities is somewhat changed. The American’s blood is not only out, but up, whereas the Saxon appears somewhat out of sorts; being, perhaps, sickened at the gory locks and red-dripping cheek of his adversary. He indulges, it may be, in a flitting imagination of himself in like condition. In that moment his guard wavers a trifle from its right position; over comes the sharp blade, catches him beneath the nostril, and slices open his cheek to the temple. The seconds strike up the swords. How the man bleeds! already there is a pool on the floor. The surgeon sponges and examines, and announces a cut four and a-half inches in length. Happy Saxon! Just at present, however, the abundance of his good fortune a little overcomes him. He sinks back in his chair with a dingy pallor in his face, sharply contrasting with the dark blood which issues from it. He will not be able to continue the duel: he cannot even rise to salute his opponent, who must therefore kiss him where he sits. Did ever two more unlovely countenances exchange such a token of affection? It is

an odd sight, and we cannot help wishing they had restrained their ardours until somebody had washed their faces.

There are six duels still to come off; and, though one is pretty much like another, we undoubtedly would like to stand by and see all twelve heads carved to ribbons. But just as the next pair are got to work, and our eyes are following each blow with silent expectation, there is heard a scurrying and a scrambling up the stairs outside. The door bursts open, and in flies the landlord, his eyes far out of their sockets.

"Polizei-mein'-Herren! Polizei-mein-Gott-in-Himmel! Ach! Polizei-ist-da!"

The police! In an instant, the ring has vanished; there is turning this way and that, voices and counter-voices. Off run the wounded, their tell-tale wounds but half sewed up, and have vanished through a back entrance. A loud crash of glass causes many a bold heart to throb—pshaw! it is only that bundle of *Schlaeger*, which some thoughtful person has sent flying through the window. Now a hasty tub of sawdust veils the guilty floor. Tables start up as if by magic, with glasses of beer upon them, and peaceful students quaffing the same. This is not a tournament, but a quiet picnic in country solitudes: here is no blood, save such as flows in decorous pulsations through its proper channels. Enter, O police! we receive you with the frankness of innocence.

Well—but the police do not enter. How long is this suspense to last? Can our worthy landlord have been mistaken? or would he play a joke upon us? or was he speculating for the price of a few score of glasses of beer? At all events, it was a false alarm; no rude preservers of the peace are here to offer us violence, and the games may proceed.

But, for our own private parts, either the fright, or the reaction, or some more hidden cause, has dulled our appetite for further feasting in this kind. We have seen blood; and were we to remain to the very end, they could not show us anything more interesting. Let us, therefore, depart, and strive to introduce *Schlaeger* fighting into the colleges of our own land, in place of boating, base-ball, cricket, and such like unmeaning diversions.

There are are other amusements in Dresden; but, after this, to treat of them would be an anticlimax. We must leave the skating-pond, and the boating, and the horse-races, and the minor theatres—yes, and the American and English clubs, which, however, are quite as much of a business as of an amusement—we must leave these to future historians or to silence. As to chronicling the movements of the fashionable foreign and native society, the magnitude of the theme daunts us. But blood will tell, and must be told about; and let us hope the moral of the tale will not be disregarded.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



"SUPERNATURAL RELIGION."

IV.—POLYCARP OF SMYRNA.

POLYCARP, Bishop of Smyrna, is the most important person in the history of the Christian Church during the ages immediately succeeding the Apostles. In the eyes of his own and the next generations, Clement of Rome appears to have held a more prominent position, if we may judge from the legendary stories which have gathered about his name; but for ourselves the interest which attaches to Polycarp is far greater. This importance he owes to his peculiar position, rather than to any marked greatness or originality of character. Two long lives—those of St. John and of Polycarp—span the period which elapsed between the personal ministry of our Lord and the great Christian teachers living at the close of the second century. Polycarp was the disciple of St. John, and Irenæus was the disciple of Polycarp. We know enough of St. John's teaching, if the books ascribed to him in our Canon are accepted as genuine. We are fully acquainted with the tenets of Irenæus, and of these we may say generally that on all the most important points they conform to the theological standard which has satisfied the Christian Church ever since. But of the intermediate period between the close of the first century and the close of the second, the notices are sparse, the literature is scanty and fragmentary. Hence modern criticism has busied itself with hypothetical reconstructions of Christian history during this interval. It has been maintained that the greater part of the writings of our Canon were unknown

and unwritten at the beginning of this period. It has been supposed that there was a complete discontinuity in the career of the Christian Church throughout the world. The person of Polycarp is a standing protest against any such surmises. Unless Irenæus was entirely mistaken as to the teaching of his master, unless the extant Epistle ascribed to Polycarp is altogether spurious, these views must fall to the ground. It is indispensable for the advocates of the Tübingen theory respecting the origin of the Christian Church and the Scriptural Canon to make good both these positions alike. Otherwise it can have no standing ground. My object in the following investigations is to show that neither position is tenable.

Polycarp was born more than thirty years before the close of the first century, and he survived to the latter half of the second. The date of his birth may be fixed with some degree of certainty as A.D. 69 or 70. At all events it cannot have been later than this. At the time of his martyrdom, which is now ascertained to have taken place A.D. 155 or 156,* he declared that he had served Christ eighty-six years;† and, if this expression be explained as referring to the whole period of his life (which is the more probable supposition), we are carried back to the date which I have just given.

Thus Polycarp was born on the eve of a great crisis, which was fraught with momentous consequences to the Church at large, and which more especially made itself felt in the Christian congregations of his own country, proconsular Asia. The fall of Jerusalem occurred in the autumn of the year 70. But at the final assault the Christians were no longer among the besieged. The impending war had been taken as the signal for their departure from the doomed city. The greater number had retired beyond the Jordan, and founded Christian colonies in Pella and the neighbourhood. But the natural leaders of the Church—the surviving Apostles and personal disciples of Christ—had sought a home elsewhere. From this time forward it is neither to Jerusalem nor to Pella, but to proconsular Asia, and more especially to Ephesus as its metropolis, that we must look for the continuance of the original type of Apostolic doctrine and practice. At the epoch of the catastrophe we find the Apostle John for a short time living in exile—whether voluntary or constrained, it is unnecessary to inquire—in the island of Patmos. Soon after this he takes up his abode at Ephesus, which seems to have been his head-quarters during the remainder of his long life.‡ And John was not alone

* See below, p. 838.

† *Mart. Polyc.* 9. ὀγδοήκοντα καὶ ἕξ ἔτη ἔχω δουλεύων αὐτῷ. This expression is somewhat ambiguous in itself, and for ἔχω δουλεύων Eusebius reads δουλεύω.

‡ Papias in Euseb. *H. E.* iii. 39; Iren. ii. 22. 5, (and elsewhere); Polycrates in Euseb. *H. E.* v. 24; Clem. Alex. *Quis. div. salv.* 42 (p. 958); Apollonius in Euseb. *H. E.* v. 18.

in choosing Asia Minor as his new home. More especially the companions of his early youth seem to have been attracted to this neighbourhood. Of two brother Apostles and fellow-countrymen of Bethsaida this is distinctly recorded. Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, appears in company with John in these later years, according to an account which seems at least so far trustworthy.* The presence of Philip, the special friend of Andrew,† in these parts is recorded on still better authority.‡ Philip himself died at Hierapolis in Phrygia; but one of his three daughters was buried at Ephesus, where perhaps he had resided at an earlier date. Among other personal disciples of Christ, not otherwise known to us, who dwelt in these districts of Asia Minor, Aristion and a second John are mentioned, with whom Papias, the friend of Polycarp, had conversed.§

Among these influences Polycarp was brought up. His own words, to which I have already alluded, seem to show that he was born of Christian parentage. At all events he must have been a believer from early childhood. If his parents were Christians, they probably received their first lessons in the Gospel from the teachers of an earlier date—from St. Paul who had planted the Churches of Asia Minor, or from St. Peter who appears to have watered them,|| or from the immediate disciples of one or other of these two Apostles. But during the childhood and youth of Polycarp himself the influence of St. John was paramount. Irenæus reports (and there is no reason for questioning the truth of his statement) that St. John survived to the reign of Trajan,¶ who ascended the imperial throne A.D. 98. Thus Polycarp would be about thirty years old at the time of St. John's death. When therefore Irenæus relates that he was appointed bishop in Smyrna "by Apostles,"** the statement involves no chronological difficulty, even though we interpret the term "bishop" in its more restricted sense, and not as a synonyme for presbyter, according to its earlier meaning. Later writers say distinctly that he was appointed to the episcopal office by St. John.††

At all events, he appears as Bishop of Smyrna in the early years of the second century. When Ignatius passes through Asia Minor on his way to martyrdom, he halts at Smyrna, where he is received by Polycarp. At a later stage in his journey he writes to his friend. The tone of his letter is altogether such as might be expected from an old man writing to a younger, who never-

* *Muratorian Fragment*, p. 33, Ed. Tregelles (written about A.D. 170—180).

† John i. 44, xii. 21 seq.

‡ Papias in Euseb. *H. E.* iii. 39; Polycrates in Euseb. *H. E.* iii. 31, v. 24; Caius (Hippolytus?) in Euseb. *H. E.* iii. 30. I have given reasons for believing that the Philip who lived at Hierapolis was the Apostle and not the Evangelist in *Colossians*, p. 45 seq.

§ Papias, l. c.

** Iren. ii. 22, 5, iii. 3, 4.

|| 1 Pet. i. 1.

¶ Iren. iii. 2, 4.

†† *E.g.* Tertull. *de Præser. Hæc.* §2.

theless held a position of great responsibility, and had shown himself worthy of the trust. After expressing his thankfulness for their meeting, and commending his friend's steadfast faith, which was "founded as on an immovable rock," he proceeds:—

Vindicate thine office in all diligence, whether in things carnal or in things spiritual. Have a care for unity, than which nothing is better. Sustain all men, even as the Lord sustaineth thee. Suffer all men in love, as also thou doest. Give thyself to unceasing prayer. Ask for more wisdom than thou hast. Keep watch, and preserve a wakeful spirit. . . . Be thou wise as the serpent in all things, and harmless always as the dove. . . . The time requireth thee, as pilots require winds, or as a storm-tossed mariner a haven, so that it may find God. . . . Be sober, as God's athlete. . . . Stand firm as an anvil under the stroke of the hammer. It becomes a great athlete to endure blows and to conquer. . . . Show thyself more zealous than thou art. . . . Let nothing be done without thy consent, neither do thou anything without God's consent, as indeed thou doest not.*

The close of the letter is addressed mainly to the Smyrnæans, enforcing their reciprocal obligations towards their bishop.

This letter, if the additional matter in the Vossian Epistles may be trusted, was written from Troas, when the martyr was on the point of embarking for Neapolis.† The next stage of his journey would bring him to Philippi, where he halted. Thence he proceeded by the great Egnatian road across the continent to the Adriatic, on his way to Rome.

Shortly after this, Polycarp himself addresses a letter to the Philippians. He had been especially invited by his correspondents to write to them, but he had also a reason of his own for doing so. During this season of the year, when winter had closed the high seas for navigation, all news from Rome must travel through Macedonia to Asia Minor. At Smyrna they had not yet received tidings of the fate of Ignatius; and he hoped to get early information from his correspondents, who were some stages nearer to Rome where, as Polycarp assumed, his friend had already suffered martyrdom.‡

This was the occasion of the letter, which for various reasons possesses the highest interest as a document of early Christian literature, though far from remarkable in itself.

Its most important feature is the profuseness of quotation from the Apostolic writings. Of a Canon of the New Testament, strictly so called, it is not probable that Polycarp knew anything.§ This idea was necessarily, as Dr. Westcott has shown, the growth of time. But of the writings which are included in our Canon he shows a wide knowledge and an ample appreciation. In this

* *Polyc.* 1—4.

† *C.* 8.

‡ *Phil.* 13. See below, p. 843 seq.

§ This supposition is quite consistent with his using certain writings as authoritative. Thus he appeals to the "Oracles of the Lord" (*c.* 7), and he treats St. Paul as incomparably greater than himself or others like him (*c.* 8).

respect he may not unprofitably be compared with Clement of Rome. Clement of Rome, there is good reason to believe, was a Hellenist Jew;* he must have been brought up in a familiar acquaintance with the Old Testament Scriptures. On the other hand Polycarp, as we have already seen, was probably the son of Christian parents; at all events he was educated from his earliest childhood in the knowledge of the Gospel; he had grown up in the society of Apostles and Apostolic men. This contrast of education makes itself apparent in the writings of the two Fathers. Though there are clear indications in Clement that he was acquainted with many of the Apostolic Epistles, yet his quotations are chiefly taken from the Old Testament. Again and again he cites continuous passages, and argues from them at length. But with Polycarp the case is different. The New Testament has exchanged places with the Old, at least so far as practical use is concerned. Notwithstanding its brevity, Polycarp's Epistle contains decisive coincidences with or references to between thirty and forty passages in the New Testament.† On the other hand, with the single exception of four words from the apocryphal book of Tobit,‡ there is no quotation taken immediately from the Old Testament. Elsewhere indeed he cites the words of Ps. iv. 4, but these are evidently quoted from St. Paul, and not directly from the Psalmist, as his context shows.§

Not less remarkable than the number of his quotations from the New Testament is their wide range. Of the Evangelical references I shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent article. Besides these there is a strong coincidence with the Acts which can hardly be accidental;|| and there are passages or expressions taken from most of the Apostolic Epistles. Among the latter the most decisive examples frequently refer to those very Epistles which modern criticism has striven to discredit. It cannot reasonably be questioned for instance, that Polycarp was acquainted with the Epistle to the Ephesians and with the two Epistles to Timothy. Of the indisputable references to the First Epistle of St. Peter I have already spoken in a former paper.

* The question of the Jewish or Gentile origin of Clement has been much disputed. My chief reason for the view adopted in the text is the fact that he shows not only an extensive knowledge of the Old Testament, but also an acquaintance with the traditional teaching of the Jews. I find the name borne by a Jew in a sepulchral inscription (*Orell. Inscr.* 2899):—D. M. CLEMENTI. CAESARVM. N. N. SERVO. CASTELLARIO. AQVAE. CLAVDIAE. FECIT. CLAVDIA. SABBATHIS. ET. SIBI. ET. SVIS. If a conjecture may be hazarded, I venture to think that our Clement was a freedman or the son of a freedman in the household of Flavius Clemens, the cousin of Domitian, whom the Emperor put to death for his profession of Christianity. It is a curious fact, that Clement of Alexandria bears the name *T. Flavius Clemens*. He also was probably descended from some dependent belonging to the household of one or other of the Flavian princes. † Lardner "Credibility," Pt. II. c. vi.

‡ C. 10. "Eleemosyna de morte liberat," from Tobit iv. 10, xii. 9.

§ C. 12. "Ut his scripturis dictum est; *Irascimini, et nolite peccare, et Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram*," evidently taken from Ephes. iv. 26.

|| C. 1. *ὁν ἡγρεν ὁ Θεὸς λύσας τὰς ἀδυνας τοῦ ᾄδου*, from Acts ii. 24.

But the most important fact, in its bearing on recent controversy, is the relation of the writer to St. Paul. According to the hypothesis of the Tübingen school, there was a personal antagonism between St. Paul and St. John, and an irreconcilable feud between their respective schools. It is therefore with special interest that we look to see what the most eminent scholar of the beloved disciple says about the Apostle of the Gentiles. Now St. Paul occupies quite the most prominent place in Polycarp's Epistle. This prominence is partly explained by the fact that he is writing to a Church of St. Paul's founding, but this explanation does not detract from its value. St. Paul is the only Apostle who is mentioned by name; his writings are the only Apostolic writings which are referred to by name; of his thirteen Epistles, there are probable references to as many as eleven;* there are direct appeals to his example and his teaching alike; there is even an apology on the writer's part for the presumption of seeming to set himself up as a rival to the Apostle by writing to a Church to whom he had addressed an Epistle.† Altogether the testimony to the respect in which St. Paul is held by the writer is as complete as language can make it. If therefore the Epistle be accepted as genuine, the position of the Tübingen school must be abandoned.

From considering the phenomena of the extant Epistle, we pass by a natural transition to the second point which I proposed to investigate, the traditions of the author's teaching.

Polycarp was no longer a young man, when his Epistle was written. But he lived on to see a new generation grow up from infancy to mature age afterwards; and as the companion of Apostles and the depository of the Apostolic tradition, his influence increased with his increasing years. Before he died, even unbelievers had come to regard him as the "Father of the Christians."

Of his later years a glimpse is afforded to us in the record of an eye-witness. Among the disciples of his old age were two youths, companions for the time, but destined to stand far apart in after life—

"Like cliffs that had been rent asunder;"

the elder, Florinus, who became famous afterwards as a heretical leader; the younger, Irenæus, who stood forward as the great champion of orthodoxy. The following is the remonstrance addressed by Irenæus to his former associate after his defection:—

These opinions, Florinus, that I may speak without harshness, are not of sound judgment; these opinions are not in harmony with the Church,

* The unrepresented Epistles are Titus and Philemon. The reference to Colossians is uncertain; and in one or two other cases the coincidence is not so close as to remove all possibility of doubt.

† C. 3.

but involve those adopting them in the greatest impiety; these opinions even the heretics outside the pale of the Church have never ventured to broach; these opinions the elders before us, who also were disciples of the Apostles, did not hand down to thee. For I saw thee, when I was still a boy (παῖς ὄν ἔτι), in Lower Asia in company with Polycarp, while thou wast faring prosperously in the royal court, and endeavouring to stand well with him. For I distinctly remember (διαμνημονεύω) the incidents of that time better than events of recent occurrence; for the lessons received in childhood (ἐκ παιδων), growing with the growth of the soul, become identified with it; so that I can describe the very place in which the blessed Polycarp used to sit when he discoursed, and his goings out and his comings in, and his manner of life, and his personal appearance, and the discourses which he held before the people, and how he would describe his intercourse with John and with the rest who had seen the Lord, and how he would relate their words. And whatsoever things he had heard from them about the Lord, and about his miracles, and about his teaching, Polycarp, as having received them from eye-witnesses of the life of the Word,* would relate altogether in accordance with the Scriptures. To these (discourses) I used to listen at the time with attention by God's mercy which was bestowed upon me, noting them down, not on paper, but in my heart; and by the grace of God, I constantly ruminate upon them faithfully (γνησίως). And I can testify in the sight of God, that if the blessed and Apostolic elder had heard anything of this kind, he would have cried out, and stopped his ears, and said after his wont, "O good God, for what times hast Thou kept me, that I should endure such things?" and would even have fled from the place where he was sitting or standing when he heard such words. And indeed, this can be shown from his letters which he wrote either to the neighbouring Churches for their confirmation, or to certain of the brethren for their warning and exhortation.†

Unfortunately the chronological notices are not sufficiently precise to enable us to fix the date either of this intercourse with Polycarp, or of the letter to Florinus in which Irenæus records it. In the year 155 or 156 Polycarp died; in the year 177 Irenæus became Bishop of Lyons. Putting these two facts together, we may perhaps assume that Irenæus must have been a pupil of Polycarp somewhere between A.D. 135—150. The mention of the "royal court" seems at first sight to suggest the hope of a more precise solution; but even if this notice be taken to imply the presence of the Emperor for the time being in Asia Minor, our information respecting the movements of Hadrian and his successors is too scanty to afford ground for any safe inference.‡

* τῶν ἀποπτῶν τῆς ζωῆς τοῦ Λόγου. I would gladly translate this "the eye-witnesses of the Word of Life" (comp. 1 John i. 1), as it is commonly taken; but I cannot get this out of the Greek order. Possibly there is an accidental transposition in the common text. The Syriac translator has "those who saw with their eyes the living Word."

† Euseb. *H. E.* v. 20.

‡ Dodwell and Grabe explain the reference by a visit of Hadrian to Asia, which the former places A.D. 122, and the latter A.D. 129 (Grabe, *Proleg.* sect. 1); but both these dates seem too early, even if there were no other objections. Massuet (*Diss. in Iren.* ii. sect. 2) considers that the expression does not imply the presence of the imperial court in Asia, but signifies merely that Florinus was a courtier in high favour with the Emperor. But Irenæus could hardly have expressed himself so, if he had meant nothing more than this. The succeeding Emperor, Antoninus Pius (A.D. 138—161), spent his time almost entirely in Italy. Capitolinus says of him: "Nec ullas expeditiones oblit, nisi quod ad agros suos profectus et ad Campaniam," *Vit. Anton.* 7. He appears however to

Of the later career of Florinus, we are informed that he was at one time a presbyter of the Roman Church; that he afterwards fell away, and taught his heresy in the metropolis; that in consequence Irenæus addressed to him this letter from which I have given the extract, and which was also entitled "On Monarchy" or "Showing that God is not the author of evil" (πομπὴν κακῶν)—this being the special heresy of Florinus; and that afterwards, apparently by a rebound, he lapsed into Valentinianism, on which occasion Irenæus wrote his treatise on the Ogdoad.* As the treatise of Irenæus on the Ogdoad can hardly have been written later than his extant work on Heresies, in which Valentinianism is so fully discussed as to render any such partial treatment superfluous, and which dates from the episcopate of Eleutherius (A.D. 177—190), we are led to the conclusion that the letter to Florinus was one of the earliest writings of this Father.

Thus we are left without any means of ascertaining the exact age of Irenæus when he sat at the feet of Polycarp. But beyond this uncertainty his testimony is as explicit as could well be desired. All experience, if I mistake not, bears out his statement respecting the vividness of the memory during this period of life. In a recent trial, the most fatal blot in the evidence was the inability of a pretender to give any information respecting the games and studies, the companions, the familiar haunts, of the school and college days of the person with whom he identified himself. It is the penalty which mature age pays for clearer ideas and higher powers of generalisation, that the recollection of facts becomes comparatively blurred. Very often an old man will relate with perfect distinctness the incidents of his youth and early manhood, while a haze will rest over much of the intervening period. Those who have listened to a Sedgwick after a lapse of sixty or seventy years repeating anecdotes of the "statesmen" in his native dale, or describing the circumstances under which he first heard the news of the battle of Trafalgar, will be able to realize the vividness of the stories which the aged Polycarp would tell to his youthful pupil of his intercourse with the last surviving Apostle—the memory of the narrator being quickened and the interest of the hearer intensified, in this case, by the conviction

have gone to Egypt and Syria in the later years of his reign (Aristid. *Op.* i. p. 453, Ed. Dind.), and the account of Io. Malalas would seem to imply that he visited Asia Minor on his return (p. 280, Ed. Bonn.). But M. Waddington (*Vie du Rhéteur Élius Aristide*, p. 259 seq.) shows that he was still at Antioch in the early part of the year 155; so that this visit, if it really took place, is too late for our purpose.

As no known visit of a reigning Emperor will suit, I venture to offer a conjecture. About the year 136, T. Aurelius Fulvus was proconsul of Asia (Waddington, *Fastes des provinces Asiatiques*, p. 724). Within two or three years from his proconsulate he was raised to the imperial throne, and is known as Antoninus Pius. Florinus may have belonged to his suite, and Irenæus in after years might well call the proconsul's retinue, in a loose way, the "royal court" by anticipation. This explanation gives a visit of sufficient length, and otherwise fits in with the circumstances.

* Euseb. *H. E.* v. 15, 20.

that they were brought face to face with facts such as the world had never seen before.

One incident more is recorded of this veteran preacher of the Gospel. In the closing years of his life he undertook a journey to Rome, where he conferred with the bishop, Anicetus. The main subject of this conference was the time of celebrating the Passion. Polycarp pleaded the practice of St. John and the other Apostles with whom he had conversed, for observing the actual day of the Jewish Passover, without respect to the day of the week. On the other hand, Anicetus could point to the fact that his predecessors, at least as far back as Xystus, who succeeded to the see soon after the beginning of the century, had always kept the anniversary of the Passion on a Friday and that of the Resurrection on a Sunday, thus making the day of the month give place to the day of the week. Neither convinced the other, but they parted good friends. This difference of usage did not interfere with the most perfect cordiality; and, as a sign of this, Anicetus allowed Polycarp to celebrate the Eucharist in his stead.* About forty years later, when the Paschal controversy was revived, and Victor, a successor of Anicetus, excommunicated the Asiatic Churches, Irenæus, though himself an observer of the Western usage, wrote to remonstrate with Victor on this harsh and tyrannical measure. An extract from his letter is preserved by Eusebius, in which these incidents respecting his old master are recorded.† Irenæus insists strongly on the fact that "the harmony of the faith" has never been disturbed hitherto by any such diversities of usage.

To this visit to Rome Irenæus makes another reference in his extant work against Heresies. The perfect confidence with which he appeals to the continuity of the Apostolic tradition, and to the testimony of Polycarp as the principal link in the chain, gives a peculiar significance to this passage, and no apology is needed for quoting it at length. After speaking of the succession of the Roman bishops, through whom the true doctrine has been handed down to his own generation without interruption, he adds—

And (so it was with) Polycarp also, who not only was taught by Apostles, and lived in familiar intercourse (*συναναστραφεῖς*) with many that had seen Christ, but also received his appointment in Asia from Apostles, as Bishop in the Church of Smyrna, whom we too have seen in our youth (*ἐν τῇ πρώτῃ ἡμῶν ἡλικίᾳ*), for he survived long, and departed this life at a very great age, by a glorious and most notable martyrdom, having ever taught these very things, which he had learnt from the Apostles, which the Church hands down, and which alone are true. To these testimony is borne by all the Churches in Asia, and by the successors of Poly-

* This at least seems to be the most probable meaning of *παρεχώρησε τὴν εὐχαριστίαν*.

† Euseb. *H. E.* v. 24.

carp up to the present time, who was a much more trustworthy and safer witness of the truth than Valentinus and Marcion, and all such wrong-minded men. He also, when on a visit to Rome in the days of Anicetus, converted many to the Church of God from following the afore-named heretics, by preaching that he had received from the Apostles this doctrine, and this only, which was handed down by the Church, as the truth. And there are those who have heard him tell how John, the disciple of the Lord, when he went to take a bath in Ephesus, and saw Cerinthus within, rushed away from the room without bathing; with the words, "Let us flee, lest the room should indeed fall in; for Cerinthus, the enemy of the truth, is within." Yea, and Polycarp himself also on one occasion, when Marcion confronted him and said, "Dost thou recognize me?" answered, "I recognize the firstborn of Satan." Such care did the Apostles and their disciples take not to hold any communication, even by word, with any of those who falsify the truth, as Paul also said, "A man that is a heretic after a first and second admonition, avoid; knowing that such an one is perverted and sinneth, being self-condemned." Moreover, there is an Epistle of Polycarp addressed to the Philippians, which is most adequate (*ikavotárη*), and from which both his manner of life and his preaching of the truth may be learnt by those who desire to learn and are anxious for their own salvation. And again, the Church in Ephesus, which was founded by Paul, and where John survived till the times of Trajan, is a true witness of the tradition of the Apostles.*

I have given these important extracts at length because they speak for themselves. If I mistake not, they will be more convincing than many arguments. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of Irenæus, when he thus explicitly and repeatedly maintains that the doctrines which he holds and teaches are the same which Polycarp had held and taught before him. On the other hand, a school of critics which has arisen in the present generation maintains that Irenæus was mistaken from beginning to end; that, instead of this continuity in the teaching and history of the Church, there had been a violent dislocation; that St. John, as an Apostle of the Circumcision, must have had a deep-rooted aversion to the doctrine and work of St. Paul; and that Polycarp, as a disciple of St. John, must have shared that aversion, and cannot therefore have recognized the authority of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

It is difficult to believe that those who hold this theory have seriously faced the historical difficulties which it involves, or have attempted to realize any combination of circumstances by which this revolution could have been brought about in such a manner as to escape the notice of the next succeeding generations. I shall probably have occasion hereafter to speak of the solidarity of the Church at this epoch. At present it is sufficient to say that the direct personal testimony of Irenæus respecting Polycarp is by no means the only, or even the greatest, impediment to this theory. He constantly appeals to the Asiatic elders, the disciples and followers of the Apostles, in confirmation of his statement.

* Iren. iii. 3. 4.

Among the Christian teachers of proconsular Asia who immediately succeeded Polycarp, are two famous names, Melito of Sardis and Claudius Apollinaris of Hierapolis. They must already have reached middle life before Polycarp's martyrdom. They were not merely practical workers, but voluminous writers also. The lists of their works handed down to us comprise the widest range of topics; they handle questions of Christian ethics, of Scriptural interpretation, of controversial divinity, of ecclesiastical order, of theological metaphysics. Was there then any possibility of a mistake here? To us the history of the Church during the second century is obscure enough, because all this voluminous literature, except a few meagre fragments, has been blotted out. But to the contemporaries and successors of Irenæus it was legible enough. "Who does not know," exclaims his own pupil Hippolytus, "the books of Irenæus and Melito and the rest, which declare Christ to be God and man?"*

This mission of peace to Rome must have been one of the latest acts of the old man's life. The accession of Anicetus to the see of Rome is variously dated; but the earliest year is about A.D. 150, and an eminent recent critic, who has paid special attention to the subject, places it between A.D. 154 and A.D. 156.† In the year 155, or 156 at the latest, Polycarp fell a martyr.

The details of his martyrdom are recorded in a contemporary document, which takes the form of a letter from the Church of Smyrna, addressed more immediately to the Church of Philomelium but challenging at the same time a wider circulation.‡ The simplicity with which the narrators record omens and occurrences easily explicable in themselves, but invested by their surcharged feelings with a miraculous character, is highly natural. The whole narrative is eminently touching and instructive; but the details have little or no bearing on my immediate purpose. It is sufficient to say that Polycarp had retired into the country to escape persecution; that the populace, not satisfied with the victims already sacrificed to their fury, demanded the life of Polycarp, as the "father of the Christians;" that his hiding-place was betrayed by a boy in his service, under the influence of torture; that the magistrates urged him to save his life by submitting to the usual tests, by pronouncing the formula, "Cæsar is Lord," or offering sacrifice, or swearing by the fortune of the Emperor, or reviling Christ; that he declared himself unable to blaspheme a Master whom he had served for eighty-six years, and from whom he had received no wrong; and that consequently he was burnt at the stake, Jews and Heathens vying with each other in feeding

* Quoted anonymously in Euseb. *H. E.* v. 28.

† Lipsius, *Chronologie der Römischen Bischöfe*, p. 263.

‡ See Jacobson's *Patres Apostolici*, ii. p. 604.

the flames. The games were already past; otherwise he would have been condemned to the wild beasts—the usual punishment for such contumacy.

Polycarp was martyred during the proconsulship of Statius Quadratus. The commonly received date of his death is A.D. 166 or 167, as given in the *Chronicon* of Eusebius. Quite recently however, M. Waddington has subjected the proconsular *fasti* of Asia Minor to a fresh and rigorous scrutiny.* This Statius Quadratus is mentioned by the orator Aristides; and by an investigation of the chronology of Aristides' life, with the aid of newly-discovered inscriptions, M. Waddington arrives at the result that Quadratus was proconsul in 154, 155; and, as Polycarp was martyred in the early months of the year, his martyrdom must be dated A.D. 155. This result is accepted by M. Renan,† and substantially also by Hilgenfeld and Lipsius,‡ who however (for reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter here) postpones the martyrdom to the following year, A.D. 156. M. Waddington's arguments seem conclusive, and this rectification of date removes some stumbling-blocks. The relations between St. John and Polycarp for instance, as reported by Irenæus and others, no longer present any difficulty, when the period during which the lives of the two overlap each other is thus extended. The author of "Supernatural Religion" very excusably adopts the received date of Polycarp's martyrdom, being unaware, as it would seem, of these recent investigations.

In this account of Polycarp, I have assumed the genuineness of the Epistle ascribed to him; but the author of "Supernatural Religion" has taken his side with those writers who condemn it as spurious, and I am therefore obliged to give reasons for this confidence.

So far as regards external testimony, it must be confessed that the Epistle of Polycarp presents itself with credentials of exceptional value. The instances are very rare indeed where a work of antiquity can claim the direct testimony of a pupil of the writer to whom it is ascribed. The statement of Irenæus respecting the authorship of this Epistle is explicit; and indeed, as the reference is not denied either by the author of "Supernatural Religion" or by other critics, like Lipsius and Hilgenfeld, who nevertheless condemn the Epistle as spurious, I am saved all trouble in establishing its adequacy. Our author indeed is content to set it aside,

* See his *Mémoire sur la Chronologie de la Vie du Rhéteur Élius Aristide*, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, xxvi. p. 202 seq.; and his *Fastes des provinces Asiatiques* in Le Bas and Waddington's *Voyage Archéologique en Grèce et en Asie Mineure*.

† *L'Antéchrist*, p. 566.

‡ Lipsius in the *Zeitsch. f. Wissensch. Theol.* xvii. p. 188 (1874); Hilgenfeld, *ibid.* p. 325 seq.

because "the testimony of Irenæus is not . . . entitled to much weight, inasmuch as his intercourse with Polycarp was evidently confined to a short period of his extreme youth, and we have no reason to suppose that he had any subsequent communication with him." * I do not see how the notice of Irenæus justifies the statement that the period was short; but the passage has been given above, and the reader may judge for himself. Nor does it seem probable, considering that the communications between Asia Minor and southern Gaul were close and frequent, that the pupil should altogether have lost sight of the master whom he revered, when he migrated to his new and distant home in the west. But, even though all this be granted, the fact still remains, that the testimony is exceptionally good and would in ordinary cases be regarded as quite decisive. I do not say that it is impossible Irenæus could have been mistaken; there is always risk of error in human testimony; but I maintain that, unless we are required to apply a wholly different standard of evidence here from that which is held satisfactory in other cases, we approach this Epistle with a very strong guarantee of its authenticity, which can only be invalidated by solid and convincing proofs, and against which hypothetical combinations and ingenious surmises are powerless.† Whether the objections adduced by the impugnors of this Epistle are of this character, the reader will see presently.

From the external we turn to the internal evidence. We are asked to believe that this letter was forged on the confines of the age of Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria. But can anything be more unlike the ecclesiastical literature of this later generation, whether we regard the use of the New Testament, or the notices of ecclesiastical order, or the statements of theological doctrine? The Evangelical quotations are still given (as in Clement of Rome) with the formula, "The Lord said;" the passages from the Apostolic Epistles are still, for the most part, indirect and anonymous. Though two or three chapters are devoted to injunctions respecting the ministry of the Church, there is not an allusion to episcopacy from beginning to end. Though the writer's ideas of the Person of Christ practically leave nothing to be desired, yet these ideas are still held in solution, and have not yet crystallized into the dogmatic forms which characterize the later generation. And from first to last this Epistle is silent upon those questions which interested the Church in the second half of the second century. Of Montanism, of the Paschal controversy, of the developed Gnostic heresies of this period, it says nothing. A supposed reference to Marcion I shall have to discuss presently.

* S. R. i. p. 276.

† It should be mentioned also that we have another exceptional guarantee in the fact that Polycarp's Epistle was read in the Church of Asia; Jerome, *Vir. Ill.* 17, "Usque hodie in Asia conventu legitur."

For the moment it is sufficient to say that an allusion so vague and pointless as this would be must certainly have missed its aim.

But this argument from internal evidence gains strength when considered from another point of view. The only intelligible theory—indeed, so far as I remember, the only attempt at a theory—offered to account for this Epistle by those who deny its genuineness or its integrity, connects it closely with the Ignatian letters. If forged, it was forged by the same hand which wrote the seven Vossian Epistles; if interpolated, it was interpolated by the person who expanded the three genuine Epistles into the seven. According to either hypothesis, the object was to recommend the Ignatian forgery on the authority of a great name; the motive betrays itself in the thirteenth chapter, where Polycarp is represented as sending several of the Ignatian Epistles to the Philippians along with his own letter. This theory is at all events intelligible; and, so far as I can see, it is the only rational theory of which the case admits.

Let us ask then, whether there is any improbability in the circumstances, as here represented. Ignatius had stayed at Philippi on his way to martyrdom; the Philippians had been deeply impressed by their intercourse with him; writing to Polycarp afterwards, they had requested him to send them a copy of the martyr's letter or letters to him; he complies with the request, and appends also copies of other letters written by Ignatius, which he happened to have in his possession. Is this at all unnatural? Suppose on the other hand, that the letters of Polycarp had contained no such reference to Ignatius and his Epistles, would it not have been regarded as a highly suspicious circumstance, that, writing to the Philippians so soon after Ignatius had visited both Churches, Polycarp should have said nothing about so remarkable a man? When I see how this argument from silence is worked in other cases, I cannot doubt that it would have been plied here as a formidable objection either to the truth of the Ignatian story, or to the genuineness of Polycarp's Epistle, or to both. My conclusion is that this notice proves nothing either way, when it stands alone. If the other contents of the Polycarpian Epistle are questionable, then it enforces our misgivings. If not, then this use of the notice is only another illustration of the over-suspicious temperament of modern criticism, which, as I ventured to suggest in an earlier paper, must be as fatal to calm and reasonable judgment in matters of early Christian history, as it is manifestly in matters of common life. The question therefore is narrowed to this issue, whether the Epistle of Polycarp bears evidence in its style and diction or in its modes of thought or in any other way, that it was written by the same hand which penned the Ignatian letters.

And here I venture to say that, however we test these documents, the contrast is very striking; more striking in fact than we should have expected to find between two Christian writers who wrote about the same time and were personally acquainted with each other. I will apply some of these tests.

1. The stress which Ignatius lays on episcopacy as the keystone of ecclesiastical order and the guarantee of theological orthodoxy, is well known. Indeed it is often supposed that the Ignatian Letters were written for this express purpose. In Polycarp's Epistle on the other hand, as I have already said, there is no mention of episcopacy. He speaks at length about the duties of the presbyters, of the deacons, of the widows, and others, but the bishop is entirely ignored. More especially he directs the younger men to be obedient to "the presbyters and deacons, as to God and Christ," but nothing is said about obedience to the bishop.* At a later part he has occasion to speak of an offence committed by one Valens, a presbyter, but here again there is the same silence. All this is quite intelligible, if the letter is genuine, on the supposition either that there was a vacancy in the Philippian bishopric at this time, or, as seems more probable, that the ecclesiastical organization there was not yet fully developed; but it is, so far as I can see, quite inconceivable that a forger whose object was to recommend episcopacy should have pictured a state of things so damaging to his main purpose. The supposed forger indeed shows himself throughout quite indifferent on this subject. There is every reason for believing that Polycarp was Bishop of Smyrna at this time; yet in the heading of the letter he does not assert his title, but writes merely, "Polycarp and the presbyters with him."

2. If we turn from ecclesiastical organization to doctrinal statement, the contrast still remains. We meet with no such strong expressions as are found in the Ignatian letters; Polycarp never speaks of "the blood of God," "the passion of my God," "Jesus Christ our God," and the like. Even in the commoner modes of designating our Lord, a difference is perceptible. Thus the favourite mode of expression with Ignatius is "Jesus Christ" simply, which occurs nearly a hundred times; whereas in Polycarp it is only found twice (one passage being a quotation). On the other hand, the usual expression in Polycarp is "Our Lord Jesus Christ," which apparently occurs only twice in the Ignatian Epistles, and in both instances with various readings. Again the combination "God and Christ," occurring three times in Polycarp, does not appear once in the Ignatian letters.†

* C. 5.

† I believe that the facts stated in the text are strictly correct; but I may have overlooked some passages. At all events a careful reader will, if I mistake not, observe a marked difference in the ordinary theological language of the two writers.

3. The divergence of the two writers as regards Scriptural quotations is still more remarkable. Though the seven Ignatian letters are together at least five times as long as the Epistle of Polycarp, the quotations from the Apostolic Epistles in the latter are many times more numerous, as well as more precise, than in the former. Whole passages in Polycarp are made up of such quotations strung together, while in Ignatius they are very rare, being for the most part epigrammatic adaptations and isolated coincidences of language or thought. Nor indeed is their range coextensive. Thus the Epistle of Polycarp, as I pointed out in a former article, is pervaded with the language of St. Peter's First Epistle, but in the Ignatian letters there is no trace of its use.*

4. But this divergence only forms part of a still broader and more decisive contrast. The profuseness of quotation in Polycarp's Epistle arises from a want of originality. The writer reproduces the thoughts and words of others, because his mind is essentially receptive and not creative. He is altogether wanting in independence of thought. On the other hand, the Ignatian letters are remarkable for their *individuality*. Of all early Christian writings they are pre-eminent in this respect. They are full of idiomatic expressions, quaint images, unexpected turns of thought and language. They exhibit their characteristic ideas, which obviously have a high value for the writer, for he recurs to them again and again, but which the reader often finds it extremely difficult to grasp, owing to their singularity.

I venture to think that any one who will carefully consider these contrasts—more especially the last, as extending over the whole field—must be struck with the impossibility of the theory which makes this letter part of the assumed Ignatian forgeries. This hypothesis requires us to believe that a very uncritical age produced a literary fiction, which, for subtlety and naturalness of execution, leaves the most skilful forgeries of the nineteenth century far behind.

And the hypothesis of interpolation is encumbered with difficulties of the same kind, and hardly less considerable. This hypothesis was shaped and developed by Ritschl,† whose theory has been accepted by some later writers. He supposes that the greater part of the Epistle is the genuine production of the person whose name it bears, written however, not immediately after the death of Ignatius, but in the later years of Polycarp's long life. The three passages which relate to Ignatius, together with other parts which he defines, he supposes to have been interpolated by

* *Magn.* 13 is given by Lardner (p. 88) as a coincidence with 1 Pet. v. 5. But the expression in question, "to be subject one to another," occurs also in Ephes. v. 21, even if any stress could be laid on the occurrence of these few obvious words.

† *Alt-katholische Kirche*, p. 584 seq. (Ed. 2).

the same forger who amplified the three genuine letters of the martyr of Antioch into the seven of the Vossian collection. But if any one will take the passages which Ritschl has struck out as interpolated, he will find that the general style is the same; that individual expressions, more especially theological expressions, are the same; that the quotations are from the same range of books, as in the other parts, extending even to coincidences of expression with the Epistle of Clement of Rome; and that altogether there is nothing to separate one part from another, except the *a priori* assumption that the references to Ignatius must be unhistorical. I do not know whether these facts have been pointed out before, and I cannot do more here than hint at lines of investigation which any one may follow up for himself. But when the phenomena are fully recognized, I venture to think that the difficulties in Ritschl's theory will be felt to be many times greater than those which it is framed to remove.

Of the general character of the Epistle, as affecting the question of its genuineness, the author of "Supernatural Religion" has said nothing. But he has reproduced special objections which have been urged by previous writers; and to these I wish to call attention, because they are very good, and not unfavourable, illustrations of the style of criticism which is in vogue with the negative school.

1. Our author writes in the first place:—

We have just seen that the martyr-journey of Ignatius to Rome is, for cogent reasons, declared to be wholly fabulous, and the epistles purporting to be written during that journey must be held to be spurious. The Epistle of Polycarp, however, not only refers to the martyr-journey (c. ix.), but to the Ignatian Epistles which are inauthentic (c. xiii.), and the manifest inference is that it also is spurious.

Of the fabulous character of the martyr-journey I have already disposed in my previous article on the Ignatian letters. For the present I reserve what I have to say concerning the assumed reference to the "inauthentic" Epistles, as this objection will reappear again.

2. Our author on a later page urges that—

In the Epistle itself, there are many anachronisms. In ch. ix. the "blessed Ignatius" is referred to as already a considerable time dead, and he is held up with Zosimus and Rufus, and also with Paul and the rest of the Apostles, as examples of patience: men who have not run in vain, but are with the Lord; but in ch. xiii. he is spoken of as living, and information is requested regarding him, "and those who are with him."

To this objection I had already supplied the answer* which has been given many times before, and which, as it seemed to me, the author ought in fairness to have noticed. I had pointed out

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1874, p. 8.

that we have only the Latin version here, and that the present tense is obviously due to the translator. The original would naturally be *τῶν σὺν αὐτῷ*, which the translator, being obliged to supply a substantive verb, has carelessly rendered "his qui cum eo *sunt*." If any one will consider what has been just said about the general character of the Epistle, he will see that this is the only reasonable explanation of the fact, whether we regard the work as genuine or not. If it is not genuine, the forger has executed his task with consummate skill and appreciation; and yet here he is charged with a piece of bungling which a school-boy would have avoided. It is not merely an anachronism, but a self-contradiction of the most patent kind. The writer, on this hypothesis, has not made up his mind whether Ignatius is or is not supposed to be dead at the time, and he represents the fact differently in two different parts.*

But our author apparently is quite unaware that *οἱ σὺν αὐτῷ* might mean equally well, "those who *were* with him," and "those who *are* with him." At least I cannot attach any other meaning to his reply, in which he retorts upon me my own words used elsewhere, and speaks of my argument as being "wrecked upon this rock of grammar."† If so, I can only refer him to Thucydides or any Greek historian, where he will find scores of similar instances. I need hardly say that the expression itself is quite neutral as regards time, meaning nothing more than "his companions," and that the tense must be supplied according to the context or the known circumstances of the case. But I am not sorry that our author has fallen into this error, for it has led me to investigate the usage of Polycarp and his translator, and has thus elicited the following facts:—(1). Unless he departed from his ordinary usage, Polycarp would have employed the short expression *οἱ σὺν αὐτῷ* or *οἱ μετ' αὐτοῦ* in such a case. Thus he has *οἱ σὺν αὐτῷ* in the opening paragraph, and *τοῖς ἐξ ἡμῶν* in c. 9, with other similar instances. (2). The translator, if he had the words *τοῖς σὺν αὐτῷ* before him, would almost certainly supply the substantive verb, as he has done in the opening, "qui cum eo *sunt* presbyteri;" in c. 3, "illis qui tunc *erant* hominibus," and "quæ *est* in Deo;" in c. 9, "qui ex vobis *sunt*;" and probably also in c. 12, "qui *sunt* sub cælo" (the Greek is wanting in this last passage). (3). The translator, in supplying the verb, was as likely as not to give the wrong tense. In fact, in the only other passage in the Epistle where it was possible to make a mistake, he has gone wrong on this very point; he has translated *ἦν καὶ εἶδετε . . . ἐν ἄλλοις τοῖς ἐξ ἡμῶν*

* Ritschl (l. c. p. 586), though himself condemning the thirteenth chapter as an interpolation, treats this objection as worthless, and says very decidedly that the corresponding Greek must have been *τῶν μετ' αὐτοῦ*.

† *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1875, p. 14.

mechanically by a present tense, "quam et vidistis . . . in aliis qui ex vobis *sunt*," though the persons are mentioned in connection with St. Ignatius and St. Paul, and though it is distinctly stated immediately afterwards that they *all* were dead, having, as we may infer from the context, ended their life by martyrdom. In fact, he has made the very same blunder which I ascribe to him here.

This objection therefore may be set aside for ever. But the notices which I have been considering suggest another reflection. Is the historical position which the writer of this letter takes up at all like the invention of a forger? Would he have thought of placing himself at the moment of time when Ignatius is supposed to have been martyred, but when the report of the circumstances had not yet reached Smyrna? If he had chosen this moment, would he not have made it clear, instead of leaving his readers to infer it by piecing together notices which are scattered through the Epistle—notice moreover, which, though entirely consistent with each other, are so far from obvious that his translator has been led astray by them, and that modern critics have woven out of them these entanglements which it has taken me so much time to unravel?

3. But our author proceeds:—

Moreover, although thus spoken of as alive, the writer already knows of his Epistles, and refers, in the plural, to those written by him "to us, and all the rest which we have by us." The reference here, it will be observed, is not only to the Epistles to the Smyrnæans and to Polycarp himself, but to other spurious epistles which are not included in the Syriac version.

I have already shown that Ignatius is not spoken of as alive; but, if he had been alive, I do not see why Polycarp should not have known of his Epistles, seeing that of the seven Vossian letters four claim to have been written from Smyrna, when the saint was in some sense Polycarp's guest, and two to have been written to Smyrna. Therefore of the seven Epistles, supposing them to be genuine, Polycarp would almost necessarily have been acquainted with six.

By the "other spurious Epistles," which the Epistle of Polycarp is supposed to recognize, I presume that our author means the four of the Vossian collection, which have no place in the Syriac. If so, I would reply that, supposing the three Syriac Epistles to represent the only genuine letters *extant*, these Epistles themselves bear testimony to the fact that Ignatius wrote several others besides; for in one passage in these Syriac Epistles (*Rom.* 4) the martyr says, "I write to *all the Churches* and charge *all men*." And again, when Polycarp writes, τὰς ἐπιστολάς Ἰγνατίου τὰς πεμφθείσας ἡμῖν ὑπ' αὐτοῦ it is sufficient to advert to the fact that, like the Latin

epistolæ, the plural *ἐπιστολαὶ* is frequently used convertibly with the singular *ἐπιστολή* for a single letter,* and indeed appears to be so used in an earlier passage by Polycarp himself of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians;† so that the notice is satisfied by the single Epistle to Polycarp which is included in the Syriac letters, and does not necessarily imply also the Epistle to the Smyrnæans which has no place there. But of this passage generally I would say, that though it may be a question whether the language does not favour the genuineness of the Vossian letters, as against the Curetonian, it cannot be taken to impugn the genuineness of the Epistle of Polycarp itself, authenticated, as this Epistle is, by Irenæus, and exhibiting, as we have seen, every mark of genuineness in itself.

4. Our author then continues :—

Dallæus pointed out long ago, that ch. xiii. abruptly interrupts the conclusion of the Epistle.

In what sense this chapter can be said to interrupt the conclusion it is difficult to say. It occupies exactly the place which would naturally be assigned to such personal matters; for it follows upon the main purport of the letter, while it immediately precedes the recommendation of the bearer and the final salutation. On the same showing the conclusion of the greater number of St. Paul's Epistles is "abruptly interrupted."

5. The next argument is of another kind :—

The writer vehemently denounces, as already widely spread, the Gnostic heresy and other forms of false doctrine which did not exist until the time of Marcion, to whom and to whose followers he refers in unmistakable terms. An expression is used in ch. vii. in speaking of these heretics, which Polycarp is reported by Irenæus to have actually applied to Marcion in person, during his stay in Rome about A.D. 160. He is said to have called Marcion the "first-born of Satan," (*πρωτότοκος τοῦ Σατανᾶ*), and the same term is employed in this epistle with regard to every one who holds such false doctrines. The development of these heresies, therefore, implies a date for the composition of the Epistle, at earliest, after the middle of the second century, a date which is further confirmed by other circumstances.

I will take the latter part of this statement first, correcting however one or two errors of detail. M. Waddington's investigations, to which I have already alluded, oblige us to place Polycarp's visit to Rome some few years before 160, since his death is fixed at A.D. 155 or 156. Again, Irenæus does not state that the interview between Polycarp and Marcion took place at Rome. It may have taken place there, but it may have occurred at an earlier date in Asia Minor, of which region Marcion was a

* I have collected several instances in *Philippian*, p. 138 seq.

† C. 3.

native.* These however are not very important matters. The point of the indictment lies in the fact that about A.D. 140, earlier or later, Polycarp is reported to have applied the expression "first-born of Satan" to Marcion, while in the Epistle, purporting to have been written many years before, he appears as using this same expression of other Gnostic teachers. This argument is a good illustration of the reasons which satisfy even men like Lipsius and Hilgenfeld. To any ordinary judicial mind, I imagine, this coincidence, so far as it goes, would appear to point to Polycarp as the author of the Epistle; for the two facts come to us on independent authority—the one from oral tradition through Irenæus, the other in a written document older than Irenæus. Or, if the one statement arose out of the other, the converse relation of that which this hypothesis assumes is much more probable. Irenæus, as he tells us in the context, was acquainted with the Epistle, and it is quite possible that in repeating the story of Polycarp's interview with Marcion he inadvertently imported into it the expression which he had read in the Epistle. But the independence of the two is far more probable. As a fact, men do repeat the same expressions again and again, and this throughout long periods of their lives. Such forms of speech arise out of their idiosyncrasies, and so become part of them. This is a matter of common experience, and in the case of Polycarp we happen to be informed incidentally that he had a habit of repeating favourite expressions. Irenæus, in a passage already quoted, mentions his exclamation, "O good God," as one of these.†

Our author however declares that the passage in the Epistle which contains this expression is directly aimed at Marcion and his followers; and, inasmuch as Marcion can hardly have promulgated his heresy before A.D. 130—140 at the earliest, this fact, if it be a fact, condemns as spurious a work which professes to have been written some years before. But is there anything really characteristic of Marcion in the description? Our author does not explain himself, nor can I find anything which really justifies the statement in the writers to whom I am referred in his footnote. I turn therefore to the words themselves—

For every one who doth not confess that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh, is antichrist; and whosoever doth not confess the testimony of the cross, is of the devil; and whosoever perverteth the oracles of the Lord to (serve) his own lusts, and saith that there is neither resurrection nor judgment, this man is a first-born of Satan.‡

* The words of Irenæus are, καὶ αὐτὸς δὲ ὁ Πολύκαρπος Μαρκίωνι ποτὲ εἰς ὕψιν αὐτῷ ἐλθόντι κ.τ.λ. Zahn (*Ignatius*, p. 496) remarks on this that the ποτὲ refers us to another point of time than the sojourn of Polycarp in Rome mentioned in the preceding sentence. I could not feel sure of this; but it separates this incident from the others, and leaves the time indeterminate.

† In the *Letter to Florinus*, quoted above, p. 833.

‡ C. 7.

To illustrate the relation of these denunciations to Marcionite doctrine, I will suppose a parallel. I take up a book written by a Nonconformist, and I find in it an attack (I am not concerned with the truth or falsehood of the opinions attacked) on the doctrines of episcopal succession, of sacramental grace, of baptismal regeneration, and the like. It is wholly silent about claims to Papal domination, about infallibility, about purgatory and indulgences, about the worship of the Virgin or of the Saints. Am I justified in concluding that the writer is "referring in unmistakable terms" to the Church of Rome, because the Church of Rome, in common with the majority of Churches, holds the doctrines attacked? Would not any reasonable man draw the very opposite inference, and conclude that the writer cannot mean the Church of Rome, because there is absolute silence about the distinctive tenets of that Church?

So it is here. Marcion, in common with almost all Gnostic sects, held some views which are here attacked. But Marcion had also doctrines of his own, sharp, trenchant, and startling. Marcion taught that the God of the New Testament was a distinct being from the God of the Old, whom he identified with the God of Nature; that these two Gods were not only distinct but antagonistic; that there was an irreconcilable, internecine feud between them; and that Jesus Christ came from the good God to rescue men from the God of Nature and of the Jews. This was the head and front of his offending; and consequently a common charge against him with orthodox writers is that he "blasphemes God."* Of this there is not a hint in Polycarp's denunciation. Again, Marcion rejected the authority of the Twelve, denouncing them as false Apostles, and he confined his Canon to St. Paul's Epistles and to a Pauline Gospel. Again, Marcion prohibited marriage, and even refused to baptize married persons. On these points also Polycarp is silent.

But indeed the case against this hypothesis is much stronger than would appear from the illustration which I have used. Not only is there nothing specially characteristic of Marcion in the heresy or heresies denounced by Polycarp, not only were the doctrines condemned held by divers other teachers besides, but some of the charges are quite inapplicable to him. The passage in question denounces three forms of heretical teaching, which may or may not have been combined in one sect. Of these the first, "Whosoever doth not confess that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh," is capable of many interpretations. It may refer, for instance, to the separationism of Cerinthus, who maintained that the spiritual Being Christ descended on the man Jesus after the

* *E.g.* Iren. i. 27. 2, 3; iii. 12. 12.

baptism, and left Him before the crucifixion, so that, while Jesus suffered, Christ remained impassible;* or it may describe the pure docetism, which maintained that our Lord's body was a mere phantom body, so that His birth and life and death alike were only apparent, and not real;† or it may have some reference different from either. I cannot myself doubt that the expression is borrowed from the First Epistle of St. John, and there it seems to refer to Cerinthus, the contemporary of the Apostle;‡ but Polycarp may have used it with a much wider reference. Under any circumstances, though it would no doubt apply to Marcion, who held strong docetic views, it would apply to almost every sect of Gnostics besides. The same may be said of the second position attacked, "Whosoever doth not confess the testimony of the cross," which might include not only divers Gnostic sects, but many others as well. But the case is wholly different with the third, "Whosoever perverteth the oracles of the Lord to (serve) his own lusts, and saith that there is neither resurrection nor judgment." To this type of error, and this only, the description "first-born of Satan" is applied in the text, and of this I venture to say that it is altogether inapplicable to Marcion. No doubt Marcion, like every other heretical teacher of the second century, or indeed of any century, did "pervert the oracles of the Lord" by his tortuous interpretations; but he did not pervert them "to his own lusts." The high moral character of Marcion was unimpeachable, and is recognized by the orthodox writers of the second century; the worst charge which they bring against him is disappointed ambition. He was an ascetic of the most uncompromising and rigorous type. I cannot but regard it as a significant fact that when Scholten wishes to fasten this denunciation on Marcion, he stops short at "pervert the oracles of the Lord," and takes no account of the concluding words "to his own lusts," though these contain the very sting of the accusation.§ Obviously the allusion here is to that antinomian license which

* Iren. i. 26. 1.

† This seems to be the form of heresy attacked in the Ignatian letters: *Magn.* 11; *Trall.* 9; *Smyrn.* 1.

‡ 1 John iv. 2, 3, "Every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ come (*ἐληλυθότα*) in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not Jesus is not of God." I cannot refrain from expressing the suspicion that the correct reading in this second clause may be *λέει*, "divideth" or "dissolveth," instead of *μὴ ὁμολογεῖ*, "confesseth not." It is the reading of the old Latin, of Irenæus, of Tertullian, and of Origen; and Socrates (*H. E.* vii. 32) says that it was found "in the old copies." Though the passages of Irenæus and Origen are only extant in Latin versions, yet the contexts clearly show that the authors themselves so read it. It is difficult to conceive that the very simple *μὴ ὁμολογεῖ* would be altered into *λέει*, whereas the converse change would be easy. At all events *λέει* must represent a very early gloss, dating probably from a time when the original reference of St. John was obvious; and it well describes the Christology of Cerinthus. See the application in Irenæus, iii. 16. 8 "*Sententia eorum homicidalis . . . Comminuens et per multa dividens Filium Dei; quos . . . Ioannes in prædicta epistola fugere eos præcepit dicens*," &c.

§ *Die ältesten Zeugnisse*, p. 41.

many early Gnostic teachers managed to extract from the spiritual teaching of the Gospel. We find germs of this immoral doctrine a full half century before the professed date of Polycarp's Epistle, in the incipient Gnosticism which St. Paul rebukes at Corinth.* We have still clearer indications of it in the Pastoral Epistles; and when we reach the epoch of the Apocalypse, which our author himself places somewhere in the year 68 or 69, the evil is almost full blown.† This interpretation becomes more evident when we consider the expression in the light of the accompanying clause, where the same persons are described as saying that there was "no resurrection nor judgment." This can hardly mean anything else than that they denied the doctrine of a future retribution, and so broke loose from the moral restraints imposed by fear of consequences. Here again, they had their forerunners in those licentious speculators belonging to the Christian community at Corinth who maintained that "there is no resurrection of the dead,"‡ and whose Epicurean lives were a logical consequence of their Epicurean doctrine. And here, too, the Pastoral Epistles supply a pertinent illustration. If we are at a loss to conceive how they could have extracted such a doctrine out of "the oracles of the Lord," the difficulty is explained by the parallel case of Hymenæus and Philetus, who taught that "the resurrection had already taken place,"§ or in other words, that all such terms must be understood in a metaphorical sense as applying to the spiritual change, the new birth or resuscitation of the believer in the present world.|| Thus everything hangs together. But such teaching is altogether foreign to Marcion. He did indeed deny the resurrection of the flesh, and the future body of the redeemed.¶ This was a necessary tenet of all Gnostics, who held the inherent malignity of matter. In this sense only he denied a resurrection; and he did not deny a judgment at all. Holding, like the Catholic Christian, that men would be rewarded or punished hereafter according to their deeds in this life, he was obliged to recognize a judgment in some form or other. His Supreme God indeed, whom he represented as pure beneficence, could not be a judge or an avenger, but he got over the difficulty by assigning the work of judging and punishing to the Demiurge.** To revert to my illustration, this is as though our Nonconformist writer threw out a charge of Erastianism against the anonymous body of Christians whom he was attacking, and whom nevertheless it was sought to identify with the Church of Rome.

* *E.g.* 1 Cor. vi. 12—18; viii. 1 seq., &c. † Rev. ii. 6, 14, 15, 20, 24.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 12. § 2 Tim. ii. 18. || Iren. ii. 31. 2; Tertull. *de Resurr. Carn.* 19.

¶ Iren. i. 27. 3, Tertull. *adv. Marc.* v. 10, *de Præser. Hæc.* 33.

** See Neander, *Church History* ii. p. 147; and to the references there given add Iren. iii. 25. 2 "Alterum quidem *judicare* et alterum quidem *salvare* dixerunt," and sect. 3, "Marcion igitur ipse dividens Deum in duo, alterum quidem bonum et alterum *judiciale* dicens," with the context.

6. The next argument is of a wholly different kind:—

The writer evidently assumes a position in the Church to which Polycarp could only have attained in the latter part of his life, and of which we first have evidence about A.D. 160, when he was deputed to Rome for the Paschal discussion.

This argument will not appeal to Englishmen with any power, when they remember that the ablest and most powerful Prime Minister whom constitutional England has seen assumed the reins of government at the early age of twenty-four. But Polycarp was not a young man at this time. M. Waddington's investigations here again stand us in good stead. If we take the earlier date of the martyrdom of Ignatius, Polycarp was now in his fortieth year at least; if the later date, he was close upon fifty. He had been a disciple, apparently a favourite disciple, of the aged Apostle St. John. He was specially commended by Ignatius, who doubtless had spoken of him to the Philippians. History does not point to any person after the death of Ignatius whose reputation stood nearly so high among his contemporaries. So far as any inference can be drawn from silence, he was now the one prominent man in the Church. What wonder then that the Philippians should have asked him to write to them? To this request, I suppose, our author refers when he speaks of the writer "assuming a position in the Church;" for there is nothing else to justify it. On his own part Polycarp writes with singular modesty. He associates his presbyters with himself in the opening address; he says that he should not have ventured to write as he does, if he had not received a request from the Philippians; he even deprecates any assumption of superiority.*

7. But our author continues:—

And throughout, the Epistle depicts the developed organization of that period.

This argument must, I think, strike any one who has read the Epistle as surprising. There is, as I have said already, no reference to episcopacy from beginning to end;† and in this respect it presents the strongest contrast to writings of the age of Irenæus, to which it is here supposed to belong. Irenæus and his contemporaries are so familiar with episcopacy as a traditional institution, that they are not aware of any period when it was not universal; and more especially when they are dealing with heretics, they appeal to the episcopate as the depository of

* I might add also that it is directly stated in the account of his martyrdom (c. 13), that he was treated with every honour, *καὶ πρὸ τῆς πολιᾶς*, "even before his grey hairs," as the words run in Eusebius, *H. E.* iv. 15. The common texts substitute *καὶ πρὸ τῆς μαρτυρίας*.

† Hilgenfeld (*Apost. Väter*, p. 273) evidently feels this difficulty, and apologizes for it.

the orthodox and Apostolic tradition in matters of doctrine and practice. The absence of all such language in Polycarp's Epistle is a strong testimony to its early date.

8. Lastly, another argument is alleged :—

Hilgenfeld has pointed out another indication of the same date, in the injunction "Pray for the kings" (*Orate pro regibus*), which, in 1 Peter, ii. 17, is "Honour the king" (τὸν βασιλέα τιμᾶτε), which accords with the period after Antoninus Pius had elevated Marcus Aurelius to joint sovereignty (A.D. 147), or better still, with that in which Marcus Aurelius appointed Lucius Verus his colleague, A.D. 161.

Here we have only to ask why *Orate pro regibus* should be translated "Pray for the kings," rather than "Pray for kings," and the ghost of a divided sovereignty vanishes before the spell. There is no reason whatever for supposing that the expression has anything more than a general reference. Even if the words had stood in the original ὑπὲρ τῶν βασιλέων and not ὑπὲρ βασιλέων, the presence of the article would not, according to ordinary Greek usage, necessarily limit the reference to any particular sovereigns. But there is very good reason for believing that the definite article had no place in the original. The writer of this Epistle elsewhere shows acquaintance with the First Epistle to Timothy. Thus in one place (§ 4) he combines two passages which occur in close proximity in that Epistle; "The love of money is the source of all troubles (1 Tim. vi. 10): knowing therefore that we brought nothing into the world, neither are we able to carry anything out (1 Tim. vi. 7), let us arm ourselves," &c. Hence it becomes highly probable that he has derived this injunction also from the same Epistle, "I exhort first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority" (ii. 2),* where it is ὑπὲρ βασιλέων. After his manner, Polycarp combines this with other expressions that he finds in the Evangelical and Apostolical writings (Ephes. vi. 18, Matt. v. 44, Phil. iii. 18), and gives the widest possible range to his injunction; "Pray for all the saints; pray also for kings and potentates and princes, and for them that persecute and hate you, and for the enemies of the cross, &c." We may therefore bid farewell to Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus.

Our author at the outset speaks of "some critics who affirm the authenticity of the Epistle attributed to him [Polycarp], but who certainly do not justify their conclusion by any arguments nor attempt to refute adverse reasons." He himself passes over in silence all answers which have been given to the objections alleged by him. Doubtless he considered them unworthy of notice. I have endeavoured to supply this lacuna in his work; and the reader will judge for himself on which side the weight of argument lies.

* This reference to 1 Tim. ii. 2 is pointed out in Jacobson's note.

The author of "Supernatural Religion" in his Reply, which appeared in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review*, pointed out two inaccuracies in my first article. In adverting to his silence respecting the occurrence of the Logos in the Apocalypse,* I ought to have confined my remark to the portion of his work in which he is contrasting the doctrinal teaching of this book with that of the Apocalypse, where especially some mention of it was to be expected. He has elsewhere alluded, as his references show, to the occurrence of the term in the Apocalypse. The other point relates to the passage in which he charges Dr. Westcott with insinuating in an underhand way what he knew not to be true respecting Basilides. While commenting on his omission of Dr. Westcott's inverted commas in the extract which I gave,† I overlooked the fact that he had just before quoted Dr. Westcott's text correctly, as it stands in Dr. Westcott's book. Though I find it still more difficult to understand how he could have brought this most unwarrantable charge when the fact of Dr. Westcott's inverted commas was distinctly before him, I am not the less bound to plead guilty of an oversight, which I think I can explain to myself but which I shall not attempt to excuse, and to accept the retort of looseness, which he throws back upon me.

For the rest, I could not desire a more complete vindication of my criticisms than that which is furnished by the author's reply.

I cannot, for instance, take any blame to myself for not foreseeing the misprints which our author pleads, because they must have baffled far higher powers of divination than mine. Thus I found the author stating that the fourth Evangelist "only once distinguishes John the Baptist by the appellation *ὁ βαπτιστής*,"‡ whereas, as a matter of fact, he never does so; and comparing the whole sentence with a passage in Credner,§ to which the author refers in his footnote, I found that it presented a close parallel, as the reader will see:—

Während der Verfasser die beiden Apostel gleiches Namens, Judas, sorgfältig unterscheidet (vergl. 14, 22), den Ap. Thomas näher bezeichnet (11, 16; 20, 24; 21, 2) und den Apostel Petrus, nur Simon Petrus, oder Petrus, nie Simon allein nennt (s. § 96, Nr. 3.), hat er es nicht für nöthig gefunden, den Täufer Johannes von dem gleichnamigen Apostel Johannes auch nur ein einziges Mal durch den Zusatz *ὁ βαπτιστής* zu unterscheiden (1, 6. 15. 19. 26, etc.).

He [the author] *only once* distinguishes John the Baptist by the appellation *ὁ βαπτιστής*, whilst he carefully distinguishes the two disciples of the name of Judas, and always speaks of the Apostle Peter as "Simon Peter," or "Peter," but rarely as "Simon" only.

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December 1874, p. 11.

† P. 15.

‡ S. R. i. p. 423.

§ Einleitung, p. 209 seq.

Seeing that the two passages corresponded so closely * the one to the other (the clauses however being transposed), I imagined that I had traced his error to its source in the correspondence of the two particular expressions which I have italicized, and that he must have stumbled over Credner's "auch nur ein einziges Mal." He has more than once gone wrong elsewhere in matters of fact relating to the New Testament. Thus he has stated that the saying about the first being last and the last first occurs in St. Matthew alone of the Synoptic Gospels, though it appears also in St. Mark (x. 31) and (with an unimportant variation) in St. Luke (xiii. 30).† Thus again, he can remember "no instance whatever" where a New Testament writer "claims to have himself performed a miracle,"‡ though St. Paul twice speaks of his exercising this power as a recognized and patent fact.§ This explanation of his mistake therefore seemed to me to be tolerably evident. I could not have foreseen that, where the author wrote "*never* once," the printer printed "*only* once." This error runs through all the four editions.

But the other clerical error which our author pleads was still further removed from the possibility of detection. I had called attention to the fact that, in the earlier part of his book, our author had written respecting the descent of the angel at Bethesda (John v. 3, 4)—

This passage is not found in the older MSS. of the fourth Gospel, and it was probably a later interpolation.||

whereas towards the end of his second volume he had declared that the passage was genuine; and I had pointed out that the last words stood "certainly a late interpolation" in the first edition, so that the passage had undergone revision, while yet the contradiction had been suffered to remain.

In justice to our author, I will give his reply in his own words:—

The words "it is argued that" were accidentally omitted from vol. i.,

* The author, in his reply, calls attention to the fact that the language of the other writers to whom he gives references in his footnote is too clear to be misunderstood.

† I do not think I can have misapprehended our author's meaning, but it is best to give his own words; "Now even Tischendorf does not pretend that this [a saying cited in the Epistle of Barnabas] is a quotation of Matt. xx. 16, 'Thus the last shall be first, and the first last' (*οὗτως ἔσονται οἱ ἔσχατοι πρῶτοι καὶ οἱ πρῶτοι ἔσχατοι*), the sense of which is quite different. The application of the saying in this place in the first Synoptic Gospel is evidently quite false, and depends merely on the ring of words and not of ideas. Strange to say, it is not found in either of the other Gospels; but, like the famous phrase which we have been considering, it nevertheless appears twice quite irrelevantly, in two places of the first Gospel. In xix. 30, it is quoted again with slight variation: 'But many first shall be last, and last first,' &c. *S. R. i. p. 247*. The italics are my own.

‡ *S. R. i. p. 200* seq.

§ Rom. xv. 19; 2 Cor. xii. 12. The point to be observed is, that St. Paul treats the fact of his working miracles as a matter of course, to which a passing reference is sufficient.

|| *S. R. i. p. 113*.

p. 113, line 19, and the sentence should read, "and it is argued that it was probably a later interpolation." *

To this the following note is appended:—

I altered "certainly" to "probably" in the second edition, as Dr. Lightfoot points out, in order to avoid the possibility of exaggeration, but my mind was so impressed with the certainty that I had clearly shown I was merely, for the sake of fairness, reporting the critical judgment of others, that I did not perceive the absence of the words given above.

This omission runs through four editions.

But more perplexing still is the author's use of language.

The reader will already have heard enough of the passage in Irenæus, where this Father quotes some earlier authority or authorities who refer to the fourth Gospel; but I am compelled to allude to it again. In my first article I had accused the author of ignoring the distinction between the infinitive and indicative—between the oblique and direct narrative—and maintaining, in defiance of grammar, that the words might very well be Irenæus' own.† In my second article I pointed out that whole sentences were tacitly altered or re-written or omitted in the fourth edition, and that (as I unhesitatingly inferred) he had found out his mistake.‡ I have read over the passage carefully again in its earlier form in the light of the explanation which the author gives in his reply, and I cannot put any different interpretation on his language. It seems to me distinctly to aim at proving two things: 1. That there is no reason for thinking that the passage is oblique at all, or that Irenæus is giving anything else besides his own opinion (pp. 326—331); and 2. That, even supposing it to be oblique, there is no ground for identifying the authorities quoted with the presbyters of Papias (pp. 331—334). With this last question I have not concerned myself hitherto. It will come under discussion in a later article, when I shall have occasion to treat of Papias. It was to the first point alone that my remarks referred. The author however says in his reply that his meaning was the same throughout, that he knew all the while Irenæus must be quoting from some one else, and that he "did what was possible to attract attention to the actual indirect construction."§ Why then did he translate the oblique construction as if it were direct? Why,

* *Fortnightly Review*, p. 9 seq.

† *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, December 1874, p. 3 seq.

‡ *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, January 1875, p. 185 seq.

§ *Fortnightly Review*, p. 5. The author states that he "actually inserted in the text the opening words, εἶναι δὲ τὴν διαστολὴν ταύτην τῆς οἰκισσεως, for the express purpose of showing the construction." The impression however which his own language left on my mind was quite different. It suggested that he inserted the words not for this purpose, but for quite another, namely, to show that there was nothing corresponding to Tischendorf's "they say," or Dr. Westcott's "they taught," in the original, and so to justify his charge of "falsification." If the reader will refer to the context, and more especially to note 4 on p. 328 of the second volume of "Supernatural Religion" (in the editions before the fourth), he will see what strong justification I had for taking this view.

after quoting as parallels a number of direct sentences in Irenæus containing quotations, did he add, "These are all direct quotations by Irenæus, as is most certainly that which we are now considering, which is introduced in precisely the same way"?* Why in his fourth edition, in which he first introduces a recognition of the oblique construction, did he withdraw all these supposed parallels, which, if his opinion was unchanged, still remained as good for his purpose (whatever that purpose might be) as they had ever been? Further discussion on this point would obviously be wasted. I can only ask any reader who is interested in this matter to refer to the book itself, and more especially to compare the fourth† with the earlier editions, that he may judge for himself whether any other interpretation, except that which I and others besides myself‡ have put upon his words, was natural. The author has declared his meaning, but I could only judge by his language.

I now proceed to notice some other of the chief points in our author's reply; and perhaps it may be convenient in doing so to follow the order adopted in my original article to which it is a rejoinder.

1. In the first place then, the author is annoyed that I spoke disparagingly of his scholarship; and in reply he says that the criticism in which I have indulged "scarcely rises above the correction of an exercise or the conjugation of a verb."§ I cannot help thinking this language unfortunate from his own point of view; but let that pass. If the reader will have the goodness to refer back to my article, he will find that, so far from occupying the main part of it on points of scholarship which have no bearing on the questions under discussion, as the author seems to hint, I have taken up about two-thirds of a page only (p. 6) with such matters. In the other instances which I have selected, his errors directly affect the argument for the time being at some vital point, It would have been possible to multiply examples, if examples had been needed. I might have quoted, for instance, such renderings

* S. R. ii. p. 330.

† I ought to add that these alterations do not appear to have been made in all copies of the fourth edition. I am informed by a correspondent that in his copy the whole passage stands as in the earlier editions.

‡ *Inquirer*, November 7, 1874. "Elsewhere a blunder on the part of the writer is made the occasion of a grave charge against Dr. Tischendorf and Canon Westcott. They are accused of deliberately falsifying, &c. . . . His own translation however overlooks the important fact that at the critical point in question Irenæus passes from the direct to the indirect speech. This is made obvious by the employment of the infinitive in place of the indicative. The English language affords no means of indicating this change except by the introduction of some such phrases as those employed by Tischendorf and Westcott, which simply denote the transition to be *obliqua oratio*. To neglect this is to throw the whole passage into confusion; and the writer's attempt to fasten a suspicion of dishonesty on the critics whose views he is combating recoils in the shape of a suggestion of imperfect scholarship upon himself."

This occurs in a highly favourable review of the book.

§ P. 9.

as καταβὰς περιπατέτω, "come down let him walk about;"* or 'Ιουστὰ τις ἐν ἡμῖν ἐστὶ Συροφονίκισσα, τὸ γένος Χαναάνιτις, ἧς τὸ θυγάτριον κ.τ.λ. "Justa, who is amongst us, a Syrophenician, a Canaanite by race, whose daughter," &c.† Both these renderings survive to the fourth edition.

I must not however pass over the line of defence which our author takes, though only a few words will be necessary. I do not see that he has gained anything by sheltering himself behind others, when he is obviously in the wrong. Not a legion of Tischendorfs, for instance, can make ἐπαγγελλόμενον signify "has promised,"‡ though it is due to Tischendorf to add that notwithstanding his loose translation he has seen through the meaning of Origen's words, and has not fastened an error upon himself by a false interpretation, as our author has done. And in other cases, where our author takes upon himself the responsibility of his renderings, his explanations are more significant than the renderings themselves. Scholars will judge whether a scholar, having translated *quem caederet*, "whom he mutilates," could have brought himself to defend it as a "paraphrase."§ I am not at all afraid that dispassionate judges hereafter will charge me with having unduly depreciated his scholarship.

But our author evidently thinks that the point was not worth establishing at all. I cannot agree with him. I feel sure that, if he had been dealing with some indifferent matter, as for instance some question of classical literature, he would not have received any more lenient treatment from independent reviewers; and I do not see why the greater importance of the subject should be pleaded as a claim for immunity from critical examination. It does not seem to me to be a light matter that an author assuming, as the author of "Supernatural Religion" does, a tone of lofty superiority over those whom he criticizes, should betray an ignorance of the very grammar of criticism. But in the present case there was an additional reason why attention should be called to these defects. It was necessary to correct a wholly false estimate of the author's scholarship with which reviewers had familiarized the public, and to divest the work of a prestige to which it was not entitled.

2. In the next place I ventured to dispute the attribute of impartiality with which the work entitled "Supernatural Religion" had been credited. And here I would say that my quarrel was much more with the author's reviewers than with the author himself. I can understand how he should omit to entertain the

* I. p. 336.

† II. p. 23.

‡ *Fortnightly Review*, p. 7, seq. I need not stop to inquire whether Tischendorf's "nicht geschrieben hat" conveys exactly the same idea which is conveyed in English, "has not written," as our author assumes in his reply.

§ P. 9, note.

other side of the question with perfect sincerity. It appeared from the book itself, and it has become still more plain from the author's Reply, that he regards "apologists" as persons from whom he has nothing to learn, and with whose arguments therefore he need not for the most part concern himself. But the fact remains that the reader has had an *ex parte* statement presented to him, while he has been assured that the whole case is laid before him.

Of this one-sided representation I adduced several instances. To these our author demurs in his reply. As regards Polycarp, I believe that the present article has entirely justified my allegation. Of Papias, Hegesippus, and Justin, I shall have occasion to speak in subsequent articles. At present it will be sufficient to challenge attention to what Dr. Westcott has written on the last-mentioned writer, and ask readers to judge for themselves whether our author has laid the case impartially before them.

Several of my examples had reference to the Gospel of St. John. Of these our author has taken exception more especially to three.

As regards the first, I have no complaint to make, because he has quoted my own words, and I am well content that they should tell their own tale. If our author considers the argument "unsound in itself, and irrelevant to the direct purpose of the work,"* I venture to think that discerning readers will take a different view. I had directed attention to certain passages in the Synoptic Gospels (Matt. xiii. 37; Luke xiii. 34) as implying other visits to Jerusalem which these Gospels do not themselves record, and therefore as refuting the hypothesis that our Lord's ministry was only of a single year's duration, and was exercised wholly in Galilee and the neighbourhood until the closing visit to Jerusalem—a hypothesis which rests solely on the arbitrary assumption that the record in the Synoptists is complete and continuous. Thus the supposed difficulty in St. John's narrative on this fundamental point of history disappears. In fact the Synoptists give no continuous chronology in the history of our Lord's ministry between the baptism and the passion; the incidents were selected in the first instance (we may suppose) for purposes of catechetical instruction, and are massed together sometimes by connection of subject, sometimes (though incidentally) by sequence of time. In St. John, on the other hand, the successive festivals at Jerusalem are the vertebræ of the chronological backbone, which is altogether wanting to the account of Christ's ministry in the Synoptists. We cannot indeed be sure even here that the vertebræ are absolutely continuous; many festivals may have been omitted; the ministry of Christ may have extended over a much longer

* P. 18.

period, as indeed Irenæus asserts that it did;* but the three Passovers bear testimony to a duration of between two and three years at the least.

The second point has reference to the diction of the fourth Gospel, as compared with the Apocalypse. Here I am glad to find that there is less difference of opinion between us than I had imagined. If our author does not greatly differ from Luthardt's estimate of the language, neither do I.† On the other hand, I did not deny, and (so far as I am aware) nobody has denied, that there is a marked difference between the Apocalypse and the Gospel, in respect of diction; only it is contended that two very potent influences must be taken into account which will explain this difference. In the first place, the subjects of the two books stand widely apart. The apocalyptic purport of the one book necessarily tinges its diction and imagery with a very strong Hebraic colouring, which we should not expect to find in a historical narrative. Secondly, a wide interval of time separates the two works. The Apocalypse was written, according to the view which our author represents "as universally accepted by all competent critics," about A.D. 68, 69.‡ It marks the close of what we may call the *Hebraic* period of St. John's life—i.e., the period which (so far as we can gather alike from the notices and from the silence of history) he had spent chiefly in the East and among Aramaic-speaking peoples. The Gospel on the other hand, according to all tradition, dates from the last years of the Apostle's life, or, in other words, it was written (or more probably dictated) at the end of the *Hellenic* period, after an interval of twenty or thirty years, during which St. John had lived at Ephesus, a great centre of Greek civilization. Our author appears to be astonished that Luthardt should describe the "errors" in the Apocalypse as not arising out of ignorance, but as "intentional emancipations from the rules of grammar." Yet it stands to reason, I think, that this must be so with some of the most glaring examples at all events. A moment's reflection will show that one who could write ἀπὸ τοῦ Θεοῦ, κ.τ.λ. "from He that is," &c. (Rev. i. 4), in sheer ignorance that

* Iren. ii. 22. 5. The Passover of the Passion cannot have been later than A.D. 36, because before the next Passover Pilate had been superseded. This is the only *terminus ad quem*, so far as I am aware, which is absolutely decisive; and it would allow of a ministry of eight years. The probability is that it was actually much shorter, but it is only a probability.

† I am afraid however that our author would not agree with me in regarding it as plainly the language of a man accustomed to think in Hebrew. He himself says (ii. p. 418), "Its Hebraisms are not on the whole greater than was almost invariably the case with Hellenic Greek." Though the word is printed "Hellenic," not only in the four editions, but likewise in the author's own extract in the *Fortnightly Review* (p. 19), I infer from the context, that it ought to be read "Hellenistic." By Hellenic would be meant the common language, as ordinarily spoken by the mass of the Greeks, and as distinguished from a literary dialect like the Attic; by Hellenistic, the language of Hellenists, i.e., Greek-speaking Jews. The two things are quite different.

‡ S. R. ii. p. 395.

ἀπό does not take a nominative case, would be incapable of writing any two or three consecutive verses of the Apocalypse. The book, after all allowance made for solecisms, shows a very considerable command of the Greek vocabulary, and (what is more important) a familiarity with the intricacies of the very intricate syntax of this language.

On the third point, to which our author devotes between three and four pages, more explanation is required. I had remarked on the manner in which our author deals with the name "Sychar" in the fourth Gospel, and had complained that he only discusses the theory of its identification with Shechem, omitting to mention more probable solutions. To this remark I had appended the following note:—

Travellers and "apologists" alike now more commonly identify Sychar with the village bearing the Arabic name of Askar. This fact is not mentioned by our author. He says, moreover, "It is admitted that there was no such place [as Sychar, Συχαρ], and apologetic ingenuity is severely taxed to explain the difficulty." *This is altogether untrue.* Others besides "apologists" point to passages in the Talmud which speak of "the well of Suchar" (or Sochar, or Sichar; see Neubauer, "*La Géographie du Talmud*," p. 169 seq.) Our author refers in his note to an article by Delitzsch ("*Zeitschr. f. Luth. Theol.*," 1865, p. 240 seq.) *He cannot have read the article, for these Talmudic references are its main purport.**

Our author in his reply quotes this note, and italicizes the passages as they are printed here. I am glad that he has done so, for I wish especially to call attention to the connection between the two. He adds that "an apology is surely due to the readers of the Contemporary Review," and, as he implies, to himself, "for this style of criticism," to which he says that he is not accustomed.†

I am not sorry that this rejoinder has obliged me to rescue from the obscurity of a footnote a fact of real importance in its bearing on the historical character of the fourth Gospel. As for apologizing, I will most certainly apologize, if he wishes it. But I must explain myself first. I am surprised that this demand should be made by the same person who penned certain sentences in "*Supernatural Religion*." I am not a little perplexed to understand what canons of controversial etiquette he would lay down; for, while I have merely accused him, in somewhat blunt language, of great carelessness, he has not scrupled to charge others with "wilful and deliberate evasion," with "unpardonable calculation upon the ignorance of his readers," with "a deliberate falsification," with "disingenuousness,"‡ and other grave moral offences of the same kind. Now I have been brought up in the belief that

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December 1874, p. 12 seq.

† *Fortnightly Review*, p. 20.

‡ *S. R. i.* p. 469; *ii.* pp. 56, 59, 73, 326.

offences of this class are incomparably more heinous than the worst scholarship or the grossest inaccuracy; and I am therefore obliged to ask whether he is not imposing far stricter rules on others than he is prepared to observe himself, when he objects to what I have said. Nevertheless I will apologize; but I cannot do so without reluctance, for he is asking me to withdraw an explanation which seemed to me to place his mode of proceeding in the most favourable light, and to substitute for it another which I should not have ventured to suggest. When I saw in his text the unqualified statement, "It is admitted that there was no such place," and found in one of his footnotes on the same page a reference to an article by an eminent Hebraist devoted to showing that such a place is mentioned several times in the Talmud, I could draw no other conclusion than that he had not read the article in question, or (as I might have added), having read it, had forgotten its contents. The manner in which references are given elsewhere in this work, as I have shown in my article on the Ignatian Epistles, seemed to justify this inference. His own explanation however is quite different:—

My statement is, that it is admitted that there was no such place as Sychar—I ought to have added, "except by apologists, who never admit anything"—but I thought that in saying, "and apologetic ingenuity is severely taxed to explain the difficulty," I had sufficiently excepted apologists, and indicated that many assertions and conjectures are advanced by them for that purpose.

Certainly this qualifying sentence needed to be added; for no reader could have supposed that the author intended his broad statement to be understood with this all-important reservation. Unfortunately however this explanation is not confined to "apologists." As I pointed out, it is adopted by M. Neubauer also, who (unless I much mistake his position) would altogether disclaim being considered an apologist, but who nevertheless, being an honest man, sets down his honest opinion, without considering whether it will or will not tend to establish the credibility of the Evangelist.

But after all, the really important question for the reader is not what this or that person thinks on this question, but what are the facts. And here I venture to say that, when our author speaks of "assertions and conjectures" in reference to Delitzsch's article, such language is quite misleading. The points which the Talmudical passages quoted by him establish are these:—

(1). A place called "Suchar," or "Sychar," is mentioned in the Talmud. Our author speaks of "some vague references in the Talmud to a somewhat similar, but not identical, name." But the fact is, that the word $\Sigma\upsilon\chi\alpha\rho$, if written in Hebrew letters, would naturally take one or other of the two forms which we find in the

Talmud, סוכר (Suchar) or סיכר (Sychar). In other words, the transliteration is as exact as it could be. It would no doubt be possible to read the former word "Socher," and the latter "Sicher," because the vowels are indeterminate within these limits. But so far as identity was possible, we have it here.

(2). The Talmudical passages speak not only of "Sychar," but of "Ayin Sychar," i.e., "the Well of Sychar."

(3). The "Well of Sychar" which they mention is in a corn-growing country. This is clear from the incident which leads to the mention of the place in the two principal Talmudical passages where it appears, *Baba Kamma* 82b, *Menachoth* 64b. It is there stated that on one occasion, when the lands in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem were laid waste by war, and no one knew whence the two loaves of the Pentecostal offering, the first-fruits of the wheat harvest, could be procured, they were obliged ultimately to bring them from "the valley of the Well of Sychar." Now the country which was the scene of the interview with the Samaritan woman is remarkable in this respect—"one mass of corn, unbroken by boundary or hedge"—as it is described by a modern traveller; and indeed the prospect before Him suggests to our Lord, as we may well suppose, the image which occurs in the conversation with the disciples immediately following—"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."† It is true that the Talmudical passages do not fix the locality of their "Ayin-Sychar;" but all the circumstances agree. It was just from such a country as this (neither too near nor too far distant for the notices) that the Pentecostal loaves would be likely to be procured in such an emergency.

The reader will draw his own conclusions. He will judge for himself whether the unqualified statement, "It is admitted that there was no such place as Sychar," is or is not misleading. He will form his own opinion whether a writer, who deliberately ignores these facts, because they are brought forward by "apologists who never admit anything," is likely to form an impartial judgment.

The identification of Sychar with Askar, to which recent opinion has been tending, is a question of less importance. Notwithstanding the difficulty respecting the initial *Ain* in the latter word, an identification which has commended itself to Oriental scholars like Ewald and Delitzsch and Neubauer can hardly be pronounced impossible. I venture to suggest that the initial *Ain* of "Askar" may be explained by supposing the word to be a contraction for *Ayin-Sychar*, the "Well of Sychar." This corruption of the original name into a genuine Arabic word would furnish another

* Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 229. † John iv. 35.

example of a process which is common where one language is superposed upon another, *e.g.*, Charter-House for Chartreuse.

3. The third point to which I called attention was the author's practice of charging those from whom he disagreed with dishonesty. This seemed to me to be a very grave offence, which deserved to be condemned by all men alike, whatever their opinions might be. And in the present instance I considered that the author was especially bound to abstain from such charges, because he had thought fit to shelter himself (as he was otherwise justified in doing) under an anonyme. Moreover, the offence was aggravated by the fact that one of the writers whom he had especially selected for this mode of attack was distinguished for his moderation of tone, and for his generous appreciation of the position and arguments of his adversaries.

This is our author's reply—

Dr. Lightfoot says, and says rightly, that "Dr. Westcott's honour may safely be left to take care of itself." It would have been much better to have left it to take care of itself, indeed, than trouble it by such advocacy. If anything could check just or generous expression, it would be the tone adopted by Dr. Lightfoot; but nevertheless, I again say, in the most unreserved manner, that neither in this instance, nor in any other, have I had the most distant intention of attributing "corrupt motives" to a man like Dr. Westcott, whose single-mindedness I recognize, and for whose earnest character I feel genuine respect. The utmost that I have at any time intended to point out is that, utterly possessed as he is by orthodox views in general, and on the Canon in particular, he sees facts, I consider, through a dogmatic medium, and unconsciously imparts his own peculiar colouring to statements which should be more impartially made.*

I am well content to bear this blame when I have elicited this explanation. A great wrong had been done, and I wished to see it redressed. But who could have supposed that this was our author's meaning? Who could have imagined that he had all along felt a "genuine respect" for the single-mindedness of one whom he accused of "discreet reserve," of "unworthy suppression of the truth," of "clever evasion," of "ignorant ingenuity or apologetic partiality," of "disingenuousness," of "what amounts to falsification," and the like, and whom in the very passage which has called forth this explanation he had charged with yielding to a "temptation" which was "too strong for the apologist," and "insinuating to unlearned readers" what he knew to be untrue respecting Basilides? This unfortunate use of language, I contend, is no trifling matter where the honour of another is concerned; and, instead of his rebuke, I claim his thanks for enabling him to explain expressions which could only be understood in one way by his readers, and which have so grievously misrepresented his true meaning.

I trust also that our author wishes us to interpret the charges which he has brought against Tischendorf in the same liberal spirit. I certainly consider that Tischendorf took an unfortunate step when he deserted his proper work, for which he was eminently fitted, and came forward as an apologist; and, if our author had satisfied himself with attacking the weak points of his apologetic armour, there would have been no ground for complaint, and on some points I should have agreed with him. But I certainly supposed that "deliberate falsification" meant "deliberate falsification." I imagined, as ordinary readers would imagine, that these words involved a charge of conscious dishonesty. I am content to believe now that they were intended to impute to him an unconscious bias.

In our author's observations on my criticism of his general argument, there is one point which seems to call for observation. Of all my remarks, the one sentence which I should least have expected to incur his displeasure, is the following:—

Obviously, if the author has established his conclusions in the first part, the second and third are altogether superfluous.

I fancied that, in saying this, I was only translating his own opinion into other words. I imagined that he himself wished the second and third parts to be regarded as a work of supererogation. Was I altogether without ground for this belief? I turn to the concluding paragraph of the first part, and I find these words:—

Those who have formed any adequate conception of the amount of testimony which would be requisite in order to establish the reality of occurrences in violation of the order of nature, which is based upon universal and invariable experience, must recognize that, *even if the earliest asserted origin of our four Gospels could be established upon the most irrefragable grounds*, the testimony of the writers—men of like ignorance with their contemporaries, men of like passions with ourselves—*would be utterly incompetent to prove the reality of miracles.**

What does this mean, except that even though it should be necessary to concede every point against which the author is contending in the second and third parts, still the belief in the Gospel miracles is irrational? Is the language which I have used at all stronger than our author's own on this point? But I am glad to have elicited from him an expression of opinion that the question is not foreclosed by the arguments in the first part.†

* S. R. i. p. 210. The italics are mine.

† Towards the close of his Reply, the author makes some remarks on a "Personal God," in which he accuses me of misunderstanding him. It may be so, but then I venture to think that he does not quite understand himself, as he certainly does not understand me. I do not remember that he has anywhere defined the terms "Personal" and "Anthropomorphic," as applied to Deity; and without definition, so many various conceptions may be included under the terms as to entangle a discussion hopelessly. No educated Christian, I imagine, believes in an anthropomorphic Deity in the sense in which this anthropomorphism is condemned in the noble passage of Xenophanes which he quotes in the first part of his work. In another sense, our author himself in his con-

For some expressions in his concluding paragraph I sincerely thank the author, though I find it difficult to reconcile them with either the tone or the substance of the preceding reply. I trust that I have already relieved him from the apprehension that I should confine myself to "desultory efforts." I had hoped that some of the topics in my first article might have been laid aside for ever, but his reply has compelled me to revert to them. He does me no more than justice when he credits me with earnestness. I am indeed in earnest, as I believe him to be. But it seems to me that the motives for earnestness are necessarily more intense in my case than in his; for (to say nothing else), as I read history, the morality of the coming generations of Englishmen is very largely dependent on the answers which they give to the questions at issue between us. As he has withheld his name, he has deprived me of the pleasure of reciprocating any expression of personal respect. Thus he has placed me at a great disadvantage. I know nothing of the man, and can speak only of the book. Of the book I would wish to say that one who has taken so much pains to regulate his personal belief is so far entitled to every consideration. And, if this had been all, I should have entertained and expressed the highest respect for him, however faulty his processes might appear to me, and however dangerous his results. But, when I observed that the author, not content with ignoring the facts and reasonings, went on to impugn the honesty of his opponents; when I noticed that again and again the arguments on one side of the question were carefully arrayed, while the arguments on the other side were altogether omitted; when I perceived that he denied the authenticity of every work, and questioned the applicability of every reference, which made against him; when in short I saw that, however sincere the writer's personal convictions might be, the critical portion of the work was stamped throughout with the character of an advocate's *ex parte* statement, I felt that he had forfeited any claim to special forbearance. For the rest, I do not wish to be unjust to the book, and I am sorry if, while attempting to correct an exceedingly false estimate, I have seemed to any one to be so;

cluding chapter betrays his anthropomorphism; for he attributes to the Divine Being wisdom and beneficence and forethought, which are conceptions derived by man from the study of himself. Indeed, I do not see how it is possible to conceive of Deity except through some sort of anthropomorphism in this wider sense of the term, and certainly our author has not disengaged himself from it.

In spite of our author's repudiation in his reply, I boldly claim the writer of the concluding chapter of "Supernatural Religion" as a believer in a Personal God, in the only sense in which I understand Personality as applied to the Divine Being. He distinctly attributes will and mind to the Divine Being, and this is the very idea of personality, as I conceive the term. He not only commits himself to a belief in a Personal God, but also in a wise and beneficent Personal God who cares for man. On the other hand, the writer of the first part of the work seemed to me to use arguments which were inconsistent with these beliefs.

but I do not see any good in paying empty and formal compliments which do not come from the heart, and I cannot consent to tamper with truths which seem to me of the highest moment. Still, I should be sorry to think that so much energetic work had been thrown away. If the publication of this book shall have had the effect of attracting serious attention to these most momentous subjects, it will have achieved an important result. But I would wish to add one caution. No good will ever come from merely working on the lines of modern theorists. Perhaps the reader will forgive me if I add a few words of explanation, for I do not wish to be misunderstood. I should be most ungrateful if, in speaking of German writers, I used the language of mere depreciation. If there is any recent theologian from whom I have learnt more than from another, it is the German Neander. Nor can I limit my obligations to men of this stamp. All diligent students of early Christian history must have derived the greatest advantage on special points from the conscientious research, and frequently also from the acute analysis, even of writers of the most extreme school. But it is high time that the incubus of fascinating speculations should be shaken off, and that Englishmen should learn to exercise their judicial faculty independently. Any one who will take the pains to read Irenæus through carefully, endeavouring to enter into his historical position in all its bearings, striving to realize what he and his contemporaries actually thought about the writings of the New Testament and what grounds they had for thinking it, and, above all, resisting the temptation to read in modern theories between the lines, will be in a more favourable position for judging rightly of the early history of the Canon than if he had studied all the monographs which have issued from the German press during the last half century.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.



VIVISECTION.

VIVISECTION—the cutting into live animals for scientific purposes—is it defensible? If so, for what special purposes may it be practised, and under what conditions and limitations?

If it be true—as it certainly is true—that at a small expense of suffering in one of the lower animals, we may obtain knowledge which enables us to prevent or mitigate pain much more severe and lasting—or even to ward off peril to life, or to prolong life—in a human being, surely vivisection is more than justifiable. For the teacher, who must first be a learner, it may become, within assignable restrictions and conditions, nothing less than a positive duty.

What are those restrictions?

1. I hold that no vivisections are excusable which are made at random, simply to see what will happen. To justify them at all there must be some definite object in view of a previously instructed mind, some plain question to settle, some important doubt or uncertainty to remove, some hypothesis containing the promise of service to humanity to be confirmed or confuted, at least some reasonable hope and prospect of resulting benefit.

2. I hold that no man is justified in making any painful experiment upon a living creature who does not possess the skill, judgment, intelligence, and previous knowledge requisite to render the experiment successful and instructive; that all possible care should be taken by the experimenter to prevent the frustration of

his object through want of foresight, of needful preparation of the necessary apparatus and implements; through a bungling use of these; or through the ignorance or stupidity of assistants; and to guard against everything that might prolong or enhance the pain which may be inseparable from the experiment, or that might defeat its conclusiveness, and so waste the painful trial altogether.

3. I hold that no teacher, or man of science, who by his own previous experiments, or by his absolute knowledge of trustworthy and conclusive experiments made by others, has thoroughly satisfied himself of the solution of any physiological problem—is justified in repeating the experiments, however mercifully they may be conducted, or even in taking away the animal's life, merely to appease the natural curiosity of a class of students, or of scientific friends and acquaintances; still less for the sake of display or self-glorification.

4. If the alleged inferences from former experiments are not generally accepted by competent judges as just, or thoroughly established, then a single repetition of the experiments, to settle once for all a disputed point of importance, may reasonably be allowed.

It is probable that the general public are not fully aware of the methods whereby the pain incidental to vivisection may be abated or prevented.

There are two ways in which this most desirable end may be attained.

First, by pursuing the purposed inquiry immediately after the sudden decapitation of the animal. The pain of such decapitation is certainly very brief in duration, and presumably very slight in degree.

Some explanation becomes necessary here.

We feel, in common with all animals, by means of our nervous system. Our nervous system consists of the brain, with its prolongation or appendage the spinal cord, from which last nerves proceed and are distributed in branches innumerable to every part of the surface of the body, as well as to its internal organs. It is a demonstrable fact that the faculty of sensation resides (so to speak) in that part of the nervous system which lies within the skull. The trunk of a headless animal can feel nothing. The mere organic life that may remain within it for awhile, is perfectly analogous to the life of a vegetable; and the movements which may be evoked by mechanical or chemical irritation are as entirely without sensation of any kind, as are the movements of a sensitive plant when its leaves are handled. I hold this to be absolutely certain, although it may be difficult for any one to believe me who

looks upon the animal movements, some of which appear to indicate deliberate intention or choice. But we have clear evidence in proof of my assertion, in what occasionally happens in the living human body. Disease, or injury, sometimes furnishes us with that sort of opportunity for observing, which, when we contrive to obtain it upon one of the lower animals, we call an experiment. Disease, or accident, sometimes shuts off from a part of the body the sentient faculty, by severing the spinal cord at a point where its severance is not fatal to life. What happens? The parts supplied with nerves from the severed portion of the cord are completely paralysed. The subject of this condition loses all sensation and sensibility, and all power of voluntary motion, in his lower limbs. He feels in them no touch, no prick, or cut; you may burn them with a red hot iron, but he is not conscious of the burning. He cannot move a muscle belonging to the palsied limbs by the strongest effort of his will. Yet let the soles of his feet be tickled, even with a feather, and his legs and thighs start up in vigorous convulsive movements; movements which he cannot prevent or control if he wishes to do so, and of which, indeed, he himself is not even aware, unless he happens to see them.

Facts of this kind, to the reality of which I can bear personal testimony, convince us that similar movements in an animal recently beheaded—even movements which seem, but only seem, to be directed by conscious choice and purpose—are really as independent of all bodily suffering or sensation as are the motions of a mechanical automaton, contrived and constructed by human ingenuity. We view these phenomena with a deep sense of admiring wonder; wonder at the exquisite skill (if that word may with reverence be used), the incomparable skill and power manifested by the Creator, in so ordaining the fashion and endowments of the animal frame.

To proceedings such as I have now described, in which sentient life is suddenly extinguished by removing the animal's head, unjustifiable cruelty can hardly be imputed. If we are warranted in putting the lower animals to death in order to nourish and sustain the human body—and even the Brahmin cannot help doing this—we surely are warranted in taking similar means in order to learn how to cure or to prevent its diseases.

[It may perhaps be objected that, apart from the rapid beheading, there is in such cases no vivisection at all. The subject of the experiments is virtually dead. The animal life is gone; the slowly ebbing organic vitality alone subsists to furnish for a time, by its peculiar properties and reactions, the information of which the operator is in quest.]

But—leaving this quibble—*secondly*, a temporary suspension of

sensibility to pain, similar and equal to that which is absolute and final after decapitation, may be effected by the use of what are well known under the title of anæsthetic agents. And if, as is often the case, the knowledge sought for can thus be gained without destruction of life, and with little or no subsequent pain or detriment to the animal, surely this also is a proceeding exempt from blame, and not to be denounced.

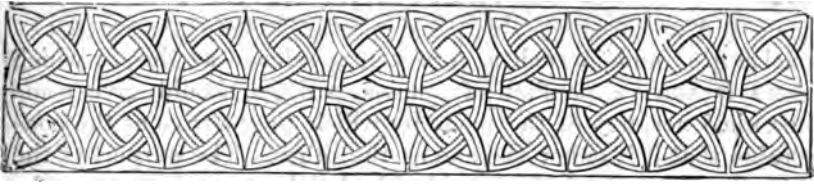
[There may be, there doubtless are, instances in which the manifestation of actual pain by the subject of the experiment, is the very thing necessary to test and solve the physiological question at issue. In these cases, which I believe are not very numerous, the restrictions and limitations of which I have spoken require to be most strictly observed and enforced.]

If the experiment be such as to entail permanent harm, or even abiding discomfort to the animal after its sensibility is restored by the passing off of the anæsthetic influence—then it will be the most merciful, and therefore the right proceeding, to prolong that influence till the whole life, organic as well as animal (or sentient), is extinct.]

Much more might be said on the whole question, but I shall have done enough if I have been enabled to calm disquietude upon the subject of vivisection, by showing that, however fearfully it may often have been abused, it may be both lawfully and mercifully practised; and that, when so practised, it is not open to the charge of wanton cruelty; but on the contrary, is deserving of our approval and gratitude. It cannot be reckoned a pleasurable exercise; and it ought never to be resorted to for the satisfaction of mere curiosity, but solely for the immediate or the ultimate benefit of society, which not unnaturally is inclined to look upon it with horror and disgust.

The consolatory thought remains, that in proportion as our knowledge of the functions of the nervous system approaches to completeness, will the need for these painful methods of “interrogating nature” continually lessen, and finally cease.

THOMAS WATSON.



WHAT IS POLITICAL ECONOMY?

AS the science of Political Economy is daily growing in public importance, and is made a subject of examination at the universities and in the public service, I wish to make a few observations on its nature and objects. In most of the great sciences, such as astronomy, optics, and others, great changes and revolutions of opinion have taken place; exactly the same conflict of opinion is now going on throughout the world in the science of Political Economy; and I wish to explain the nature of this conflict, which was originated by me about twenty years ago; and, I may say that a majority of the most eminent economists, both in Europe and America, have formally declared their adhesion to the system I have set forth.

If a student wishing to begin the study of Political Economy were to take up one book, he would find it stated that Political Economy is the science which treats of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth; another book says that Political Economy is the science of wealth; another begins by saying that it is the science of exchanges. Now, all of these are dogmatic assertions, and a student, seeing such apparently diverse statements of the very nature of the science, would probably feel himself bewildered.

There is nothing, apparently, in the name Political Economy to suggest either that it is the science of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, or that it is the science of

exchanges; and in such a very young science as this, in which there is such a conflict of opinion, writers should give some historical account of the mode by which they arrive at the conclusion that it is either the one or the other. The purport of the following remarks is to supply this deficiency, and to trace the origin and history of this science, and of the ideas as to its nature and extent.

There are, however, certain general principles of reasoning which will govern the course of the investigation, and it will be of great advantage to say a few words on this point first.

All the modern cultivators of Political Economy maintain that it is a physical science, and that its investigations are to be conducted in a manner analogous to those of the other physical sciences. Assuming this to be true, let us first consider what a physical science is, and that will enable us to apprehend the general method of constructing a science of Political Economy.

The general fundamental conditions of a physical science are these:—That it is some great body of phenomena, all based upon some *single general conception*, or quality, of the most general nature. The purpose of the science is to discover the laws of the phenomena. Every science must be based upon certain conceptions, which must be perfectly general, and upon certain great principles, called by Bacon, Newton, Herschel, and others, axioms, which must also be perfectly general. Thus, the science of mechanics treats of the laws of the phenomena of force; optics of the laws of the phenomena of light; and so there are distinct sciences of heat, electricity, acoustics, and so on.

If, then, Political Economy is a physical science, it may be laid down—that it must be some great body of phenomena, all based upon some *single* conception, whatever that may be; and that if it is to be a science of the same generality as the other sciences, it must be based upon conceptions of the same wideness and generality as those of physical science. The question, therefore, to be considered is—What is that body of phenomena, all based upon a *single idea*, to which the name of Political Economy, or Economics, may be most fitly applied? And, furthermore, if there should be a certain agreement among economists as to its general nature—What is the best conception of it, that which most clearly marks out its nature and limits, and its separation from other sciences; and that which is most in accordance with, and shows its relation to the great body of physical science?

As all economists, however, are now agreed that Political Economy treats exclusively about wealth, I propose to trace, as exactly as possible, the history of the name of Political

Economy, and the changes of meaning it has undergone; and after that to investigate the meaning which writers have given to the word Wealth during 2,000 years.

The expression Political Economy first occurs in the treatise which is called the second book of Aristotle's "Economics," but which all critics pronounce to be spurious. Economy is used by the writer to mean raising a revenue, or gaining an income. He says that there are four kinds of economy, the regal, the satrapical, the political, and the domestic. The meaning of the first two of these is clear enough, and as *πόλις* in Greek means a free State as opposed to a tyranny, Political Economy means in this passage the method by which a free State raises a revenue. This is the only passage in any ancient author, that I am aware of, in which this expression is used, and we must now come to modern times.

The first person in modern times to use this expression was Montchretien, who lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century; but his work attracted no attention. Many persons after that wrote very good treatises on special points, but no one ever conceived the idea that there is such a thing as a general science of Political Economy.

Political Economy took its rise as a science in the middle of the last century in France. That country had been brought to the lowest state of depression and misery by the wars of Louis XIV., the financial catastrophe of the Mississippi scheme, the destructive effects of the prevailing mercantile system, the oppression of the nobility, and the weight of the taxes. The terrible picture of social tyranny, cruelty, and oppression which the French people groaned under during the first half of the eighteenth century may be seen in contemporary writers. It was in brooding over the intolerable misery which afflicted their country, that a few generous and righteous philosophers struck out the idea that there must be some natural science, some principles of eternal truth with regard to the social relations of mankind, the violations of which were the causes of that hideous misery they saw in their native land. Quesnay, the great father of this science, gave it the name of *Natural Right*, and his object was to discover and lay down an abstract science of the natural rights of men in all their social relations. And this science comprehended their relations towards the government, towards each other, and towards *property*. The term *politique* in French might in a certain way have expressed this science, but that word is so exclusively appropriated to the art of government, that Quesnay adopted the term POLITICAL ECONOMY for this new science. One of his followers, Dupont de Nemours, proposed the name of *Physiocratie*, or the government of the nature of things; but the word, having

been appropriated to certain doctrines of the sect which are now shown to be erroneous, has fallen into disuse, and the term Political Economy has survived.

The science of Political Economy, then, as conceived by its founders, embraced the whole field of the social relations of mankind, in all their departments, physical and moral. "Right is misunderstood," says Quesnay, "because no one, statesman, priest, or philosopher, has placed it in its proper light." His aim, therefore, was to supply that deficiency in philosophy, and to discover the laws of order; and these related to liberty, authority, and property.

Now whatever truth there may be in the doctrine that there are certain natural laws in the relations of men to each other, and to government, it is evident that the ground covered by the Economists, or Physiocrats, comprehended not one science only, but a whole multitude of sciences; and I shall pass over all the political and social parts of the subject, and confine myself solely to their doctrines of *property*.

One department of this huge aggregate of sciences which the Economists called Political Economy, they named the "production, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth." We have now to examine what they meant by this expression.

By the word *wealth*, as I shall show at greater length further on, they meant the raw produce of the earth which is brought into commerce.

By *production*, they meant obtaining that raw produce from the earth, and bringing it into commerce.

But as the raw produce of the earth is very seldom fit for immediate use, and has usually to undergo many operations, and passes through several hands before it is ultimately purchased for use, they called all these intermediate operations and transfers *distribution* or *traffic*.

And by *consumption* they meant the ultimate purchase, and taking the finished product out of commerce for the purpose of use or enjoyment.

The whole passage of the product from its producer or seller, through the various stages of distribution, or consumption, they called COMMERCE or EXCHANGE.

Thus the farmer grows corn and brings it into the market; he is the *producer*; he sells it to the miller, who grinds it, and sells it as flour to the baker: these operations the Physiocrats called distribution or traffic; the baker bakes the flour, and sells it as bread to his customer, whom they called the *consumer*.

The complete transaction, or the passage of the corn from the farmer to the customer they called COMMERCE or EXCHANGE.

It is therefore to be observed that in the language of the Phy-

siocrates who originated the expression, the phrase "the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth" is absolutely identical with commerce or exchange.

They also observed that the producer and the consumer are the only two parties who are essential to an exchange: moreover, consumption is often called distribution.

Hence "the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth," "the production and the consumption of wealth" "the production and distribution of wealth" are absolutely identical phrases, and mean simply commerce or exchange.

The doctrines of the Economists were, however, erroneous on some points, and an opposition arose against them simultaneously in France, England, and Italy.

In 1776 Condillac published "*Le Commerce et le Gouvernement*," in which he expressly defines Economic Science to be the science of commerce.

In the same year Smith published his "*Wealth of Nations*." Both these works were written with the same object, to combat the erroneous doctrines of the Physiocrats. Thus Smith was not the founder of Political Economy as is so often said: he was the founder of the *second* school of Political Economy.

He does not even call his work a treatise on Political Economy: he calls it "*An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*." His own idea of the meaning of the term Political Economy appears in the introduction to book iv.:—

"Political Economy considered as a branch of the science of a statesman or legislator, proposes two distinct objects: first to provide a plentiful revenue, or subsistence for the people; or more properly to enable them to provide such a revenue or subsistence for themselves; and secondly to supply the state or commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services. It proposes to enrich both the people and the sovereign."

The meaning of that is this: formerly, at one time, statesmen considered that commerce is the only way to enrich a state, and all legislation was framed to promote and develop commerce: after that, statesmen considered that agriculture is the only source of wealth, and then legislation was framed to promote and develop agriculture: then the Protectionist system prevailed for a considerable time in this country; now we have the Free Trade system: each of these systems would be called Political Economy by Smith.

Smith's work is divided into five books, the first two of which are what is called strictly Political Economy at the present day; and what are these two books about? They are nominally about production and distribution. But Smith himself says they are to "investigate the principles which regulate the exchangeable value

of commodities." And McCulloch, his annotator, says—"This science might, indeed, be called the science of values."

Thus the Physiocrats said that the expression "production, distribution, and consumption of wealth" meant commerce or exchange; Condillac says that Economic Science is the science of commerce; and Smith and McCulloch acknowledge that it is the science of values.

J. B. Say, the founder of the second school of Political Economy in France, first restricted the term to the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth: he says—

"Politics properly so called, that is, the science of the organization of societies, has long been confounded with Political Economy, which treats how are formed, distributed, and consumed the riches which satisfy the wants of people. Nevertheless, wealth is essentially independent of political organization. Under all forms of government a State may prosper if it is well administered. We have seen nations become rich under absolute monarchies; we have seen them ruined under popular counsels."

Thus, from this time forward, the term Political Economy has been absolutely separated from anything political, and has been confined solely to wealth; and the only real contest is to determine which of the two expressions, "the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth," or "the science of exchanges," is the better.

Condillac was the first to start with this definition in 1776. The first writer in this country, that I am aware of, who adopted this conception, is Whately, who says, after showing that Political Economy only treats of things so far as regards their being subjects of exchange—

"But for this very reason it is perhaps the more convenient to describe Political Economy as the science of exchanges, rather than as the science of national wealth."

And he proposed to change the name of the science to *Catalactics*, or the science of exchanges. This name, however, has not been adopted; and I shall show afterwards that there is no necessity for such a change.

The real question to be discussed is—Which of these two expressions, which were considered as absolutely identical by the Economists, is the better and more comprehensive definition of the science, and the more suitable for it at the present day? and Mill makes some observations which are applicable to our present question:—

"In the case of so complex an aggregation of particulars as are comprehended in anything which can be called a science, the definition we set out with is seldom that which a more extensive knowledge of the subject shows to be the most appropriate. Until we know the particulars themselves, we cannot fix upon the most correct and compact mode of circum-

scribing them by a general definition. . . . So long as the sciences are imperfect, the definitions must partake of their imperfections; and if the former are progressive, the latter ought to be so too."

These remarks will be found to be decisive of the question before us.

The whole discussion will turn on the meaning and extent of the word wealth; and I shall now proceed to trace the history of ideas as to the meaning of this word for 2,000 years. For when we have ascertained what that general quality of things is which constitutes them wealth, the science of wealth can only be the laws of the phenomena relating to that quality.

And the question of the meaning of the word wealth is not a matter of mere dialectics or logomachy; on the contrary, it is the basis of a great science, and it has had the most important consequences on the history of nations. It is quite impossible to understand modern history without it. J. B. Say says that during the preceding 250 years, fifty had been spent in wars directly arising out of the meaning of the word wealth. Whately says:—

"It were well if the ambiguities of this word had done no more than puzzle philosophers. One of them gave birth to the mercantile system. . . . The results have been fraud, punishment, and poverty at home, and discord and war without. . . . It has for centuries done more, and perhaps for centuries to come will do more, to retard the improvement of Europe than all other causes put together."

Storch says:—

"In short, where it has been least injurious, it has retarded the progress of national prosperity; everywhere else it has deluged the earth with blood, and has depopulated and ruined some of those countries whose power and opulence it was supposed it would carry to the highest pitch."

The earliest writer that I am aware of who gives a definition of wealth is Aristotle. He says (Nicomach. Ethics, b. iv., c. 1)—

χρήματα δὲ λέγομεν πάντα ὅσων ἡ ἀξία νομίσματι μετρεῖται.

"And we call wealth *everything* whose value is measured by money."

Here we have a perfectly good definition of wealth, based upon a single general idea—that of exchangeability—and that forms a good basis to erect a science upon; because we can have a science which treats of the laws which govern the relations of exchangeable quantities, as well as a science which treats of the phenomena of force, or light, or heat, or anything else.

And just as an acorn is the germ out of which a huge oak-tree is developed, so this single sentence of Aristotle is the germ out of which the whole science of wealth is to be developed.

Having, then, obtained a good general idea, we have now to consider how many distinct orders of quantities there are which satisfy this definition.

I. There are material things like land, houses, money, cattle, and innumerable other things of that nature, which I need not dwell upon, because every one admits them to be wealth.

II. But a person may sell his labour or service in many capacities, such as an advocate, physician, engineer, professor, artizan, &c.; and when a man sells his labour for money, its value is measured by money as precisely as if it were corn or timber. Hence labour is wealth by Aristotle's definition.

III. There is, besides, a third order of quantities which satisfies this definition. If a person had £100,000 of Bank of England notes, or if he had a million of money, as it is commonly said, in the Funds, or shares in the London and Westminster Bank, he would be considered wealthy. These things, therefore, are a form of wealth; distinct, no doubt, from the other two; but yet they are bought and sold for money, therefore they satisfy Aristotle's definition of wealth. They are, however, mere abstract rights, and there are many other kinds of rights which may be bought and sold, such as copyrights, patents, the goodwill of a business, an advowson, &c. All of these are mere abstract rights, quite separate and distinct from any particular money, and yet they are all valuable property—they may all be bought and sold, and therefore they all satisfy Aristotle's definition of wealth.

We have therefore found three distinct orders of quantities which satisfy Aristotle's definition of wealth; and reflection will show that there is nothing whatever which may be bought and sold, which does not fall under one of these orders of quantities: either it is material; or it is some kind of labour; or it is an abstract right. Hence there are three orders of quantities, and only three, which satisfy Aristotle's definition of wealth.

We have now to see whether any other writers in ancient times had followed up and developed Aristotle's definition of wealth.

There is a very remarkable treatise which passes under the name of "*Æschines Socraticus*," which critics unanimously pronounce to be spurious, but yet which several very high authorities consider to be of the early Peripatetic school. It is called the "*Eryxias, or the Definition of Wealth*," and is remarkable as being probably the earliest treatise on a purely economic subject.

It is to the following purpose. The Syracusans had sent an embassy to Athens; Socrates and his friends passing them one day, one of them points out to Socrates one of the ambassadors as the richest man in Sicily. This leads Socrates to inquire into the nature of wealth. Eryxias says that the richest man is the one who possesses most money. Socrates at once asks him what kind of money? Is it the money of the Carthaginians, who use leather as money? The man who possessed the most of this at Carthage, would be the richest man, but at Athens he would not be any

richer than if he had so many pebbles from the hill. At Lacedæmon they used useless iron as money; the man at Lacedæmon who possessed a quantity of this was wealthy, but anywhere else it was worth nothing.

Socrates then, after a long argument, shows that a thing is wealth or not, precisely as it is or is not wanted, and is exchangeable. He, like Aristotle, makes the essence of wealth to consist exclusively in exchangeability. And he asks if there are not persons who gain a living by giving instruction in various sciences. Eryxias answers that there are. Socrates then says that those who give instruction in these sciences obtain their living by exchanging some of it for necessities, just in the same way as gold and silver. And therefore he says that sciences are wealth (*αἱ ἐπιστήμαι χρήματα οὔσαι*) for the very same reason that gold and silver are.

Now, of course, this example includes labour in all its forms and varieties. Socrates is made to show that exchangeability is the sole essence of wealth—that a thing is wealth in those places and circumstances only in which it can be exchanged, and that labour is wealth, because it is paid for. Hence this dialogue is for the purpose of showing that the second order of quantities enumerated above as satisfying Aristotle's definition of wealth—namely, labour—is included under the word *χρῆμα* in Greek.

I now come to Roman law. In the Pandects of Justinian it is laid down as a fundamental definition in Roman law—

“*Pecuniæ nomine, non solum numerata pecunia, sed omnes res, tam soli quam mobiles, et tam corpora quam jura, continentur.*”

“Under the name of wealth, not only ready money, but everything, both immovable and movable, both corporeal as well as *rights*, are included.”

And there are several other passages to a similar effect, which need not be quoted, except one from Ulpian:—

“*Nomina eorum qui sub conditione vel in diem debent et emere et vendere solemus. Ea enim res est, quæ eni et venire potest.*”

“We are accustomed to buy and sell debts payable on a certain day or at a certain event. For that is wealth which may be bought and sold.”

Roman law expressly includes all those rights which have already been shown to be the *third* order of quantities which satisfy Aristotle's definition of wealth, under the terms *res*, *bona*, *pecunia*, and *merx*.

One of the divisions of property in Roman law is into corporeal and incorporeal—that is, the right to some specific material substance, such as money, houses, lands, &c., and a mere abstract right, such as those already mentioned. But it includes both kinds of property under the terms of *res*, *bona*, *pecunia*, and *merx*.

For several hundred years after Constantine removed the seat of government to Constantinople, the Court remained Latin, but the

people were Greek; consequently, though Latin was the official language, it was unintelligible to the mass of the people. Though, therefore, the Pandects and Institutes of Justinian were published in Latin, all the pleadings of the courts were carried on in Greek. The Latin Pandects very soon fell into desuetude; they were superseded in popular use by Greek translations, treatises, and compilations.

At last, in the ninth and tenth centuries, they were entirely recast, under the Basilian dynasty. All the Pandects, Institutes, and legislation of Justinian were set aside as entirely obsolete, and a new code or digest was published in Greek, named the *Basilicæ*, which henceforth became the law of the Eastern Empire, and have remained to the present time as the common law of all the Greek population in the East.

And in the *Basilicæ* the Roman definition of wealth is retained—

τῷ ὀνόματι τῶν χρημάτων οὐ μόνον τὰ χρήματα, ἀλλὰ πάντα τὰ κινητὰ καὶ ἀκίνητα, καὶ τὰ σωματικὰ καὶ τὰ δίκαια δηλοῦνται.

“Under the word *χρῆμα* not only money, but everything movable and immovable, both corporeal and *rights*, are meant.”

Thus, by express enactment, in Greek jurisprudence the word *χρῆμα* includes rights of all descriptions; and thus this word includes all the three orders of exchangeable quantities which have already been shown to satisfy Aristotle's definition of *χρῆμα* or wealth.

All writers, therefore, in ancient times, held unanimously that the essence of wealth consists solely in exchangeability, and that everything which is exchangeable is wealth, whatever its form may be. They had also distinctly recognized the existence of *three* forms of exchangeable quantities, which may be symbolized by the words *money*, *labour*, and *credit*—money being taken as the type of all material or corporeal things; labour as the type of services of all sorts; and credit as the type of rights of all sorts. And all exchanges consist of the exchanges of these three orders of quantities.

We must now start entirely afresh, and trace the meaning given to wealth in modern times.

When men in modern times began to speculate about wealth, they considered it to be solely gold and silver; and the legislation of every country in Europe was for a long period framed so as to accumulate the greatest quantity of gold and silver in the country. It was the fable of Midas over again. It was held as an axiom of commerce, by the wisest statesmen and philosophers, that what one side gains the other must lose; and, for a long period, half the wars in the world arose out of the general scramble of all nations to get possession of the greatest amount of gold and silver.

At length the folly of calling gold and silver only wealth was

perceived, and, about the end of the seventeenth century, all the productions of the earth useful to man were held to be wealth, and it was very commonly said to be the "annual produce of land and labour."

The Physiocrates, or the first school of Economists, held that all things necessary for the preservation and comfort of the human race are products of the earth. The products which the producers consumed themselves they called *biens*; but the products which the producers exchanged they called *wealth*. Thus, one of the most eminent of them (Baudeau) says:—

"Useful and agreeable objects proper for our enjoyment are called *biens*, because they conduce to the preservation, the propagation, and the well-being of mankind upon the earth.

"But sometimes these goods are not wealth, because they cannot be exchanged for other goods, or be used to procure other enjoyments. The products of nature, or the works of art, the most necessary or the most agreeable, cease to be *wealth* when you lose the power of exchanging them, and of procuring other enjoyments by means of this exchange. One hundred thousand feet of the most beautiful oak in the world would not be wealth to you in the interior of North America, where you could not divest yourself of its possession by means of an exchange.

"The title *wealth* therefore supposes two things: first, useful qualities which render the objects useful and agreeable, and fit for enjoyment, which renders them *biens*; secondly, the possibility of exchanging them, which enables these goods to procure you others, which constitutes them *wealth*."

So Quesnay, the founder of the sect, says:—

"We must distinguish between *biens* which have value in use and not value in exchange, and *wealth*, which has both value in use and value in exchange. For instance: the savages in Louisiana enjoy many *biens*, such as wood, game, the fruits of the earth, &c., which are not *wealth*, because they have no value in exchange. But since some kind of commerce have been established between them and the French, the English, and the Spaniards, a part of these *biens* have acquired a value in exchange, and are become *wealth*."

These extracts show clearly enough what the Physiocrate notion of wealth was. It was the material products of the earth which are brought into commerce, or exchanged. It was their fundamental dogma that the earth is the only source of wealth, because, they repeated scores of times, man can create nothing, and nothing can come out of nothing.

The Physiocrates therefore made the essence of wealth to consist in exchangeability, but they restricted it to the material products of the earth; and they maintained that all exchanges are ultimately of products against products.

Some of the Physiocrates perceived that this definition was defective, because if they admitted that exchangeability is the essence of wealth, everything that can be exchanged should be held to be wealth. They therefore gave some reasons why

labour and credit should not be considered as wealth; their arguments are too long to examine here, but their main one was that man can create nothing, and that nothing can come out of nothing. The doctrine that all wealth is formed out of the materials of the globe may be called Physiocracy.

We must now examine Smith's ideas. He calls his work "*An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*," but, unfortunately, he never tells us precisely what he means by wealth. There is one phrase, however, which occurs at the end of the introduction—"the real wealth, the annual produce of the land and labour of the society;" and from the multitude of times that this expression is repeated throughout the work, we may take that as pretty near his idea on the subject.

This definition differs from that of the Physiocrats, because it includes absolutely all the produce of land and labour, whereas they included only the produce of the earth which is exchanged.

The phrase, moreover, is ambiguous, because it does not clearly appear whether it is the produce of land, and the produce of labour, separately, which is wealth, or the produce of land and labour combined.

Whichever way we take it, the expression is far too wide; because if it be laid down absolutely that the produce of land and labour, either separately or combined, is wealth, then every useless product of the earth and labour is wealth as well as the most useful, the tares as well as the wheat. So every useless work done would be wealth. If a number of labourers were employed to build a pyramid in the Desert of Sahara, that would be wealth; when children make mud pies they are augmenting the wealth of the country.

Many other objections might be taken to this definition, but these are enough. But the definition is also far too narrow, because Smith himself includes under the title of wealth many things which can by no possibility be called the "produce of land and labour."

Thus under the title of fixed capital he includes "the acquired and useful abilities of all the inhabitants or members of the society. The acquisition of such talents by the maintenance of the acquirer during his education, study, or apprenticeship, always costs a real expense, which is a capital fixed and realized in his person. These talents as they make part of his fortune, so do they likewise of that of the society to which he belongs."

Thus Smith classes human abilities as wealth, and human abilities are certainly not the "annual produce of land and labour." Now, the exertion of human abilities is labour, and hence Smith recognizes the second order of economic quantities as wealth.

Further on, under the term circulating capital, he includes

money, and under the term money he expressly includes bank notes, bills of exchange, &c. Among many other passages he says :—

“Suppose different banks and bankers issue promissory notes payable to bearer to the extent of one million, reserving in their different coffers £200,000, for answering occasional demands. There would remain, therefore, in circulation £800,000 in gold and silver, and £1,000,000 in bank notes, or £1,800,000 of paper and money together.”

He also observes that credits in the Bank of Amsterdam are called bank money. Thus Smith in this and numerous other passages places paper credit exactly on the same footing, and of the same value, as gold and silver.

Now paper credit is certainly not the “annual produce of land and labour;” it is a mere abstract right, and is the *third* order of quantities, which, I have already observed, are classed under *pecunia* in Roman law.

Therefore, though Smith began his work with the Physiocrate notion that wealth is the “produce of land and labour,” yet in the course of it, he is obliged to recognize the other two classes of economic quantities as wealth; and it never seems to have occurred to him that these doctrines are not consistent.

But this is very far from being the whole of his inconsistency; for, after filling his readers’ minds with the notion that wealth is the produce of land and labour, and therefore that labour and materiality are necessary to wealth and value, he says that “if a guinea could be exchanged for nothing, it would, like a bill upon a bankrupt, be of no more value than the most useless piece of paper.”

Thus, after all, Smith comes back to exchangeability, as the real test of wealth; and it is easy to see that these fundamental ideas of wealth do not coincide; because there are many things which are the produce of land and labour, which are not exchangeable; and there are many things which are exchangeable which are not the produce of land and labour.

Thus both the land itself and labour are exchangeable quantities, and certainly neither of them is the “produce of land and labour.”

One half, therefore, of Smith’s work is based upon labour and materiality as the essence of wealth, and the other half on exchangeability; and two classes of writers have followed who have adopted either half—Ricardo and his followers, who have adopted labour as the essence of wealth; and Whately, who has adopted exchangeability.

Passing over other writers, we may come to Mill, who has the reputation of being a logician and a philosopher. He is perfectly aware of the indispensable necessity of true fundamental concep-

tions in science; and we have now to see whether he is more consistent with himself than Smith.

He says:—

“Every one has a notion sufficiently correct for common purposes of what is meant by wealth.

“It is no part of the design of this treatise to aim at metaphysical nicety of definition, where the ideas suggested by a term are already as determinate as practical purposes require.”

This is certainly a strange statement for a logician to make. Smith had certainly not a sufficiently correct notion of what wealth is, and we shall see whether Mill himself has any.

He says: “Everything forms, therefore, a part of wealth which has a power of purchasing.”

Now this is a perfectly good definition of wealth. It is exactly the same as Aristotle's. It includes everything which is exchangeable as wealth, and therefore necessarily includes the three orders of exchangeable quantities—money, labour, and credit; and the production of wealth must be the production of anything which has purchasing power. A little further on, however, in the same chapter, we are surprised to come upon this sentence: “The production of wealth: the extraction of the instruments of human subsistence and enjoyment from the materials of the globe.”

Thus Mill has completely changed his fundamental conception of wealth. In the first sentence he makes it reside in exchangeability only, and includes in it everything which is exchangeable; in the second sentence he entirely drops the idea of exchangeability, and has relapsed into utter physiocracy, and he makes all wealth to be extracted from the materials of the globe!

It is certainly surprising that a logician should not perceive that these sentences are inconsistent, for certainly all exchangeable things are not extracted from the materials of the globe. The first sentence includes labour and rights as economic quantities; the second entirely excludes them, and, in fact, excludes from economics about 95 per cent. of exchangeable quantities.

Further on his doctrines exhibit still more inconsistency. Under the head of unproductive labour, he is once more obliged to consider what wealth is, and he says: “It is essential to the idea of wealth to be capable of accumulation.” Now here is a new idea introduced, because labour, which is exchangeable, perishes in the very act of exchange; it cannot be accumulated. Hence, if this new idea be adopted, labour is at once excluded from the definition of wealth.

A little further on he says: “I should prefer, were I constructing a new technical language, to make the distinction turn upon the permanence rather than upon the materiality of the product.”

This doctrine is a violation of one of the fundamental principles

of natural philosophy, the *law of continuity* Things are of all degrees of permanence, from the land, which lasts for ever, to things with a constantly diminishing degree of permanence, such as houses, watches, clothes, food, &c., down to labour, which is of the least degree of permanence. All of these things are capable of being exchanged a various number of times, down to labour, which can only be exchanged once. And at what degree of permanence, and at what number of exchanges, are we to draw the line between wealth and not-wealth? It is impossible to say. Now the *law of continuity* says: "That which is true up to the limit is true at the limit." Now the lowest limit of exchanges is one, and the lowest degree of permanence is that which perishes at the instant. Now labour is exchangeable only once, and it exists only during the act of performance. Hence, by the fundamental laws of natural philosophy, it is necessarily included under the title of WEALTH.

A few lines further down the same page, Mill says:—

"I shall therefore, in this treatise, when speaking of wealth, understand by it only what is called material wealth."

But on the very same page he says:—

"The skill and the energy and perseverance of the artisans of a country are reckoned part of its wealth."

And also—

"The human being himself I do not class as wealth. But his acquired capacities, which exist only as means, and have been called existence by labour, fall rightly, as it seems to me, under that designation."

Are the skill and acquired capacities of men material? and are they extracted from the materials of the globe?

It is surprising that Mill should put forth such contradictory doctrines; and when he says that every one has a sufficiently clear notion of what wealth is, I may simply ask if he has any clear idea of it himself?

I must now examine what his doctrine is with respect to credit, the third order of economic quantities; as credit has been the subject of considerable controversy in modern times.

Demosthenes says:—

εἰ δὲ τοῦτο ἀγνοεῖς, ὅτι πίστις ἀφορμὴ τῶν πασῶν ἐστὶ μέγιστη πρὸς χρηματισμὸν, πᾶν ἂν ἀγνοήσεις.

"If you were ignorant of this, that credit is the greatest capital of all towards the acquisition of wealth, you would be utterly ignorant."

And a multitude of writers have said the same thing since; among others Melon, a French writer, says: "To the calculation of values in money there must be added the current credit of the merchant."

Another, Dutot, says:—

“A well-managed credit amounts to tenfold the funds of a merchant; and he gains as much by his credit as if he had ten times as much money.

“Credit is therefore the greatest wealth to every man who carries on commerce.”

Smith, as I have already shown, classes paper credit under the title of capital, as a matter of course; in fact, every writer in the world, seeing that commerce is carried on by means of credit, as well as by money, said that credit is capital, without ever giving any very precise notion of what credit is; nor did they ever work out the theory of credit so as to determine its true limits.

One day, however, J. B. Say made the discovery that the whole world, from Demosthenes to Adam Smith, had been labouring under a delusion, and that to say that credit is capital, is to say that the same thing can be in two places at once! The whole of this confusion arises from a most absurd self-contradiction. Say has himself said, in a dozen places, that credit is capital; but in another place he ridicules the notion that credit is capital. But when we compare these different passages, the cause of the confusion is clear. He gives a totally different meaning in one place to the word credit to that which he gives in the other.

Superficial writers, however, never taking the trouble to compare these different passages, have caught up this silly sarcasm, and constantly repeat that those who say that credit is capital say that the same thing can be in two places at once.

I have now to examine Mill's doctrines of credit, and to see whether he is consistent with himself as to its fundamental nature.

His first definition of wealth is—“anything which has purchasing power.”

Again, in observing that money is not the whole of capital, he says, “Anything which is susceptible of being exchanged for other things is capable of contributing to production in the same degree.” Therefore, without inquiring into the meaning of production, Mill says that if bank notes can be exchanged like money, they contribute to production in the same way as money does.

Mill heads his chapter on credit thus: “Of Credit as a Substitute for Money.” Now when one quantity is used as a substitute for another, it must be of the same general nature—of not so high or perfect a nature, it may be, but still it must be of the same kind, though perhaps not of the same degree. Now, money is a separate exchangeable quantity; consequently if credit can be a substitute for money, it must also be a separate exchangeable quantity.

Further on, Mill, having laid down the definition of wealth, that it is *anything* which has purchasing power, says—“Credit, though it is not productive power, is purchasing power;” “the credit which we are now called upon to consider as a distinct purchasing

power;" and, in a multitude of passages, he speaks of credit as "purchasing power."

Now, if Mill says that "wealth is anything that has purchasing power;"

And if he says that "credit is purchasing power;"

Then, "Credit is wealth;" is a syllogism which all the logicians in the world cannot escape from.

Again, Mill says—

"The amount of purchasing power which a person can exercise is composed of all the money in his possession, or due to him [*i.e.*, of all the bank notes and bills of exchange he possesses], and of all his credit.

"Credit, in short, has exactly the same purchasing power with money."

And he speaks of "credit transferable from hand to hand," thereby distinctly acknowledging that credit is a substantive exchangeable quantity.

He also says—"A third form in which credit is employed as a substitute for currency, is that of promissory notes." Again, "An order, or note of hand, or bill payable at sight, for an ounce of gold, while the credit of the giver is unimpaired, is worth neither more nor less than the gold itself." Mill, therefore, says that credit is of the same value as gold; consequently it is wealth; and how can credit, a mere abstract right, be extracted out of the materials of the globe?

A few lines after the last passage, he says—"But we have now found that there are other things, such as bank notes, bills of exchange, and cheques which circulate as money, and perform ALL the functions of it."

Now one of the functions of money is to be used as capital; and if bank notes, &c., perform ALL the functions of money, they may also be used as capital; but bank notes, &c., are credit; and therefore credit may be used as capital.

Mill has therefore, by implication, admitted that credit may be used as capital. But in a subsequent chapter he says:—

"The value saved to the community by thus dispensing with metallic money, is a clear gain to those who provide the substitute. They have the use of 20 millions of circulating medium, which have cost them only the expense of an engraver's plate. If they employ this accession to their fortunes as PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL, the produce of the country is increased, and the community benefited, as much as by any other CAPITAL of equal amount. . . .

"When paper currency is supplied, as in our own country, by bankers and banking companies, the amount is almost wholly turned into PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL. . . .

"A banker's profession being that of a money-lender, his issue of notes is a simple extension of his ordinary occupation. He lends the amount to farmers, manufacturers, and dealers, who employ it in their several businesses. So employed, it yields, like any other CAPITAL, wages of labour and profits of stock. . . .

"The capital itself, in the long run, becomes entirely wages, and, when replaced by the sale of the produce, becomes wages again; thus affording a perpetual fund of the value of 20 millions for the maintenance of productive labour."

In another place, he says—

"An effect of this latter character naturally attends some extensions of credit; especially when taking place in the form of bank notes, or other instruments of exchange. The additional bank notes are in ordinary course first issued to producers or dealers to be employed as CAPITAL."

Thus Mill, in these passages, acknowledges, as distinctly as language can do, that credit is productive capital; and yet, after these express declarations, he turns round and sneers at the imbecility of those who say that credit is capital!

He begins his chapter headed, "Of Credit as a Substitute for Money," thus:—

"The functions of credit have been a subject of as much misunderstanding, and as much confusion of ideas, as any single topic in political economy."

"As a specimen of the confused notions entertained respecting the nature of credit, we may advert to the exaggerated language so often used respecting its national importance. Credit has a great, but not, as many people seem to suppose, a magical power; it cannot make something out of nothing. How often is an extension of credit talked of as equivalent to a creation of capital! [who has said more distinctly than Mill himself that credit is capital?] It seems strange that there should be any need to point out that credit, being only the permission to use the capital of another person, (!) the means of production cannot be increased by it, but only transferred!

"But though credit is never anything more than a *transfer of capital* from hand to hand."

The astonishing confusion of ideas as to the nature of credit in the above extracts is clear; in the first set Mill sees that credit is the promise to pay, or the right, which may be recorded on paper in the form of a bill or note, and which, he says over and over again, is independent exchangeable property of the value of money, and which may perform ALL the functions of money, and therefore may be used as capital. In the second set of passages Mill has changed the conception of credit from being a promise to pay to its being the *transfer of capital*. Now is a bank note the transfer of capital? Is a piece of independent property of any sort the same thing as the *transfer* of something else? Is a pint of wine the same thing as the sale of a pair of shoes?

After this exposition it appears that Mill is not exactly the person to sneer at others for their confused notions of credit; but his own work is a striking example of the misunderstanding and confusion of ideas which he says prevail upon the subject. I have shown that he admits bank notes, bills of exchange, &c., to be of the value of gold, and to be wealth; but these are the third order of economic quantities; and how are they extracted from the materials of the globe?

Thus both Smith and Mill, though in some parts of their works they say that wealth is material, and extracted from the materials of the globe, in other passages recognize the existence of labour and rights as wealth.

The result of all this is that we must exterminate all these contradictions and confusions from the idea of wealth, and come back to the simplicity and generality of the ancients, that the sole essence of wealth is exchangeability; and that there are three orders of exchangeable quantities, typified by money, labour, and credit.

The Physiocrats only admitted material products into the science, and they maintained that all exchanges are of products against products. The second school of economists admitted labour as an exchangeable commodity, and Beccaria, an Italian economist, said that exchanges are of products against products, products against services, and of services against services; thus allowing the existence of two exchangeable quantities and of three kinds of exchange. But I have shown that there are *three* kinds of exchangeable quantities, and that rights are exchangeable quantities, as well as products and labour; and consequently there are *SIX* different kinds of exchange; and these six kinds of exchange embrace all commerce in its widest acceptance.

Having thus discarded these contradictions from the science, we can start free; and the next thing is to discover a single general name which will include all the three forms of economic quantities—money, labour, and credit; and we shall find this general term in the word *property*.

Nothing is more common than to call material things like houses, lands, &c., property; but that is not the true meaning of the word. Property is not the thing itself, but the right to it; and it is never used by early English writers to mean things; but only rights to things.

In Roman law, the right over all the members of the family, and all its possessions, centred in the *dominus*, or head of the house; hence this right was called *dominium*. Afterwards, when the rigour of the *patria potestas* was somewhat relaxed, separate members of the family were allowed to have a right to possessions, and this right was called *Proprietas: dominium, id est proprietas*, says Neratius, a jurist of the age of Trajan and Hadrian.

Proprietas, or property, therefore means the right of using something in any way we please; selling or exchanging it, or destroying it. And early English writers invariably use the word property in the sole sense of a right. Thus Wycliffe says—"They made property of ghostly goods, where no property may be; and professed to have no property in worldly goods, where alone property is lawful." And so Bacon often speaks of property in lands and

some profit which will only come into possession at some future time; and this kind of property is called, in Roman and every other system of law, incorporeal property. It includes credit of all sorts—bank notes, bills, copyrights, the funds, patents, shares in commercial companies, advowsons, &c. But both kinds of property may be bought and sold, and therefore they are both within the domain of political economy.

The grievous defect of Smith, Mill, and other writers of the second school of Economists is, that they wholly omit this kind of property, which is now of the value of many thousands of millions of money in this country, and has increased at an immensely greater ratio than corporeal property. And so long as the conception of wealth is infested with the notion of “land and labour” and “materiality,” the nature of this property cannot be understood. But as soon as we adopt exchangeability alone as the essence of wealth and value, all difficulties disappear, and the whole business of banking and credit may be brought within the strictest laws of Economics.

Suppose that a merchant has so much money. It is the accumulated proceeds of his past industry. He buys merchandise with it, and makes a profit: he replaces the money he has expended; and the surplus is his profit.

But, as Mill rightly says, his purchasing power is his money and his credit.

Supposing that he sees that a profit may be made. He buys goods, and in exchange for them, he gives his promise to pay at a future time. He sells the goods; he discharges the debt he incurred; and the surplus is his profit.

Now, money and credit are both purchasing power: a merchant or tradesman makes a profit equally whether he buys with money or credit; hence, as the true definition of capital is “anything which produces a profit,” credit is capital as well as money. When a merchant trades with money, he trades with the accumulated proceeds of the past; when he trades with credit, he trades with the anticipated proceeds of the future.

In fact, every future profit of every description has a PRESENT VALUE; and that present value may be bought and sold, and traded with as well as with money. The present right to a future payment is termed credit, and, under the form of bank notes, bills, &c., may be sold or transferred any number of times, until they are paid off, and then they cease to exist as rights, or economic quantities. Thus Economics includes both corporeal and incorporeal property.

It is now easily seen which is the better definition of Political Economy—“the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth,” or “the science of exchanges.” The Physiocrats, who

invented both terms, and said they were equivalent, restricted the exchanges they spoke of to the exchange of the material products of the earth. But there are innumerable exchanges which are not exchanges of the material products of the earth; and "the science of exchanges" is an immensely wider and more intelligible expression than "the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth." A few examples will illustrate the difference.

Suppose I have a piece of land upon which people want to build houses; the land rises greatly in value; suppose I sell the land: that is an exchange, and a phenomenon of value; but how is it the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth?

Suppose I write a popular work, and can sell the copyright of it to a publisher; that is an exchange, and an instance of value; but how is it the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth?

Suppose two persons agree to do some work for each other, each kind of work may be valued in money; that is an instance of value and an exchange; but how is it the production, the distribution, and consumption of wealth?

A banker discounts a bill for a customer by means of his own notes; that is an instance of value and an exchange; but how is it the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth?

Thus these few examples, which might be multiplied to a great extent, show that the expression, "production, distribution, and consumption of wealth" is only intelligible when applied to *one* class of exchanges: while the expression, "the science of exchanges," is applicable to all exchanges of every description; and is, in fact, the name of a great science as wide and general as mechanics and optics. The former name will no more fit the great general science of exchanges than the clothes of an infant will fit a giant; and therefore, by Mill's own observation that the definition of a science must grow as the science is enlarged, "the science of exchanges" is the only definition which fits the science of Political Economy in its widest extent.

Moreover, by adopting this definition, we see at once how it is a physical science. What is there in the name of production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, to suggest any resemblance to a physical science? But as soon as we adopt the definition of it as the science of exchanges, we see at once how it is a physical science. Because, there being three orders of exchangeable quantities, and therefore six species of exchanges, the object of the science is to determine the laws of the phenomena of these exchanges—that is, the changes in the numerical relations in which these several quantities will exchange; and as there is a single general law which governs the motions of the heavenly bodies, and which explains all the phenomena of astronomy, it is perfectly easy to show that there is a single general

law which governs all the changes in the numerical relations of exchangeable quantities. And thus we have a new physical science created; a new body of phenomena all based upon a single general conception, brought under the dominion of general laws.

It only remains to show that there is no need to change the name of the science, as Whately proposed *catallactics* as the name of the science of exchanges. When once a science has acquired a name in popular usage, there is no advantage to be gained by changing it, even though that name might not have been the best which might have been selected if the science were a new creation. The name by which a science is called is of very small importance, the real requisite is that its nature and objects should be clearly defined. Plato long ago laughed at the idea of calling the science which treats of the motion of the heavenly bodies geometry; and yet to the present day the French call a great analyst, like Leverrier, a great geometer. Trigonometry has long ago been expanded beyond the measuring of triangles, and so on in many other cases,

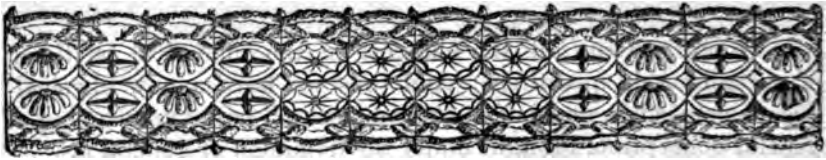
The name of Political Economy or Economic Science is so firmly rooted in the public mind, that no advantage could be got by changing it. Besides there is no need to change it, as its character is expressed in its very name. Many persons suppose that *οἶκος* in Greek means a house, and that an economist is the master of a house. But *οἶκος* has a much more extensive meaning than that of a house: it means property, substance, or estate, of every description. Homer, Herodotus, Demosthenes, and Lysias, all use *οἶκος* in the sense of property generally. In the "Economicus" of Xenophon, Socrates expressly points out the difference between *οἶκος*, which means all kinds of property, and *οἰκία*, which means a house. Besides, *οἶκος* is the technical term in Attic Law, for all a man's goods and chattels, his substance, or estate of every sort. So the grammarian Ammonius says:—*οἶκος λέγεται ἡ πᾶσα οὐσία*—"οἶκος, means all property."

Hence Economics is the very best term that could be selected to denote the science which treats of the exchanges of property. It is also preferable to Political Economy, because it shows that it has nothing whatever to do with politics, but only with property. It may be called the science of exchanges, the philosophy of commerce, or the theory of value; they all mean precisely the same thing. I myself have offered this definition, to show its relation to other physical sciences—

Economics is the science which treats of the laws which govern the relations of exchangeable quantities.

And M. Michel Chevalier has done me the honour to say that he thinks that the best definition of the science which has yet been proposed.

H. D. MACLEOD.



NOTES OF AN INDIAN JOURNEY.

I.

LUMIGNY, *Nov. 3rd*, 1874.—And so the anniversary of our sad break-up at Nismes, when the priests were chanting the *De Profundis* in the streets, the anniversary of our pleasant start from Cairo for the First Cataract, was to be the day of this parting also.* As we were nearing the French land yesterday, I caught sight of Mr. S——, who, with his wife (whom you remember at Corfu), was returning to his post. They had engaged a carriage from Calais to Paris, in which they were so good as to offer us seats; so that I had an opportunity of hearing much that has been going on in Greece since we were there. As Finlay's letters have become few and far between, this was no small piece of good fortune. I came hither from Paris this morning, to spend the day, having arranged, as you will recollect, for a little oasis of French home-life on the rather weary journey from London to Turin. And that I certainly find to perfection in this fair and stately place, peopled by recollections.

It is strange to see what an odd and unheard-of sort of proceeding this Indian expedition of mine seems to my kind friends here.

TURIN, *Nov. 5th*.—A journey of some two-and-twenty hours brought us from Paris to this place, where, if I except one night in 1871, I have never been since I went out to see Cavour, in

* This diary was written for, and sent home week by week to, my five usual travelling companions.

December, 1860. "A good deal has happened since;" but materially Turin has lost nothing by the transfer of the capital. The population has largely increased, and several new industries have sprung up.

We climbed, this afternoon, to the Superga. A soft, more than semi-transparent mist filled all the valley, out of which rose only a few peaks, covered with snow, and clear-cut, as if they had been in Attica. The view was not so lovely as I once before saw it; but, such as it was, my companion pronounced it more beautiful than anything in California.

The same weather which I had at Lumigny continues. There is a cloudless sky, with a thin haze through the day; but it becomes perfectly clear after darkness has fallen. The frosty starlight at Amberieu last night was worthy of St. Agnes.

I remembered, as we passed Chambéry, an amusing story which my father used to tell of a visit paid by him at that place, fifty years ago, to the famous adventurer, De Boigne. After much conversation upon Indian subjects, they came to finance, and my father expressed some uneasiness about that side of the Company's affairs. "Oh," said De Boigne, "the Company need never suffer from want of money. They have one unfailing resource." "What is that?" asked my father, eagerly. "*Plunder China*," was the characteristic reply.

How we do flit about the world now-a-days! Exactly a week ago, I was on Tweedside, close to Neidpath Fell, which was still clad in the last hues of autumn, though soon to look as dreary as Scott describes it in the opening verses of "*Marmion*;" and now I have just come down from the last home of the House of Savoy, having, in the meantime, given my anti-Cassandra address in Edinburgh, had my final talk with Mallet over Indian affairs, heard from Renan, in the Rue Vanneau, his views about the exploration of Yemen, and done I know not how many other things.

Still, all this will be, within a generation, considered quite slow work, if C—— is right. I told you, I think, that, on the 25th October, after listening for some time to his views about flying-machines, I said, "Do I really understand you correctly when I understand you to say that within twenty years you think we shall go to New York in a day?" and that he answered, "I don't see how it can be otherwise." Such a statement, coming from a man of his great scientific position, *donne à penser*.

PARMA, Nov. 6th.—Of the people I knew in Turin, every one is dead or departed, except Count Sclopis, the Geneva Arbitrator, and his wife, in whose hospitable *salon* I spent yesterday evening, coming on to this place this afternoon—a pleasant journey, made pleasanter by the society of Mr. and Mrs. S——. It grew dark soon after we arrived; and we could only see the outside of the

many-tiered baptistery or the fine Lombard cathedral—falling back upon dinner and a bottle of Scandiano, a by no means contemptible white wine, which we drank in honour of Hyperion.*

BOLOGNA, *Nov. 8th.*—Of the Parma Correggios, I can tell you little that you do not know already. Those in the churches are almost invisible to ordinary eyes; and one has to content oneself with Toschi's small but excellent copies. The easel pictures are in much better preservation; and I quite subscribe to the ruling of Mengs, that the "Giorno" here is superior to its *pendant*, the "Notte of Dresden."

Charming, too, and well preserved, are the children in the Camera di S. Paolo; but the room is, and always must have been, absurdly dark. Over the fireplace, by the way, is a motto, excellent for these times, "Ignem ne gladio fodias"—Don't poke the fire with a sword.

Here, in Bologna, I have re-seen and seen much. On no former occasion did I visit the great secularized monastery of S. Michele in Bosco, which rises close to the walls on one of the last spurs of the Apennines—a grand place, with a corridor nearly 500 feet long, and commanding most glorious views.

It was sunset as we went up to it, and the whole air became gradually full of music; as, one by one, the hundred churches of the great city took up the burden which we have heard so often when together on the Venetian lagunes.

One could not forget that a similar usage in a city hard by inspired some of the most beautiful lines in modern poetry—

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the place where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft;
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

Nov. 9th. On the Ionian sea.—We left Bologna (in which the general election for the Italian parliament was proceeding quietly enough) at one o'clock p.m. yesterday, by the quick train which runs only once a week, in fifteen hours, to Brindisi, with the Indian mail, and crossed the Rubicon in more senses than one. Before we reached Ancona, the sun had gone down behind the Apennines, gilding their peaks as it departed; and Loretto soon afterwards stood black against the sky, hiding for a moment the evening star. Pescara, Foggia, Bari, were successively left behind; and before six o'clock, we were steaming out of harbour in the "Gwalior."

* Nay, the old Lombard, Matteo Maria Bojardo, set all the church bells in Scandiano ringing, merely because he had found a name for one of his heroes. Here also shall church bells be rung, but more solemnly.

Now we have just got out of the Straits of Otranto, seeing at once the town which gives them their name, and the beautiful outline of Cape Linguetta in Chimari. I had miscalculated the clearness of the atmosphere, and had not at all expected to see the Albanian mountains, nor those delicious islands through which we sailed in the "Saturno."

The sea is moderate, but the ship, having very little cargo, dances more than is altogether pleasant.

Nov. 10th.—When I came on deck this morning, the yellow cliffs of Zante were behind us, and we were running for the islet of Prote, at the southern extremity of the Gulf of Arcadia.

Far off to the right of our course lay Strovali, the Strophades of old days, and the fabled home of the Harpies.

The day was fine, and the sea calm from nine till one, so that I saw admirably a good deal of the coast, which night stole from us in 1871, especially the island of Sphacteria, which protects the roads of Navarino, and is thus as famous in modern as in ancient history. Then came Modon and Sapienza, and Cabrera, all of which you recollect, but the mountains of the interior were partially veiled in clouds, and not so well seen as you saw them. The nearer mountains, especially those which look down on the Gulf of Arcadia, were, however, as clear as possible.

Nov. 11th.—We had passed Cabrera, and were nearly off Venetico, with its attendant Ant rocks, when we saw that it was raining heavily in Maina, and Cerigo was quite invisible. Soon the storm struck us, and we tumbled about to the southward, over an angry sea, "with nothing beautiful or desirable in it," save when the wind, blowing athwart our track, turned up masses of water, having exactly that shade of blue which one sees so often down the rifts of a glacier.

This morning we are running along the southern shore of Crete, with heavy rain, but far less wind than we had twenty hours ago.

Nov. 12th.—At twelve o'clock yesterday we were still 308 miles from Alexandria, a good deal further than we should have been; so we have been driving along at a great pace, the wind now favouring us, to get into the harbour before sunset to day. You know the alternative by sad experience, and will sympathize with our desire not to lie tossing the whole night, as we did in the Péluse.

I have just re-read the *Epicurean*, which we regretted not having with us on the Nile; but, alas, the verdict of forty-five does not confirm the verdict of sixteen. It is, however, I think, quite as good as Aïda would have been without Mariette.

Nov. 13th.—We ran 276 miles in the twenty-four hours, between noon on the 11th and 12th, so that by three o'clock yesterday the pilot was alongside. It was the third day of Bairam, and a great holiday. The Khedive's ships were all dressed with flags, and the

batteries happened to be saluting just as we came in. Three of us immediately landed, and spent the afternoon in Alexandria. Our friends were away to a man, but they had taken, after their manner, before going, all steps necessary for our comfort. The town was dusty and crowded, as usual—the pleasantest sight in it being that glorious Australian tree, the *Bignonia Stans*, which was covered with its bright yellow flowers, and in great beauty.

By twenty minutes past seven we were off, and the 226 miles to Suez were got over before sunrise.

To most Indian passengers Egypt must verily and indeed appear the land of mystery, for the transit is now almost always effected in the night. I saw nothing on the journey except the railway stations, and was extremely glad, as you may suppose, to have traversed the ground before, under conditions more favourable to getting to know the country.

When we moored in Alexandria harbour, we learned that the "Malwa" had not reached Port Said—so that we made up our minds to a long delay at Suez, and at Suez I am now writing, not without a certain vexation that these violet mountains and yellow sands are wasting their exquisite colours on me, who cannot transfer them to paper, and that one of you, who could do that so well, is far away in England, perhaps in the midst of a November fog.

Nov. 14th.—The time, however, passes pleasantly enough. We read, and talk, and bargain for those bright-coloured handkerchiefs which the well-to-do natives wear round their heads, while those who have not already seen them go to the Wells of Moses and the mouth of the Canal.

Nov. 15th.—Towards the afternoon the mouth of the Canal becomes deeply interesting to us all, for just as the sun has set, and the swift darkness of these latitudes is coming down over the Arabian hills, the smoke of the "Malwa" is seen in the north. Can she get out before it becomes so dark as to make it unsafe to proceed? That is the question—and then follow two hours of *canards* and prophesyings, of "Wolf, wolf," and "Sister Anne, sister Anne, is anybody coming?" At last, the more gloomy spirits are shown to be in error, and the order for embarkation arrives. Embarkation is effected with a good deal of delay, but no *contretemps*, and about the middle of the night the "Malwa" steams quietly away to the southward.

I rose early to see a cloudy and not very striking sunrise over the Sinaitic peninsula, and for nine hours we have now been slipping down the Gulf of Suez, which at three p.m. we are just leaving. Sinai* itself is, I believe, not visible from the sea, but

* Addressed, apparently, to a small horde of runaway slaves, the "Law," whose fundamental outlines of religious and social culture revealed, on Mount Sinai—"the

we have had an excellent view of the mountain knot to which it belongs, and of the whole coast on both sides. More serrated or more barren mountains I have never beheld; but all, Sinaitic and Egyptian, are most lovely as seen robed in pink, yellow, and violet from this blue sea, misnamed the Red, which is to-day stiller than we usually found the Nile.

How different has been the destiny of the mountains on the left and of those on the right—the first the most famous in the world, the others absolutely unknown to history! These last bear, for the most part, English names, given for the purposes of Captain Moresby's survey—Jagged Razor Hill, Sugar Loaf Mountain, and the like.

The Church Service was read this morning by the Bishop of Bombay, as we glided along in sight of the Sinaitic range—a ceremony all the more imposing if one thinks of what passed as, on the whole, reflecting pretty well the fundamental notions with regard to the highest matters prevailing in Anglo-Indian society, of which society this crowded P. and O. steamer, as usual, carries a sufficiently characteristic section, proceeding, under the impulse of a mysterious destiny, to carry on its strange work in the world.

I spent most of the evening at the bows of the vessel. What little wind there was came from the south, but had all the properties usually ascribed to the zephyr. In front, the sea was like black marble. Under us the foam broke in a white wave, mingled with sea-fire, while a crescent moon threw a broad path of silver on the waters, which seemed to lead over them to the invisible but not distant shores of Africa.

And so, amidst pleasant talk, ended my first day upon the Red Sea.

Nov. 16th.—We hold well away from the Arabian shore, and the sun rose unclouded out of an expanse of open sea. By breakfast-time (half-past eight) we had passed the light on the Dædalus shoal, and were some 360 miles from Suez. The navigation of that part of these waters which we traversed yesterday is always a difficult business, and the captain is much engaged when going down the gulf, till he gets beyond the Straits of Jubal and the mouth of the Sea of Akabah.

To-day it is plainer sailing. We leave Yembo, the port of Medina, far to the left, and the site of the ancient Berenice far, though not nearly so far, to the right—holding down the centre of the channel.

To-morrow we should be opposite Jeddah, the port of Mecca,

lowliest of the range, to indicate that God's Spirit rests on them only that are meek of heart"—was indeed intended, the masters say, for all the children of men. "Why," they ask, "was it given in the desert and not in any king's land?" To show that even as the desert, God's own highway, is free, wide open to all, even so are His words a free gift to all; like the sun, the moon, and the stars.—*E. Deutsch.*

though not in sight of it. So near the holy cities, we have, of course, been much occupied with reading and talking about Mahomet. I have just finished Nöldeke's excellent life of him, and have re-read Deutsch's paper on Islam. Sprenger's sketch for his larger book I read before I left England.

After dinner I went again to the bows, and saw, for the first time, the evening star throw a distinct line of light across the sea. A large star on the southern horizon, which some of us thought might be Canopus, was pronounced by authority to be Fomalhaut, whom I was equally glad to win "from the eternal darkness."

Nov. 17th.—At this season, northerly winds generally prevail in this sea till the *Dædalus* Light is passed. Then comes a sort of debateable region, while at the lower end the south wind has it all its own way. At present, however, the south wind has pushed far into the territory of his rival, and to-day there is quite a fresh breeze coming up from the Indian Ocean.

We are now well within the tropics, nearly in a line with Jeddah on the left, while the coast of Nubia is on our right. As we are still running down the middle of the sea, the land on each side may be something like seventy-five miles off.

The breeze increases, and the waves begin to get up, so that they have been obliged to shut the port in my cabin. The thermometer has not, however, yet risen above 87° Fahrenheit. We have just seen what the captain tells me is an unusually fine waterspout, exactly like a huge hose let down from the clouds to the water, and bending to the north, as a hose would do in a violent south wind.

Nov. 18th.—Harder and harder it blew, keeping us back sadly, and raising the sea far higher than it generally is at this season. Had we been in the lightly laden "*Gwalior*," we should have had a bad time of it; but the "*Malwa*" behaves splendidly, as well or better than the "*Saturno*" did that wild day between Sazona and "the thunder-hills of fear."

On deck the furious wind kept down the temperature, but the cabins were very hot, the influence of the punkahs, which were kept going in the saloon, and which I see here for the first time, not extending so far. This being so, I, with many others, preferred to sleep up-stairs. Soon after three I awoke to find the wind moderating and the sea going down. It was a glorious night, and I straightway started in search of some one to show me Canopus. Suddenly I saw an unfamiliar object in the sky. I turned, and found that it was right opposite the polar star, and felt sure that at last I beheld the Southern Cross. Presently I found the officer of the watch, and asked him to show me Canopus. "Yes," he said, "but first look at the Southern Cross, which we see so well;" and then he showed me Canopus,

burning straight above my new friend, Fomalhaut. He is a grand star, fit kingdom for S——, who first named his name to me at Athens—when, that is, he has done with Oxford and this sublunary scene.

I called up R——, and we remained long at the bows, enjoying the beauty of the spectacle (which was heightened by numerous falling stars), and speaking of the lines in the “Purgatorio”—

“Io mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente,
 All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle,
 Non viste mai fuor ch'alla prima gente;
 Goder pareva, il ciel di lor fiammelle,
 O settentrional vedovo sito,
 Poiche privato se' di mirar quelle.”

The breeze freshened with the rising sun of the 18th, and we have had a heavy sea all day, retarding our progress sadly, but not otherwise interfering much with our happiness.

Nov. 19th.—The evening star brought calmer weather. Our ports were opened, and we had a pleasant night, but this morning before daybreak the labouring of the ship told of another change, and by the time we sighted the island of Jebel Teer, an extinct or slumbering volcano, whence the mail communication was kept up through Annesley Bay, with our troops in Abyssinia, it was very rough indeed. At noon, it appeared that we had only made 191 knots as against 213 the day before. Alas for the halcyon days at the beginning of the week. Just at present it is said we are not doing more than between six and seven per hour, and it is very creditable to the builders of the “Malwa” that we are doing that.

We run on thirty-four miles and come to the little Zebayer Archipelago, a group of eight islets lying in lat. $15^{\circ} 3'$, and lon. $42^{\circ} 18'$, which we leave on the left. The largest is eight miles long, but the rest much smaller.

Nov 20th.—By ten o'clock yesterday evening, we had crept on to Jebel Zoojur, a high island which we left on the right, and before daylight we had passed Mocha.

I wish you could have seen the approach to the straits of Babel-Mandeb with the high lands of Abyssinia on the west, and those of Yemen on the east. The last were the nearest, and we could see first a strip of yellow sand, then ridge behind ridge of sharp and jagged mountains. The wind was so violent that it was not easy to keep one's footing at the bows, but the sea it brought up was not high, nothing to compare to that of yesterday. The straits between Africa and Asia are fourteen and a half miles wide, but we ran between the brown volcanic rocks of Cape Bab-el-Mandeb itself on the Arabian mainland, and the precisely similar rocks of the once much talked of Isle of Perim—the passage between which is only about two miles in breadth. Far off on the right lay a

group of "peaked isles," like the Euganean hills, behind which, stretched far away, the Somali coast. In front lay the Indian Ocean, and to the left, hill after hill led the eye along the shores of Arabia. One has the size of that enormous country well stamped on the mind by this journey. Here we have been steaming for one hundred and thirty two mortal hours from Suez, and have only just turned the south-west corner of it.

Nov. 21st.—The straits left behind, we altered our course and moved on over the ninety odd miles which still separated us from Aden, as fast as the north-east monsoon would allow us. Very beautiful in the golden afternoon looked the distant mountains of Yemen, which, catching the clouds as they pass, give to the interior a fertility which is denied to the seaboard of Happy Arabia. It was nine o'clock before we moored close to Steamer Point, and saw the white houses of that quarter of Aden against a background of hills, whose rugged outlines were softened by the moonlight. Soon the Resident, General Schneider, came on board, and carried R—— and me off to see as much as the hour would permit of his weird domain.

Two brisk little ponies from the African coast whirled us at a great pace along a road, which, as there were no people about, and as the moon, not the sun, was shining, might very well have been part of the Riviera di Ponente, say in the neighbourhood of Pegli. At length we reached a steep ascent. You remember the Puy de Pariou in Auvergne. Well, multiply the Puy de Pariou twenty times; place it under the tropics; carry a road through one of the lips of the crater; let this road be barred by a gate, within which you find yourself on a steep, fortified declivity, not unlike that which leads down to the inn at Finstermünz, and you will have some sort of idea of the approach to Aden proper. Only, instead of the cattle with their tinkling bells, which occupied the bottom of the Puy de Pariou when we saw it, you must imagine a large Arab town with wide streets, long ranges of whitewashed buildings, courts of justice, a Parsee club, and many other institutions which it was useful for me to see, but which you would not care to have enumerated. Through this we drove to the opposite edge of the crater, which is cleft by a deep gorge communicating with extensive highlands and valleys above. In this gorge are the famous tanks—a series of gigantic gulfs of strange and uncouth shapes connected by stairs, up which we climbed to the last but one. Picture to yourselves such a succession of deep irregular reservoirs, rising one above another in a ravine full of towering precipices, at right angles to the valley of the Petrusse, among the broken fortifications of Luxemburg, and you will have some notion of this extraordinary place. These tanks were seven hundred years old in the days of Dante, and it is

a thousand pities, both for him and them, that he did not pass this way. They would not have missed their place in the Inferno.

Most beneficent are they nevertheless. A rain of less than two hours sometimes fills them with eight million gallons of water, enough to last the whole population of the settlement for a year. Such rains are of course only occasional; but it is a mistake to suppose that Aden is a rainless place. Showers frequently fall in the winter months, though generally very light ones, just sufficient to lay the dust.

Of course I had many questions to put to General Schneider with respect to the political circumstances of this strange "coign of vantage;" and as his brother, who has been acting for him during a recent absence, is now on board, I shall hear a good deal more before many days are over. These intricate matters, however, will have more interest for Mallet than for you, so I shall keep them for him.

Spent the morning in re-reading, amongst other things, the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam. What a grand poem it is:—

"Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument,
About it, and about! but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

"With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reaped,
I came like water, and like wind I go

"Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence* like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it as wind along the waste,
I know not whither willy-nilly blowing.

"Up from Earth's centre, through the seventh gate,
I rose and on the throne of Saturn sate;
And many a knot unravelled by the road,
But not the master-knot of human fate.

"There was the door to which I found no key;
There was the veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

And again * * * *

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

"And this reviving herb, whose tender green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean;
Ah! lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen?

"Ah, my beloved! fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets, and future fears;
To-morrow! why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years."

Strange to think that this was written by a schoolfellow of the Old Man of the Mountain!

We were still 1379 miles from Bombay at noon, and although the sea is perfectly calm, we are not doing more than ten miles an hour. Makullah is past, and we must be somewhere off Shahur, a little state with which the chief of that place is at present fighting, and with which, as well as with its enemy, we have a slave trade treaty. To the north are seen high mountains, like faint clouds, but we shall soon be out of sight of land, and beyond the great declivity in the bed of the Indian Ocean, where the soundings go down from 1,200 or so to 2,000 fathoms.

The service was again read by the Bishop of Bombay, and was none the less impressive from the fact of this being the last Sunday in the Christian year. They sang in the morning Heber's hymn—"Holy, holy, holy;" and at night, that one of which the refrain is—

"O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea."

The Heathen Chinese is well represented on board, though most of the sailors come from the Gulf of Cambay. In his capacity of a most serviceable creature, he took his own share in arranging the benches and chairs for our extemporized church. "Very odd all this must appear to these fellows," said X—to me. You know what they call what we are going to be about—*Joss Pigeon*—idol business!

Nov. 27th.—We ought to have landed last night, but we were still many miles from Bombay at twelve o'clock, a.m.; thanks to the detention of the "*Malwa*," at Malta, in consequence of the gale in the Southern Mediterranean, whose last efforts at mischief we experienced in the swell that met us in the Straits of Otranto; thanks, too, to the persevering head-winds which have blown ever since we left Suez. Our voyage, since we came out of Aden, has been uneventful, but most pleasant. The Indian Ocean at this season is simply paradisiacal. I do not think an invalid, with whom the sea does not disagree, could possibly do better than cross and re-cross it all the winter through. The climate is, beyond all comparison, superior to that of Cairo or the Nile. The thermometer stands in my cabin at about 80° Fahr. in the day, and not much lower at night; but there is a pleasant breeze, and one never feels for one moment either too hot or too cold. A few passing steamers (*Ditchers* they call those which go through the Canal), hundreds of flying fish, of which I, by some odd fatality, have seen none; some porpoises, several splendid moon-rises, and one or two fairly good sunsets; a man overboard, who was recovered: these have been our mild excitements. The passengers, who are very numerous, have fallen, of course, into many groups, according to their tastes, connections, and pursuits. We have been singularly fortunate in the amount of information, as well upon things

Indian, which we have received, as in the number of agreeable hours which we have passed; and the conclusion of the voyage would be very far from indeed being a satisfaction if we did not look forward to spending some days at Bombay, with several of those of whom we have seen most on board.

Nov. 28th.—A little before three this morning, I was awoke by the vessel stopping; and as I looked out of my window, a bright flash met my eyes. It came from the lighthouse on the Prongs, and we were at length in Indian waters. Before dawn, most people were on deck, and were rewarded by a sunrise of great beauty—long lines of gold and violet lying above the flat-topped hills of the Mahratta country, and the numerous islands formed like these of trap, which stud the great inlet of the sea, known as Bombay harbour.

Some hours passed in the usual preparations, and about eight o'clock, five of us got into a steam-launch, which the Governor had sent out, and proceeded to the landing place of Mazagon, whence we drove to his country house at Parell. The trajet would, I have no doubt, have looked common-place enough to many eyes accustomed to India; but to mine it was full of novelty and interest. First came the boats, with their graceful sails, formed, most of them, out of many pieces of cloth sewn together; then the strange sandals of the men on the landing-stairs. Next — pointed out to me the cocoa-nut and the Toddy palm, the Mango, the Casuarina, and the gold Mohur tree. Then I heard "the inevitable Indian crows," while every group had something to arrest the eye, either from strangeness of attitude or brilliancy of colour.

After the heat of the day was over, Sir Philip Wodehouse took — and myself for a long drive. Passing some of the cotton mills, which are already beginning to attract the attention of Manchester, we turned to the right, across a hideous flat, on which rice is grown in the rains, and reached the sea-shore just as the sun was setting. — called my attention to the curious way in which, in this land of sudden darkness, the foreground becomes quite pale and dead, where, in England, it would still be blazing with colour; to the exquisitely graceful growth of the cocoa-nut palms, in a grove through which we passed; to the Elephant Creeper (*Argyreia speciosa*); to the pretty lamps suspended in the shops of the native town, and to much else. It was indeed no small privilege to have my first peep of India under the guidance of an eye and mind to which everything was at once familiar and fresh.

Skirting Back Bay, a name rather too famous in the modern history of the Western Presidency, we arrived at the great range of public buildings which has recently arisen under the initiative of Sir Bartle Frere, and which would do honour to any capital. Then we turned and passed homewards, through the

crowded streets of Bombay. proper, said to be about the best native city in India, but which, even with all the advantage of darkness, and of its many twinkling lights, did not strike me nearly so much as Cairo.

I am established here in charming rooms, all the more agreeable to me as having been built by Mountstuart Elphinstone. They look over a park, laid out as in England, and well timbered. At this season, however, I need hardly say that the grass is not green.

Behind the house—the older part of which, at one time, belonged to the order of Jesus—extends a large garden, full of trees and shrubs, most of whose names will, I trust, soon be more familiar to me than they are now; and behind that again is a pretty large sheet of water, along the margin of which runs a terrace, shaded by very fine Mangoes.

Dec. 1st.—We started from Government House at 2 o'clock, and went by railway to Narell, a little village at the foot of the ghauts, where we found ponies, and rode up some seven miles to Matheran, a sanitarium much resorted to of late years.

Dec. 2nd.—Just one month since we left London. About sunrise we mounted our horses, and went off to see various views of local celebrity. All the mountains hereabouts have the same character—precipitous sides and level summits. Trap and laterite are the prevailing rocks, and, when weather-worn, they constantly assume an architectural character, mimicking, as they perhaps suggested, hill forts and Hindoo temples. The woods have nothing tropical. You do not for a moment think, as I found myself thinking once or twice at Bombay, that I was driving up the centre of the palm-house at Kew. They look, as you canter through them, like very luxuriant forest and copse of ilex, laurel, arbutus, and chestnut. I need hardly say that when one moves more slowly, one sees that almost everything on which the eye falls is as strange as if one had been suddenly shot into another planet. I thought, at first, that my expedition would be quite fruitless, as far as the vegetable kingdom was concerned; for although Dr. G—— had kindly promised to name any plants I might gather, the profusion, added to the general similarity of many of the trees, would have made that an unsatisfactory operation, especially as I could not expect to see him for some days. What was to be done? I called the landlord of our hotel, and, with many misgivings, bade him select from the hardly-clothed barbarians who surrounded us those who knew the plants best. Then, after having gathered a great quantity, I asked them what they were, one by one, referring, as I did so, to the manuscript list which Dr. B—— had given me before leaving England, containing the Mahratti and the scientific appellations of the most important members of the Matheran flora. Judge of

my satisfaction when I found that in almost every case these wild people were able to give the names, in their own language, as accurately as say our friend Mr. Cunnack did the other day at Helston and the Lizard.

Our guides were Dhangurs, or herdsmen, a tribe extending all over the hills in this neighbourhood. They live apart from the Mahratti villagers, in the depths of the forest, and have their own dialect, but speak Mahratti to strangers.

Dr. Smith, in his pleasant little book* on Matheran Hill, observes: "Their intelligence, if tested in the ordinary way, may appear low; they cannot tell their age exactly, nor can they count much over twenty without getting confused; the days of the week they know, but they do not number those of the month, observing only the changes of the moon. In such matters their capacity is feeble; but let them be tried with questions about their trees, the names of them, and the seasons at which they are in flower or fruit, or with inquiries about the wild beasts, and the innumerable birds and insects of their jungles, and they will reply with astonishing minuteness and accuracy. Boys even show great readiness; and the best collector of plants on the hill often brought his wife with him, to assist in naming them correctly. Living under the influences of the woods, the people generally have a shy and quiet manner. They are gentle to one another, and crime is so uncommon amongst them that they give the magistrates of the hill no trouble."

By their help I made out a great many plants; amongst others, the Ghela (*Randia dumetorum*), whose apple-like fruit is used for poisoning fish; the Paput (*Pavetta Indica*), one of the coffee family; the Bamun (*Colebrookia ternata*); the Rametta (*Lasiosiphon speciosum*); the Karunda (*Carissa Carandas*); the Lullei (*Albizia stipulata*), said to be superb in the flowering season; the Jambul (*Syzygium jambolanum*); the Koosur (*Jasminum latifolium*); the Chickakai (*Acacia concinna*); the stinging Kooltee (*Tragia involucrata*); the sweet-smelling composite Bombarti (*Blumea holoserica*); the prickly Chichurti (*Solanum Indicum*); and some twenty others—which was quite enough for one morning.

To any one living in Bombay who has a taste for natural history, this place must be a paradise—affording, as it does, under the pleasantest conditions, an opportunity of becoming easily acquainted with a very large portion of the flora and fauna of the whole presidency. I say flora and fauna, for the animals of the hill are hardly less remarkable than its plants. The tiger is very rare; the panther and hyæna much commoner; and venomous snakes of many kinds are unpleasantly numerous, though accidents from their bite very rarely occur.

* MacLachlan and Stewart: Edinbur. h.

As we walked down the hill, I gathered every plant which was in flower, finding only about five-and-twenty, for it is one of the worst moments in the year. The most conspicuous were the magnificent *Ipomaea campanulata* and a species of *Crotolaria*, like a very large Broom. When we got half way it grew much warmer, and we came on great woods of Teak, clothed chiefly with skeleton leaves, and looking very ghost-like.

It was dark before we reached Narell, infamous, by the way, as the birthplace of Nana Sahib, whence we returned to Government House.

Dec. 3rd. En route to Ahmedabad.—Well, I have had my first glimpse of Bombay—what is the net result?

I have had various conversations with the Governor and other leading persons about public affairs.

I have re-seen a few people whom I had previously seen at the India Office, and with whom I was glad to improve my acquaintance.

I have met a number of new faces—native and European; amongst others, the Hindoo, the Mahometan, and the Parsee members of the Legislative Council, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Mr. Munguldass Nuthoobhoy, &c., &c.

I have learned the leading localities of Bombay. Maps are all very well, but if one has ever again, as I have had before now, to read papers which turned upon these, it is something to know the nature of the ground by personal experience.

I have seen a great Oriental city under British management, and been able to compare it with Constantinople or Smyrna.

I have looked at a considerable number of native manufactured goods, especially textile fabrics.

I have seen the outside of a Jain, a Hindoo, and a Parsee temple, so curiously unlike one's ideas of ecclesiastical edifices, which have hitherto always been connected with Gothic, or Classical, or Saracenic, or Russo-Byzantine architecture.

I have paid a visit, with their Curator, to the Victoria Gardens, which have been of late years sadly neglected, but contain a great many curious things. Here, *inter alia*, I saw the Banian, the Shaddock, the Custard Apple, and its near relative the Soursop, (*Boehmeria nivea*), close to the nettle, which produces the Rhee fibre (*J. atropa manihot*), which furnishes us with tapioca, and the Baobab.

I have seen Dr. Wilson, of the Free Church, whose acquaintance I made some years ago in London, and who is well known as a mine of information about this part of Asia. His villa commands a most exquisite view of the open sea, of the harbour, and of the mountains on the mainland—a view which has been compared to some on the Bay of Naples, but, perhaps, not very happily. It would, however, be difficult to overpraise it.

Another most instructive visit was to Dr. Narayen Daji, who had arranged for us an admirable collection of Bombay vegetable products. Here, for the first time, I drank the toddy of the Cocoa palm, and of the *Phoenix sylvestris*, tasted the Mowa flower (*Bassia latifolia*), and the pleasant fruit of the *Borassus flabelliformis* (the toddy palm), smelt the well-named *Pandanus odoratissimus* (the screw pine), had myself engarlanded with the *Chrysanthemum Indicum*, and received curious little parcels formed of pieces of the nut of the Areca palm, mixed with lime, and covered by the leaves of the piper betel, an indispensable article at visits in this region.

Other plants which have struck me as conspicuous in Bombay are a great Malvaceous tree, with a yellow flower not unlike that of the cotton plant (*Thespesia Populnea*), much planted along the roads; *Clitoria ternata*, a beautiful leguminous flower; *Bougainvillea glabra*; the *Jacquemontia*, a pretty convolvulus; *Ficus nitida*, nearly allied to the banian, and, like it, with numerous pendant roots.

Botanically, one can, of course, hope to do very little on a hurried journey like mine, but I shall be disappointed if I leave this country without a fair knowledge of the trees and flowers most connected with Anglo-Indian life—of the plants of primary commercial or economic importance, and of those which figure in the legends or mythology of the people. Many will be able to help me with the first. Drury's "Useful Plants of India," and Brandis's "Forest Flora of the North-West," will be invaluable, for the second, and the third will come gradually. Dr. Narayen Daji has already shown me the Toolsee (*Ocimum sanctum*), the *Jonesia Asoka*, and some others.

We left Parell and its kind inmates about seven a.m., and are now on the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway. The line runs first through the island on which the capital of Western India is built, then crosses into Salsette, which it leaves by a very long bridge, over an inlet of the sea, dotted at its mouth, as we ran past, with singularly pretty white sails.

The railway authorities have done everything for our comfort; still it is very hot—the thermometer standing at 90°, in this airy saloon carriage, with the Venetians shut on the sunny side.

The line keeps near the shore, and is carried over tertiary deposits almost all the way to Ahmedabad. Hard by the Portuguese settlement of Damaun, and only there, we crossed a little promontory, which is, like Bombay and Salsette, formed of trap.

From the time we reached the mainland till we began to get near Damaun, the toddy palm *Borassus flabelliformis*, was the commonest member of its family; now we have got apparently

into the region of the *Phoenix sylvestris*. There has been a great deal, too, of the Babool (*Acacia Arabica*).

The wealthier natives are clothed chiefly in white, the poorer in the same costume as the Apollos of the Shadoofs, who are, however, a more powerful race.

As we advance, the soil manifestly improves, and much more of the surface is under cultivation. The Ghauts are no longer visible, and with them the trap has trended off to the right.

Cotton and castor oil are seen in considerable quantities, before we reach Sucheen (keep your map open as you read). By three we are at Surat, where we are met by friendly faces, with whose owners half an hour passes only too quickly. Then we cross the Taptee, a large river; and, ere long, the far larger Nerbudda—here, near its mouth, three-quarters of a mile in breadth in this, the dry season. On its further bank lies Broach, round which stretches a vast level of rich soil covered with Cotton now in flower.

All along this line the gardens at the stations are most carefully attended to—one at Unclesur is a perfect model.

Night fell at Pallej, and it was half-past nine by the time we reached Ahmedabad, where we were most kindly received by Mr. Newnham the district judge; the collector, or head of the administration being away, making a tour of inspection as is usual at this season.

It was a glorious night, and more stars were visible to the naked eye than I have ever seen before, for the atmosphere of Ahmedabad is at present singularly clear.

Dec. 4th.—We are now nearly out of the tropics, having come about ten degrees to the north, since we left Aden, and it was quite cool in the early morning. We were off betimes to visit a famous well—an exquisite combination of galleries, pillars, and deep cold pools sunk beneath the soil.

Look at the picture of one, which you have by you, for I despair of describing this, or, indeed, almost any of the buildings here. They are too unlike anything with which you are familiar. Luckily good Indian photographs are now readily accessible.

Some grey monkeys, wise-looking creatures, with long tails, scampered up into the great trees as we approached. They are a source of much amusement here, delighting in tantalizing the dogs with the vain hope of catching them, a taste which is shared by the funny little Indian squirrel, whose acquaintance I made this morning, and who flits about over all the buildings like the lizards in Italy.

Returning to the city, we visited the Great Mosque, the Triple Gateway, at one of the beams of which the Mahratta governors of Ahmedabad used to shoot five arrows to take the auspices, the tombs of Ahmed Shah and his queens, two windows of perforated

stone in a desecrated mosque, which are said to be unrivalled in the whole East, and the curious temple of the quite modern Hindoo sect of Swamee Narayen, cited by Fergusson as an illustration of his thesis, that architecture in India is a thoroughly living art. The man who designed this fantastic but extremely pretty building died only eighteen months ago.

We spent an interesting forenoon, the first part of it in seeing the public offices under most intelligent guidance. I will not inflict on you details which can be found in well-known books, but you may imagine with what interest one *saw*, as distinguished from *reading about* a Kutcherry, and heard recounted on the spot the "Who's who" of the district, with the names, duties, and whereabouts of all concerned. Then we went on to see the interior of a Jain temple.

The Jains are, you know, the followers of a form of Indian religion, which may be described as a *tertium quid* between Brahmanism and Buddhism. Still later we visited a number of the handloom weavers, and saw the actual process of making, with the rudest appliances, the kinkhab, or gold cloth of Ahmedabad, which is surpassed, if surpassed at all, by that of Benares alone.

These visits took us into many of the native houses, and showed us incidentally a good deal of the life of the people—*e.g.*, such sights as a party of hired mourners *keening* in Irish fashion for a death; a woman grinding with the quern, while she rocked her baby's cradle by a string attached to one of her toes; another shelling rice with a club; a third reeling silk with her foot and hand; a fourth ginning cotton with the wheel or *churka*.

In the afternoon we drove to the mosque of Shah Alum, which lies at some distance from the town, and the road to which was of the same character as that which leads towards Sardis from Cassaba—not delightful therefore upon wheels.

The buildings connected with this mosque are very extensive, and most beautiful. They are doubtless, more or less *en decadence*, but there is nothing to compare with the grimy ruin of the mosques at Cairo, which, to my thinking, can never, at their best, have been worthy of comparison with these. In Ahmedabad, the mosque proper consists of several parallel arcades, with the pulpit, and the Mecca niche in the centre. The few worshippers we have seen, have knelt sometimes in the arcades, but oftener in the open space in front. Hard by the mosque are supplementary buildings, the tombs of the founder and his queens—the whole walls of which are almost made up of plates of pierced stone (like that one which I have, and which came, I believe, from Beejapore), arranged fifty or sixty together, in windows, more or less Gothic in shape. The number of different designs is endless; I did not chance to observe any two which were quite alike.

: Dec. 5th.—To see more mosques—I spare you names and historical notices, which would convey nothing to your minds; but they belong to the era of the Mahometan kings of Guzerat, from 1412 to 1572, one of whom, by the way, is said to have been the original Blue Beard. The characteristic of all the architecture here is its *exquisiteness*. There is *nothing* grand or imposing, though the transmission of light through perforated stone has something of the solemnizing effect of stained glass. The colour of the buildings is good—a rich red. Fergusson, whom we take as our guide, says:—

“In Ahmedabad itself, the Hindu influence continued to be felt throughout. Even the mosques are Hindu, or rather Jaina, in every detail, only here and there an arch is inserted, not because it was wanted constructively, but because it was a symbol of the faith; while in their tombs and palaces even this is generally wanting. The truth of the matter is, the Mahometans had forced themselves upon the most civilized and most essentially building race at that time in India, and the Chalukyas conquered their conquerors, and forced them to adopt forms and ornaments which were superior to any the invaders knew or could have introduced. The result is a style which combines all the elegance and finish of Jaina or Chalukya art with a certain largeness of conception which the Hindu never quite attained, but which is characteristic of the people who at this time were subjecting all India to their sway.”

A drive to a long-deserted but once lordly pleasure-place at some distance from the city, on the banks of the Saburmuttee, which bringing down only the drainage of the Aravulli range, is not to compare in volume to the Taptee or the Nerbudda, enabled us to see the park-like character of Guzerat. Amongst the most conspicuous trees is the Tamarind, whose delicate foliage, seen against the blue sky, is beautiful exceedingly.

Common too, fair of leaf and inconspicuous of flower, is the Neem a *Melia*, related to that beautiful *Melia* which we saw in Shereef Pasha's garden, and which last species is called here the Indian lilac. Much more conspicuous, though not medicinally useful is, the *Millingtonia suberosa*, with long pendant white flowers. The banian is everywhere, and I see for the first time the great *Feronia elephantum* covered with fruit hard and nearly as large as cricket-balls. On our way home we visited another great Jain temple, built very recently, and much praised by Fergusson. The almost Gregorian chants, and the incense, were like a good deal I have seen and heard before. Here, however, the worshippers strike a bell to call the attention of the god. It is not the bell that summons the worshippers. Breakfast over, we go to see a Hindoo gentleman, who engarlanded us with jasmine, and showed us bushels of jewels, returning to bargain for Kinkhab, some of which we buy, and to look at gold and silver ornaments, none of which were sufficiently unlike things familiar to me to make them tempting. Very beautiful ornaments are said to be made here, but only to order.

After a visit to a great Jain banker, and the inspection of his family treasures in pearl and gold, we rode to Sirkej, a ruined royal mosque, cemetery, and pleasure-house some miles from the town. Mr. Burgess, from whom I have had a note to-night, tells me that it is not faintly to be compared to Oodeypore; but, seen at sunset, it is certainly one of the prettiest places I have ever beheld—a great deep placid expanse of water surrounded by the most graceful architecture, with long lines of steps leading down to it on all sides. These are the elements of the scene, but only its elements.

A huge crocodile floated calmly on the surface, which did not prevent some natives leaping into the water feet foremost from the top of one of the neighbouring pavilions, a height of some thirty feet. This was my first crocodile. You remember how vainly we looked for his brethren on the Nile. To-day, too, introduced me to the mina, or Indian starling—a pretty, tame little creature—as yesterday introduced me to the green parrots, here very numerous and self-asserting.

The road to Sirkej led us first past a Guzeratti village, said by our guide to be characteristic—and very comfortable it looked under its old trees—then over a wide expanse of plain, overgrown with what they here call the tiger-grass and a bright yellow cassia.

We sent Bernardo, our Portuguese servant, to buy some fruits in the bazaar. He has brought back the custard apple and the Guava, neither of which seemed to me good, but I am told that, if one were to eat the former at Poona in the rains, one would think differently. He also brought the water-chestnut (*Trapa bispinosa*), which is largely eaten here, and consumed in immense quantities in Cashmere. I thought it pleasant, but its cultivation is very mischievous to the tanks, which fill up rapidly with mud wherever it is grown, as Sleeman tells us in his pleasant "Rambles," and as I observed for myself to-day in a small tank at Sirkej.

Amongst other subjects about which I have had conversations here with persons whose opinions seemed to me worthy of consideration, were the state of the native army, the indebtedness of the cultivators, the amendments wanted to make the examinations for the civil service altogether satisfactory.

We returned to Bombay *viâ* Surat, traversing by daylight all that part of the line which we had not seen on our way north. The traffic-manager, who accompanied us for some hours and gave me much information about the state and prospects of the line, mentioned to me that the population of part of the country through which we passed was 475 to the square mile. It was well cultivated, and covered with timber. One might have fancied oneself in Warwickshire at midsummer, if the grass had been as green as the trees. At the large, bustling station of

Baroda, some Afghans, with Jewish faces and skull-caps, were getting horses into the train, and one of the railway officials told me that in the cotton season they have workmen on this line, who have come all the way from Bokhara.

Baroda is, as you know, the capital of the Guicowar, and we at one time meant to stay for a day there; but, in the existing state of affairs, with a change of Residents impending and other difficulties, this would not be expedient.

We went to Surat chiefly to see friends, but found the place much more interesting than we had expected. The Nawab of Beyla met us at the station, and in his train, for the first time, we saw a state-elephant, painted and gorgeously caparisoned. The tombs of the governors of the English and Dutch factories in the seventeenth century took me quite by surprise. They are immense structures, obviously meant to impress the natives with a sense of the greatness of those who here "lay in glory, every man in his own house." It was the same policy which made all the employés of the English factory in those days dine off plate, and have each course introduced by a flourish of trumpets. Our own cemetery is kept in fair order by private subscription, but the Dutch much wants attention, getting rapidly overgrown, and having an evil repute as a resort of snakes.

At the house of the Acting-collector I met a large party of native gentlemen, many of them connected with the municipality, a very active and efficient body, as the well-watered and clean streets clearly prove.

Here too, in India, my eye first fell on the long rows of huts (lines as they are called), in which the Sepoys live, and the regiment, the 26th N.I., which is stationed here. As we drove through the town in the evening, a noise of discordant drums and fifes attracted us to a street, in which the preliminary ceremonies of a marriage were going on. It was illuminated from end to end with little lamps, at the expense of the bridegroom, below which a crowd, clad in the usual white garments of the country, moved up and down.

At this place, also, I had much instructive talk with a variety of persons, all looking at the country and its people from different angles—with the Commissioner of the division, now on his march through the collectorates which he superintends, with the Acting-collector, with the Judge, and with our host, the Assistant-judge, who had formerly been in the political department, and had much that was new to me to tell, especially about Kattiawar. On our way to the station we looked in at the High School, where the "sixth form" was reading Cowper intelligently, visiting also the Nawab of Beyla, and another Mahometan nobleman, who had, like him, married into the Surat family. At both houses we

were received with much state—the ceremonies within being partly those you have seen in Turkey, and partly the scenting and engarlanding of which I have already spoken. How I wish we could send home some of the garlands, especially those which are made of jasmine and roses. Some people think the scent of the former (a larger variety than our English one) rather overpowering, but I cannot say that I find it so while the flowers are quite fresh.

As we moved south from Surat, I noted one or two things—*e.g.*, the increasing numbers of the Plantain, as we get further into the tropics, the transition from a Guzaratti-speaking to a Mahratti-speaking population, the vast number of iron bridges on this costly but much used line, the fine views of the Ghauts, of which we saw little going north, as they were on the sunny side.

BOMBAY, *Dec. 8th.*—We went this morning with the Secretary to Government over part of the Secretariat, which commands, I suppose, one of the finest sea views to be had from any Government office in the world, and in which the arrangements of the council-room, &c., had of course a certain interest.

Later, we drove round a large part of the town with Dr. Wilson—a great pleasure—to be put in the same class, as going over Canterbury Cathedral with the author of the “*Memorials*,” the Greyfriars churchyard with Robert Chambers, or Holyrood with poor Joseph Robertson. Dr. Wilson has been here nearly fifty years, and has seen generation after generation of officials rise, culminate, and disappear.

It would take too long to enumerate all the things we saw, but I note especially a Shiah mosque, the first I ever looked upon; the street which supplies all Asia with Mahometan books, more being reproduced here (by lithography chiefly) than in Constantinople or any other city; a small mosque, which forms the centre of whatever is fanatical and dangerous in the Mussulman population of Bombay; a tiny temple of the monkey god Hanuman; and opposite it a much larger one, dedicated to Siva. We walked through the second of these, amidst a ghastly but amicable crowd of worshippers, chiefly men from Guzerat. You remember thinking El Azhar one of the most extraordinary places you ever entered. Well, this temple is as much more unfamiliar than El Azhar, as that is than St. Sophia. The centre is formed by a tank, in which people were bathing, and round which there were, I think, four different shrines. Sacred cattle encumbered the pathway, while hideous and filthy devotees squatted about everywhere—one, who was smeared with ashes from head to foot, being pre-eminently unpleasant. “What are they doing in that corner?” said I to a Mahratta Brahmin, naked to the waist, but speaking English perfectly. “Preaching,” he replied, “just as in your churches.”

In spite of this courteous recognition of kinship, I must say that such a place as this makes one understand a good deal of iconoclastic zeal, both Mussulman and Christian—however much one may be convinced that, in religious matters at least as much as in any others, a short cut is apt to be the longest way round.

Another curious building, which we saw but did not enter, was a temple of those Jains who call themselves Dhoondias, “men of research,” and reject idols.

Many of these remarkable objects were, by the way, either on or near the very line of road which we drove along, on the evening of the 28th ult., and which I have noted as inferior in picturesque effect to Cairo.

A pleasant little dinner concluded the evening, in the course of which many subjects were discussed by persons whose opinions it was interesting to hear—as, for instance, the tone of the vernacular press, the character of the first generation of educated natives, the nature of the political rocks ahead in India, if any, &c.

Ap[ro]pos of a recent circular of the Government about European graves, a striking epitaph was cited, which ran somewhat as follows:—“Here lies the body of —, whose last wish—put a stone over me, and write upon it that I died fighting my guns—is thus fulfilled.”

One of the party mentioned that he once had to send his horse ninety-three miles to be shod, and that from a town of 13,000 inhabitants. It was a black soil district, and the natives did not protect their horses’ feet.

Our host put into my hands a volume of the Bombay records, containing, amongst other things, Sir Arthur Wellesley’s holograph despatch to Mr. Jonathan Duncan, after the battle of Assaye, in which he informs him that he has “completely” defeated the armies of Dowlut Rao Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar.

Dec. 9th.—We were up long before day, and off to see the Colaba observatory, which is chiefly important for its magnetic and meteorological work. Mr. Chambers, its distinguished head, showed us over it; and here, too, we saw the beautiful planet which had given us so much pleasure on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, shorn of her beauties, and like a small black pea on the disc of the sun.

I leave Bombay with a much stronger impression than I had of its great Asiatic as distinguished from merely Indian importance. It is, and will be, more and more to all this part of the world what Ephesus or Alexandria were to the eastern basin of the Mediterranean in the days of the Roman Empire.

I wish I could give it a fortnight, and be allowed to pick Dr. Wilson’s brains all the time; but the “limitations of existence” say *no* to that.

* * * * *

And now, before we turn our faces towards Northern India, is there anything which has struck me much, and which I have forgotten to note?

Female Beauty.—I have seen none, unless a monkey of some ten summers, who begged from us at Ahmedabad, might claim to be an exception. Many admirable figures there are, no doubt. The peasant women, walking into Surat in the morning, with loads on their heads, and undraped more than half way up the leg, were certainly very finely formed. Further north, we found them wearing a hideous petticoat.

The Bombay Markets.—An admirable building, and most instructive, if one went there, as I must try to do when I return, with some one who knows well the various products of the country—fruit, vegetables, and seeds. We bought a large jar of splendid Bagdad dates for a rupee.

Types of Character.—Three young civilians, of from four to six years' standing, in different places, and having had different trainings. Are these the men with reference to whom some persons tell us that the competitive system has been a failure? If so, I should like to know what result they would call a success!

Bombay Cathedral.—Part of it the oldest, or about the oldest ecclesiastical building in India, and very ugly—the modern additions very much better. The service was choral, but the singing might easily have been improved. It was curious to see the punkah for the first time as an article of church furniture.

Life at a Station with few Europeans.—The game of Badminton in the early morning—the keen interest of every one in his own work—the anxious watching for the arrival of the English mail—the young civilian, landed just a fortnight, and starting for “the districts,” to see the kind of work he is hereafter to do.

L—— will say he has not had enough of birds, beasts, &c.; so I will note having seen, at Ahmedabad, the beautiful Sarus crane—the creature which is said to die if its mate is killed, and which is accordingly spared by all but the most brutal. Of jackals we have heard many. At Surat they held a council close by, while we were at dinner, and I am sure all but resolved to invite themselves in. The little trotting bullocks, like Shetland ponies, and going about the same pace in a light cart, at that place; the Mysore bullocks, with erect, antelope-looking horns, in the streets of Bombay; the great buffaloes, wallowing as they do in the Pontine Marshes; a few fireflies at Matheran; the coppersmith bird, which makes a noise like hammering metal, have been, in addition to others, mentioned in their proper place—the live creatures, other than human, which have struck me most.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.



MR. CHAPPELL AND PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ.

THOSE who have attended to the recent progress of acoustical science are aware that, about twelve years ago, Professor Helmholtz published an elaborate work, entitled *die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*, in which he laid down a series of propositions as destined to form a physiological basis for the theory of music. The principle of the compound nature of nearly all musical sounds, which is the pivot of Helmholtz's system, and the theories of *quality*, and of consonance and dissonance, which he developed from it, at once commended themselves to competent judges, and have since, by slow degrees, found their way into text-books and popular expositions of the theory of sound. During the last year, however, when such an occurrence was hardly to have been anticipated, a note of defiance was sounded in an influential quarter. Mr. Chappell, in the recently published first volume of his "History of Music," flatly denies the truth of Helmholtz's fundamental position, and assails the whole superstructure in language couched in the confident tone of assured and easy victory.

There can be little doubt that, if the study of music is to attain the position of dignity to which it is fairly entitled, it must be made to rest, not, as is at present too generally the case, on usage and prescription, but on an immovable basis supplied by the science of acoustics. Those who have publicly asserted that the discoveries and theories of Helmholtz constitute precisely the foundation needed, may fairly be called upon by impartial spec-

tators to make good their position in the teeth of hostile criticism. They will feel this duty especially incumbent on them when, as in the present instance, the assailant is a learned musical historian, bearing, too, a name most honourably associated with the diffusion of the best music among all classes of Englishmen, whose statements are, therefore, certain to carry unusual weight, and to be widely accepted as authoritative. For my own part, having devoted the greater portion of a separate volume* to the exposition of the assailed views, and further committed myself to the assertion that Helmholtz's discoveries entitle him to a position in acoustics like that of Newton in physical astronomy, I feel personally bound to meet Mr. Chappell's attack with a direct and explicit answer. I shall, therefore, though loath to be forced into a polemical attitude towards one who has done such signal service in the cause of English music, examine in some detail the main objections which he has brought against the doctrines of the German acoustician. I hope to succeed in showing that these are, without exception, based either on misconception of Helmholtz's meaning, or on inadequate acquaintance with the elementary principles of acoustics.†

To begin with the compound nature of musical sounds in general. What Helmholtz asserts is, that the individual notes yielded by the instruments in common use are not tones of one single degree of pitch, but consist of *groups* of such tones simultaneously heard, though, from long habit, producing on the ear the impression of singleness. These tones, usually termed "harmonics," but by Helmholtz designated "partial-tones" of the whole sound heard, stand in a close relation to the lowest partial-tone, or "ground-tone," of the group, which is expressed by the law that the number of vibrations performed in any given time by a partial-tone is an exact multiple of the number performed during the same time by the ground-tone—the order of the multiple and of the partial-tone being the same. Thus the theoretically complete set of harmonics belonging to an assigned note would be those vibrating twice, thrice, four times, &c., as fast as the fundamental—the series being continued to any extent. No actual sound, of course, presents more than a *finite* number of audible harmonics, though in the tones of particular instruments this number is surprisingly large.

Of the doctrine thus described Mr. Chappell writes as follows:—

"Professor Helmholtz holds a theory that, when a string is struck, all these harmonics are simultaneously superposed. How is it possible that a

* "Sound and Music:" Macmillan and Co.

† The onslaught on Helmholtz will be found in Mr. Chappell's preface, pp. xxviii.—xxxvi., and in the body of his work, pp. 225—249. I shall refer to his volume, and to the third edition of that of Helmholtz, by the respective initials "C" and "H."

string can divide itself by nodes into all these sounds simultaneously? If this theory be true, there can be no such thing as concord in music. We might as well play with our elbows upon the pianoforte, and sound an octave of notes or more at once, as lay the finger upon a particular key. This singular result appears to have been arrived at through the use of a resonator, forgetting that, like a shell held to the ear, it might be producing instead of repeating a sound, or else by mistaking reverberation for the simultaneous emission of many notes from one string." (C. pp. xxxi., xxxii.)

I must join issue with the author on every sentence of this extract. In the first place, Helmholtz does not assert that *all* the separate sounds obtainable from a string, by dividing it into aliquot parts, are contained as audible harmonics in the note yielded by the string when set vibrating as a whole by, say, the blow of a pianoforte hammer. Neither does he represent the nodes corresponding to each harmonic as *actually formed*, in the way here attributed to him, but merely assumes that the resulting motion is *the same as if these nodes were so formed*. His position, therefore, so far from involving an obvious absurdity, is simply a straightforward application of a principle which, under the title of "superposition of small motions," has long been an established portion of mechanical science. Further, there is nothing whatever in his theory inconsistent with the existence of concord in music. In the case of the particular instrument referred to—the pianoforte—the dissonant harmonics are either absolutely wanting, or too feeble to produce any appreciably discordant effect. If the group of harmonics from the sixth upwards were developed with intensities at all comparable to that of the fundamental tone of the string, the effect would be precisely that which Mr. Chappell's illustration so aptly describes; but the fact of their *extreme weakness* or *entire absence* deprives his objection of all practical importance. Lastly, it is a perfectly well-known fact, supported alike by theory and experiment, that resonance only intensifies vibrations already present—never creates them when previously non-existent. It follows that the attempt at explanation with which the extract concludes—to say nothing of its inherent improbability in attributing gross carelessness of observation to one of the greatest experimentalists in Europe—is based on nothing firmer than a piece of bad acoustics. Mr. Chappell, in another part of his book, has actually cut the ground from under his own feet, by stating what is the undoubted fact, that the shell-sound due to resonance is *not* self-originated:—

"We have the best practical evidence of the *sound-waves which pervade even the seeming stillness of the air*," when we hear them concentrated and intermixed within the hard and polished windings of a shell, by raising it to the ear." (C. p. 238.)

* *Italics mine.*

I proceed to Helmholtz's theory that the *quality* ("timbre") of a musical sound depends solely on the number, orders, and relative intensities of the partial-tones contained in it. Mr. Chappell's criticism runs thus:—

"Professor Helmholtz asserts that it is the addition of such overtones—which I call harmonics—to fundamental tones of the same pitch, which enables us to distinguish the sound of a clarinet from that of a flute, and the sound of a violin from both. This is, indeed, a strange theory. It falls to the ground at once by the fact that the harmonics of the flute and of the violin are the same! How would the learned Professor account for the great differences of tones produced in harmoniums of many stops? He cannot, surely, be aware that the springs of harmoniums emit no harmonics, but only resultant tones when certain two notes are sounded together. Helmholtz has written upon harmonics without having studied them sufficiently, for he cannot even know that, if there are three organ pipes—one triangular, one square, and the third a parallelogram of two to one in breadth of sides to breadth of ends—they will produce different qualities of tone, and yet all have the same harmonics." (C. pp. xxxiii., xxxiv.)

The statements here made are substantially repeated on pp. 233 and 244, with the additional remark that the harmonics of the pianoforte and hautbois are identical with those of the instruments already named. It is clearly, therefore, Mr. Chappell's intention deliberately to put forward, as subversive of Helmholtz's theory, the following propositions:—

1. That the harmonics of flute, pianoforte, violin, and hautbois notes are identical.
2. That organ pipes of equal lengths, but different forms, yield the same harmonics.
3. That harmonium notes have no audible harmonics.

A reader approaching the subject for the first time, under the guidance of Mr. Chappell, would certainly conclude that statements made with such dogmatic positiveness must be notorious facts, the truth of which it would be in vain for Helmholtz, or any one else, to call in question. Unfortunately for Mr. Chappell, the precise opposite of this is the actual fact. It is the main object of a long chapter of the *Tonempfindungen* to demonstrate, by an elaborate series of experiments frequently supported by direct inferences from the mathematical theory of sound, that *sharply marked differences* in the groups of contained harmonics characterize the tones of instruments of various classes. I will enumerate a few of the results arrived at in reference to the particular instruments mentioned by Mr. Chappell.

Flute.—Notes approximately simple—i.e., almost destitute of audible harmonics. (H. p. 179.)

Pianoforte.—In notes belonging to the lower and middle octaves the first *five* harmonics of the series audibly present. (H. p. 131.)

Violin.—First *nine* of the series distinctly recognizable. (H. p. 142.)

Reeds.—A long series of harmonics as far as the *sixteenth* or *twentieth* loudly and clearly heard, and still higher ones manifestly present, though too close together to be separately perceived. (H. p. 159.)

Flue Organ Pipes.—Many different varieties depending on the scale and form of the pipes, and on the pressure of wind employed. With stopped pipes of large calibre, and low pressure, simple tones; with narrow open pipes, half a dozen well developed harmonics. (H. pp. 150—152.)

As I cannot for a moment suppose that Mr. Chappell would deliberately *ignore* such results as these, I am obliged to conclude that he did not think it necessary to read what Helmholtz had written, in support of his theory, before proceeding to condemn both it and its author in the most unqualified terms. Even with this drawback, Mr. Chappell might at least have taken the precaution to ascertain that the data on which he was basing his attack were sound, but he has not done so. His objections rest on statements which are contrary to fact. As regards the notes of harmoniums, it would hardly be possible to advance anything more flagrantly erroneous than the assertion that they have no audible harmonics. Their highly complex nature “jumps into the ears” (to use a French metaphor applied to a different sense) the moment attention is suitably directed to it. I have over and over again adverted to this fact in lecturing to popular audiences, and never failed to render the practically endless array of harmonics contained in harmonium-notes clearly perceptible to any auditor who approached the phenomenon with ordinary care.

The topic next in order is Helmholtz’s theory of consonance and dissonance, which is a direct inference from the principle of the compound nature of musical sounds. It is a well-known experimental fact that when two *simple tones*, differing but very slightly in pitch, are produced simultaneously, slow alternations of intensity succeed each other at exactly equal intervals of time. Helmholtz shows that, as the difference in pitch between the two tones increases, these alternations become constantly more rapid, until at last, when they can no longer be separately recognized, they coalesce into the effect which we call dissonance. This effect is at a maximum when the interval which separates the two notes is about a semitone, and it diminishes as the interval increases, becoming evanescent when the latter amounts to about a minor third. When two *compound sounds* co-exist, the resulting dissonance is the sum of the separate dissonances due to such pairs of partial-tones of the constituent sounds as come within a minor third of each other. If no two partial-tones are so

situated—or if all those of the one sound coincide with the same number belonging to the other—the interval between the two complex primaries forms a perfect concord. In the opposite event, the combination is classed as an imperfect concord, or as a discord, according as the amount of dissonance produced is less or more considerable.

Nothing can be more evident than that the alternations of intensity mentioned in the last paragraph—forming, as they do, the materials out of which dissonance is made up—necessarily constitute the alphabet of any possible theory of concord and discord; and that whoever would understand such a theory must be able to form and retain a distinct conception of their nature. Mr. Chappell replaces the word “beat,” by which English writers have hitherto designated each alternation of intensity, by “fluctuation,” in imitation of the German nomenclature, which describes each cycle as a “*Schwebung*,” and reserves “*Schlag*” (the equivalent of our “beat”) for the instant of maximum intensity. This is, in a philosophical, if not in a literary, point of view, a decided improvement; but, unfortunately, its author has employed the new term with a looseness certain to cause hopeless confusion in the mind of a confiding and previously uninformed reader, even if it did not already prevail in his own. This serious charge I will at once substantiate, by showing that he designates by the term “fluctuation,” not only a *beat*, which is its legitimate equivalent, but also a *vibration*, which, as a totally different phenomenon, ought to be most carefully distinguished from it. At p. 230 Mr. Chappell writes thus:—

“Helmholtz . . . has been led into such slips as to attribute to *c c* and *d d* 18 and 20 ‘fluctuations,’ instead of to *d d* and *e e*—(p. 259). As only the ninth and tenth vibrations coincide in the example which he has given, the numbers must be our 9 and 10, or their doubles. *C* cannot have 18, neither can *D* have 20 fluctuations, when the fundamental note throughout the book is *C C C*, at the German pitch of 33 vibrations.”

Each time that “fluctuation” occurs here it must be taken to mean “vibration,” or the passage becomes absolutely unmeaning. Independently of this objectionable verbal laxity, the above extract is a downright caricature of Helmholtz’s meaning, and the “slip” attributed to him nothing less than a headlong topple on the part of Mr. Chappell himself. To suppose (as his reference to “*C C C* at the German pitch of 33 vibrations” shows that he *does*) that by *c c* any German writer on music could possibly mean a note with only 18 vibrations *per second*—*i.e.*, one at the bottom of the 32-foot octave of the organ—alone betrays a strange disregard of the nomenclature for pitch used in Germany. But a simple reference to the passage of the *Tonempfindungen* in question shows that no measure of time whatever is there specified—that the

letters *c c* and *d d* are merely used to mark the extremities of a straight line in a diagram, after the manner of Euclid's Elements—that there is no allusion to any particular notes of the gamut—and, in short, that Mr. Chappell has fallen into an error equivalent to that of mistaking “the triangle A B C” for “the first three notes of the scale of A minor!”

Mr. Chappell makes an elaborate attack on what he conceives to be Helmholtz's theory of harmony, but I shall have no difficulty in showing that the object on which his blows fall is only an erroneous version of that theory which he has accepted at second hand from Professor Tyndall.

The root of the whole misconception is to be found in the following sentence which he quotes from the Professor's “Lectures on Sound:”—

“Beats, which succeed each other at the rate of 33 per second, are pronounced by the disciplined ear of Helmholtz to be in their condition of most intolerable dissonance.” (T. p. 296. C. p. 230.)

I showed, in a letter published in *Nature*, for March 3, 1870, that the German acoustician has not made the unguarded pronouncement here attributed to him—that it is only true within the narrowest limits—and that the indiscriminate manner in which it is applied by Tyndall renders his eighth lecture worse than valueless. The proof of this is perfectly easy, but it can only be referred to here.

Mr. Chappell rightly denies the truth of the statement that dissonance depends on a fixed number of beats, but it does not occur to him to question Helmholtz's responsibility for it. He disputes Tyndall's authority on the question of physical fact, but accepts it on that of literary interpretation. What makes this the more remarkable is that Mr. Chappell inserts in his text a long extract from the *Tonempfindungen* which is utterly subversive of the 33 beats theory, recognizes the fact of the discrepancy, and then, abandoning the careful search obviously incumbent on him, adopts the otiose and unsatisfactory conclusion that Helmholtz is inconsistent, and “mistaken” on the subject of beats. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Chappell, perceiving, as he clearly did, the untenableness of the supposititious theory, did not take the pains to ascertain whether Helmholtz was or was not responsible for it. Had he done so he would not only have been scientifically in the right against Tyndall, but also personally just towards Helmholtz.

Enough has been said to show the general character of Mr. Chappell's attack on the main positions of the *Tonempfindungen*. There is, however, one more point to which I will briefly advert, as Mr. Chappell has made it the subject of a series of errors and

false inferences to which I know of no parallel in the writings of any one who has attempted to cross swords with a master of physical science. The matter in question is the deep sound which, under certain conditions, results from the simultaneous production of two notes of higher pitch. It is commonly known as Tartini's tone, and in English acoustics bears the name of resultant tone. On this subject Mr. Chappell shall be heard in his own words:—

"I can but suppose Helmholtz's new theories to be due to the imperfections of the instrument which he employed for his experiments. Thus, in Dr. Tyndall's words, when treating on these resultant tones, we are told that 'the sound incessantly varies between silence and a tone of four times the intensity of either of the interfering ones (p. 278.)' This is given with all the emphasis of italics. I have tried the experiment with the most delicate instrument for the purpose, tuned perfectly for me, with cotton in my ears to exclude all external influences, and neither by that means, nor by harmoniums, by concertinas, or other, can I discover any intervals of silence. Furthermore, I have appealed to the highly sensitive ears of Macfarren, J. H. Griesbach, and others, but no one can distinguish them. . . . It is singular that the intervals of silence did not arouse the attention of the great acoustician to the imperfections of the instrument with which he conducted so many experiments." (C. pp. 248, 249.)

"He employed the siren, a nondescript instrument, through which numerous puffs of air are simultaneously emitted, one puff through each hole. He forgot that each puff then becomes a separate column of air, and, therefore, a separate instrument. Although he heard the one sound neutralizing the other, thus causing intervals of silence, he did not allow himself time to think. This was the case of the two tuning-forks over again, as illustrated at p. 258 of Tyndall's lectures." (C. p. xxxiv.)

The whole of this argument, to which its author refers with obvious complacency, as "sufficiently showing the unsoundness of Helmholtz's theory" (p. xxxiv.), is founded on a mistake for which it is difficult to find excuse or palliation. The passage partially quoted from Tyndall's lecture opens with the words, "When two notes of the same intensity produce beats;" from which it is clear that what he is describing is a mere case of ordinary *Interference*. There is not the slightest ground for saying that Tyndall is here "treating on *resultant tones*," except it be the very inadequate one that that name heads the section in which the passage cited occurs. Having in this gratuitous manner conjured up a purely imaginary phenomenon, Mr. Chappell proceeds to expend his own energy, and that of his eminent associates, in laying the ghost which his carelessness had raised. This task laboriously accomplished, he goes on to assume, without one tittle of evidence, that Helmholtz must be held responsible for the false statement mistakenly attributed to Tyndall. His next step is to rebuke the "great acoustician" for his inattention to alternations

of intensity which he never heard, and never *could* have heard; and his last to explain acoustically how these (non-existent) alternations were actually produced! The idea of a puff of air "becoming a separate instrument" is one which we may be content, with Helmholtz, to "forget;" but it is worth while to notice that Mr. Chappell's explanation ends by reducing everything to "the case of the two tuning-forks"—the very phenomenon described in the passage from Tyndall's lecture on the distorted version of which all this unsubstantial edifice is run up.

A remark as to the tone in which Mr. Chappell has spoken of Professor Helmholtz's work will not be out of place at the close of this article. He cannot, of course, be fairly blamed for challenging the conclusions of any philosopher, however eminent, provided he can sustain his attack with a respectable amount of trustworthy evidence. Still, it would seem that a writer, who undertakes to refute the greatest living authority on his own subject, would do well to adopt, at least, a certain deference of expression. Mr. Chappell appears to be of a different opinion. He is "persuaded that the *Tonempfindungen* is a hasty book, written under the pressure of manifold engagements" (p. xxxv.), though its author states in the first sentence of his preface that it "contains the fruit of eight years' labour." He is ready to explain "why some very necessary experiments, such as those on harmonics, were omitted," though nearly one hundred pages (pp. 84—180) are devoted almost continuously to such experiments. He hopes "that the author will find time to revise the next edition of his popular work"—i.e., to strike out nearly everything of interest and novelty contained in it—and that, in doing so, "he will bear in mind an admirable motto for men of science, *Chi va sano va piano*." It is just possible that Helmholtz, while fully recognizing the value of this adage for men of science, may be of opinion that Mr. Chappell is not quite the laboriously accurate and circumspectly cautious inquirer from whom a warning against precipitation and temerity would come with the added force of example. However, the Professor is, I am sure, too courteous a man to receive a gift from any quarter without returning an equivalent to the donor; I will therefore venture, in his name, to present for Mr. Chappell's acceptance a motto to which the great events of 1870 have given currency in the Fatherland—*Erst wägen, dann wagen*.

SEDLEY TAYLOR.



THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS.

The Restitution of all Things. By ANDREW JUKES.
3rd ed. Longmans, 1873.

IN a well-known passage of the "Analogy," Bishop Butler has remarked that if ever discoveries were to be made in "the scheme of Scripture," it would have to be "in the same way as natural knowledge is come at, by the continuance and progress of learning and liberty, and by particular persons attending to, comparing, and pursuing intimations scattered up and down the Bible, which are overlooked by the generality of the world." Examples of such discoveries in minor and less important matters may be seen in Paley's "*Horae Paulinae*," and Blunt's "*Undesigned Coincidences*," and in Ewald's and Stanley's Histories: the same method has been employed with equal success in matters of deeper moment by the author of the treatise to which we now wish to call the attention of our readers. Of Mr. Jukes himself we know nothing beyond what is stated on the cover of the volume, that he has brought out several theological works, bearing chiefly on the typology of Scripture, some of which have obtained a large circulation; but we have no hesitation in saying, that his book throws more light on the teaching of Scripture, with regard to the mysterious subject of which it treats, than any with which we are acquainted. Much, of course, that it contains is *tralatitium*, the commonplace of writers on the subject: but the decided advance which Mr. Jukes has made will be clearly seen if we begin by giving a summary of the course of discussion up to the point where it takes a new direction in his hands, and then proceed to speak of the fresh elements which he has thus introduced into it. In the summary we shall not necessarily confine ourselves to the points

which he has touched on, but state the arguments on either side in the form and the order which seem to us best.

The question of the endless duration of future punishment may be discussed on the ground of reason (of natural religion, as Butler would say) and on the ground of revelation.

The general objection on the ground of reason is, putting it broadly, that it is contrary to our idea of perfect goodness and perfect justice that the sins of a frail creature like man, committed during his brief life on earth, should be punished by an eternity of misery. This objection is thus drawn out in page 115:—"When I think of God's justice, which it is said inflicts not only millions of years of pain for each thought or word or act of sin, during this short life of seventy years, but a punishment which, after millions of ages, is no nearer its end than when it first commenced;—when I think of man, his nature, his weakness, all the circumstances of his brief sojourn and trial in this world; with temptations without, and a foolish heart within; with a tempter always near, with this world to hide a better;—when I remember that this creature, though fallen, was once God's child, and that God is not just only, but loving and long-suffering; I cannot say that my reason would conclude that this creature, failing to avail itself of the mercy here offered by a Saviour, shall therefore find no mercy any more, but be for ever punished with never-ending torments.

"Natural conscience, which, with all its failings, is a witness for God, protests against any such awful misrepresentation of Him. For even nature teaches that all increase of power lays its possessor under an obligation to act more generously. Shall not then the Judge of all the earth do right? Shall we say that sinful men are selfish and guilty, if, with wealth and power, they neglect the poor and miserable; and yet that God, who is eternal love, shall do what even sinful men abhor and reprobate? For shall we, if one of our children fall and hurt itself, or be lost to us for years, bitterly reproach ourselves for want of care, and be tormented with the thought that with greater watchfulness we might have saved the child,—shall we, if at last he is found, even among thieves, a sharer of their crimes, still love him as our own child, make every possible excuse for him, and do all we can to save him,—and shall not God have at least the like pity for His lost ones? Can He, if through the seduction of a crafty tempter some wander for a while, be content that they should remain miserable slaves for ever lost to Him? He would not be a wise man who risked even an estate, nor a good man who obliged any one else to do so. Can God then ever have exposed His children to the risk of endless separation from Him? All the reason God has given me says, God could not act thus; and that if His children are for ever lost, He, even more than they, must be miserable."

The first answer to this objection is of the nature of a *demurrer*.

"Reason is incompetent to judge of this matter; the finite cannot conceive the infinite; the only source of knowledge is revelation."

To this it is replied, that reason is itself an earlier revelation; that our only ground for accepting any other revelation is because it approves itself to our reason as the voice of the Moral Governor, of whom our reason had informed us; in Butler's words, that "reason is the only faculty we have wherewith to judge of anything, even revelation itself;" that we are, therefore, justified, as Butler goes on to say, in declaring a revelation false on the ground of reason, supposing it to "contain clear immoralities and contradictions," and possibly for other reasons; that the Bible itself declares man to be made in the image of God, and appeals to his reason and moral sense in regard to God's dealings with him; finally, that the metaphysical difficulty respecting the finite and the infinite has no weight in regard to practice.

The opponent continues,—If we admit the competence of reason, reason can still only judge from the facts before it, and it is a fact of experience that punishment in this life is often apparently disproportioned to guilt, and is often irremediable; it is a fact of experience that God's justice and goodness are consistent with the existence of evil here, why not then with their existence hereafter? It is a fact of experience that countless creatures in their present form fail to reach that perfection for which they seem to be intended; does not this analogy suggest that men, too, may fail to attain that holiness and happiness for which we believe they were created?

The reply to the two former arguments is, that the existence of evil, and the apparent inequity of rewards and punishments in this life, is one of the strongest grounds for the natural belief in a future life, where this inequity would be corrected, and this evil done away. To suppose these continued throughout an endless eternity is to destroy the belief in the Divine justice, and do away with one main support of the belief in immortality. There is nothing contrary to man's reason and conscience in the idea of discipline, moral training, and remedial punishment, involving *temporary* evil; but all that is best in man revolts at the idea of punishment, merely vindictive, prolonged for endless ages. As to that argument from analogy, which has been justly characterized by Mr. Goldwin Smith as "the cruel platitude of pointing to the waste of seeds as a parallel to the waste of souls," it has just as little applicability, in regard to a question of morals, as the metaphysical illustration noticed above, and the mathematical illustration which we shall meet with shortly. The objection is that a person, capable of holiness and happiness, is kept in a state of hopeless misery and sin throughout eternity; how does it affect this, if certain material particles are utilized in one way rather than in another? But even the analogy appealed to is misinterpreted. The destruction of the grain of corn is referred to in the New Testament, but not to prove the destruction of the soul, but its indestructibility,

since it rises again in a nobler form. On the other hand, if the grain of corn does not pass through what we may call its natural development, it is perhaps that it may become absorbed into some higher nature ; or even if it is burnt, and in this way annihilated as far as appearance goes, science tells us that not one particle is really lost, that matter, once in existence, cannot by any natural cause be made non-existent. The argument, therefore, from analogy, if it can be called an argument, is altogether opposed to the notion of souls being eternally lost and useless. But the facts of experience which will throw light on God's mode of governing men are of a different nature from this. How do men punish as they become wiser, more civilized, more virtuous, more loving, more like God ? The history of the penal code of the world, passing from barbarous ages to the present, is the history of a gradual transition from the method of vengeance to the method of reformation ; and, surely, we are justified in arguing from this to God's own method of punishment, when we remember how Christ encourages his disciples to expect all good from God, since "ye being evil, know how to give good things to your children." Lastly, is there any reason why we need confine our attention to the experience of outward fact ? If man is made in the image of God, the examination of man's own nature, of his natural feelings and judgments, is at least as important for the light it may throw on God's probable mode of action towards us, as any experience of outward events.

Proceeding then to argue this question on the ground of reason simply, without limitation to experience, the opponent answers that "infinite punishment for finite sin is not unjust, if the sin is against an infinite being."

Here we have that introduction of mathematics into morals against which protest has been already made. If we keep our eye fixed on moral considerations, we shall see that, so far as the magnitude of the person wronged should affect punishment at all, it should only be to diminish it. God, as infinite, has no moral claim upon us ; but God as our Creator, our Father, our Benefactor, totally irrespective of His infinity. Instead of the disparity of the offender and offended increasing either harm or guilt, it vastly lessens both. If an equal offends us, we are both harmed and wronged ; an animal of some strength may *hurt* us, but cannot *wrong* us, while a worm is incapable of either. No doubt man's possession of a moral nature makes him responsible for all his actions, whether towards superiors, equals, or inferiors, so far as he is aware of the relations in which he acts, but still the responsibility is greatest towards his equals, as his knowledge of them, and sympathy with them, is the greatest.

"But," it is urged, "this infinite punishment is not for finite sin, but for sin continued in hell throughout eternity ; perhaps the punishment might end if the sin ended, but it never will." Can it then really be thought that the prospect is made more satisfactory by the supposed

perpetuation of moral, in addition to physical evil? Good then is not to conquer evil, but the Almighty and Allwise must be content to share His dominion throughout eternity with the Spirit of Evil, not subdued, but defiant, triumphant in the thought of the myriads of souls created for good, but wrested by him from their Creator, and now made over to him for his own.

"But," says the opponent, "if there is to be a universal restitution there will be no sufficient inducement to act rightly, since bad and good will all alike be saved." It is never supposed that all will be saved *alike*. Reason demands various degrees of punishment in the future world, punishment sufficient to counterbalance all idea of pleasure as connected with sin, sufficient to burn in the lesson of repentance even in a Nero or a Jezebel. Such punishment, which is felt to be in accordance with our notion of justice, is far more likely to be believed in, and to influence life and conduct, than the ordinary doctrine of eternal torture, which may indeed be assented to in word without serious injury to the character, but the realization of which in thought, and its approval in the heart, has a distinct tendency to make a man either intellectually or morally inhuman.

We pass on from the teaching of natural religion to the teaching of revelation. It is in some respects an advantage for the consideration of this part of the subject, that Mr. Jukes is one who holds very high views of inspiration, and lays far more stress on the scriptural argument than on the suggestions of reason.

The argument from Scripture may be divided into two parts: that from its general teaching, and that from its special announcements with regard to a future state. If we begin with the former, it will be found that the general tendency of the scriptural view of the relation of men to each other and to God, and of the Nature of God in Himself, is greatly to confirm what we have seen to be the anticipation of Natural Religion. The vague All-Good of reason becomes the All-Loving and All-Merciful Father who gave His Son to die for the sins of the world, to seek and to save the lost. The strongest and deepest affection of one human being for another is constantly represented as a mere shadow of that affection which the Supreme Father has for all, and the love which is declared to be the essence of the Divine Nature is to be the ideal and perfection of human nature. Each is to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself. In accordance with this we find a Moses and a Paul praying that their names might be blotted out of the book of life, that they might themselves be accursed for their brethren's sake. Now is it conceivable that men such as these, and a God such as this, could be capable of perfect happiness themselves in presence of the hopeless misery and degradation of,—we will not say, a large, possibly the largest portion of the human race,—but even of a single human being? For it must be remembered that here is another

point in which revelation increases the difficulty of this supposition, because it vastly raises our conception of the importance and the dignity of each single soul ; and, again, because it deepens our sense of the holiness of God, the hatefulness and misery of sin, the universal sinfulness of man, the small proportion who seriously set themselves to fight against sin in this life, and therefore the small proportion who can be fitted to enter into perfect happiness immediately on their departure. How is it consistent with personal identity that the mother whose every thought was bound up with her son to the last moment of her life here, who has agonized in prayer that he might be saved from the fate which she feared might be his hereafter ; who would, while still entangled in mortal imperfection, have willingly sacrificed body and soul for him ; how is it possible that in the other world, brought nearer now to the source of love, and filled with the spirit of Him who, when He was rich, for our sakes became poor, she should look with calm indifference on the endless torture of that son ? Can it be that his memory is lost to her ? But if so, her whole past is forgotten and blotted out, in which he was the principal figure ? Can it be that the intense light of heaven reveals all the inner corruption of the nature she once cherished, and that she now turns away from it with loathing ? But to a loving and generous mind what could give more acute pain than such a discovery, that one whom she had loved so long, her own flesh and blood, had not a single redeeming quality for thought to rest upon ? Would not her mother's heart be still wandering sadly over the past, noting each step of his downward career, and accusing herself of negligence for every failure of his ? Or, will it be said, there is no room for thought of this kind in heaven ; one love only fills the heart ? Such an idea is not in accordance with our experience here ; he who is most full of the love of God, is most full of love for men ; nor is it in accordance with the language of St. Paul, who encourages us to run our race by the thought of the sympathizing crowd of witnesses. If we are to suppose such a breach of continuity at death ; if the soul which had been training throughout its earthly life to disregard its own happiness, to sacrifice itself for others, to feel their sorrows as its own, to think not of their deserts but only of their misery ; if this soul is now to be wrapt up in the sense of its own blessedness, and to be insensible to the despairing call of a misery infinitely greater than of earth ;—but our very language contradicts the supposition ; the happiness, the blessedness of such a soul consists in bearing the burthen of others ; it would not be in heaven, but in hell itself that such a soul could find its happiness, cooling the parched tongue, slaking the maddening thirst, opening up even in the lost a fresh spring of tears and gratitude and love. If for a moment we could conceive it otherwise, what would become of all our reasonings as to this life being a discipline, a moral training,

an education for the heart, when we find that the habit most firmly fixed in the most Christ-like characters, is one which would have to be eradicated to admit of existence in heaven? And if from the servants we pass on to the Master,—if from dim-sighted changing mortals we pass on to the thought of the Unchanging and Omnipresent, can there be any further doubt of the impossibility of such a heaven and such a hell? He must still be preaching to the spirits in prison, going after the lost until He find them.

But overpowering as is the weight of the argument derived from the general tendency of revelation, it must be confessed that we meet with great difficulties in the special teaching of the New Testament upon this subject. There are many texts which, at first sight, do undoubtedly appear to assert the doctrine of endless punishment. It is only of late years that people in general have come to see, mainly owing to the writings of the late Professor Maurice, that the language of Scripture is not uniform, but that there is another side to the doctrine of punishment made known to us by revelation. Mr. Jukes has brought together a number of texts bearing on this point in pp. 19–25. We select a few of the more important. Our Lord calls His disciples “a little flock,” and states distinctly that “many shall seek to enter in at the strait gate and shall not be able;” that “he that believeth not the Son hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him;” that “the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” St. Paul declares that “many walk whose end is destruction,” that such shall be “punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord.” St. John says that “the unbelieving shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.” On the other hand, we read of the “mystery of God’s” will, that He hath proposed to Himself that in the fulness of time He might gather together in one all things in Christ, whether they be things in “heaven or things on earth;” that Christ “took our flesh and blood, through death to destroy him who had the power of death, that is, the devil;” that “as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;” that the end shall not come till “all are subject to Him, that God may be all in all; for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet; the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death;” that “God is the Saviour of all men, especially of those who believe;” that the “Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil.”

What are we to make of this apparent contradiction? The common view of the present day is to look at the gloomier side only, but to soften down its consequences by supposing that the second death is reserved for those who have sinned wilfully against the knowledge of the truth; that we may hope, therefore, that all infants and many heathens, and ignorant persons will be admitted into heaven without

conscious faith in Christ. But the older orthodoxy was of a sterner and more robust nature. To it "the virtues of the heathen are only splendid vices." St. Augustine affirms that "he is much deceived who holds that unbaptized infants will not be in damnation;" Peter Lombard, that "the elect, while they see the unspeakable sufferings of the ungodly, shall be satiated with joy, and give thanks to God at their own deliverance;" Luther, that "it is the highest degree of faith to believe Him merciful who saves so few and damns so many—to believe Him just who of His own will makes us necessarily damnable." But even the milder view is becoming a burden too heavy to be borne by the orthodox of this generation. Mr. Jukes quotes from a well-known evangelical writer, who, after mentioning that he had read what wise and good men had written on the subject, proceeds to say, "I see not one ray of light to explain why sin came into the world, and why men must suffer to all eternity;" and another goes so far as to own that "he should not grieve if the whole race of man died in its fourth year." But if we believe that all who die before five years old are necessarily saved, or taking the harsher view, saved if baptized; and that, of those who die at a later age, the greater part are *not* saved; it may occur to some that this can be no matter for mere unavailing regret, but that, inasmuch as every successive year only swells the terrible disproportion of the saved to the lost, the truest kindness to the race demands the killing of the body for the saving of the soul before the attainment of the age at which salvation ceases to be a certainty or even a probability. If the annihilation of the human race could thus be effected at the end of the present generation, who but must rejoice that the tale of victims is at last complete, even though myriads be thereby debarred from the happiness of heaven! For surely if we allow ourselves to think at all on these matters, we must assume the equal value of salvation to each soul as it comes from the hand of its Maker: we dare not think of the salvation of a David or a Paul as cheaply purchased at the cost of a mob of common souls, or apply notions borrowed from unrighteous aristocracies and despotisms of old to the government of Him who is no respecter of persons, who will not lose one coin stamped with His image, one sheep belonging to His pasture, but rejoices over one lost one that is found more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. If, then, more are saved than are lost, we may hold it to be well for the human race that it should continue to exist on earth; but if the majority is the other way, then must it not be well that the further increase of it should be stopped at once?

And this is the result of the glad tidings of great joy! The annihilation of the race is felt to be preferable to its continuance on the existing terms. And not only its annihilation now, but on the same principle we must desire that this ill-fated race had never come into being at all, or that the curse on disobedience had received its

literal fulfilment, and our first parents had perished the day they tasted the forbidden fruit. Promises, on this view, are but curses in disguise. When Abraham was told, "Thy seed shall be as the stars of heaven," it meant, thousands in heaven shall trace back their origin to thee; but their bliss shall be bought by the misery of millions of thy descendants in hell. These terrible suppositions are not mere fancies of what *may* turn out to be true: they *must* be true, if it be true that more than one-half of the human race is doomed to endless perdition, and if, of each lost one, it may with literal truth be said, "it had been better for him if he had never been born." There is yet one more aspect of this doctrine to which we must briefly refer. The infant, it seems, in whom humanity is still latent, who acts mainly on blind impulse and passion, is safe of eternal blessedness, though the seeds of an evil maturity may have shown themselves already in his nature; while he who has reached maturity, whose character has been moulded by long years of patient work and suffering, and whose action is to some extent guided by reason and affection, is in jeopardy of sharing that hopeless misery which is the destiny of the larger proportion of created souls. Reason and conscience inevitably revolt against such a gospel as this; yet how are those who believe in the inspiration of the Bible to avoid accepting it? Accept *this* or give up Christianity is the alternative presented to many minds at the present day—an alternative enforced with equal vehemence by the extremists on either side. It is this which is the great stumbling-block; not, how can I believe in this miracle or that miracle? but, how can I accept a revelation which appears to me to contradict the first and deepest of all revelations, God is just and God is good? He who should solve this problem and justify to man the ways of God as revealed in Scripture, would, indeed, do a great and excellent work. Maurice did something by calling attention to the distinction between endless and eternal. If *alówtos* means much the same as "spiritual," then such passages as speak of "eternal" life and "eternal" death, tell us nothing as to the duration of such life and death. But these passages are only a few among many which seem to favour the ordinary view. Mr. Jukes lays down three principles applicable more or less to all, and if these principles are allowed to be fairly deducible from Scripture, it appears to us that a large portion of the difficulty will disappear.

These principles are stated (p. 27) in the following terms:

"The truth which solves the riddle is to be found in those same Scriptures which seem to raise the difficulty, and lies in the mystery of the will of our ever-blessed God, as to the process or stages of redemption:—

"1. His will by some to bless and save others; by a first-born seed to save and bless the later-born:

"2. His will therefore to work out the redemption of the lost by successive ages or dispensations: and

- "3. His will (thus meeting the nature of our fall) to make death, judgment, and destruction the means and way to life, acquittal, and salvation ; in other words, through death to destroy him that has the power of death, that is, the devil, and to deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Our space will not allow of more than a very brief summary or selection from the evidence offered under each of these heads. The first is illustrated in a most interesting manner from the Levitical Law by Mr. Jukes, who justifies his interpretation of the types by the language of the New Testament, where Christ is spoken of as "the first-fruits," and believers as "a kind of first-fruits ;" Christ as "the first-born," and believers as "the Church of the first-born ;" and "if the first-fruits be holy, the lump is also holy." The same principle appears in the promises made to the chosen seed and to the first-born. Their blessing is not for themselves alone, but in them "all nations of the earth are to be blessed." Here Mr. Jukes finds the key to the apparent contradiction between "mercy upon all," and yet the election of "a little flock."

For the proof of redemption in successive ages Mr. Jukes refers again to the symbolical cleansings and redemptions of the Law, the sabbath of the seventh year with its release for Israel, the jubilee of the fiftieth, proclaiming liberty for all the inhabitants of the land. The prophets repeat the same teaching where they show God in a later age visiting those rejected in an earlier. Moab and Ammon are under a curse for ever, yet it is declared "in the latter days God shall bring again the captivity of Moab and of the children of Ammon." Similar contradictory predictions are made respecting Egypt, Assyria, Elam, and even Sodom and her daughters, though of this last we read in Jude that "Sodom is suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." The language of the New Testament in its use of the word which our translators have rendered "for ever," and "for ever and ever," but which is literally "for the age," or "for the ages of ages," is shown to point to the same truth. "Men speak as if the varied and very unusual language of Scripture as to the 'ages' or 'ages of ages' contained no special mystery. They will see one day that the subject is dark, not because Scripture is silent, but because men's eyes are holden." "The ages are periods which have an end, and pass away when the work appointed to be done in them has been accomplished. God's perfect rest is not in the ages, but beyond them, when the mediatorial kingdom, which is for the ages of ages, is delivered up, and Christ, by whom all things are wrought in the ages, goes back to the glory which He had with the Father before the ages, that God may be all in all. The adjective (*αιώνιος*) founded on this word is always connected with remedial labour, and with the idea of ages as periods in which God is working to meet and correct

some awful fall." "Aeonial or eternal life is not therefore, as so many think, the living on and on for ever. It is rather a life, the distinctive peculiarity of which is, that it has to do with a Saviour, and so is part of a remedial plan."

There is a remarkable passage bearing on the meaning of the word *aiōs*, which is discussed at length in p. 120, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men : . . . but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this age nor in the coming one." This leads us to suppose that some sins not forgiven here may yet be forgiven in the coming age, and one kind of sin is excepted as not capable of forgiveness in the coming age, but nothing is said with regard to the ages of ages elsewhere revealed, much less is it asserted that the punishment of this sin is never-ending.

Much that is said under the third head will be called mystical, and needs careful study to estimate its value. Perhaps the following passage will place it in the clearest light: "God our Father judges to save. He only saves by judging what is evil. Therefore are there fires for the elect, both now and in the coming day ('for the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is'). Therefore our Lord 'came to cast a fire upon earth : ' therefore He says 'every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.' " The last text quoted is of special importance, as it occurs in close connection with the description of hell as the place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched ;" and must therefore be understood as revealing to us the sacrificial and purifying nature of the fires of hell. See this admirably explained in p. 123 :—"God's elect accept judgment here, that their carnal mind may die, and the old man be slain with all his enmity. The world reject judgment here, and therefore have to meet it in a more awful form in the resurrection of judgment in the coming world. But the second death, so far from being the hopeless shutting up of man for ever in the curse of disobedience, is God's way to free those who in no other way can be freed out of the dark world whose life they live in. As St. Paul bids the Church 'to deliver some to Satan for the destruction of their flesh and saving of their spirit,' as he elsewhere says that he himself 'delivered certain brethren to Satan that they might learn not to blaspheme,' so we may believe in God's merciful purpose towards those whom He also delivers to Satan, and disciplines by evil, since they will not learn by good."

The real lesson to be drawn from those parts of the Bible which seem to affirm the doctrine of never-ending punishment, is well stated in p. 118: "Those who here reject the Gospel do by their present rejection of Christ lose a glory, which, if now lost, is lost for ever, and do further bring upon themselves a judgment of darkness and anguish unspeakable. Once let us, who hear the Gospel, while we are in

this life sell our birthright, and then, though, like Esau, we may cry with a great and exceeding bitter cry, the glory of the first-born is for ever gone from us, and we shall find no place or means for reversing our choice, though when too late we seek to do so carefully with tears. Once lost, the birthright is for ever lost. But I do not on this account believe that even the Esaus have therefore no blessing; for I read: 'By faith Isaac blessed both Jacob and Esau concerning things to come;' and so while the birthright is for ever lost, Esau yet has hope as concerning things to come, and will one day get a blessing, though never the blessing of the despised birthright."

Mr. Jukes does not profess that this view of the subject is entirely free from difficulties; but "just as evil in Nature and Providence, which is inexplicable, does not shake my faith that God is love, or that Nature and Providence are the work of One Supreme Intelligence, who is overruling all apparent anomalies in accordance with an unerring scheme of perfect love and wisdom; so (he says) the yet unsolved difficulties of Scripture do not shake my faith in that purpose of God which is plainly revealed to us." There are, however, two difficulties of a more general nature which will naturally suggest themselves to the reader, on which it may be desirable to say a few words here. Would our Lord Himself have used, or permitted others to use, words which, if final restitution be true, might be understood as teaching the opposite of the truth? Can we believe that the universal Church, with but few exceptions, should have been allowed to judge wrongly on a matter of such importance? To the first it may be answered generally, in Mr. Juke's words, that "the letter of Scripture, like every other revelation which God has made of Himself, is a veil quite as much as a revelation, hiding while it reveals, and yet revealing while it hides." And more particularly it may be answered, that as a matter of fact we do find Christ using words, such as, "Take, eat, this is my body," which were not only liable to be misunderstood, but which have been grossly misunderstood by the largest part of the Catholic Church. The doctrine of transubstantiation, no less than the doctrine of endless punishment, is a mistake built on Christ's very words. So Israel of old was incapable of seeing God's purpose of love outside their own election, a blindness precisely analogous to that of Christians who are unable to believe the restitution of all things.

Here we must conclude our review of this most interesting volume. If our space had allowed, we would gladly have gone on to speak of the valuable collection of extracts from the Fathers in favour of the doctrine of restitution; and also have noticed the author's treatment of the objection, that such a doctrine must involve, not the deliverance of men only, but even of the evil spirits themselves. What has been said will, we hope, show that the book is well worth the attentive study of all who, either for themselves or for

others, have felt the burden of the difficulties which overlie the subject of the future destinies of our race, and are thus prepared to welcome an honest and reverent attempt to prove that the Gospel rightly understood, does not, as the common view would represent, intensify the gloom of nature, but here too answers to its name, and proclaims glad tidings of great joy. That every detail of the view put forward will stand the test of a searching criticism, probably the author himself would not maintain; we believe that he has traced the outlines of a doctrine which will one day receive the assent of all thoughtful Christians.

J. B. MAYOR.



ON THE DOCTRINE OF HUMAN AUTOMATISM.

PART II.

THE aim of my previous* paper was to establish that—by combining the information we may obtain from the study of the physiological conditions under which the actions of animals are performed, with that which we derive from our own conscious experiences,—we can draw a tolerably definite line of demarcation between (1) the *primary automatism*, which seems to constitute the sole spring of action in the lower types of animal life, and to depend upon the *original* or *congenital* endowments of their nervo-muscular mechanism; but which shows itself in Man in such actions only as are directly concerned in the maintenance of his organic functions: (2) the *secondary automatism* that is concerned in the execution of all those actions which man has to gain the power of performing by a process of “training,” but which, after they have become habitual, proceed (when once started) without any intentional direction, in virtue of the *acquired* endowments of his nervo-muscular mechanism; and (3) the *volitional direction*, which involves a determinate *nisus* of the Ego, based on a distinct conception of the purpose to be attained.

Over the primarily-automatic actions, it has been shown that the Ego has either no control at all, as in the case of the heart, or but a limited control, as in the case of the respiratory muscles. Over the secondarily-automatic, on the other hand, the Ego has complete control when he chooses to exert it; thus, although his *bête* goes on walking of itself, while his *âme* is otherwise engaged,

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for Feb. 1875, p. 397.

the *âme* can pull up the *bête* whenever (having resumed its control) it may desire to do so. Further, even in the so-called "voluntary" movements, the *âme* works entirely through the instrumentality of the *bête*;—in other words, the will does not (as is commonly supposed) operate directly upon the nervo-muscular apparatus, singling out the muscles which are to be brought into play, and combining these into co-ordinate action, but simply commands the *bête*, "do this;" and the *bête*, if previously habituated to the performance of the action, forthwith executes it, just as

"Obedient Yamen
Answered 'Amen,'
And did
As he was bid."

All our conscious experiences, I urged, justify the further assertion that the very same actions, or successions of action, may be purely automatic or non-intentional at one time, purely voluntary or purposive at another. And here I join issue with Professor Huxley; who argues from the obvious automatism of certain actions which bear in themselves the distinct impress of purpose or intention, that the universal belief of mankind as to the mental causality of volitional or emotional movements is scientifically wrong, for that they really originate in certain molecular movements of the brain, of which these mental states are the mere concomitant "symbols in consciousness." "The feeling we call 'volition,'" he says, "is not the cause of a voluntary act, but the symbol of that state of the brain which is the immediate cause of that act;" and he gives, as an illustration of his meaning, the blowing of the steam-whistle, which signals, but does not cause, the starting of the locomotive.

Now, as a physiologist, I, of course, recognize a certain "mode of motion" in the brain as the immediate antecedent of the actions in question, whether they be performed volitionally or automatically; and I can see nothing more unscientific in affirming that this "mode of motion" may be caused by a mental state, than in affirming (as Professor Huxley explicitly does) that the mental states which we call sensations, ideas, and emotions are caused by "modes of motion" in the brain. For the universal testimony of experience is as clear upon the one point as upon the other; and there is not the least difficulty in accounting for the facts on which Professor Huxley founds his argument, in perfect consistency with that experience. We are daily doing things which we originally learned to do by design, but which have come to be habitual, under circumstances which show our performance of them to be purely automatic. Thus, when a gentleman goes to bed at night, one of the first things he habitually does is to take out his watch, wind it up, and lay it on his dressing-table. I daresay that it is a common experience with

others, as it is with myself, that if we go upstairs with a pre-occupied mind to dress for an evening party, instead of to undress for bed, the act of taking out the watch suggests the winding it up; and we may "come to ourselves" in the middle of it. I know a young gentleman who, from the force of a good habit, knelt down to say his prayers under the same circumstances: and a mercantile friend, who had come home tired from his day's work in the city, and had gone up to dress for a dinner-party for which his wife had already prepared herself, not making his appearance downstairs when expected, was found by his wife in bed—the act of undressing having suggested its ordinary sequence, which the will, through the mental pre-occupation, had failed to alter. Now, to affirm that, because these habitual actions were executed automatically, they never were the results of volitional direction, but merely expressed certain brain-movements which at the same time excited "the feeling we call volition," seems to me to be alike unsupported by evidence and inconsistent with experience. I might just as well say, when I hear a tune played upon an organ furnished with both keys and a barrel, that if it can be played by the turning of the barrel, it cannot be also played by the fingers of a musician. The immediate antecedent is the same in both cases—the successive lifting of certain levers, which open valves that admit wind to the pipes; the very same levers being lifted either by the frets upon the revolving barrel, or by the depression of the keys put down by the musician's fingers. The parallel is complete as regards such a primarily-automatic action as that of coughing, which, while provided-for by the original mechanism, can also be called forth volitionally; and it would be also completed as to any secondary or acquired automatism, if we could suppose the raising of the frets upon the barrel to be accomplished by the musician's repeated performance of the tune upon the keys, so that the tune, when worked into the barrel by his determinate action, should be reproduced without his agency whenever the barrel is turned. As Professor Huxley, equally with myself, recognizes the fact that the nervous mechanism grows to the mode in which it is habitually exercised, the only question between us, in this stage of our inquiry, is whether mental changes can or cannot be the causes of physical actions.

On this question opinions will differ according to the point of view from which it is looked at. Professor Huxley has fully avowed his preference for the physical aspect only, and his desire that mental phenomena should be expressed, so far as possible, in terms of matter. It seems to me, on the other hand, that there is something in our *self-consciousness*—in our power, not only of picturing the external world to ourselves, but of reflecting upon our own mental states,—and in

our conviction of possessing a power of *choice* between two or more courses of action, whether mental or bodily,—which necessitates the conception of an Ego as something unconditioned by material states and physical forces. From this point of view, the body is to be considered rather as the instrument of communication between the Ego and what is external to it, than as a self-acting machine, of whose movements our mental states are mere “symbols in consciousness.” And I find myself quite unable to conceive that when I am consciously attempting, whether by speech or by writing, to excite ideas in the minds of my hearers or readers, corresponding with those which are present to my consciousness at the moment, it is *not* my mind which is putting my lips or my hand in motion, but that (as Professor Huxley affirms) it is my body which is moving of itself, and simply keeping my mind informed of its movements. Whilst quite prepared to accept such a doctrine in regard to any of those established successions which run-on as automatically as the movements of our legs in walking,* I can no more believe that my present writing is anything else than an expression, in bodily movement, of the consciously-formed purpose of my mind, than I can believe that a piece of delicate handiwork—the painting of a miniature, for instance, or a minute dissection—requiring constant visual guidance and trained dexterity of movement, can be executed for the first time without a distinct volitional direction of each act.

It is not so long ago that Professor Huxley himself spoke of the belief “that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events,” as one which “can be verified experimentally as often as we like to try,” and as therefore “standing upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest, forming one of our highest truths” (“Lay Sermons,” p. 160). Yet for this belief he now calls on us to substitute the doctrine that the course of events is determined solely by a “motion of molecules” of which the feeling we call “will” is only a concomitant. I see in this the natural issue of that preference for the expression of mental phenomena in terms of physics, which Pro-

* I remember to have compared notes with the late Sir H. Holland upon an experience that we found to be common to both—that of unconsciously humming tunes while the attention was absorbed in something else. Sir Henry told me that he was sure that he did this habitually whilst walking and thinking, from the frequency with which he dropped (as it were) into the middle of an air, the previous part of which seemed to have been gone through by his brain, without his Ego being aware of it. And I replied that not only had I the same reason to believe that I had often thus “unconsciously cerebrated” the first part of a tune, but that I had been sometimes called to account by others for disturbing them by the audible humming of tunes whilst reading intently, the said tunes not being either present to my consciousness as concepts, or heard by myself as audible sounds. Here it is clear that the reproduction of the cerebral state was a physical, not a mental act; and that the mental affection, when it occurred, was (as in other cases of automatism) not the cause but the consequence of the physical. But if I *will* to hum or to sing a tune, the movements which I execute to carry out my consciously-formed intention seem to me no less clearly to originate in my Ego, the physical changes being the consequences, not the causes of the mental.

fessor Huxley avowed on the same occasion, and to which I have just expressed my objection. And it will not give me surprise if my friend at some future time should again change his standpoint, and, seeing that there is a golden as well as a silver side to the shield, should return to the belief that mental experiences cannot be ignored by any true psychologist, even though they may not be consistent with his physical conceptions.

If Professor Huxley's present doctrine be true, not only of particular cases, but of human life generally, it follows that its stream would flow on exactly as it does, if we had no consciousness at all of what we are about; that the actions and reactions of the "ideaginous molecules" would do the work of the philosopher, even if they never generated ideas in his mind; that he would give forth its results in books or lectures, not from any intention or desire that his books should be read and his lectures heard, so as to bring the thoughts of other minds into relation with his own, but simply because certain molecular motions in his brain call forth the movements of speech or writing; and that, in like manner, the noblest works of genius—the master-pieces of the poet, the artist, and the musician—would none the less have been produced, if the "symbols in consciousness" had never been evoked in their producers' nature, and would prove none the less attractive to other automata, if the molecular movements of their brains should be equally incapable of exciting either intellectual or emotional activity; such activity being, to use a legal phrase, mere "surplusage." To me this seems like a *reductio ad absurdum*; but that is, I have been publicly informed, because I am getting old, and my brain is becoming ossified, so as no longer to be able to keep up with the advance of other brains.

It may doubtless be urged by Professor Huxley, however, that even admitting volitions and emotions to be causes of the bodily actions which express them, that does not make Man the less an automaton; these mental states being themselves "conditioned" by physical changes, so as to be the no less necessary consequents of antecedent states, than are any physical actions of their antecedents. This view being common to all automatists, will be better discussed after I have marked out the relation of my own views to those of Professor Clifford and Mr. Herbert Spencer.

By Professor Clifford the mind is described as "a stream of feelings which runs parallel to, and simultaneous with a certain part of the action of the body, that is to say, that particular part of the action of the brain in which the cerebrum and the sensory tract are excited;" and he neither admits such excitement to be a cause of any kind of affection of the consciousness, nor allows that any state of consciousness can excite physical change in the brain. A question of this kind is not to be disposed of by mere

assertions, however positive. Looking at it from its physical side alone, and relying exclusively upon his physical experiences, Professor Clifford thinks himself entitled not only to ignore the more immediate mental experiences which lead men who are at least his equals in mathematical and physical ability (Mr. Kirkman* and M. Dumas,† for example) to a precisely opposite conclusion, but to speak of the assertion that the will influences matter as “nonsense—the crude materialism of the savage,” although, as Mr. Tylor has shown us, the “animism” of the savage, who refers every phenomenon to the agency of a conscious Ego, much more resembles spiritualism. “The two things,” says, Professor Clifford, “are on two utterly different platforms—the physical facts go along by themselves, and the mental facts go along by themselves. There is a parallelism between them, but there is no interference of one with the other. If anybody says that the will influences matter, the statement is not untrue, but it is nonsense. The will is not a material thing—it is not a mode of material motion. Such an assertion belongs to the crude materialism of the savage. The only thing which influences matter is the position of surrounding matter or the motion of surrounding matter.” I think that most of the readers of this remarkable passage will agree with me that the only justification of it which the writer could give, would be his own proposition of a scientific *rationale* of the phenomena to be accounted for. But so far is he from attempting this, that he abandons the attempt as hopeless; repudiating Professor Huxley’s admission of a causal relation between *neuroses* and *psychoses*, as no less unscientific than the converse; and reverting to what is really the Leibnitzian doctrine of “pre-established harmonies” without its Theology,—of which Professor Huxley remarks that those may accept it who choose to do so.

My contention with Professor Clifford, therefore, is that until he can show that he knows all about matter and its dynamical relations,‡ Professor Huxley’s assertion—based on “the normal experience of healthy men”—that running a pin into one’s flesh is the *cause* of

* See his “Philosophy without Assumptions,” a paper read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool.

† See his recent “Eloge” of De la Rive, in the *Academie des Sciences*.

‡ How little is known on this point compared with what remains to be known, may be judged from the marvellous discovery lately made by Mr. Crookes, and exhibited by him at the Royal Society on the 7th of April. If Professor Clifford had been told a month ago that the incidence of the light of a candle upon the blackened surface of four small discs, whose reverse sides are white, would drive round *in vacuo* with considerable velocity the horizontal wheel that carries them at its margin, under conditions which seem to exclude the possibility of any other agency, he would probably have designated the statement as “nonsense.” But of the eminent Physicists who witnessed this phenomenon, no one seemed to doubt that the only explanation of it lies in the existence of a mechanical power in radiant Light and Heat, of which none of them had previously any conception, and of which the Undulatory theory, complete as it is in regard to optical phenomena, gives no account whatever.

the state of consciousness which we call pain, and my assertion that those states of the conscious Ego which we call volitions and emotions are the *causes* of the bodily actions that execute the former and express the latter, have a better claim to be accepted as truths of science than Professor Clifford's assertion that such statements are simply "nonsense." A more prolonged and varied study of mental physiology and pathology may perhaps hereafter lead Professor Clifford to admit that he has been, to say the least, a little premature in thus pronouncing positively upon the absence of relation between two vast classes of phenomena, the intimate *nexus* of which comes out more clearly the more it is searched into.

With Mr. Herbert Spencer, indeed, this *nexus* constitutes the essential basis of Psychological science. "The object of Psychology," he says, "is not the connection between internal phenomena, nor the connection between external phenomena, but the connection between these two connections." In this I am entirely in accordance with him; as I am also in the preference he avows for translating physical into mental phenomena, rather than mental into physical, if we are forced to choose between the two alternatives. He would, I think, fully accept the doctrine (essentially that of Augustine) which was so forcibly propounded by John S. Mill in his posthumous Essays, that "feeling and thought are much more real to us than anything else; they are the only things which we directly know to be real, all things else being the unknown conditions on which these depend." It must be borne in mind that the whole fabric of our Physiological science, though professing to be built up upon experience, is really based upon what Mill designated "mere assumptions to account for our sensations." We know nothing real about matter—"itself we do not perceive, we are not conscious of it;" what we really know are the sensations we receive from it. And thus, as I myself urged on a former occasion, while our notion of *force*, arising directly out of our own consciousness of effort, is one of those primary cognitions which we cannot dissociate from our own consciousness of personality,—our notion of *matter*, its properties, motions, and laws, is altogether a construction of our own intellects. This necessity for the intervention of Mind in every stage of our interpretation of nature, has been pointed out by Principal Caird, with admirable clearness, in the address which he delivered at the opening of the present session of the University of Glasgow:—

"You cannot build up a world out of experience, without regard to thought and its laws; for in the very effort you tacitly presuppose what you are trying to ignore. You cannot reach mind as an ultimate product of matter and force; for in so doing you have already begun with mind; the earliest step of the inquiry involves categories of mind, and it is only

in terms of mind that the very problem you are investigating can be so much as stated. . . . Whether there be such a thing as an absolute world outside of thought, whether there be such things as matter and material atoms, existing in themselves before any mind begins to perceive or think about them, is not to the purpose. If there be such atoms, at any rate you, before you begin to make anything of them, must think them; and you can never, by thinking about atoms, or thinking about anything, prove that there is no such thing as thought. Before you reach thought as a last result, you would need to eliminate it from the data of the problem with which you start; and that you can never do, any more than you can stand on your own shoulders or outstrip your shadow. The fundamental vice, then, of materialism is, that that out of which mind is to be extracted, is itself the creation of mind, and already involves its existence as an originating power."

I believe that Mr. Herbert Spencer would further agree with me in regarding our own consciousness as the final court of appeal in regard to the truth (to each individual) of any proposition whatever—the base of verification to which all our logical triangulation must be worked back, if we desire to test its validity. But it does not follow that because a certain proposition is "unthinkable" by Mr. Herbert Spencer, therefore it is "unthinkable" by some one else, or by mankind in general: because any one who studies, not only his own mind, but the minds of others, must see that the acceptance of a proposition by any individual depends upon its fitting into some place in his "fabric of thought;" and that, according to the plan on which that fabric has been built up, will be the shape and size of the recesses that will determine the suitability or unsuitability of new pieces of mental furniture.* Hence, if I can show that not only my own consciousness, but the common consciousness of Mankind, accepts and acts upon the doctrine (even when dissenting from it as a philosophical proposition) that the Human Will is an independent or "unconditioned" factor in the *direction* of our mental and bodily activities (for I do not affirm more), this doctrine is not disproved by the fact that Mr. Herbert Spencer's "fabric of thought" has not at the present time a place for its admission.

The question of the existence or non-existence of such a power in the human Ego, is quite distinct from the question of how it has come to be there; and hence, whilst following with great interest and admiration the general outlines (the details I do not profess to have mastered) of Mr. Herbert Spencer's application of the evolution-doctrine to the study of Psychology,† I do not see that

* See my Lecture on the "Psychology of Belief" in *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for December, 1874.—It is to me not a little singular that the advocates of the doctrine of Human Automatism should advance their doctrine with such calm confidence of its being the only one that a scientifically trained mind can possibly entertain; when, as will be presently shown, it can only be reconciled with a vast body of facts which rank among the most certain of human experiences, by assumptions of which there is no proof whatever.

† As I find that a note to my former paper has been misunderstood in a sense I by no means intended, I wish to take this opportunity of stating that when I speak of "the idea of

in discussing the former there is any need to concern ourselves with the latter. Supposing the evolution-doctrine to be historically true, the superinduction of *conscious* upon *unconscious* existence is a phenomenon quite as incomprehensible—i.e. involving quite as great a departure from the previous succession—as the first introduction of a self-determining power; of the evolution of which, on a graduated scale, from very small beginnings to its highest development, I maintain that we have evidence in the growth of every well-trained child, as we also have in the passage from the uncontrolled automatism of the lowest savage, to the disciplined self-control of the man who has most completely attained the highest of all powers, that of ruling his own spirit. And we who affirm its existence, have quite as good a right to assert that we recognize its presence by our own immediate experience, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has to assert that its existence is “unthinkable.”

Moreover, I fail to see that its admission is so inconsistent as Mr. Herbert Spencer affirms it to be, with the possibility of a scientific Psychology:—“To reduce the general question to its simplest form,” he says (“Principles of Psychology,” § 220), “psychical changes either conform to law, or they do not. If they do not conform to law, this work, in common with all works on the subject, is sheer nonsense: no science of psychology is possible. If they do conform to law, there cannot be such a thing as free-will.” For the study of the relations which he regards as the subject-matter of that science, would not be prejudiced in any way by the introduction of a factor which lies outside those relations.

That there are certain uniformities of human action, which furnish the basis of our whole social fabric, and are the legitimate objects of scientific inquiry, is admitted by every one; and it is the object of psychological science to trace out the causal relations of these phenomena, so as to determine in what measures they are to be attributed to inherited constitution, to the early training imparted by others, and to the influence of the “environments” generally. But, on the other hand, every one also admits that the closest observation of these uniformities, and the most sagacious analysis of their conditions, does not justify anything more than a “forecast” of the course of human action, whether of individuals

progressive differentiation, especially in regard to the structure and actions of the nervous system” as “perfectly familiar to Mr. Herbert Spencer’s predecessors in the same line of inquiry,” I used the word “progressive” in the limited sense which it bears in the following passage from the third edition (1851), p. 584, of my “Principles of General and Comparative Physiology:”—“Now, the great principle of *progression from the more general to the more special*, appears to hold good as well in regard to the functional character of organs, as with respect to their structural and developmental conformity; as may be seen in proceeding from the lower to the higher forms of organized being, and in following the successive stages of development of any one of the higher organisms.” I had no idea of disputing Mr. Herbert Spencer’s claim to priority in the application of this doctrine to *genetic* succession.

or of communities, in any given contingency. "Who would have thought that he would have done such a thing?" is our frequent exclamation in regard to some one of whom we considered that we had a most intimate knowledge: that "the unexpected is what always happens" has passed into a proverb, since what seemed the tranquil course of political events was first disturbed by the rupture between France and Germany. It is, of course, open for the automatist to say that the element of uncertainty here arises, as in the case of weather-forecasts, from the complexity of the conditions, and from our imperfect acquaintance with them; and he might fairly urge, on general grounds, that if we could grasp the whole of the antecedents, and measure the potency of each, no "unconditioned" or self-originating element would be found to have interfered with the regular sequence of cause and effect. But this is just the point in dispute. The whole history of science shows the importance of investigating "residual phenomena;" and until the automatists have *proved* that no such exist in the science of human action, they have nothing but a general probability, drawn from the entirely different sphere of Physical science, to oppose to what Mr. H. Sidgwick designates as "the immediate affirmation of consciousness in the moment of deliberate volition," "which makes it," he continues, "impossible for me to think, at such a moment, that my volition is completely determined by my formed character, and the motives acting upon it." And while the misperceptions or erroneous intuitions which occur in the exercise of our senses, come to be corrected, as Mr. Sidgwick remarks, by that comparison of experiences which affords the only sound basis of our belief in objective realities of any kind whatever, "no amount of experience in the sway of motives even tends to make me distrust my intuitive consciousness, that, in resolving, after deliberation, *I exercise free choice as to which of the motives acting upon me shall prevail.*"*

Here, then, is the gist of the whole controversy. The "motives" in any particular case may be taken as so many forces arising out of antecedent "circumstances;" and it may be freely admitted on both sides that the relative amounts of these would be calculable if we knew and could estimate all these circumstances,—including, of course, the formed character of the individual. But, since we have no such test, the assertion that "the strongest motive prevails" is a mere truism; being only another form of saying that the motive which prevails is the strongest. If we put into a balance two bodies of known densities, we can predict, by the comparison of their dimensions, which will preponderate; but if the density of one or both is unknown, we can only determine which is the heavier by seeing which scale goes down. And so.

* "The Methods of Ethic," p. 51.

in the determination of our own conduct as to matters of such a nature as not to involve considerations of duty or even of prudence,—when, for example, we have to choose between two or more objects, each simply pleasurable,—our only test of the relative strength of their attractions is furnished by the gravitation of our minds towards one or other of them. And the same is the case in regard to any morally indifferent action, towards which we feel ourselves drawn by one set of attractions, and from which we feel ourselves kept away by another. The first motive, in the absence of the second, would determine the action of the Ego; the second, in the absence of the first, would determine his inaction; and in general we have no other test of the relative strength of the attracting and the repelling forces, than the resultant mental preponderance of one over the other.

For want of such tests, indeed, we are constantly obliged to proceed experimentally, as in the training either of a dog, or of a young child that is (save in respect of language) very much in the dog-stage of intellectual and moral capacity. A certain dainty, for example, presents a strong attraction, urging the subject of that attraction to possess himself of it; the master or parent, on the other hand, desires to deter the dog or the child from this appropriation, and takes means to signify his disapproval of it. But if, on the recurrence of the temptation, the attraction proves too strong for the deterrent motive, and the act is repeated, punishment is inflicted to add to the strength of the deterrent; the association being made as strong as possible between the act and its painful consequence, in order that the offender may be led to apprehend a recurrence of the pain as a consequence of a repetition of the offence. The next repetition of the act brings on the culprit a still severer chastisement; and so we proceed until we have found a deterrent force that effectually counteracts the attractive force. The deterrent will derive additional power, in the case of a dog or a child that is capable of strong personal attachment, from the manifestation of displeasure which it calls forth on the part of the master or parent; and there are cases in which the desire to avoid giving pain to a being that is loved with all the strength of dog- or of child-nature, seems even more potent than the apprehension either of corporeal suffering or of the deprivation of some valued enjoyment. But this again can only be learned experimentally in each individual case; the character of the particular dog or child, as shown in its general course of action, only affording a probable indication as to the kind of deterrent which will prove most effectual.

Now, in the whole of this process I recognize, as fully as my opponents can do, the automatism of the nature which we are endeavouring to mould; and I believe that in the education of

young children too much of self-regulation is often expected, and a great deal set down to wilful obstinacy, which is in reality the result of a want of power to act otherwise than automatically. How far a dog ever rises to the state of *self-consciousness*, so as to be able to reflect upon his own mental states, and to regulate their intensity and succession, is a question which we have no certain means of determining. He may be capable of the most disinterested self-sacrifice, under the influence either of the strong sense of duty to his master, which leads him to make the most laborious exertions to fulfil his behests with a sagacity which is often truly marvellous, or of the almost passionate attachment which in some instances appears to dominate over every other motive,—as when a dog cannot be induced, even by the cravings of hunger, to desert his master's grave. But if, as seems to me most likely, such self-sacrifice is simply the result of a preponderance of present motives, involving neither calculation of future consequences, nor a deliberate preference of duty—as duty—over pleasure or interest, it does not seem to me to deserve the moral approval we give to such an act of deliberate self-sacrifice as that of the heroic steersman of the burning steamer, who kept his post while the fire beneath was roasting the soles of his feet (thereby laming himself for life), in order that, by guiding the ship to shore, he might save the lives of all on board.

In the education of a child, on the other hand, we watch for the dawn of this power of reflection and deliberation; we endeavour to strengthen his feeble resolution by judicious encouragement, and to give additional force to his sense of duty by earnest appeals to it, so as to sustain him in a conflict to which he is as yet unequal, if left to himself; but we lead him to feel that he must not always expect such help, and that it rests with himself, by habitual action upon what his reason and his moral sense tell him he *ought* to do, to gain the *power* to do it against his inclination.

Of course it will be replied by the automatist, that all such “training” is part of the external influences which go to the formation of the character; and that its efficacy depends upon the degree in which the sense of duty can be thus developed by judicious culture into efficient predominance. But I affirm it to be a matter of notorious experience, that it is the reiteration of the assurance that the child *can* govern his temper, if he tries hard enough; that he *can* overcome a difficulty, if he will summon courage to make a vigorous effort; that he *can* choose and act upon the right, in spite of strong temptation to do the wrong, if he will steadily keep before himself the determination not to yield,—which constitutes the most effectual means of calling forth that power of “self-control,” which the most enlightened writers

of antiquity, and the most successful of modern educators, concur in regarding as the most valuable result, alike of moral and intellectual discipline. I find myself quite unable to attach a definite import to such words as *σωφροσύνη*, *continentia*, or *temperantia*—to see any meaning in the ancient proverb that “he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,” or to feel any admiration for a hero who “has gained that greatest of all victories, the victory over himself,” if the course of action results from no other agency than either physical or mental Automatism, and no independent power be put forth by the Ego in determining it. And if I felt obliged to accept that doctrine as scientific truth, I should look to its honest and consistent application to the training of the young as the greatest of social calamities. For I can imagine nothing more paralyzing to every virtuous effort, more withering to every noble aspiration, than that our children should be brought up in the belief that their characters are entirely formed *for* them by heredity and environments; that they *must* do whatever their respective characters impel them to do; that they have no other power of resisting temptations to evil, than such as may spontaneously arise from the knowledge they have acquired of what they ought or ought not to do; that if this motive proves too weak, they can do nothing of themselves to intensify and strengthen it; that the notion of “summoning their resolution,” or “bracing themselves for the conflict,” is altogether a delusion; that, in fine, they are in the position of a man who is floating down-stream in a boat without oars, towards a dangerous cataract, and can only be rescued by the interposition of some *Deus ex machinâ*.* How the perception of this as the logical outcome of the doctrine of Automatism, weighed “like an incubus” upon the spirit of John Stuart Mill, when he first fully awoke to it, he has himself told us in his Autobiography. “I felt,” he says, “as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances; as if my character and that of all others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our own power.” And it is not a little curious that, while continuing to advocate as scientific truth the determination of human conduct by the formed character of each

* My serious warning has been anticipated by the Paterfamilias who thus humourously put the same issue to the *Spectator* a few months ago:—“It is now well known,” says M. Taine, “that vice and virtue are products exactly like sugar and vitriol, and we may hope to know in time the laws by which they are produced. When science has clearly established those laws, it will be as irrational to feel indignation at base and cowardly actions, as it would be to feel angry about the chemical affinities. A clearer insight into the laws of Nature will rid us, I am assured, of the very disagreeable feelings of regret and remorse. But I find it very difficult to conceive of a society from which science has eliminated all idea of responsibility; and still more difficult to understand how the modern ideas can be taught to the young in our schools without fatally weakening every youthful effort.”

individual, and while excluding any interference, at the final stage, with the strict sequence of cause and effect, he seems to have admitted the independence or unconditioned agency of the Ego in the formation of his character. "I saw," he says, "that though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances; and that what is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of freewill, is the conviction that *we have real power over the formation of our own character*; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits and capacities of willing."

I can attach no other meaning to this remarkable passage, the teaching of which is more fully developed in chap. 1. of Book vi. of the "System of Logic," than that it recognizes a factor in the formation of our characters, which is something else than "*heredity plus environments*." For I can scarcely suppose J. S. Mill not to have seen that if a man's desires are themselves the resultants of antecedent "circumstances," the incubus of hopeless slavery to those circumstances can no more be removed by any desires for self-improvement which *ex hypothesi* arise out of them, than a weight which bears down on a man's shoulders can be lifted off by its own pressure. Any one who reads in De Quincey's "Confessions" the graphic narrative of his miserable experiences from the abuse of opium, will see how ineffectual are the strongest *desires* without the *will* to carry them into effect. And I shall now try to show that our "capacity of willing," that is, of giving a preponderation to the motive on which we elect to act, depends, *first*, upon our conviction that we really have such a self-determining power, and, *secondly*, upon our habitual exercise of it.

The analysis of an actual case, that is, unfortunately, but too common—that of a man who habitually gives way to the desire for alcoholic excitement, and is ruining himself and his family by his self-abandonment—will bring into distinct view the practical bearing of the antagonistic doctrines. In that stage at which the toper first begins to feel that his propensity is acquiring the mastery over him, he may be susceptible of the strongest motives to liberate himself; such as the welfare of a wife and family, to whom he may be sincerely attached; the consciousness that he is degrading himself, alike in his own estimation, and in that of others; the prospect of inevitable ruin if he does not free himself from the trammels whose tenacity he feels to be daily augmenting; but he wants the *will* to make the effort. His friends reason with him, and he assents to everything they say; he makes the best possible resolutions to resist the temptation, and may even have enough self-command to keep himself out the way of it; but in an evil hour he accidentally meets some one in whose company he has been accustomed to the pleasurable indul-

gence; the attraction of the immediate gratification prevails over the prospect of future suffering to himself and those he loves; his good resolutions melt away like snow before the sun; and he adds one more to the melancholy list of victims to this terrible fascination. Now, since, on the Automatist theory, he cannot help yielding, he ought to incur no moral reprobation for doing so. He says to himself and to others, "I could not help it;" and society has a right to say to him, as the master says to his dog, "Then we must give you an additional motive to help it, by punishing you every time that you give way to the temptation." But the Free-will advocate says to him, "You know perfectly well that you *could* have helped it, in that earlier stage in which you felt perfectly free to choose between drinking and not drinking, and unthinkingly preferred the former. If a picture of the wretchedness you are now bringing upon others, the slavish degradation to which you are reducing yourself, had then been placed before you, you would either have recoiled from it with horror, or have refused to believe in its truth; for you would have said that you would certainly have pulled yourself up before you had fallen so low. But you have allowed yourself to sink, little by little; and you will find it far more difficult now to break away, than it would have been at first. But it is not yet too late. The struggle will be severe; but you *can* conquer if you *will*. And it rests with *yourself* to will. You have every possible motive of the highest kind on the one side, and nothing but the attraction of a selfish indulgence on the other. Be a man, and not a beast. Exert the power which you know and feel yourself to possess; keep your thoughts and affections steadily fixed upon the right; avoid the first step in the downward path; and when the moment of unexpected temptation comes, make a vigorous effort, determine to succeed, and you will come off victorious. And when you have once done so, you will feel a more assured conviction that you *can* do so again; each victory will make the next easier to you; and, by steady perseverance, you will re-acquire that power of self-direction which will enable you to keep straight without an effort."

I appeal to the experience of those who have had to deal with these sad cases, whether the latter is not practically the more effective.

When the patient can thus work out his own cure, he gradually recovers the volitional power, which had been weakened not merely by the habit of giving way, but by the specific effect of the alcohol (which it shares with other "nervine stimulants") upon his physical organization; and he comes at last to find the aggregate of moral deterrents *spontaneously* preponderating over the sensual attraction, instead of needing the intensification which they derive from *the determinate fixation of the attention upon them*.

A cure thus effected obviously has a much better chance of permanence, than any that could have been brought about by such external coercion as we use in the case of a dog or a young child. For this loses all potency as soon as its pressure is removed; whilst the re-acquirement of self-mastery gives to all the better part of the nature that legitimate predominance which it was well nigh losing, and enables it to assert itself whenever the occasion may arise.

The case appears to me to stand thus:—The Automatism of our nature (purely physical so far as the craving for alcohol is concerned, but including, in most cases, some play of social instincts) furnishes an aggregate of powerful attractions to the present gratification. On the other side is an aggregate of deterrents, which, when the attention is fixed upon them in the absence of the attractive object, have a decided preponderance, so far as the *desires* are concerned. The slave of intemperance is often ready to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—and he proves his sincerity by his readiness to take every indirect precaution that does not interfere with his personal liberty. But when the temptation recurs, the force of the attraction is intensified by its actual presence; the direct sensory presentation makes a more vivid impression than the ideal representation of the deterrent motives; and the balance, which previously turned *against* the indulgence, now preponderates in favour of it. What, then, is it within the power of the Ego to do? On the automatist theory, *nothing*. For not only is he unable to call to his aid any motive which does not spontaneously arise, but he cannot make any alteration in the relative strength of the motives which are actually present to his consciousness. I affirm it, on the other hand, to be "the normal experience of healthy men," that we have the power of intensifying the motives which we know and feel *ought* to prevail, and of proportionally weakening the force of those which we know *ought not* to prevail; and that this power is exactly of the same kind as that by which we are continually enforcing our attention to a subject on which we desire to fix our thoughts, in spite of the counter-attraction which, without such effort, would draw them off to something else. If it be urged by the automatist that the persistence of our attention is really due to the superior strength of the motive which leads us to desire to do so, I reply that no experience I am conscious of is more real to me, than that if I did not *make an effort* to maintain my attention, the *desire* alone would fail to do it. I am further conscious that a great deal more is "taken out of me" (if I may use so colloquial an expression) by the prolongation of such a struggle, than by a far larger measure of continuous undistracted thought. And I ask why, on the Automatist theory, this should be?

In the wonderful experiment recently exhibited by Mr. Crookes (p. 945, note), the mechanical agencies of light and heat can be brought into mutual antagonism; for the wheel, which is being rapidly driven round by the action of the light of a neighbouring candle upon the black side of the discs it carries, is soon brought to a stand when one side of the glass globe that encloses it is heated with a spirit lamp; while its motion is renewed, the candle remaining where it was, as soon as the glass cools. This preponderance of one or the other force according to conditions purely physical, affords, on the determinist doctrine, a true scientific analogue of our own action. If the wheel could feel, and could tell us its feelings, it would say—"I was conscious of a force which drove me round in one direction, and I then became conscious of a stronger force, which overcame the first, and brought my rotation to a stand; but I had no more power over my own motion, than the aeronaut has when his balloon is spinning round on its axis."

Now, I submit that the Common Sense of mankind (by which, as I have explained on a former occasion, I mean the general resultant of its experiences) gives a very different account of the matter. Whatever allowances it may be ready to make for individual cases—such, for instance, as that of Hartley Coleridge, who was the victim of a strong hereditary predisposition, accompanied by a constitutional weakness of will—it recognizes as a fixed conviction, and consistently acts upon that conviction, that the incipient drunkard *has* a power over himself; that he can not only abstain if he chooses, but that he can choose to abstain, because he knows that he ought to do so; and that when, by voluntarily giving way to his propensity, he brings himself into a condition in which he is no more responsible for his actions than a lunatic, he is not thereby exempted from the penalty that may attach to them, but must be held responsible for having knowingly and deliberately brought himself into the condition of irresponsibility. On the Automatist theory, a drunkard who deserts a comfortable home for the tap-room (I make large allowance for those who have *uncomfortable* homes), who neglects an attached wife and loving children for the society of profligates, and who, with ample means of higher enjoyment, surrenders himself without a struggle to the allurements of sensual pleasure, and at last renders himself amenable to the law by fatal outrage on the patient wife who has long borne with his brutality, is no more a subject of moral reprobation than poor Hartley Coleridge; who, when he strayed from the loving care of his friends, would be found in the parlour of some rural public-house, delighting the rustics with his wonderful stories, and indulging to his heart's content in the unlimited beer which the publican was only too glad to allow him.

When, on the other hand, the subject of a strong hereditary alcoholic craving maintains a daily conflict with his tempter, uses every means he can think of to avoid or weaken its seductions, and puts forth all his energy in resisting them, and, through occasional failures, comes off on the whole victorious, the Automatist can have no other approbation to bestow upon him than that which he would accord to a self-governing steam-engine, or a compensation-balance watch, each of which machines does merely that which its construction fits it for, and is no more meritorious for working "right," than a steam-engine without a governor, or a watch without a compensation-balance, is blamable for going "wrong." The welfare of that aggregate of automata which we call society, may require that every individual automaton shall be prevented from doing what is injurious to it; and punishment for offences actually committed may be reasonably inflicted as a deterrent from the repetition of such offences by the individual or by others. But it is a mistake to suppose that "right" means anything else than what is for the common benefit, or that "wrong" implies anything more than a something which tends to the general disadvantage. And all our aim will be, to bring the mechanism of each individual automaton, and the whole social machine, into the smooth and harmonious action which we witness in a hive of bees, in which each individual seems impelled to do that, and that only, which contributes to the well-being of the community at large; while in the prosecution of this aim we have ourselves no voice whatever; since we are nothing but "parts of the great series of causes and effects, which, in unbroken continuity, composes that which is, and has been, and shall be—the sum of existence."

Into such high philosophy I do not care to enter. It is like the "lunar politics" of Professor Huxley—a matter above, if not absolutely beyond, my ken; but that I have (1) a conscience, which recognizes a distinction between *right* and *wrong*, (2) a sense of duty, which prompts me to *do* the right and to *avoid* the wrong (*what* is right and *what* is wrong being a matter of individual judgment, in the formation of which there are a great many factors), and (3) a power, within certain limits, of *willing* that which I know I *ought* to do, are to me primal facts of consciousness, which are in themselves mutually coherent, which are consistent with all my own experiences, and which I believe to be accepted by mankind in general, whatever philosophers may say to the contrary. For the recognition of those facts seems to me to be evidenced by the universal use of terms whose accepted meaning must be altogether changed, if they do not imply the existence of a *choice* that is determined by the individual, and not *for* him: and it is not a little curious

to see how constantly even determinists make use of this language. I fully admit that in the act of deliberation which precedes the final choice and the action taken upon it, the *motives* are, in the first instance, entirely supplied by the automatism; and I also fully recognize the fact that the will can add nothing to the physical force which the automatism is capable of exerting. But my contention is that by *fixing the attention on the probable consequences* of the act, the will can modify the relative strength of the motives already present, and can call up new ones,—thus *determining the action of that force*; and I shall now suggest what seems to me the nearest approach that Physiology can at present furnish to a *rationale* of this determination.

The brain-change, which is admitted on all hands to be the condition of all interaction between the Ego and the external world, is itself conditioned by the supply of blood it receives; and that blood serves the double purpose of supplying by its nutritive material the *potential* energy, or *capacity* for functional activity, of every part of the mechanism, and of changing that potential into *actual* energy, by the destructive oxygenation of certain components of the brain-substance. For this latter purpose, a far larger supply of blood is needed than for the former: such a reduction of the calibre of the vessels as takes place during profound sleep, for example, suspends all active exercise of brain-power, and yet is consistent with that renovation of the exhausted organ which renders it capable of new activity; just as when, after the discharge of a powerful Leyden battery, it is re-charged by the continued turning of the machine-handle. Now, the control exercised over the calibre of the vessels of every part of the body, and consequently over the quantity of the blood they carry, by the nerves that ramify upon their muscular walls, is one of the most important facts established by modern physiological research; the phenomenon of "blushing," which was formerly regarded as exceptional, being now accepted as the visible type of a vast order of changes secretly going on in the penetralia of the system, which give physical expression to various states of mental feeling. Thus the nursing mother experiences a rush of blood to her breast, when her feelings are moved by hearing the cry of her babe, or even by the thought of its need. And the recent experiments of Dr. Ferrier have proved by ocular demonstration—what was antecedently probable on other grounds—that a great dilatation of the blood-vessels may take place in a certain limited part of the brain; and they further seem to me to indicate that a state of nervous tension may be induced by this *hyperæmia*, which rises to the degree of discharging itself in the special action of the part. If this be the case, the functional activity of any particular segment of the brain—one segment ministering to purely intellectual

operations, another to emotional conditions, another to the expression of mental states in bodily action; each of these segments again, consisting of vast numbers of components, groups of cells and fibres, which may act separately or in any variety of combinations—being determined by the supply of blood it receives, will depend upon the regulation of the calibre of its vessels by the vaso-motor nerves. And thus, whilst the whole amount of actual energy that can be put forth, whether in mental or muscular activity, is limited by the capacity of the mechanism and the amount of potential energy furnished by the blood-supply, the *direction* of that energy, its manifestation in one form of action rather than another, is determined by the influence exerted by the Ego upon the vaso-motor system of nerves. If, as all recent physiological inquiry seems to render probable, the desire to do a particular action is the mental expression of an active state of certain “ideational molecules,” the desire may, on the other hand, be intensified by the determinate direction of our attention to the object, which increases the supply of blood; whilst, on the other hand, it may be weakened by the transfer of the attention to some different object, which, by augmenting the supply of blood to the part that ministers to the latter, diminishes that which previously flowed towards the seat of the former activity. Such changes, as Sir Henry Holland showed (in his valuable essay on the effect of Attention on bodily organs), have their parallels elsewhere. It is thus, as it seems to me, that we are able to fix our attention upon an internal train of thought (depending upon cerebral activity), to the exclusion of impressions that come to us through our external senses; the relative activity of what we may call the upper or the lower strata of the sensorium being determined by the supply of blood these strata respectively receive. It is thus, again, that we fix our attention upon one train of thought, one state of feeling, or one object of sense, to the exclusion of another of the same kind. And it is thus, in fine, that we call into activity the mechanism that expresses those thoughts or feelings in movement, or that we can repress tendency to that activity by our own determinate effort.

It may be replied by the Automatist, “I grant you all this; the will may act, as you say, through the vaso-motor system of nerves; but the will is itself conditioned by antecedent circumstances, and your *rationale* only carries us back a step further in the physiology of its exercise.” This I fully admit; but at the same time I maintain that the view I have endeavoured to expound accounts for all those physiological facts which have been advanced to prove the automatism, pure and simple, of the bodily mechanism; by attributing to the will, not the creation, but the distribution of force, and thus giving it the power of regulating instead of producing the activity of the automatism. And

I find the evidence of this regulative power in that which is to myself the most real because the most immediate of my experiences, namely, my own Moral as well as Intellectual consciousness; in my conviction—not that I can always do what I choose to do (for this I am painfully conscious that in many instances I cannot)—but that I *can choose* to do what I feel I *ought* to do, in spite of a strong preponderance of attraction to the opposite; and that, in proportion to the power I have gained over my automatism by the *habit* of self-direction, in so far as my *âme* has trained my *bête* to obey its behests, in that proportion I am able, and therefore morally free, to do it. In proportion, on the other hand, as I habitually allow my *bête* to carry my *âme* where it likes, I find that I lose the power of making it go my own way; the automatic succession of thoughts and feelings assumes the predominance; and nothing but vigorous and persistent effort will enable the *âme* to succeed in recovering its former command. And while I affirm my own personal experience to be as trustworthy as that of others who declare themselves destitute of any power but that which conscious automata can exert, I can appeal to the common consciousness of Mankind in support of my position; whilst that of my opponents is sustained only by a philosophic creed, which, professing to be based on universal experience, excludes one large and most important department of experience.

The importance of the *habit* of self-direction in comparatively unimportant matters, as the key alike to intellectual attainment and to moral control, and as the means of acquiring the *power* of self-direction in those great crises of life in which its possession or its want proves our salvation or our ruin, can scarcely be over-estimated. We see the results of its deficiency in those abnormal states, in which either its non-development or its suspension really makes the individual a thinking automaton, who can *not* be regarded as responsible for his acts. And hence, if it has a real existence, and is within the scope of human attainment, it should be the primal object of all education. As Dr. J. D. Morell has well said—

“Theory and doctrine, and inculcation of laws and propositions, will never of themselves lead to the uniform habit of right action. It is by doing, that we learn to do; by overcoming, that we learn to overcome; by obeying reason and conscience, that we learn to obey; and every right act which we cause to spring out of pure principles, whether by authority, precept, or example, will have a greater weight in the formation of character than all the theory in the world.”—*Outlines of Mental Philosophy*, p. 374.

With this one other consideration I will bring my argument to a conclusion. Agreeing as I do with my opponents, that the brain shapes itself in accordance with the use which is habit-

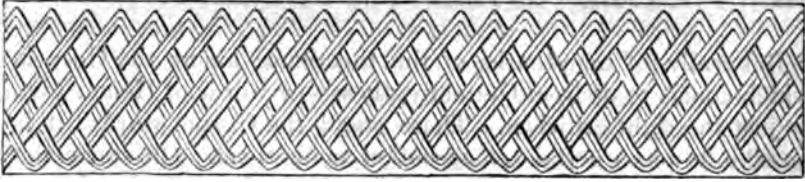
ually made of it, and that its Automatic action furnishes the motives which *prompt* the conduct, the function of the Will being to *determine* it,—I am all the more led to recognize the importance of those early influences, which lay a foundation for the good or the evil of our whole subsequent lives. Part of that training comes to us from others, and for that it is our parents and teachers who are responsible; but the most effective part of it is that which we give to ourselves, when we choose what use we shall make of our opportunities, form our own habits of thought, and settle our own principles of action. It is then that we sow what will come up either as a harvest of wholesome nourishment to the spiritual part of our nature, or as a growth of noxious weeds which inflame the “fleshly lusts that war against the soul.” And it is then that we lay up in our inner chambers those accumulations of good or evil tendencies which shape our future course in life; helping us, as with the hand of an Angel whom we have entertained unawares, when we are earnestly striving to “turn to the right and keep straight on;” or dragging us downward, as with the grasp of a Nemesis, towards the lowest depths of selfishness and sensuality, when we have knowingly allowed ourselves to take the first steps in the *facilis descensus Averni*.

ADDENDUM.

[It is with much satisfaction that I find the views above expressed to be in complete accordance with those which have been developed in the “Psychologie Naturelle” of M. Prosper Despine,—a laborious and able study from nature of the mental mechanism of crime. Admitting the doctrine of Automatism as the spring of by far the larger part of human action, and limiting the agency of the Will to those cases which are distinguished by the sense of effort that marks the struggle between the wrong desire and the sense of duty, the self-approval which follows success, and the self-reproach which ensues upon a failure to do what we feel that we might and ought to have done, M. Despine looks upon a very large proportion of Criminals as “moral idiots,” devoid of the ordinary moral instincts; affirming that they have no struggle beforehand, except that of purely selfish motives, that they have no true remorse for their guilt, and that their apparent repentance is nothing but fear of the future suffering with which they are threatened. But none the less does he recognize the possession by the normal Man of a self-determining power, which he considers himself to have demonstrated

by the investigations which have shown the consequences of its deficiency. And Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whose recent notice of M. Despine's work I am indebted for this statement of his conclusions, remarks that "even if the destructive analysis of our new schoolmen threatens to distil away all we once called self-determination and free-will, leaving only a *caput mortuum* of animal substance and 'strongest motive,' we need not be greatly alarmed. For the *belief* in a power of self-determination, and the idea of possible future remorse connected with it, will still remain with all but the moral incapables—and the Metaphysicians; and this belief can be effectively appealed to, and will furnish a 'strongest motive,' readily enough in the greatest majority of cases."]

W. B. CARPENTER.



REVIEW OF OBJECTIONS TO "LITERATURE AND DOGMA."

V.

SOMETIMES a youthful philosopher, provoked at our disrespect towards metaphysics, tells us that he has been reading Hegel, and would greatly like to have a word with us about *being*. Our impulse is to reply that he had much better have been reading Homer, and that about Homer we, at any rate, had much rather he should talk to us. That divine poet is always in season, always brings us something suited to our wants. And now, when we approach the consideration of the Fourth Gospel, and are confronted by the theorizings of ingenious professors about it, and might well be overawed by their exceeding vigour and rigour, a saying of Homer comes to our mind, and raises our courage, and emboldens us to scrutinize the vigorous and rigorous theorizings with coolness. Yet the saying is not at all a grand one, we are almost ashamed to quote it to readers who may have come fresh from the last number of the *North American Review*, and from the great sentence there quoted as summing up Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of evolution:—

"Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

Homer's poor little saying comes not in such formidable shape ; it is only this : *Wide is the range of words ! words may make this way or that way !**

* *ἵππευ δὲ πολλὰς ῥέμους ἔρθε καὶ ἔρθε. Iliad. xx. 249.*

But really, of nine-tenths of the theorizing about the Gospels which comes to us from Germany, these few words of Homer give us just the right criticism. There stand the Gospel words; it is possible to put a certain construction upon them. Off starts the German professor whose theory this construction suits, and puts it. Presently he forgets that this was only a *possible* construction for the words to bear, and often, though a possible, not even a probable one; he assumes it to be the certain, necessary construction for the words. He treats it as such in all his arguments thenceforward, and his theory is certain, because, forsooth, the construction certainly to be placed on the Gospel words proves it.

How many a vigorous and rigorous theory owes its force to this process! The Third Gospel is the Gospel of Paulinism, composed with a view to exalt Paul's teaching and to disparage the older apostles. Where are the proofs? The famous words to Peter, *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church*, are not given in the Third Gospel. Well, it is a possible inference from this omission that the writer meant to disparage Peter. But it is not the necessary inference, there is not even ground for saying that it is the probable inference; and yet, when Baur says that the words "are completely ignored in the the Third Gospel because the writer could not possibly recognize such a primacy of Peter," all he really has to go upon is the supposed necessity of his inference. In the same Gospel, Peter has been fishing all night, and has caught nothing. Jesus appears, and at his command the net is once more let down, and "they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake." Here, says Dr. Volkmar, the writer meant to contrast the barren result of preaching the Gospel to the Jews with the immense result of preaching it to the Gentiles. If we concede to Dr. Volkmar, not that the writer certainly meant this, but that it is a not absolutely impossible construction to put on his words, we make him a very handsome admission. Yet the absolute certainty of this sort of construction is the proof for the Universalist and anti-Petrine character of the Third Gospel! Finally, it is "an ingenious conjecture" of Dr. Schwegler, that by the two crucified thieves, the one converted, the other impenitent, the writer of the Third Gospel intended to contrast Jew and Gentile, the obstinate rejection of Christ by the former, the glad acceptance of him by the latter. No doubt this may be called "an ingenious conjecture," but what are we to think of the critic who composedly builds upon it?

The Fourth Gospel, again, is an advance beyond the Third; it is composed with "a profoundly calculated art," as the Gospel of Universalism in the highest degree. How is this proved? It is proved because in relating the miraculous draught of fishes,—a miracle borrowed, we are told, from Luke, but placed by the

borrower after the Resurrection,—the author of the Fourth Gospel declares that the net was not broken, whereas Luke says that it was. What can be clearer? The advanced Universalist means to indicate that the multitudes of the heathen world may be brought in to Christianity without any such disruption of the Christian Church as to his faint-hearted predecessor had seemed inevitable. The Third Gospel, again, speaks of two boats engaged in fishing, the Fourth of but one. What a progress, cries Strauss, is here! The peaceable co-existence of a Jewish and a Gentile Christianity no longer satisfies the religious consciousness; it will be satisfied with nothing less than a Catholic Church, one and indivisible. The Dutch are determined not to be beaten at this sort of criticism by the Germans. For the Germans, the artistic Universalist who composed the Fourth Gospel still wishes to pass himself off as the Pillar-Apostle John. For Dr. Scholten this is insufficient. For him, the disciple whom Jesus loved is an ideal figure representing the free Christian consciousness of a later time, corresponding to none of the original narrow-minded Jewish disciples, but in a designed contrast with them. This ideal figure it is who starts with Peter for the sepulchre and outruns him—arrives first at his Lord. To be sure, Peter is the first to enter the sepulchre. What does that matter, when the ideal disciple, who enters after him, has the advantage over him that he "saw and believed?" And what is meant, again, by Jesus saying to Peter of this same disciple: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" Any reference to John and the advanced age to which he went on living? Not at all. Jesus means that the free spiritual Gospel of the idealizing artist, his latest expounder, is the true one, and shall stand; that it shall endure indestructible until his own coming again.

Now if it were positively established on other grounds that the case is with the author of the Third Gospel, or with the author of the Fourth, just as these critics say, then we might have no such great difficulty, perhaps, in putting on the texts above quoted the construction proposed for them. But really it is only by placing this construction on the texts that the case as to their authors can be made out to be what these critics say. And when we are summoned to admit the construction as if it were the necessary, or even probable one, we demur, and answer with the good Homer: *Wide is the range of words! words may make this way or that way.*

Sometimes the construction which is to prove the critic's theory has against it not only that it is but one possible construction out of many; it has even more against it than this. The Paulinian author of the Third Gospel has for his great object, we are told, to disparage the older apostles. See, says Baur, how he relates

the story of the raising of Jairus's daughter!* If it were not his main object to disparage the twelve, how could he have made their three eminent representatives, Peter, James, and John, figure in a situation which seems expressly designed to show them in an unfavourable light? "When Jesus came to the house of Jairus," says Luke, "he suffered no man to go in save Peter and James and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden." Now Matthew does not mention this; and why? Because he does not write with Luke's object. For what follows? "And all wept and bewailed her; but he said, Weep not; she is not dead but sleepeth. *And they laughed him to scorn*, knowing that she was dead. *And he put them all out?*"† Who are here, asks Baur, the laughers at Jesus, who are put out by him? "Evidently the three apostles are of the number; who consequently here, in spite of their having been a considerable time in close intimacy with Jesus, only give a new proof of their spiritual incapacity!" And again: "That the three most trusted of the disciples of Jesus behaved to him in such a way as to occasion his ordering them to leave him, *this is the main point, which the whole representation of our Evangelist is directed to bring out!*" Was ever anything so fantastical? And to think that Baur should have found a brother critic of the Gospels, "the Saxon *Anonymus*," more fantastical than himself, whom he has to take seriously to task for his flights! In the first place, there is nothing whatever to show that the laughers in Luke's narrative, whom Jesus puts out, are his own three apostles and the father and mother of the maiden. It is far more likely that they are, as in St. Matthew, "the people." But there is not only this against the sense imposed by Baur on the passage. The all-important words, *He put them all out*, are wanting in the two oldest and best manuscripts of the New Testament‡. They have probably crept into the text through a remembrance of corresponding words in St. Matthew: "But when the people were put out." And this is positively the evidence for "the main point which the whole representation of our Evangelist is directed to bring out"—the point that *the three most trusted of the disciples of Jesus behaved to him in such a way as to cause his ordering them to leave him*. A precious main point indeed!

The sort of reasoning which proves this to be the Evangelist's main point is not reasoning at all, it is mere playing at reasoning. Yet how much of Baur's Biblical criticism is of this nature! We will try him once more. "Pauline Universalism is recognizable as the view which prevails throughout the Third

* Baur, *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Kanonischen Evangelien* (Tübingen, 1847), 458 and 469.

† Luke viii. 51—54. Compare Matt. ix. 23—25.

‡ The Vatican and the Sinaitic.

Gospel." * Well, this he has told us again and again; we want some real proof of it. He proceeds to give his proof: "Those declarations of Jesus in the First Gospel which have a particularistic turn are absent from the Third." Certainly this is important, if true: is it true? See how Baur proves it:—

"That saying which is so characteristic of Matthew's Gospel,—the saying about the fulfilment of the law and its enduring validity,—Luke's Gospel has not. What Matthew's Gospel says of the indestructibility of the very smallest part of the law, Luke's Gospel says,† *according to the original reading*, of the words of Jesus."

According to the original reading? Do, then, our earliest manuscripts of the New Testament, or does one of them, or does any manuscript, read "one tittle of *my words*," instead of "one tittle of *the law*?" Not a manuscript, old or new, important or unimportant. Only Marcion quotes Jesus as having said *one tittle of my words*; Marcion, who is handed down to us as having "mutilated" Luke, and whose profound antipathy to Judaism and its law, would just have led him to alter such a sentence as this. Let us allow all possible weight to Tertullian's admission that Marcion complained of the adulteration of the rule of Christianity, and professed to revert to what was genuine. Still there is nowhere a syllable to show that this *reverting* consisted in a return to the original, genuine text of Luke, whereas the common text and all the other Gospels were adulterated. Not one syllable is there to this effect; yet the most explicit assurance to this effect would be requisite to make Baur's assertion even plausible. As the evidence stands, his *according to the original reading* is monstrous.

To put one's finger on the fallaciousness of the criticism in these cases will make us suspect it in others. There are questions of literary criticism where positive proof is impossible; where the assertor appeals to critical tact, and not to formal evidence. Still, when we have found a man arbitrary and fantastic in those judgments where he professes to go by formal evidence, there is likelihood that he will be arbitrary and fantastic in those also where he professes to go by critical tact. "Mark was no epitomator," says Baur; "he was a man with a special turn for adding details of his own, in order to give the *rationale* of things, to supply the logical explanation of them." What sort of proof does Baur bring of this? "Mark," says Baur,‡ "prefixes to the words with which, in the other Synoptics, the story of the disciples taking the ears of corn concludes, *The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath*, Mark prefixes to these words a proposition to give the reason for

* "Gibt sich der Paulinische Universalismus als die Grundanschauung des Evangelium zu erkennen."—Baur, *Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche*, vol. i. p. 74.

† Luke xvi. 17.

‡ *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Kanonischen Evangelien*, 554.

them: *The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.*" One would think that Mark's motive for inserting these words might be that they were really spoken by Jesus, in whose manner they exactly are; but no, this is the very last explanation which ever occurs to a critic of the Tübingen School. All our Gospels are more or less *Tendenz-Schriften*, tendence-writings,—writings to serve an aim and bent of their several authors; and a Tübingen critic is for ever on the look-out for tendence in them. The words in Mark *cannot* be authentic, says Baur, because they *must* be an addition inserted to give the rational explanation of the words before them. But the ground for this *must* is really not in any necessary law of criticism, but only that it pleases Baur to say so. It is just the same with his proof of another assertion, the assertion that the Sermon on the Mount, in the First Gospel, is a work of "artistic reflexion," a body of sayings on different occasions, grouped by the Evangelist "in one logically ordered whole, to produce a certain calculated total-effect." The proof of this is that the Sermon on the Mount follows throughout "a methodical march from point to point according to a determined idea." That is to say, Baur determines an idea for the Sermon on the Mount, and makes it follow that idea methodically; but the idea, and the Sermon's conformity to it, are neither of them given by the necessary laws of criticism, they are not facts commending themselves to every sound judgment. They are merely a construction which it is possible to put upon the words; but *wide is the range of words!* Very likely there may be in the Sermon on the Mount sayings belonging to more than one occasion; but very likely, nevertheless, the Sermon may not at all be a work of "artistic reflexion," and not at all follow "a methodical march from point to point."

Evidence has three degrees of force: demonstration, probability, plausibility. Now, the truth is, that on very many questions like the above, which German critics of the Bible raise, and treat as if they were matter for demonstration, demonstration cannot really be reached at all; the data are insufficient for it. Whether there was one original written Gospel, a single *schriftliche Urevangelium*, or whether there was a plurality of written sources, a *Mehrheit von Quellen-Schriften*—a favourite question with these critics—is a question where demonstration is out of our power. Whether the co-existence in the First Gospel of passages which "bear the stamp of Jewish Particularism," and of passages which breathe "another, freer spirit," is due, as Dr. Schweigler maintains, to an incorporation of new and later elements with the original Gospel, is a question not really admitting of demonstration one way or the other. Whether the Second Gospel, as Dr. Hilgenfeld asserts and Baur denies, is "an independent

Petrine Gospel representing the transition from the strict Judaic Christianity of Matthew to the law-emancipated Paulinism of Luke;" whether, as Dr. Volkmar contends, all our canonical Gospels are "pure tendence-writings of the at first kept under, at last victorious Pauline spirit," can never be settled to demonstration, either in the affirmative or in the negative. Whether, as Baur and Strauss confidently declare, the substitution by Luke in reporting a speech of Jesus of *adikia* for Matthew's *anomia*, of *unrighteousness* for *iniquity*, "metamorphoses a Judaic outburst against Paul into a Paulinian outburst against Judaic Christianity;" whether Luke's Sermon in the *Plain* is meant to be opposed to the Sermon on the *Mount* of Matthew, no one can ever prove, and no one can ever disprove. The most that can be reached in these questions is probability or plausibility; and plausibility—such a display of ingenuity as makes people clap their hands and cry *Well done!* but does not seriously persuade them—is not much worth a wise man's ambitioning.

There remains probability. But it is not the necessity of a certain construction for certain texts which determines probability. It is absurd, as we have seen, to take such a necessity for granted. The probability of the thesis that our Four Gospels are "pure tendence-writings of the at first kept under, at last victorious Pauline spirit," does not depend on the certainty of inferences from any text or texts in them; it depends on considerations drawn from experience of human nature, and from acquaintance with the history of the human spirit, which themselves guide our inference from these texts. And what is the great help for interpreting aright the experience of human nature and the history of the human spirit, for getting at the fact? Sound judgment and common sense, bred of much conversance with real life and with practical affairs. "Nowhere else in the world," says Sir Henry Maine, "is there the same respect for a fact as in England, unless the respect be of English origin." He attributes this to the habits of strictness formed by the English law of evidence; but the English law of evidence is itself due, probably, to the practical character of the people. Faults this character has, and plenty of them. Much may be said against its indifference to learning and study, its neglect of organizing research; much may be said in praise of Germany's superiority in these respects. Yet, after all, shut a number of men up to make learning and study the business of their lives, and how many of them, for want of some discipline or other, seem to lose all balance of judgment! Hear the amenities of organized research in Germany, hear Dr. Volkmar on Tischendorf: "Of every sovereign in the world he has begged decorations; in vain! people would not treat him seriously. Renan, in his life of the Messiah Jesus, never once

names the Messiah Tischendorf!" Hear Tischendorf on Dr. Volkmar: "The liedom which tramples under foot Church and science indifferently! stuck full of lying and cheating!" But indeed for fear we should lose these flowers of learned compliment, Professor Max Müller—who has a foot on both worlds, the English and the German—transplants into an English review this criticism by Professor Steinthal on a rival: "That horrible humbug! that scolding flirt! that tricky attorney! whenever I read him, hollow vanity yawns in my face, arrogant vanity grins at me." And only the other day the newspapers brought us an address of Dr. Mommsen, in which the new Rector of the University of Berlin, with a charming crudity, gravely congratulated his countrymen on not being modest, and adjured them never to fall into that sad fault! These are the intemperances and extravagances which men versed in practical life feel to be absurd. One is not disposed to form great expectations of the balance of judgment in those who commit them. Yet what is literary and historical criticism but a series of most delicate judgments on the data given us by research, judgments requiring great tact, moderation, and temper? These, however, are what the German professor, who has his data from research and makes his judgments on them, is so often without, not having enough of the discipline of practical life to give it him. We speak of judgments, be it observed, not in the exact sciences, but in matters where we deal with the experience of human nature, and with the history of the human spirit.

Goethe seems to have strongly felt how much the discipline of a great public life and of practical affairs had to do with culture. "What else is *cultur*," he asks, in a remarkable passage, "but a higher notion of political and military relations? Everything depends, for a nation, upon the art of bearing itself in the world, and of striking in when necessary." And he adds, in a more remarkable sentence still: "Whenever and wherever the French lay aside their Philistinism, they stand far above us in critical judgment, and in the comprehension of original works of the human spirit." He means that in France the practical life of a great nation quickened the judgment, and prevented fumbling and trifling. And we shall see what Germany does, now that she, too, has "struck in" with signal effect, and has the practical life of a great nation to correct and balance her learning. But hitherto her learning has lacked this counter-weight.

We have led the reader thus gradually to the consideration of German theories about the Fourth Gospel, because these theories, coming to us without our having any previous acquaintance with their character and their authors, are likely at first, though not in the long run, to make a powerful impression here. In the first

place, they have great vigour and rigour, and are confidently presented to us as certain, demonstrated fact. Now an Englishman has such a respect for fact himself, that he can hardly imagine grave people presenting him with anything as fact when they have absolutely no right to do so whatever. Then, in the next place, the theories are presented and vouched for by English importers, and they seem to feel no misgivings about them. But then the very last English people to have misgivings about them would naturally be their importers, who have taken the trouble to get them up, translate them, and publish them. Finally there is a fashion in these things, and no one can deny that the fashion just now is in favour of theories denying all historical validity to the Fourth Gospel. One can see it by the reviews and newspapers. To reject the Fourth Gospel bids fair even to become, like disestablishment, or like marriage with a deceased wife's sister, an article of our Liberal creed, asserting its place in the programme of the future, compelling Mr. Gladstone to think once, twice, and thrice, about it, and setting Sir William Harcourt to consider whether it may not be possible for him to build a new Liberal party of his own upon some safer basis.

Sooner or later, however, these theories will have to confront the practical English sense of evidence, the plain judgment as to what is proved matter of fact and what is not. So long as the traditional notion about the Bible documents was accepted in this country, people allowed the conventional defences of that notion to pass muster easily enough. The notion was thought certain in itself, was part of our life. That the conventional defences should be produced was very proper, whether or no they were exactly right did not much matter, they were produced in favour of what was a certainty already. The old notion about the Bible documents has given way. But the result is that no theories about them will any longer be allowed by English people to pass muster as easily as the old conventional defences did. All theories, the old and the new, will have to stand the ordeal of the Englishman's strong and strict sense for fact. We are much mistaken if it does not turn out that this ordeal makes great havoc among the vigorous and rigorous theories of German criticism concerning the Bible documents. The sense which English people have for fact and for evidence will tell them that as to demonstration, in most of those cases wherein our critics profess to supply it to us, *wide is the range of words*, and demonstration is impossible. As to probability, which in these cases is as much as can be reached, we shall discover that the German Biblical critics are in general not the likeliest people to reach it, and that their theories do, in fact, possess it very seldom.

Let us take the performance of the greatest and most famous of

these critics, of Ferdinand Christian Baur, upon the Fourth Gospel. "It is Baur's imperishable glory," says Strauss, himself in some respects a rival of Baur, "to have succeeded in stripping the Fourth Gospel of all historical authority." Baur has proved, it is said, that the Fourth Gospel was composed about the year 170 after Christ, in the heat of a conflict between Jewish and anti-Jewish Christianity, and to help the anti-Jewish side. It has a direct dogmatic design from beginning to end, and, with a profoundly calculated art, freely treats the Gospel story and Gospel personages in the interests of this design. It develops the Logos-idea, and its Christ is a dogma personified. Its form is given by the Gnostic conception of an antithesis of the principles of light and darkness, an antithesis found both in the physical and in the moral world, and in the moral world exemplified by the contrast of Jewish unbelief with true faith. The author does not intend to deliver history, but to deliver his idea in the dress of history. No sayings of Jesus are authentic which are recorded in the Fourth Gospel only. The miracles of the Fourth Gospel are not like those of the Synoptics, matter given by popular report and legend; they are all with deliberate art "made out of the carver's brain," to serve the carver's special purposes.

For example:* the first miracle in the Fourth Gospel, the change of water into wine, is invented by the artist to figure Jesus Christ's superiority over his precursor, and the transition and progress from the Baptist's preparatory stage to the epoch of Messianic activity and glory. The change of water into wine indicates this transition. Water is the Baptist's element; Jesus Christ's element is the Holy Ghost. But in the First Gospel the antithesis to the Baptist's element is not called Holy Ghost only, it is also called fire. In the Fourth Gospel this antithesis is, by means of the Cana miracle, figured to us as wine. "Why," asks Baur, "should not the difference and superiority of Jesus Christ's element be indicated by wine as well as fire? *Geist*, fire, wine, are all allied notions."

Then comes Nicodemus in the third chapter, the woman of Samaria in the fourth. They are created by the artist to typify two opposite classes of believers. Nicodemus, who holds merely to miracles, is the representative of Judaism—Judaism which even in its belief is unbelieving; the woman of Samaria represents the heathen world, susceptible of a genuine faith in Christ. The same capacity for a true faith is observable in the nobleman of Capernaum; he must therefore be intended by the author for a heathen, not, as is commonly thought, for a Jew.

We proceed, and come to the healing of the impotent man at the

* For what follows, see *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Kanonischen Evangelien* 114—184.

pool of Bethesda. Now the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel is the principle of life and light in contrast to the principle of death and darkness. The healing of the impotent man is a miracle designed to exhibit Jesus as the principle of life; presently, therefore, it is balanced by the miracle wrought on the man born blind, in order that Jesus may be exhibited as the principle of light. The reader sees what an artistic composition he has before him in the Fourth Gospel. As Baur says, this is indeed a work where all is intention and conformity to plan; nothing mere history, but idea moulding history. Everything in the work is strictly, to speak like the artists, *motived*; to say that anything in the Fourth Gospel is not strictly motived, "is as good," says Baur, "as calling the Evangelist a very thoughtless writer."

Here, then, we have a theory of genuine vigour and rigour. Already we feel its power, when we read in one of our daily newspapers that "the author of the Fourth Gospel stands clearly revealed as the partisan and propagandist of a dogma of transcendental theology." Baur would have told us that the truth of his theory was certain, demonstrable. But we have seen what these critics call *demonstration*. That wine *may* figure the Holy Spirit is with them a proof that in the Cana miracle it *does*, and that the true account of that miracle is what we have seen. Demonstrably true Baur's theory is not, and cannot be; but is it probably true? To try this, let us, instead of imposing the theory upon the facts of the case and rejecting whatever facts do not suit it, let us, in our plain English way, take the evidence fairly as it stands, and see to what conclusions it leads us about the Fourth Gospel.

What is the earliest piece of evidence we can find concerning the composition of this Gospel? It is already mentioned in the Canon of Muratori, dating, probably, from about the year 175 after Christ. This fragment says: "The fourth of the Gospels is by the disciple John. He was being pressed by his fellow disciples and (fellow) bishops, and he said: 'Fast with me this day, and for three days, and whatsoever shall have been revealed to each one of us, let us relate it to the rest.' In the same night it was revealed to the Apostle Andrew that John should write the whole in his own name, and that all the rest should revise it."

This is the earliest tradition; and in Clement of Alexandria,* who died in 220, we find the same tradition indicated. "John last," says Clement, "perceiving that in the other Gospels were declared the things of flesh and blood, *being moved thereto by his friends*, and being inspired by the spirit, composed a spiritual Gospel."

* In his *Hypotyposes*, quoted by Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.* vi. 14. Τὸν μὲντοι Ἰωάννην ἔσχατον, συνιδόντα ὅτι τὰ σωματικά ἐν τοῖς εὐαγγελίοις δεδήλωται, προτραπέντα ὑπὸ τῶν γνωρίμων, πνεύματι θεοφορηθέντα, πνευματικὸν ποιῆσαι εὐαγγέλιον.

To the like effect Epiphanius, in the latter half of the fourth century, says that John wrote *last*, wrote *reluctantly*, wrote because he was *constrained* to write, wrote in Asia at the age of ninety.*

Such is the tradition: that the Fourth Gospel proceeded from the apostle John; that it was the last written, and that it was revised by the apostle's friends. The theory, on the other hand, says that the Gospel proceeds from a consummate artist unknown, who wrote it after the Paschal controversy in Asia Minor in the year 170, to develop the Logos-idea, and to serve other special purposes. Which are we to incline to, the theory or the tradition?

Tradition may be false, yet it is at least something, as we have before remarked, in a thing's favour, that men have delivered it. But there may be reasons why we cannot believe it. Let us see, then, what there is to make us disbelieve the tradition of Epiphanius, of Clement of Alexandria, and of the fragment of Muratori. There is the miraculous form of the story, the machinery of dream and revelation; that, we know at once, cannot be historical. But it is the form in which a matter of fact was nearly sure, under the circumstances of the case, to have got delivered; and the gist of the tradition,—the Fourth Gospel's having its source in the Apostle John,—may be matter of fact still. What is there, then, against St. John's authorship of the Fourth Gospel?

We shall not touch questions of language, where the reader, in order to be able to decide for himself, must know the Oriental languages, and where, if he does not know them, he must take upon trust what is said. Our points shall be all such that an ordinary reader of plain understanding can form an opinion on them for himself. And we shall not busy ourselves with every point which may be raised, but shall be content with what seems sufficient for the purpose in view.

Now, a plain reader will certainly, when his attention is called to the matter, be struck with the extraordinary way in which the writer of the Fourth Gospel, whom we suppose a Jew, speaks of his brother Jews. We do not mean that he speaks of them with blame and detestation; this we could quite understand. But he speaks as if they and their usages belonged to another race from himself—to another world. The waterpots at Cana are set "after the manner of *the purifying of the Jews*;" "there arose a question between some of John's disciples *and a Jew about purifying*;"† "after this was *a feast of the Jews*;" "now *the Jews' Passover* was nigh at hand;" "there they laid Jesus, because of *the Preparation of the Jews*." No other Evangelist speaks in this manner. It seems almost impossible to think that a Jew born and bred—a man like the Apostle John—could ever have come to speak so. Granted

* See Epiphani *Panarion* Hæc. li. 12.

† The text followed is that of the Vatican manuscript.

that he was settled at Ephesus when he produced his Gospel, granted that he wrote in Greek, wrote for Greeks; still he could never, surely, have brought himself to speak of the Jews and of Jewish things in this fashion. His lips and his pen would have refused to form such strange expressions, in whatever disposition he may have written; nature and habit would have been too much for him. A Jew talking of *the Jews' Passover*, and of a dispute of some of John's disciples *with a Jew about purifying*? It is like an Englishman writing of the Derby as *the English people's Derby*, or talking of a dispute between some of Mr. Cobden's disciples and an *Englishman about free-trade*. An Englishman would never speak so.

When once the reader's attention has been called to this peculiarity in the Fourth Gospel, other things will strike him which heighten it. The solemn and mystical way in which John the Baptist is introduced, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John," how unlike the matter-of-fact, historical way in which John the Baptist is introduced by Jewish writers who had probably seen him, like the writer of the First Gospel, who at any rate were perfectly familiar with him, knew all about him! "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa." How much more is the Fourth Gospel's way of speaking about John the Baptist the way that would be used about a wonderful stranger, an unknown! Again: twice the Fourth Gospel speaks of Caiaphas as "high-priest of that year," as if the Jewish high-priesthood had been at that time a yearly office, which it was not. It is a mistake a foreigner might perfectly well have made, but hardly a Jew. It is like talking of an American President as "President of that year," as if the American Presidency were a yearly office; an American could never adopt, one thinks, such a way of speaking. Again, the disciple who, at the high priest's palace, brings Peter in, is called by the writer of the Fourth Gospel "an acquaintance of the high priest." One of the poor men who followed Jesus, *an acquaintance* of a grandee like Caiaphas! A foreigner, not intimate by his own experience with the persons and things of Palestine, but seeing through a halo the disciples who were with Jesus in the great tragedy, might naturally have written so. But a Jew, a fisherman of Galilee, who knew quite well the distance and difference between the humble people in the train of Jesus and the rich, haughty, aristocratical priesthood at Jerusalem—could it ever have occurred to *him* to commit an exaggeration which is like the exaggeration of calling a London working-man who is in the throng round a police court during an exciting inquiry, and who has interest enough to get a friend in, "an acquaintance of the Secretary of State?"

As the social distinctions of Palestine are confounded, so are

its geographical distinctions. "Bethany beyond Jordan"* is like "Willesden beyond Trent;" a native could never have said it. This is so manifest, indeed, that in the later manuscripts *Bethany* was changed into *Bethabara*, and so it stands in our version. But the three early and authoritative manuscripts all agree in *Bethany*, which we may pronounce certainly, therefore, the original reading. Nevertheless the writer knew of the Bethany near Jerusalem; he makes it the scene of the raising of Lazarus. But his Palestinian geography is so vague, it has for him so little of the reality and necessity which it would have for a native, that when he wants a name for a locality he takes the first village that comes into his remembrance, without troubling himself to think whether it suits or no.

Finally—and here, too, the plainest reader will be able with a little reflexion to follow us, although to the reader of considerable literary experience the truth of what we say will be most evident—the lofty strain of the prologue to the Gospel is nearly inconceivable as the Apostle John's. Neither form nor matter can well have come from him. At least, to suppose them his we must place ourselves in the world of miracle, in the world where one is transported in a moment from Bagdad to Cairo by clapping one's hands, or in which one falls asleep, and wakes understanding the language of the birds, and hearing the grass grow. To this world we do not permit ourselves to have recourse; and in the world of fact and experience it is a phenomenon scarcely conceivable that a Galilean fisherman, changing his country and his language after fifty, should have compassed the ideas of the introduction to the Fourth Gospel, and the style which serves as organ to those ideas, and, indeed, to the Gospel throughout. Paul was a highly educated man, and yet Paul never compassed ideas and a style of which the cast was Greek. The form in which the Fourth Gospel presents its ideas is Greek—a style flowing, ratiocinative, articulated. The ideas of the introduction are the ideas in which Gnosticism worked, and undoubtedly there were Jewish Gnostics as well as Greek. But the strange and disfigured shape which the genuine Jewish mind, the mind of a Jew with the sort of training of the Apostle John, gave to Gnostic ideas when it worked among them, is well shown in the fragments of the Book of Elxai.† In the introduction to the Fourth Gospel Gnostic ideas are handled with all the ease and breadth which we find in the masters of Greek Gnosticism, in Valentinus or Basileides.

Well, then, the reader will say, the Tübingen critics are right, and the tradition is wrong. The Fourth Gospel has not its source

* John i. 28.

† See the fragments collected in Hilgenfeld's *Novum Testamentum extra Canonem receptum*, iii. 158—167.

in the Apostle John; it is a fancy-piece by a Greek literary artist. But stop; let us look at the tradition a little more closely. It speaks of a *revision* of what the Apostle John produced; it speaks of a pressure put upon him, of his being *moved by his friends* to give his recollections, and of his friends having a hand in the work which stood in John's name. And if we turn to the Gospel itself, we find things which remarkably suit with this account of the matter. We find things which seem to show that the person who was the source of the Fourth Gospel did not hold the pen himself, but that others held it, and guarantee what is said, and appeal to his authority. They say: "He who hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true; and that man knoweth that he saith true, that ye may believe."* *That man knoweth that he saith true!*—surely the actual composer of a work would never refer to himself so strangely. But if we suppose that the editors of a work are speaking of the man who supplied the materials for it, the expression is quite natural. And then we shall find that all things adjust themselves. In his old age, St. John, at Ephesus, has *logia*, "sayings of the Lord," and has incidents in the Lord's story, which have not been published in any of the written accounts that were beginning at that time to be handed about. The elders of Ephesus—whom tradition afterwards makes into apostles, fellows with St. John—move him to give his treasure to the world. He gives his materials, and the presbytery of Ephesus provide a redaction for them and publish them. The redaction, with its unity of tone, its flowingness and connectedness, is by one hand—the hand of a man of literary talent, a Greek Christian, whom the Church of Ephesus found proper for such a task. A man of literary talent, of soul also, a theologian; a theological lecturer perhaps, as in the Fourth Gospel he so often shows himself—a theological lecturer, an earlier and a nameless Origen; who in this one short composition produced a work outweighing all the folios of all the Fathers, but was content that his name should be written only in the Book of Life. And, indeed, what matters literary talent in these cases? Who would give a care to it? The Gospel is John's, because its whole value is in the *logia*, the sayings of the Lord, which it saves; and by John these *logia* were furnished. But the redaction was not John's, and could not be; and at the beginning of the second century, when the work appeared, many there would be who knew well that John's the redaction was not. Therefore the Church of Ephesus, which published the work, gave to it that solemn and singular *imprimatur*: "He who hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true; and that man knoweth that he saith true, that ye may believe." The Asiatic public, to whom

* John xix. 35. — ὁ ὥρακός μεμαρτύρηκεν, καὶ ἀληθινὴ αὐτοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ μαρτυρία, καὶ ἐκεῖνος οἶδεν ὅτι ἀληθὴ λέγει, ἵνα ὑμεῖς πιστεύητε.

the document originally came, understood what this *imprimatur* meant, and were satisfied. The Fourth Gospel was received in that measure in which alone at that early time—in the first quarter of the second century—any Gospel could be received. It was read with love and respect; but its letter did not, and could not, at once acquire the sacredness and fixity of the letter of Canonical Scripture. For at least fifty years, the Johannine Gospel remained, like our other three Gospels, liable to changes, interpolations, additions; until at last, like them, towards the end of the second century, by ever-increasing use and veneration, it passed into the settled state of Holy Scripture.

Now, this account of the matter explains a great deal of what puzzles us when we try to conceive the Fourth Gospel as having its source in the Apostle John. It explains the Greek philosophy and the Greek style. It explains the often inaccurate treatment of Palestinian geography, Palestinian usages, Jewish feelings and ideas. It explains the way in which the Jews are spoken of as strangers, and their festivals and ceremonies as things of the Jews. It explains, too, the unsure and arbitrary way in which incidents of the Gospel story are arranged and handled. Apologists say that the first chapter bears the very stamp of a Palestinian Jew's authorship. Apologists will say anything; they say that the Fourth Gospel must be St. John's, because it breathes the very spirit of the Apostle of Love, forgetting that our whole conception of St. John as the Apostle of Love comes from connecting him with this Gospel, and has no independent support from the testimony of writers earlier than Clement of Alexandria and Jerome, for whom the belief in the Johannine authorship was firmly established. In like manner, it is to set all serious ideas of criticism at defiance to talk of the version of the calling of Peter in the first chapter, any more than the version of the clearing of the Temple in the second, as having the very stamp of a Palestinian Jew's authorship upon them. They have not; they have, on the contrary, the stamp of a foreigner's management of the incidents, scenes, and order of a Palestinian history. The writer has new *logia*, or sayings of our Lord, at his disposal, and he has new incidents. But his treasure is his *logia*; the important matter for him is to plant his *logia*. His new incidents are not, as Baur supposes, inventions of his own, any more than the incidents of the other three Evangelists; but all his incidents stand looser in his mind, are more malleable, less impose themselves on him in a definite fashion than theirs. He is not so much at home amongst the incidents of his story; but then they lend themselves all the better on that account to his main purpose, which is to place and plant his *logia*. He assigns to incidents an order or a locality which no Jew would have assigned to them; he makes Jews say things and feel things which they

could never have said or felt; but, meanwhile, his *logia* are placed. As we said in "Literature and Dogma:"—"The narrative—so meagre, and skipping so unaccountably backwards and forwards between Galilee and Jerusalem—might well be thought, not indeed invented, but a matter of infinitely little care and attention to the writer of the Gospel; a mere slight framework, in which to set the doctrine and discourses of Jesus."

Now there is nothing which the vigorous and rigorous critics of Germany, and their English disciples, like the author of "Supernatural Religion," more detest than the endeavour to make two parts in the Fourth Gospel—a part belonging to John, and a part belonging to somebody else. Either reject it all, cries Strauss, or admit it all to be John's. By what mark, he adds, by what guide except mere caprice, is one to distinguish the hand of the apostle from the hand of the interpolator? No, say these critics, the whole Gospel, without distinction, must be abandoned to the demolishing sweep of inexorable critical laws.

But that there were other hands as well as John's to the making of the Fourth Gospel the tradition itself indicates, and what we find in the Gospel seems to confirm. True, to determine what is John's and what is not is a delicate question; nay, it is a question which we must sometimes be content to leave undetermined. Results of more vigour and rigour are obtained by a theory which rejects the tradition, and which lays down either that John wrote the whole, or that the whole is a fancy-piece. But that a theory has superior vigour and rigour does not prove it to be the right account how a thing happened; things do not generally happen with vigour and rigour. That it is a very difficult and delicate operation to separate the different elements in the Fourth Gospel does not disprove that only by this operation can we get at the truth; the truth has very often to be got at under great difficulty. No; what makes the strength of those critics who deride the hypothesis of there being two parts, a Johannine part and another, in the Fourth Gospel, is the strange use of this hypothesis by those who have adopted it. The discourses they have almost all assigned to John—the discourses, and, from its theological importance, the prologue also. The other hand was introduced in order to account for difficulties in the incidents and narrative. With the exception of some bits in the narrative, the whole Gospel is, for Schleiermacher, "the genuine biographical Gospel of the eye-witness John." Far from admitting the tradition which represents it as supplementing the other three, Schleiermacher believed that it preceded them all. Weisse regarded the prologue as the special work of the apostle. Professor Ewald supposes that in the discourses we have the words of Jesus transfigured by "a glorified remembrance" after lying

for a long time in the Apostle John's mind. All this is, indeed, open to attack. No difficulties raised by the narrative can be greater than the difficulty of supposing the discourses of the Fourth Gospel to be St. John's "glorified remembrance" of his Master's words, or the prologue to be the special work of the apostle, or the Gospel to be, in general, the record at first hand of pure personal experience (*lauter Selbsterlebtes*). The separation of elements is not to be made in this fashion; but, made as it should be, it will be found to resolve the difficulties of the case, not in a way demonstrably right, indeed (for demonstration is here out of our reach), but in a way much more probably right than the theory of Baur.

Baur's theory, however, relies not only on its own internal certainty, but on external evidence. It alleges that there is proof against the existence of the Fourth Gospel during the first three-quarters of the second century. It is undeniably quoted, and as John's, by Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch,* who wrote in the year 180. This, it is said, is the earliest proof of its existence, and it cannot have existed earlier.

But why? Let us put aside the fragment of Muratori, of which the date and authority are disputed, and let us take facts which are undisputed. There is no doubt that Justin Martyr, in his first Apology, written in the year 147, says, speaking of Christian baptism and its necessity: "For Christ said, *Except ye be born again ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*. Now to all men it is manifest that it is impossible that they who are once born should enter into the wombs of them that bare them."† Every one will be reminded of the words to Nicodemus in the Fourth Gospel, "Except a man be born from above‡ he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and of the answer of Nicodemus, "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into the womb of his mother and be born?" Justin does not quote the Fourth Gospel; he never expressly quotes any one of our Gospels. He does not quote word for word in such a manner that we can at once say positively: "He is quoting the passage in our Gospel." But then he never does quote in such a manner as to enable us to say this. All a candid yet cautious reader will affirm is, that Justin here has in his mind the same sayings as those given in the conversation

* *Ad Autolyceum*, ii. 22. The first and third verses of the first chapter are quoted, and exactly.

† *καὶ γὰρ ὁ Χριστὸς εἶπεν, "Ὅτι μὴ ἀναγεννηθῆτε, οὐ μὴ εἰσέλθετε εἰς τὴν βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν. ὅτι γὰρ αἰνῶτατον εἰς τὰς μήτρας τῶν τεκοσάν τοὺς ἀπ' αὐτῶν γεννωμένους ἐμβῆναι, φανερόν πᾶσιν ἐστίν.* Compare John iii. 3, 4.

‡ The word *ἀνωθεν* may quite well mean *again*. Origen, referring in Greek to the famous story, *Domine quo vadis? Vado Romam iterum crucifigi*, uses *ἀνωθεν* for *iterum*: *ἀνωθεν μέλλω σταυρωθῆναι*. But *ἀνωθεν* cannot well mean *again* in one place in a chapter, and *from above* (I am from above) in other places in the same composition. *Born from above*, however, is merely the fuller description of being *born again*.

between Jesus and Nicodemus in our Fourth Gospel. He may have quoted from some other source; certainly, if he is quoting from our present Fourth Gospel, this Gospel was not a canonical Scripture to him, or he would have quoted it more correctly. * But to no candid reader will it occur to think that what Justin has here in his eye is not at all the conversation with Nicodemus about being born again and its difficulties, but quite another matter, this passage from the First Gospel: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."* This is what critics of the Tübingen school advance, and we need hardly say that the author of "Supernatural Religion" follows suit. But to no plain reader would it ever occur to advance it; to no one except a professed theological critic with a theory. If our Fourth Gospel is to be a fancy-piece, and a fancy-piece not composed before the year 170, sayings and incidents peculiar to it must pass for inventions of its own, cannot be real traditional sayings known and cited by Justin long before. No; but on the other hand, if they are so known and cited, the Fourth Gospel cannot well be a fancy-piece, and we lose a vigorous and rigorous theory. If they are, and to any unbiassed judgment they surely are, then it is probable that Justin, who used written records, had in his eye, when he cited the sayings in question, the only written record where we find them,—the Fourth Gospel, only this Gospel not yet admitted to the honours of canonicity. But at any rate, it is now certain that all sayings and incidents not common to this Gospel with the Synoptics are not to be set down as free inventions.

But we can go back much farther than Justin. Some twenty-five years ago there was published at Oxford, under the title of "Origen's *Philosophumena*," a newly-discovered Greek work. Origen's it is not; but because, besides giving the "*Philosophumena*," or doctrines of heathen philosophy, from which all heresies are supposed to spring, the work purports also to be a *refutation of all heresies*, and because Hippolytus, Bishop of the Port of Rome in the early part of the third century, wrote a work with this title, of which the description in Photius well agrees with the so-called "*Philosophumena*," Bunsen and others pronounced that here was certainly the missing work of Hippolytus. Against this we have the difficulty that the "Paschal Chronicle," professing to cite textually in reference to the Quartodeciman controversy this work of Hippolytus, cites a passage which is not in our "*Philosophumena*," although the Quartodeciman heresy is there refuted.† Bunsen is ready with the assertion that "this passage *must* have

* Matt. xviii. 3.

† *Chronicon Paschale* (edit. of Bonn), vol. i., p. 13.

existed in our work," exactly as he was sure that in the Canon of Muratori the Epistle to the Hebrews *must* have been mentioned. But this is just the sort of assertion we will not allow ourselves to make; and we refrain, therefore, from pronouncing the "*Philosophumena*" to be certainly the "*Refutation of all Heresies*" by Hippolytus. Still the work is of the highest importance, and it gives its own date. The author was contemporary with Zephyrinus, and tells us of having had controversy with him. Zephyrinus was Bishop of Rome from the year 201 of our era to the year 219. To the heretics and heresies of the second century our author comes, therefore, very near in time, and his history of them is of extraordinary value.

In his account of the Gnostic philosopher Basileides, who flourished at Alexandria about the year 125 after Christ, he records the comments of Basileides on the sentence in Genesis, *Let there be light*, and quotes as follows from Basileides, whose name he has mentioned just before. "This, says he (Basileides), is that which is spoken in the gospels: *That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.*"* The words are quoted exactly as they are given in the Fourth Gospel;† and if we cannot pronounce certainly that *logia* of Jesus are quoted from one of our Gospels because they are to be found there, yet no one will dispute that if we find the reflexions of one of our Evangelists quoted, they must surely have been taken from that Evangelist. Therefore our Fourth Gospel, not necessarily just as we have it now, not necessarily yet regarded as canonical Scripture, but in recognizable shape, and furnished with its remarkable prologue, already existed in the year 125.

The Tübingen critics have an answer for this. The writer of the "*Philosophumena*," say they, mixes up the deliverances of the founder of a school with those of his followers; what comes from Basileides or Valentinus with what comes from disciples of their school who lived long afterwards. The *he says* of the quotation from the Fourth Gospel is really, therefore, subjectless; it does not mean Basileides in particular. And of this *subjectless he says* the author of "*Supernatural Religion*," following the German critics, makes a grand point. If Basileides is not meant, but only one of his school, then the quotation from the Fourth Gospel will not date from A.D. 125, but from some fifty years later, when no doubt the Gospel had appeared.

Now it is true that the author of the "*Philosophumena*" often mixes up the opinions of the master of a school with those of his followers, so that it is difficult to distinguish between them. But if

* "*Philosophumena*," vii. 22. We follow the rendering of our version, although *ἐρχόμενον* probably belongs to *φῶς* and not to *ἀνθρώπων*.

† John i. 9.

we take all doubtful cases of the kind and compare them with our present case, we shall find that it is not one of them. It is not true that here, where the name of Basileides has come just before, and where no mention of his son or of his disciples has intervened since, there is any such ambiguity as is found in other cases. It is not true that the author of the "Philosophumena" wields the *subjectless he says* in the random manner alleged, with no other formula for quotation both from the master and from the followers. In general, he uses the formula *according to them** when he quotes from the school, and the formula *he says*† when he gives the dicta of the master. And in this particular case he manifestly quotes the dicta of Basileides, and no one who had not a theory to serve would ever dream of doubting it. Basileides, therefore, about the year 125, had before him the Fourth Gospel. Schleiermacher talks wildly when, in defiance of the tradition, he claims for the Fourth Gospel a date earlier than that of the other three. But it is true that we happen to have an earlier testimony to words which can be verified as belonging certainly to the Fourth Gospel, than to any words which can be verified as belonging certainly to any one of the other three.

But this is not all the evidence afforded by the "Philosophumena." The first heresies described are those of Oriental Gnostics, who preceded the Greek. The line commences with the Naasseni and Peratæ, both of them "servants of the snake;" not the Old Serpent, man's enemy, but "the Catholic Snake," the principle of true knowledge, who enables his votaries to pass safely through the mutability and corruption which comes of birth. The Naasseni are the Ophites of Irenæus and Epiphanius; their name is taken from the Hebrew word for the Greek *ophis*, a snake, and together with other Hebrew names in the account of them indicates, what we might expect, that as Jewish Christianity naturally preceded Greek Christianity, so Jewish Gnosticism preceded Greek Gnosticism. Moreover, the author of the "Philosophumena," passing from this first batch of Gnostics to a second, in which are Basileides and Valentinus, expressly calls this second batch of Gnostics *the subsequent ones*.‡ So we must take the Naasseni and Peratæ, whom the author of "Supernatural Religion" dismisses in a line as "obscure sects towards the end of the second century," we must take them as even earlier than Basileides and the year 125. These sects we find repeatedly using, in illustration of their doctrines, the Fourth Gospel. We do not say that they use it as John's or as canonical Scripture; but they give sayings of Jesus which we have in the Fourth Gospel and in no other, and they give passages from the author's own prologue to the Fourth

* κατ' αὐτούς.

† φησί.

‡ *Philos.* vi. 6. *νυνὶ δὲ καὶ τῶν ἀκολουθῶν τὰς γενέρας οὐ σιωπήσω.*

Gospel. Both the Naasseni and the Peratæ are quoted as using the opening verses of the prologue, though with a punctuation for certain words which is different from ours.* Both sects know of Jesus as *the door*. "I am the door," one of them quotes him as saying; the other, "I am the true gate."† The Peratæ have the sentence: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up," with only one slight verbal change.‡ With somewhat more of change they give the saying to the woman of Samaria: "If thou hadst known," is their version, "who it is that asketh, thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water springing up."§ The Naasseni have, without any alteration, the famous sentence to Nicodemus in the Fourth Gospel: "The Saviour hath said, *That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.*"|| Again, they attribute to Jesus these words: "Except ye drink my blood, and eat my flesh, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Howbeit even if ye do drink of the cup which I drink of, whither I go thither ye cannot enter."¶ A mixture, one must surely confess, a mixture, with alterations, of the same sayings that we find in the sixth and thirteenth chapters of St. John, and in the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew.

Any fair person, accustomed to weigh evidence, and not having a theory to warp him, will allow that from all this we have good grounds for believing two things. First, that in the opening quarter of the second century the Fourth Gospel, in some form or other, already existed and was used. We find nothing about its being John's, it is not called Scripture, its letter is not yet sacred; it is used in a way which shows that oral tradition, and written narratives by other hands, might still exercise pressure upon its account of Jesus, might enlarge its contents, or otherwise modify them. But the Gospel in some form or other existed. Secondly, that Baur and Strauss go counter to at least the external evidence, when they declare that all sayings of Jesus appearing in the Fourth Gospel, and not appearing in one of the Synoptics also, are late inventions and spurious. The external evidence, at any rate, is against this being so. And this is the point that mainly interests the reader of "Literature and Dogma;" for in that book we assured him that the special value of the

* ὃ γέγονεν is joined to ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἐστίν, not to οὐδὲ ἔν. The Naasseni insert a δὲ before γέγονεν. *Philos.* v. 8, 16.

† *Philos.* v. 8, 17.

‡ ὃν τρόπον for καθὼς. *Philos.* v. 16; compare John iii. 14.

§ *Philos.* v. 9. εἰρηκεν ὁ σωτήρ, Εἰ ἦδεῖς τις ἐστίν ὁ αἰών, σὺ ἂν ἤτησας παρ' αὐτοῦ καὶ ἔδωκεν ἂν σοὶ πικρὴν ζῶν ὕδαρ ἀλλόμενον. Compare John iv. 10.

|| *Philos.* v. 7. Compare John iii. 6.

¶ *Philos.* v. 8. εἰ μὴ πίνῃς μου τὸ αἷμα καὶ φάγῃς μου τὴν σάρκα, οὐ μὴ εἰσελθῇς εἰς τὴν βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν. ἀλλὰ κἂν πίνῃς, φησί, τὸ ποτήριον ὃ ἐγὼ πίνω, ὅπου ἐγὼ ὑπάγω, ἐκεῖ ὁμῶς εἰσελθεῖν οὐ δύνασθε. Compare John vi. 53; xiii. 33; and Matt. xx. 22.

sayings of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel is, that they explain Jesus and the line really taken by him. This they cannot do if they are spurious; and here therefore is the centre of interest for us in all these questions about the Fourth Gospel. Not whether or no John wrote it, is for us the grand point, but whether or no Jesus said it.

And that the sayings in the Fourth Gospel, at least the chief and most impressive of them, are genuine *logia* of Jesus, the external evidence goes to prove with a force, really, of which what we have hitherto said quite fails to give an adequate notion. The Epistle to the Hebrews—which undoubtedly existed at the end of the first century, for it is so much used by Clement of Rome that he has been conjectured to be its author—has the Johannine phrase, "the shepherd of the sheep."* Probably the Fourth Gospel did not yet exist when the Epistle to the Hebrews was written; but what the use of the phrase in the Epistle to the Hebrews proves is, that the phrase was early current, and does not, therefore, come from an inventor late in the second century. Other phrases connected with this one have also the strongest confirmation of their authenticity. We have already seen how the earliest Jewish Gnostics were familiar with the saying, *I am the door*. Hegesippus, in the middle of the second century, relates that the Jews asked James the Just, "What is the door of Jesus?"† and it requires a very vigorous and rigorous theory to make a man suppose that the Jews were here thinking of something in the Old Testament, and not of the saying of the Lord, *I am the door*. We have the testimony of the Canon of Muratori, that Hermas, the author of the "Pastor," was brother to Pius, bishop of Rome, and that he wrote his "Pastor" at Rome, while his brother Pius was sitting in the episcopal chair of the church of that city,‡—that is, between the year 141 and the year 157. In the "Pastor" we find it written that *the new gate* was manifested in the last days, "in order that they which shall be saved might enter into the kingdom of God by it;" and it is added: "Now the gate is the Son of God."§ The pseudo-Clementine Homilies cannot be accurately dated; but from their mode of quoting New Testament sayings and incidents—which is that of Justin, and never alleges the name of a Gospel writer—we know that the work must have been written before 170 and the age of Irenæus. In the third Homily, Jesus is quoted as saying: "I am the gate of life; he that entereth by me entereth into life."|| Presently, after the saying,

* Heb. xiii. 20.

† Euseb. Hist. Eccles., ii. 23.

‡ In urbe Romæ Hermas conscripsit, sedente cathedrâ urbis Romæ ecclesiæ Pio episcopo fratre ejus.

§ Hermas Pastor, Similitudo ix. 12.

|| Clementis Romani quæ feruntur Homiliæ, Hom. iii. 52.

Come unto me all that travail, another (a Johannine) saying of Jesus is quoted: "My sheep hear my voice." * Baur maintained that it was impossible to produce testimony outside the Fourth Gospel to a legend of any single Fourth Gospel miracle not common to it with the Synoptics. Soon afterwards the conclusion of the pseudo-Clementine Homilies was discovered; and in the nineteenth Homily, speaking of sins of ignorance, the author says—"Our Master being asked concerning the man afflicted from his birth and who was restored to sight by him, whether this man sinned or his parents, that he was born blind, made answer: 'Neither this man sinned nor his parents, but that the power of God should be made manifest through him.' "† The miracle is clearly the one recorded in the Fourth Gospel, and in the answer of Jesus there is hardly the slightest verbal difference. Irenæus relies upon the authority of certain "elders, disciples of the apostles," and he says that his elders taught that in the Messianic kingdom the saints should have different habitations in proportion to the fruit borne by them, and confirmed this by quoting the Lord's saying: "In my Father's house are many mansions."‡

Finally, every one has heard of the dispute about the Epistles of Ignatius, martyred in the year 115. Of his seven Epistles, mentioned by Eusebius, there exist a longer and a shorter recension—the longer recension amplifying things much in the same way in which the later manuscripts used for our version of the Gospels have amplified, in the sixth chapter of the Fourth Gospel, Peter's confession of faith into *Thou art that Christ the Son of the living God*, from the original, *Thou art the holy one of God*, preserved by the Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts. But a still shorter Syriac recension of the Epistles of Ignatius was found by Mr. Cureton, and this recension, besides, gives only three of the seven Epistles mentioned by Eusebius. We will not enter into the question whether the Syriac three do really annul the Greek seven; for our purpose it is sufficient to take the Syriac three only. For even in these three we have, more than once, the Johannine expression, *the prince of this world*.§ We have, "The bread of God I want, which is Christ's flesh, and his blood I want for drink, which is love incorruptible."|| We agree that we are not compelled to suppose that Ignatius took these expressions and ideas from the Fourth Gospel; but that *the prince of this world*, and *the bread which I will give is my flesh*,

* *Clementis Romani quæ feruntur Homiliae*, Hom. iii. 52.

† Hom. xix. 22 (Dressel's edition), οὐτε οὗτος τί ἡμαρτεν, οὔτι οἱ γονεῖς αὐτοῦ, ἀλλ' ἰσα δὲ αὐτοῦ φανερωθῇ ἡ δύναμις τοῦ θεοῦ. Compare John ix. 2, 3.

‡ Irenæus, *Adv. Hæreses*, v. 36.

§ Ignatius, *Ad Ephesios*, xvi.; *Ad Romanos*, at the end.

|| *Ad Romanos*, vii. ἄρτον θεοῦ θέλω, ὃς ἐστὶν σὰρξ Χριστοῦ, καὶ τὸ αἷμα αὐτοῦ θέλω πόμα, ὃ ἐστὶν ἀγάπη ἀφθαρτος. The Greek recensions, both the longer and the shorter, after θέλω add ἄρτον οὐράνιον, ἄρτον ζωῆς.

of the Fourth Gospel, are expressions and ideas of Jesus, and not inventions of a Greek literary artist after the year 170, the employment of these ideas and expressions by Ignatius does compel us to suppose. We may say, indeed, if we like, that not a word of Ignatius is genuine, that Irenæus did not mean to quote his elders, or that he misquoted them; we may say that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews stumbled by chance on the expression, *the great shepherd of the sheep*; that the pseudo-Clementine Homilies were composed in the third or fourth century; that Hermas, author of the "Pastor," was not brother to Pius, Bishop of Rome, and did not write the "Pastor" during his brother's episcopate,—all this we may say, if we like, and may bring many ingenious reasons to support it. But no plain man, taking facts fairly, would ever say so;—only some professor with a theory to establish, a theory of vigour and rigour.

But if the Johannine sayings are in great part genuine, then a plain man will surely be disposed to accept the tradition that the Fourth Gospel is supplementary to the others, and that in John it had its source. The sayings form a class distinct from the sayings of the Synoptics, they must have come from some one who had been with Jesus, and who spoke with authority, tradition says that they came from John at Ephesus, and the form of the Johannine Gospel suits well enough, as we have seen, with this tradition. To be sure, we have the famous argument that the Fourth Gospel cannot have existed in the time of Papias, between 130 and 140 of our era, or Papias would have made mention of it; and if Papias had made mention of it, Eusebius, from whom we get our knowledge of Papias, would have quoted the mention. Eusebius declares, says the author of "Supernatural Religion," that he "will carefully intimate" every early testimony to the Christian Scriptures, both to the Scriptures admitted and the Scriptures disputed. In the first place, the words used by Eusebius do not mean: *I shall carefully intimate*.* They mean: *I shall be glad to indicate; I shall think it an advantage to indicate*. And to suppose that to even as much as is here promised Eusebius would closely stick, because he had promised it, is to know Eusebius very ill. Never, perhaps, was there any writer who told us so much that was interesting, and told it in so loose a fashion, and with so little stringency of method, as the good Bishop of Cæsarea. In the second place, it is quite certain that another Gospel, the Third, existed in the time of Papias, for Marcion about the year 140 used it. And yet on the subject of the Third Gospel, as well as the Fourth, Papias, as quoted by Eusebius, is wholly silent.

But then there is the vigorous and rigorous theory of Professor

* See Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.* iii. 3. *προβλεγειν ποιήσομαι ὑποσημειῖν*.

Scholten that John never was at Ephesus at all. If he had been, Papias and Hegesippus must have mentioned it; if they had mentioned it, Irenæus and Eusebius must have quoted them to that effect.* As if the very notoriety of John's residence at Ephesus would not have dispensed Irenæus and Eusebius from adducing formal testimony to it, and made them refer to it just in the way they do! Here again we may be sure that no one, judging evidence in a plain fashion, would ever have arrived at Dr. Scholten's conclusion; above all, no one of Dr. Scholten's great learning and ability. It is just an hypothesis for a man professorially bound to accomplish a feat of ingenuity, what the French call a *tour de force*; to produce a new theory of vigour and rigour. We gladly make Professor Lightfoot a present of such foreign theories to put along with our home-grown theory of the One Primeval Language. The only distinction to be drawn, perhaps, is that whereas the foreign theories, German or Dutch, come from having too much criticism, from an hypertrophy, as the doctors might say, of the critical organ, our British-born theory comes rather from not having criticism enough, from an absence of the critical organ altogether.

And now, in conclusion, for the internal evidence in the case of the Fourth Gospel.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

* See the German translation of Dr. Scholten's treatise, *Der Apostel Johannes in Kleinasien* (Berlin, 1872), pp. 24, 36.

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